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THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
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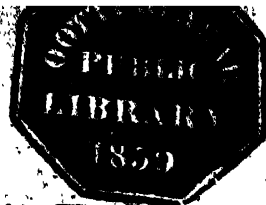
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WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.



THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.

THE incident depicted in the annexed engraving illustrates, in a striking manner, one of the most admirable of the many estimable traits in the idiosyncrasy of the purest public character of modern times. Like many of the greatest men in all ages, from the earliest of the heroes of antiquity, to the last of British warriors—whose presence is hardly yet lost to our wondering vision, the competitor and conqueror of Napoleon, himself a conspicuous example of the same filial attachment—Washington was remarkable for his devoted affection to his mother. Not only was he so in early life, to such a degree that the pain of separating from her prevented his acceptance of an apparently advantageous commission in the naval service; but, long after, when he had attained the highest eminence that had probably ever been reached, his first care was to pay her honour, and seek her blessing before he entered on the final stage of his glorious and unparalleled career. Just previously to the period of his departure for New York to take the oath of office on being elected President of the States to which his valour had given freedom, and to which his wisdom was about to impart the enduring strength of cohesion and identity of aim and object, he hastened to Fredericksburg, where, at the age of eighty-five years, and afflicted by a disease the most terrible that can tax the fortitude of humanity—cancer in the breast—his mother resided, bowed with age and shattered with pain, but sustained by Christian resignation, and buoyed up with natural pride at being the parent of such a son. The interview is described as having been most affecting. She speeding him on his mission; he promising a speedy return to report to her how the inaugural steps of what remained of that great enterprise had been gone through; and she admonishing him of the unlikelihood that she should be alive to receive him, but assuring him of her conviction that he would in all things prove worthy of the destiny Providence had evidently marked out for him; both mother and son dissolved in tears at the thought that they had looked upon each other for the last time on earth. It is this ennobling episode in the patriot's life that our artist has endeavoured to render in the engraving; and the reader will, we think, agree with us that he has succeeded as far as the material employed in the delineation will admit of the portrayal of emotion at once too subtle and too sacred to be capable of tangible delineation through the medium of the pencil.

To the credit of Americans, they are not merely jealous of the fame of their great countryman in every particular, but they extend their pride and attachment to his memory to that of his mother. And not in words only. The corner-stone of the monument erected over her grave at Fredericksburg, was laid by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, in May, 1833, amidst every accession of public ceremonial that could testify to the solemnity and strength of a people's veneration. As the exponent of this sentiment the President said that "when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

It is, of course, not our intention to offer anything in the shape of a biography of Washington, nor an analysis of his character. Contemporary judges disposed of both during his lifetime, and history has not disturbed the verdict. If we were to dwell upon his career, would be to remove an erroneous impression which cursory readers of the events in which he figured too often carry away—viz., that his great successes were the result either of chance or of genius. They were neither; and therein is one important element of value in the example of Washington, as showing what is possible when opportunities are prudently treasured and judiciously applied at the

right moment. It so happened that Washington's early professional occupation, as a surveyor of large estates, gave him a familiarity with the military positions of the country that proved of inestimable utility in the subsequent war, in which so much depended upon acquaintance with the geography of particular districts. So, again with another branch of his early professional pursuits, as a valuer and appraiser of the timber and products of the estates he surveyed. The necessity for accurate reckoning and laborious account keeping imparted a mastery of detail in arithmetic that proved of the greatest importance when he had to arrange for the provisioning of forces heterogeneously drawn together, and to conduct the business of a commissariat often but scantily and precariously supplied. The habits of business to which he devoted himself in youth he carried into the camp and the senate-house in after life, where they gave him a prodigious superiority not only over the great majority of his own countrymen, many of whom were ever ready to decry his ability and to fetter the exercise of his judgment, but over the drawing-room soldiers and red-tape diplomatists sent out from England filled with disdain and contempt for the American, and who only learnt to correct their estimate of his sagacity, alike in the field and the council-chamber, after experience of the most costly mistakes to their country and to themselves. Washington was not a conqueror in the ordinary sense of the term; neither was his life in any way one of those dazzling minds whose effulgence blinds mankind to eccentricities that too often degenerate into the criminal and indefensible. On the contrary, sobriety of view, common sense, moderation in all things, an adherence to the homely virtues, and a pure and unambitious love of the cause of his country, not only because it was his country's, but because, also, it was the cause of justice and truth—these were his attributes; and in right of these he has left behind him, for the edification of all posterity, a reputation that has no parallel, at least in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the single exception of Alfred.

Sir James Mackintosh, in his famous "Reasons against the French War of 1793" (which Mr. Cobden has also recently unflinchingly shown ought never to have been undertaken, whether on the grounds of justice or of expediency, or even of a wise selfishness at the time), spoke glowingly of the genius of William III. in conducting a similar crusade against Louis XIV., urging that "that confederacy required, to build it up and hold it together, all the exalted ability, all the comprehensive wisdom, all the disinterested moderation, and all the unshaken perseverance of the Great Dutchman—other talents than those of petty intrigue and pompous declamation." Upon that passage, Mr. James Mackintosh, in editing his father's works, makes the following note:—"If there be any man in the present age who deserves the honour of being compared with this great prince, it is George Washington. The merit of both is more solid than dazzling. The same plain sense, the same simplicity of character, the same love of their country, the same unaffected heroism, distinguish both these illustrious men; and both were so highly favoured by Providence as to be made its chosen instruments for redeeming nations from bondage. As William had to contend with greater captains, and to struggle with more complicated political difficulties, we are able more decisively to ascertain his martial prowess and his civil prudence. It has been the fortune of Washington to give more signal proof of his disinterestedness, as he was placed in a situation in which he could, without blame, resign the supreme administration of that commonwealth which his valour had guarded in infancy against foreign force, and which his wisdom has since guided through still more formidable domestic perils." Nothing can be more accurate and discriminating than this parallel, though one argument in favour of the great American is left out—the purity of his private moral character, his temperance, and his

deco of the domestic virtues; whereas the king, if he be not, his panegyrist, including Bishop Burnet, the historian of the revolution and chaplain to his majesty, was addicted to the pernicious habit of dram-drinking, and other indulgences, if possible, still more reprehensible. Besides, William's memory is stained, if not by deeds of actual cruelty, at least by insensibility to many of great atrocity, some directly affecting himself. For instance, when he was twenty-one years of age, the Dutch people, inflamed by the misfortunes and burdens of the war in which their statesmen, the De Witts and other aristocratic families, had involved them with France and England, murdered the obnoxious oligarchs; and William, who had been raised to chief power as Stadtholder and Captain-General, like many of his ancestors, neither took proper means to prevent the outrage, nor any means whatever to punish the perpetrators. So, again, with the horrible massacre of the Macdonald clan, in the Vale of Glencoe, when thirty-eight men were brutally slain, and women and children, their wives and offspring, were turned out naked in a dark and freezing night, and perished with cold and hunger—the sole cause for this inhumanity at the hands of the Earl of Argyll and his regiment being, that the unoffending inhabitants of the valley had not surrendered in time to William's proclamation.

No participation in such deeds as these, nor even any connivance at them, sullies the fame of Washington; and though we fully subscribe to the eulogium on William, yet, by so much more, in the instances we have cited, and other analogous ones that might be adduced, does the character of the noble American transcend his. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the provocation to cruelty was quite as great in the case of Washington as of William; for the American War of Independence was, in reality, quite as much a civil war as that in which the Dutchman was engaged in the invasion of England, or even in the conquest of Ireland, where the whole popular feeling was on the side of his father-in-law, James II., and continued to be strong in the same cause long after it had died out even in Scotland; indeed, up to the beginning of the present century, as testified by the rebellion of '98, which was merely another phase of the spirit that was crushed in 1688. The only piece of even questionable severity, in which Washington's memory is in the least degree implicated, is the execution of Major André, to whose death more interest attached on account of his heroic and romantic character and the circumstances surrounding it, than from any real culpability on the part of Washington in causing it, though political animosity at the time stigmatised the American in much the same terms that were afterwards applied to Bonaparte, in reference to the capture and execution of the Duke d'Enghien in the fosse of Vincennes. André, the reader will remember, was an adjutant-general in the British army, and was taken on his return from a secret expedition to the traitorous American general, Arnold, in disguise, within the American lines, September 23rd, 1780. It was not, however, till the October following that he was sentenced to death by a court-martial of Washington's officers at Tappan, every possible facility being given for his defence; but the proofs of the deserved death, according to the usages of war, were overwhelming, and he was hanged upon the evidence of criminality that satisfied his judges, who wept at the fate to which they were forced to doom so magnanimous a victim of his own daring and devotion. Arnold, originally a surgeon, promoted to high military command for his skill and bravery against the British, entered into negotiations with the British general, Clinton, for the surrender of a post of great consequence with which Washington had entrusted him; but the capture of André, whom Clinton had entrusted with the execution of the project, led to its disclosure, and Arnold flew to the rebel quarters, where he was employed by Clinton against his comrades, and raised to the rank of brigadier-general; he fled to England as late as 1801. Here, then, unfortunately, the traitor and offender escaped, while the innocent suffered through the inexorable requirements of the military service at such a moment and under such circumstances.

It may not be uninteresting to some of our younger readers to know a little of André's history. Born in London, in 1751, he was educated at Eton, and was enamoured of a Miss Honora Sneyd; but at the objection of her relatives, who disapproved of the intended alliance, he discontinued her correspondence with him, and soon after married Miss Lovell Edgeworth, sister of the celebrated

novelist, who died only a few years ago at her seat in Ireland, and was famous as being the person whose works, in favour of her native country, incited Scott to commence the immortal fictions of the "Waverley Series;" William Lovell Edgeworth himself being also a man of remarkable ability, especially in inventions of mechanical ingenuity. Pending his courtship of Miss Sneyd, André, in hopes of benefiting his pecuniary position, entered a mercantile house in London; but on learning that the object of his affections had been married, he joined the British army in America, where his abilities and gallantry secured him rapid promotion, raising him to the rank of adjutant-general of the forces, and aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton. It is related of him, that besides courage and distinguished military talent, he possessed a well-cultivated mind, being a proficient in drawing and music, and evincing considerable poetic humour in a piece called the "Cow Chase," which appeared in three successive parts at New York, the last on the very day of his capture. One of his last letters gives us an affecting incident relating to his first love. When stripped of everything by those who seized him, he contrived to conceal in his mouth a portrait of Honora, which he always carried on his person, though he was unaware that she had breathed her last some months before. All visitors to Westminster Abbey will remember the beautiful monument under the organ-screen, with its spirited inscription, erected to his memory as lately as 1821, at the expense of George III., the figure of Washington on the bas-relief having had a new head three several times—a consequence of the "wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," as Charles Lamb, with caustic pleasantry, said to Southey, after the author of "Joan of Arc" had become poet laureate, and had taken to panegyric persons and principles he had been all his previous life denouncing.

PETER THE GREAT.

PETER being the son of Alexis, by a second marriage, was not at all liked in the family; no one, therefore, thought of his reigning even for a day. His father died, leaving three sons—Pheodor, Iwan, and Peter—the eldest of whom ascended the throne. Pheodor's reign was of short duration, and, as Iwan was an imbecile, he determined, much against the will of the Princess Sophia, to leave his vast dominions to his half-brother Peter, who was then about ten years old. Sophia was appointed regent during his minority, and hoped to retain the reins of government.

"What have we to fear," said she to Gallitzin, "from one who is imbecile and another who is epileptic?" The last expression was applied to Peter, who, in his childhood, was often seized with convulsions.

"The child, though timid," said the prime minister, "is quick and ardent; we must subdue him." He was not mistaken. Peter did all in his power to overcome his natural timidity, and having a great aversion to the water, took such pains to conquer it, that his dislike soon changed into a great love of that element. It was the policy of his sister Sophia, not only to allow his education to be neglected, but to surround him with idle and vicious associates. Ashamed of the ignorance in which he was brought up, Peter instructed himself in the Dutch and German languages, in which he took more interest than in any others, because Germans carried on at Moscow some of the manufactures which he wished to promote in his empire; and the Dutch excelled in navigation, which he considered the most important of all arts.

Peter listened eagerly to all accounts of the manners and customs of other nations, and made a determination, when he came into power, to place more confidence in the advice of foreigners, as regarded military affairs, than in that of his own countrymen. He constituted the Genevese, Lefort, his friend and preceptor, and confided implicitly in him. With his aid he organised a band of fifty young men, who were trained and clothed in the Danish fashion, and called the Guards of the Poteshnaia, of whom Lefort was made captain. The Emperor himself joined the new guard, and, wishing to gain his own promotion step by step, even began by being a drummer. This little regiment gradually increased, and some of its members were sent to learn boat-building at Venice and Leghorn; others ship-building, and the management of large vessels, in Holland;

THE GIRAFFE.

THE specimens of the giraffe now living in the gardens of the Zoological Society will have rendered the appearance of this animal no familiar to most of our readers, that they will probably be surprised to learn, that at one period the very existence of such a creature was doubted, and the accounts given of its size, form, and colours were regarded as mere travellers' tales. This surprise, however, is considerably lessened when we consider the amount and quality of the information extant, respecting this animal, at a comparatively recent period. Purchas tells his readers, that the camelopard was "a beast not often seen, yet very tame, and of a strange composition, mixed of libard, harte, buffe, and camel; and by reason of his long legs before, and shorter behind, not able to graze without difficulty." In another passage, he says it was "so huge, that a man on horseback may pass upright under him, feeding on leaves from the tops of trees, and formed like a camel." The fore legs were said to be twice as long as the hind legs, "so that one who was not acquainted with it, would think it was sitting, although it was standing. Such was the length of the neck, and the animal raised his head so high when he chose, that he could eat with facility from the top of a lofty wall; and from the top of a high tree he could reach to eat the leaves, of which he devoured great quantities." These palpable exaggerations are contained in a description, otherwise tolerably accurate, of a giraffe seen by some Spanish travellers, in the year 1403; so that we need not be much astonished if sober people treated the whole matter as fabulous, and consigned the giraffe to the same tomb as the unicorns, satyrs, griffins, and other monsters, in the existence of which the ancient naturalists placed such implicit faith.

It was not, in fact, until the end of the last century that Europeans obtained any precise and credible information as to the form and habits of the giraffe, an animal which must have been well known to the Romans of the empire, as we find that it was exhibited on many occasions in their amphitheatres, and one of the emperors (Hordian III.) had as many as ten giraffes living at one time.

The giraffe is undoubtedly the tallest of all living quadrupeds; the male, when full grown, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from the top of the head to the fore feet. Nearly half this height is due to the length of the neck, which, however, contains only the same number of vertebrae (seven), as the neck of any other quadruped. Hence, although the movements of the neck are sometimes not devoid of grace, there is generally a degree of stiffness about them, and we never get the elegant curves which the neck of the swan and of many other birds present to our view. This structure, however, may well excite our admiration in another way—it exhibits in a striking manner the wonderful resources of the Creator, who can form by a simple modification of the same plan, and without the addition of any new parts, the short, thick neck of the elephant, and the long, slender, tapering column which supports the elegant head of the giraffe. And our admiration is increased when we consider how perfectly this structure fits the creature for its mode of life, and enables it to play the part assigned to it in nature. An inhabitant of the arid regions of tropical Africa—from Nubia almost to the Cape of Good Hope—where the amount of herbage would scarcely suffice for the sustenance of the smallest herbivorous animal, the stately giraffe is enabled by means of his long neck to browse peacefully upon the tender twigs and foliage of the trees scattered here and there in the desert, which derive their moisture from far below the parched and dusty surface of the ground. And in this respect, even the small number and large size of the vertebrae of the neck are found to be not without their object; for if the number of these bones were increased sufficiently to give this part of the animal greater flexibility, the labour of maintaining it in the erect position would be vastly increased, and the creature would be, to a certain extent, unfitted for the peculiar conditions in which it is placed. The giraffe is assisted in reaching down his food by the singular prehensile power of his tongue, which is capable of being protruded from the mouth to a considerable distance and by an admirable arrangement of its muscles of which it is composed can then seize upon any object within its reach. In this way, the tongue of the giraffe serves him as the organ of prehension almost like the trunk of the

elephant, although by no means capable of performing the same variety of offices as the proboscis of that unwieldy quadruped.

The head is undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the giraffe. The delicacy of its form, the gentleness of its aspect, and the softness of its full, lustrous eyes, render the head of the giraffe one of the most charming objects to be found in the animal creation. Like most other ruminant animals (the ox, deer, etc.), the giraffe possesses two horns; but these differ remarkably from those of any other quadruped with which we are acquainted. In the deer tribe we find the horns forming branched antlers, often of great size, but always falling off annually, and giving place to a new pair. In the ox and antelope, on the contrary, the horns consist of a permanent bony core, covered by a sheath of the substance commonly known as horn, and these weapons are never shed, but continue growing during the whole life of the animal. The horns of the giraffe present the characters of neither of these groups, and, to a certain extent, may be said to exhibit a combination of both. Like the latter, they consist of permanent bony processes of the skull, but, instead of a horny covering, they are clothed with the same skin that covers the rest of the head; a circumstance which also occurs with the deciduous antlers of the deer during the period of their rapid growth, although the skin dies and peels off as soon as the horns have attained their full size. The horns of the giraffe are three or four inches in length, and terminate in a singular tuft of hair, which gives them an appearance altogether different from those of any other animal. It is generally supposed that these appendages to the head, which occur in both sexes of the animal, are rather intended for ornament than use; but this does not appear to be the case, for the males have been observed to use them with great violence in their combats, and one of the females in the Zoological Gardens is said to have driven her horns through an inch board.

The most formidable weapons of the giraffe are, however, his hinder hoofs, with which he kicks out with such tremendous force that even the lion is sometimes repelled and disabled by the wounds thus ignominiously inflicted upon him. His powers of defending himself against his enemies are wonderfully increased by the position of the eyes. These are situated quite on the sides of the head, and are remarkably prominent, so that the giraffe, when browsing on the twigs of his favourite trees, can still keep a good look-out on all sides of him, and be prepared for any coming danger.

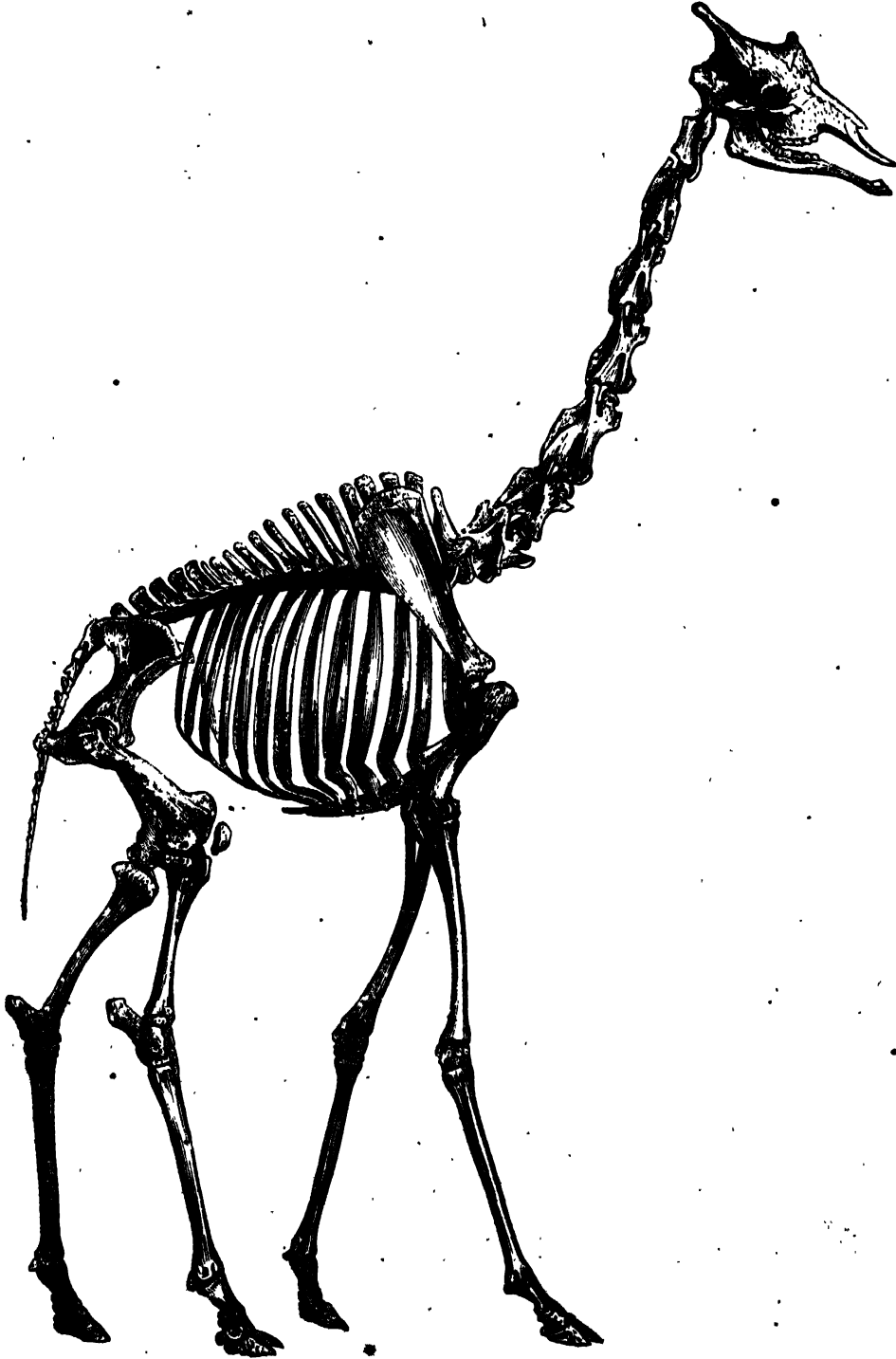
Another error which has been induced by the singular appearance of the animal, and which has been copied from one natural history into another for many years, is the statement that the fore legs of the giraffe are twice as long as his hinder extremities. The fact is, that all the legs are nearly of the same length, but the shoulders and fore part of the body are very much elevated, giving the hinder quarters a very low appearance, and rendering it very easy on a cursory glance to suppose that the fore legs are much longer than the hinder. It has also been often stated and often denied that the giraffe has great difficulty in reaching the ground with his mouth, and succeeds only by stretching out his fore legs to a considerable extent so as to bring the fore part of his body nearer to the ground. This appears really to be the case in most instances, although scarcely to the extent that has sometimes been described; and when we consider the powerful mechanism of ligaments required to maintain the neck in its customary erect position, we shall be able easily to understand the cause of the difficulty, without lengthening the animal's legs to any inordinate extent.

The skin of the giraffe is of a light fawn-colour, covered with large brownish spots, which give the animal a very elegant appearance. The skin, when taken from the animal and dressed, is so large, that the natives of the countries which it inhabits sometimes cover their huts with a single skin; and Le Vaillant, the French traveller in Africa, mentions this as the first indication of the existence of the animal that he met with. "I was struck," he says, "by a sort of distinction which I perceived on one of the huts; it was entirely covered with the skin of a giraffe. I had never seen this quadruped, the tallest of the inhabitants of the earth; I knew it only by false descriptions and figures, and could therefore scarcely recognise its robe. And yet this was the skin of the giraffe. I was in the country inhabited by this creature; I might, perhaps,

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see some of them alive ; I looked forward to the moment when I should be thus recompensed, at least in part, for all the sufferings and annoyances of my expedition." The thickness of the hide, however, occasions its application to another and less picturesque use. It is considered by the natives to be the best material for sandals ; and in this form, although the sight of it may never again produce

down on horseback. Mr. Gordon Cumming, however, in his book on "South African Field Sports," relates several instances of his having done this ; and Mr. Methuen, in his "Life in the Wilderness," says, that any person of light weight, mounted on a pretty good horse, can easily overtake a herd of giraffes, and cut off the one he wishes to shoot. He gives the following description of the



SKELETON OF THE GIRAFFE.

the same feelings in the mind of any future naturalist as those so eloquently expressed by Le Vaillant in the passage just quoted, it may certainly greatly assist him in his search after the many other wonderful things still to be discovered in the vast continent of Africa.

It is generally supposed that the giraffe is an exceedingly swift animal and that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to run him

process, with which we will conclude this article : "We espied some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokalo-tree ; their long taper necks stretched to the full length, twisting their long prehensile tongues round the leaves and young shoots. . . . The animals soon perceived us, and took to flight, charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Brobdignagian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner possible ; the

"Your majesty will please to recollect that you doubted my ability to bring about this marriage, and said you feared less to ask than to risk a refusal."

"Yes, yes, I recollect," exclaimed the king rather uneasily.

"Your majesty, I have this morning received a private intimation, that an official demand will be met with a warm consent."

"Sire, do you allow this?" said Gabrielle, who began to be alarmed, the influence of the minister over the king being undoubted, and the quiet way in which he had acted proving his determination, and at the same time his great confidence.

"But, Rosny de Sully," exclaimed Henry the Fourth, "I have given my word."

"Sire, your majesty will pardon me. You never gave your word unconditionally. The Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees must see that the interest of the state is above all private considerations. Your majesty then, I hope, will make the formal demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici this day."

"Tut! tut! man, there is no such hurry," said the king, who now deeply regretted the presence of the fair charmer, to whose hopes he had given so much encouragement.

"Sire," exclaimed Gabrielle, "your royal word is given. I have as good as your bond. The promise made at St. Germain your majesty ratified but ten minutes since."

"Nay, *ma mie!*" said the king; "I only said you would look a queen indeed."

"Of that," interposed Sully, "no man will doubt. Did beauty and grace and elegance decide royal marriages, there can be no doubt that the Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees would carry all before her."

"And pray, most learned expounder of the royal matrimonial theory, why may not a king direct his choice where beauty, grace, and elegance lead him?" asked the monarch.

"Because, sire, a king has more duties than rights, more a policy to think of than privileges to enjoy," replied the minister.

"Sophistry!" cried Gabrielle d'Estrees, now losing her temper, and allowing her fine eyes to be suffused with tears; "this is all mere idle talk, to move his majesty to break his royal word. 'Tis treachery, rank treachery!"

"Madam, were there no treachery to his majesty in France, save in the heart of Rosny de Sully, Henry IV. might marry safely where he loved. But there is danger, and treachery, and doubt, and tribulation; and a great king must yield to state policy."

The king mused deeply, Gabrielle d'Estrees began a scene of mingled tears, supplications, threats, reproaches, and fainting, to which Sully offered only the calm reasons which, in truth, did guide the mind of one of the best and greatest politicians France has ever produced. The contest was long and alarming. The lady was alternately a terrible Juno, and a melting, yielding Danae. The king wavered, but at last, as was natural with one of his character, the woman appeared clearly about to gain the day. He could not resist the "tears as big as little peas" that fell from her beautiful eyes, and the minister began to fear that the day was lost. He determined to make, therefore, one last and bold stroke.

He rose.

"Your majesty," said he, bowing respectfully, "appears to have decided. You have determined to do that which I believe to be ruinous to the prospects of the country, fatal to the peace of France. I have but one duty—a solemn and unpleasant duty—and that is, to request your majesty to appoint my successor."

"You desert me, Sully," exclaimed the king in a reproachful tone.

"Sire, I cannot, loving my country, and desiring an honest fame, incur the odium of having connived at an unpopular and unwise act. I must resign, to save my honour and my reputation."

"Your majesty will find many as faithful and attached ministers," exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, beginning to recover her hopes.

"And so, Rosny," said the king affectionately, "you have made up your mind, in this case, to leave me."

"I say it, your majesty, with deep regret; but it is my duty."

"Then, Rosny, it must be that you are right. You would never leave me, were you not persuaded of the justness of your cause. This afternoon send the demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici. Go, my friend."

The minister bowed, without a word, and retired.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the alarmed Lady Gabrielle, who had not yet learned to understand the king's fickleness, "your majesty prefers that Rosny to your beloved Gabrielle."

"That Rosny, Gabrielle," said the king gravely, "is the guardian of my crown."

Gabrielle tried every art to persuade the king to disgrace the minister, and take one more compliant. Then it was that Henry made his historical reply to the fair dame.

"Fardi, madame! this is too much. You have been incited to this by some enemies of mine. In order, then, that you may be quite at ease on the subject, let me tell you, that I would rather lose one hundred women, as beautiful as you, than one man like Sully."

Gabrielle d'Estrees was silenced. After dinner she renewed the conflict in Sully's pavilion, but in vain.

The hand of Marie de' Medici was formally asked by the king, and Gabrielle d'Estrees returned to Paris, after begging the monarch's pardon on her bended knees.

She retired to her apartments in the Hotel Zamet, where a few days later she died, after eating a meal which had been all poisoned. It was never known, nor even suspected, by whom this poison was administered, as the object could not very well be discovered. It has even been suggested that she ate only some mushrooms which were of a poisonous tribe, and was thus accidentally killed.

King Henry IV. was a little hurt in heart at the disappointment of which the great oak had been the theatre, and visited it for several days with considerable gravity.

But soon all Fontainebleau was in activity. The marriage ceremony was settled, and Henry IV. became the husband in a few days of Marie de' Medici, who, on the 21st of September, 1601, presented him with a dauphin. The king was delighted, placed his own sword in the infant's hand, and addressed the queen thus.

"*Ma mie!*" he exclaimed; "rejoice! Heaven has granted our wish. We have a handsome son."

And he ran in such a hurry to hear a *Te Deum* in the church of the Holy Trinity, that he lost his hat in the crowd. He was as ardent a Romanist as he had, at one time, been a firm Huguenot.

Many of the plans and designs of Henry IV. were conceived and debated under that spreading oak, which is only one of the many magnificent trees that adorn that delightful forest.

One day, in the sixteenth century, St. Louis was hunting in the forest of Bievre, in the Gatinnais. He lost a dog he was very fond of, and which answered to the name of Bleau. The king was very much vexed at his loss, and all the court exerted themselves to recover it. Saints as well as other beings have their flatterers. The flatterers of St. Louis hurried so swiftly about the forest, that they found the dog drinking at a spring. The spring was made into a fountain, which was called Fontainebleau.

Such is the legend which Francis I. and the Primatice have consecrated by a painting. But Mabillon tells us that it was an old domain named Breau; while Philander and De Thon, without showing any respect for old stories, tell us that it is derived from Fontaine-belle-eau, corrupted into Fontainebleau. Here the French kings built a residence.

Old Guillaume Morias, an ancient chronicler of France, says: "The Gatinnais, diversified by woods, rivers, plains, and mountains, is very healthy and agreeable, which is the reason of its being much peopled, and of our seeing that those who inhabit it generally live to a good old age, and die full of years and in a healthy old age, not so common anywhere else in France. This induced our kings to construct a pleasure-palace in this locality. The most beautiful and royal house in Europe is Fontainebleau. Our kings not only made it a residence with a view to pleasure and health, but here were chiefly born and brought up the young princes of the crown."

Montargis and Melun had previously enjoyed the honour of being the nursery of France. The forest was peopled in the days of St. Louis by robbers. The following is related as having happened under the great oak. The king had lost his way, and was seeking his suite, when he fell into the midst of a band of robbers.

"You are the king," said the chief.

"Leave me my life, and you shall have king Louis," replied the saint.

At the same time he sounded his horn, and the suite came up.

"Well, where is the king?" said the robber chief.

"I am the king, and you are an audacious brigand." As he spoke, the thieves were overpowered.

"Hunger, sire."

"Very good," said the prince; "you shall expiate your sins



THE OAK OF HENRY IV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

"have you carried on this trade
yesterday."
"I have you to it?"

by fighting the 'infidels. In future you shall eat the king's
bread."

"It is reported that the robbers became very good soldiers."

P Æ S T U M .

THE ancient town of Pæstum or Poseidonia, was situated in Lucania, near the south-west coast of Italy, on the Gulf of Pæstum, now the Gulf of Salerno. The celebrated ruins, consisting of the remains of two temples, an amphitheatre, and another building, as well as the town, are about twenty-five miles south-east of Salerno. According to the reports of most travellers, the surrounding district is barren and deserted, owing to the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere, which is infested by exhalations from the stagnant marshes that abound in the lowlands. Others, on the contrary, maintain that there is more exaggeration than truth in these statements, that the plain, though uncultivated, is naturally fertile, and that the neighbouring hills are covered with corn-fields and vineyards. But even these persons regret that measures are not adopted for getting rid of the reeds and brushwood which encumber the soil, and drying the marshes which fill the air with pestilential miasma.

feature in the scene represented in our engraving. The artist has there depicted the temple as, we have every reason to suppose, it appeared in its original state, and introduced various accessories which add to the general effect of the picture, without at all violating probability. The temple—as may be seen from our illustration—was one of the most magnificent in ancient times. The three steps, which form its pedestal, are well proportioned; the peristyle consists of six columns in front, six at the back, and fourteen on each side. The columns, like those of other temples, are very low, being only five times their diameter in height; but their arrangement at distances scarcely greater than the thickness of each, produces the happiest effect. There are two porticoes, one in the front and another at the back. In other respects the form of construction is exactly like that of all Greek temples. The columns, which are all fluted, have no base, and belong to the ancient Doric order. Hence it is, not without reason, conjectured that the temples of



THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PÆSTUM.

What remains of the ancient Poseidonia is sufficient to give a good idea of the form of the town, which was an irregular square, from four to five miles round, on a perfectly level platform. The walls, which are almost entirely preserved in certain parts, were about twenty feet high and six feet in thickness. At regular intervals it was flanked with towers, and, like many Roman edifices, built of large masses of stone well fitted together, but without any kind of cement. The town had four gates opposite one another on the four sides. The principal one on the east side, now called the Gate of the Siren, on account of a small figure rudely sculptured above, looks towards Capaccio and the mountains. It is in perfect preservation and arched, but without any ornament. Close by was the aqueduct, which conveyed water from the mountains to the town, and traces of which may yet be discerned.

The most interesting remains are those of the temples of Ceres and Neptune, especially the latter, which is both beautiful in architecture and well preserved. It is this which forms the principal

Pæstum were built at the period when the Greeks began to approach the perfection of architecture, and were preparing to give it that lightness and beauty of proportion which are not to be found in their heavy Egyptian models.

We will conclude with a few words on the history of Pæstum. It is full of obscurity, uncertainty, and conjecture, but the following facts may be safely admitted. Founded by a colony of the Greeks, Pæstum was near the famous Greek city of Sybaris, with which it was closely allied by many ties, and shared in those habits of luxury that have been ever since proverbial. The Romans took possession of it about 273 B.C., when they changed its Greek name Poseidonia to the Roman Pæstum, and made it a municipal town. From that time to the age of Augustus, when poets celebrated the beauty of its roses, which bloomed twice a year, it is rarely mentioned in ancient writings. It re-appears in history eight centuries after, when the Saracens, having conquered Sicily, wished to establish themselves in southern Italy; but the sons of Mahomet,

finding it impossible at the commencement of the tenth century to overcome the Christians, determined to retire from the country, and signalled their departure by pillaging and destroying Postum. In 1080, Robert Guiscard completed the work of destruction by conveying most of the remaining columns and ornaments to Salerno to build a church.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A.

THE system of government, prevalent for ages in China, is based upon that of a family. The Chinese constitute the vast family of which the emperor is the father; and, as absolute filial obedience is required by their faith, as the father has absolute power over his children, even so has the emperor absolute authority in the state, the most implicit obedience being required from his officers and subjects. Such a system is often misalled the patriarchal, but it is quite a misnomer—the foundation of both may be alike, but the practice is quite different. The emperor is styled “the sacred son of heaven,” “the sole ruler of the earth,” “the great father;” offerings are made to his image and to his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence. When he goes abroad, all the people take care to shut themselves up in their houses; whoever is found in the monarch’s way is liable to instant execution unless he turns his back, or lies flat with his face upon the ground. The children have evidently no reason to rejoice, under such circumstances, in the visits of their father; his journeys must be rather alarming to travellers. Everything about him partakes of the idolatrous homage paid to himself, whilst the mandarins, who are his delegates in distant provinces, have authority as absolute as his own.

No despotism was ever more unalloyed; no power more absolutely without control than that of this “son of heaven;” and yet it was all based upon a mistaken view of the domestic relationship. The language, spoken and written, of China, is an admirably-concocted supporter of this state of things; each sign representing an idea, often without any corresponding word, so that a piece of writing, although intelligible to the learned reader, cannot be read aloud to others; and hence the information acquired by the privileged classes has no means of becoming diffused amongst the bulk of the people. Reflection and memory are the only powers called into exercise by this dumb language—the imagination can never be appealed to by it. Even in a Chinese poem, which cannot, of course, be read aloud, the beauty consists in the adaptation of symbol to symbol; it excites no feeling in the breast, it affords no culture to the imagination. “Not a hundredth part of the Chinese characters,” says Remusat, “has any vocal expression, and it is no uncommon thing for the literati of that country to conduct their disputes by describing in the air, with their fans, characters which do not correspond to any word in the language which they speak.” (*Essai sur la Langue Chinoise*, p. 33). Eminently absurd, we are inclined to call such symbolic argument, and to us it does certainly appear so; but it is eminently note-worthy, by reason of the deductions that may be drawn from the fact, that, if appeals are thus made to the reason and to the memory only, all the fervour of eloquence must be quite thrown away and all the aid of the imagination lost in religious or political addresses.

In the earliest ages of authentic Chinese history, that is, about five hundred years before the Christian era, the country was divided into nine sovereignties, all subsequently united under an enterprising prince named Lo, the Chinese Egbert. For centuries the country, thus united, enjoyed peace and prosperity under its native lords. The intestine tumults were few and far between, and the military art became almost unknown, for there was no foreign aggression to repel. Ghenghis Khan, the great Asiatic conqueror, swept over the country like a whirlwind, carrying everything before him in the thirteenth century; but the Ming or native dynasty was reared subsequently. About a century and a half ago, however, it was again displaced by the Manchoo invaders from the north-east, whose monarchs have ever since sat upon the throne. The paternal rod by which China had previously been ruled was heavy and severe enough; but, since then, the yoke of the Tartar has been added to the domestic tyranny, until servility has superseded obedience. “The despotism of the

Manchoo sovereign,” says Balbi, “keeps that of the grandees in order, and obliges them to remain united. There is no resistance on the part of the people; they have much cunning but little courage, and find it safer to preserve a part of their property by grovelling at the feet of their masters, than to risk the loss of the whole in order to obtain their liberty.” Had Balbi lived in these days, he might have learnt that, however bound down by a foreign yoke, however tyrannised over by foreign rulers, the Chinese had not yet lost their nationality entirely, and were certainly disposed to make a violent effort, and able to make it, to regain their liberty and to shake off the Manchoo rule. Whether they be successful or not remains to be seen—probably they will not be so; yet it must always be remembered, to their honour, that the attempt was made, and that they exhibited in it courage, constancy, and perseverance, not unalloyed, it is true, with cruelty and intolerance. But these are always the vices of the fallen; long-continued slavery produces them naturally in the mind; long-continued, pent-up indignation feeds itself upon blood when it gets the opportunity.

The various civil and military appointments are filled by nine classes of officers, called originally *mandarins*, by the Portuguese, from the Latin verb *mandare*, to command. The power of these officers is, as I have said, absolute, when they are sent by the emperor as his viceroys into the various provinces of the empire. An officer of this description entering a city, can order any person he suspects to be arrested and executed, without giving any further reason for the summary procedure than that noted in his despatch to the High Court of Peking, in which he announces the fact. He is unquestionably a formidable officer. A hundred lictors go before him, announcing his mission with discordant yells. Should any one be found in the way, notwithstanding this announcement, he is trampled with bamboo rods or castigated with heavy whips. It is some consolation to know that the officer himself, who thus has the power of tyrannising at his will, is liable to the same summary punishment he inflicts on others. If tales to his discredit are whispered by influential men in Peking, and come at length to the emperor’s ears, an imperial mandate may, at any moment, arrive, which orders the inferior officers to seize the viceroy, of whom they have been standing so heartily in dread, and to bastinado him soundly. It is likely, under such circumstances, that they would lay it on with hearty good-will.

The redeeming point of all this Chinese government must be mentioned, however. It is this, that these mandarins are not hereditary nobles, born to rule, and brought up in supercilious contempt of all around them, but men who have passed examinations in the classical literature of their country—men versed in such religion, in such mathematics, in such science, in such philosophy, as Chinese wisdom has attained to. Learning is the ladder of nobility, and he has a chance of climbing highest—other things being equal—who has learnt most. From their peculiar system of symbols, this learning, however, is not so powerfully operative for good as it might otherwise be. It is cold and heartless, cultivating the head much, but leaving the warm impulses of the heart unregulated, un nourished, and un replenished from the stores of the imagination. The human mind has many faculties, all of which require simultaneous development to constitute a superior being, ultimately. No one of these faculties can be neglected without evil being induced.

The insurrection which has been threatening for the last year or two to overturn the Manchoo dynasty, and once more place the native line of princes on the throne, excited little attention in England until the intelligence was brought by one of the Indian mails, last autumn, that Nankin had been taken by the rebels. Indistinct rumours of troubles in the southern provinces of the empire had been heard and canvassed in Canton months before. At first, the disturbers were *robbers*, and numerous imperial decrees declared that the leaders of these robbers had been seized, and quartered at Peking, their dismembered limbs being affixed on the gates, and elsewhere, as a warning to evil-doers. But still, all the imperial decrees notwithstanding, the troubles continued, and it was further rumoured, that the descendant of the old Ming family was the head of the insurgents. At length Nankin was taken, and the robbers became, forthwith, *rebels*. Nankin, the centre of the arts, fashions, and literature of China—Nankin, the old capital of the country, was taken. Europeans began then to doubt whether even

imperial proclamations were always to be credited—it was evident, indeed, that they were not. The insurgents advanced; they seized the southern basins of the Great Canal; they commanded the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang. One imperial army after another was defeated; they threatened Peking itself. They became forthwith patriots. Who shall say, after this, that there is nothing in a name? Nothing in a name! robbers and patriots convertible terms! Verily there is much in a name. Success will afford a healing plaster for many wounded consciences; success will blind the eyes of most lookers-on. A man makes a great leap to attain a distant blessing—he fails, and people laugh at his temerity; he succeeds, and they applaud his heroism. Had the Chinese insurrection perished in its first efforts in the South, we should have heard of it only as the trouble caused by a few paltry robbers.

Hien-foung, which, being interpreted, means Complete Abundance, is the present emperor of China, the Mantchoo sovereign who reigns in Peking. He is but twenty-two years of age, “a young man,” says M. Callery, “of middle height, his form indicating great aptitude for bodily exercises. He is slender and muscular, has a high forehead, and a defective obliquity of the eyes;” which latter means, in plain English, that his majesty squints. “His cheek-bones are very prominent, and strongly marked. The space between his eyes is broad and flat, like the forehead of a buffalo.” By no means a flattering simile, M. Callery! for, although Juno was called the ox-eyed, that is no reason why Complete Abundance should be likened to a buffalo. There is little to be added to this sketch of Complete Abundance, save this, that he appears to be always in want of money.

Tien-te, the head of the insurrection, and the representative of the Ming dynasty, is also a young man, only a year or so older than

Complete Abundance. “Study and want of rest,” says M. Callery, “have made him prematurely old. He is grave and melancholy, leads a very retired life, and only communicates with those about him when he gives his orders.” Tien-te means Celestial Virtue; and the cunning Chinese, anxious to obtain the favour of the western barbarians, assured them that this Celestial Virtue was really a Christian at heart, and intended establishing Christianity when he became emperor. The fact of his having thirty wives, however, when it became known, made the Europeans look with suspicion on Celestial Virtue’s Christianity, as well they might. So they have left Complete Abundance and him to fight it out, their sympathies, perhaps, being with the insurgents, their diplomatic communication still, however, with the Mantchoo and his officers. Certain it is, that the insurgents have shown no favour whatever to Buddhism, which is the religion of the Mantchoo court, since they have invariably destroyed its temples and images as they have advanced. Whether they intend to restore the system of Confucius, or to amalgamate it with some of the truths of Christianity, does not yet sufficiently appear. They seem to have correct ideas on the subject of the Deity and of his nature, ideas probably obtained from Christian sources. It is almost certain, however, that if they do succeed, the insurgents will settle down into the old political forms; all their sympathies and tendencies seem to point in that direction. Recent accounts leave it doubtful whether they will succeed at all. They have got to within a hundred miles of Peking, having traversed a district of country as extensive as the whole of European Russia. They have been almost uniformly successful hitherto; but the fierce Tartar tribes may possibly be too much for them, if the latest intelligence on the subject is to be credited.

A VISIT TO THE EAST.

IN a recent entertaining work, entitled “Scenes in Eastern Life,” occurs the following amusing episode, which we give without vouching for the strict accuracy of every particular:—

Stanislas Duhamel was a *blanc Parisien*. He had exhausted all the enjoyments of life, and wasted all his energies in the feverish pursuit of pleasure. As a student, a man of fashion, a politician, a mercantile man, and a lieutenant in the National Guards, he had been foremost in all sorts of exciting scenes, till at last, having run the whole round of worldly activity, he sat down like Alexander the Great, and mourned that he had not another career open to him. In his vexation and embarrassment for want of yet one more part to play, one additional scene in the drama of life, he suddenly bethought him of an expedient which promised to answer his purpose admirably. He would go to Constantinople, assume the turban, and become a thorough Mahomedan. He would get a palace with beautiful fountains, a palanquin, with a procession of slaves, etc. etc. As he dwelt upon the bright visions of enjoyment opening up before his mind’s eye, his heart throbbed with delight, his jaded emotions once more resumed their intensity, and the exclamation—*La Alla ila Alla!* burst forth from his lips.

Without delay he was off to Marseilles, and in the course of a week or two landed safely at Constantinople, where he hired a splendid palace, of which the reader may form some conception from our engraving (p. 12). It was surrounded by a court, a garden, fine colonnades, and shady avenues, and had a marble pavement, fountains, arabesques, and whatever else could contribute to elegance or use. The Parisian was delighted with his new abode, which appeared quite a Mahomedan paradise. But before an hour had passed in self-congratulations, he began to feel painfully conscious of some serious defects. In the first place, he did not like the solitude in which he found himself. Then the windows, though artistically formed, were none of them glazed, so that the heat by day and damp by night had free admission, bringing ophthalmia and rheumatism in their train. “We must remedy this,” said he to his dragoman, “by getting some splendid furniture and a company of dancing-girls.” Accordingly, the dragoman went to the nearest bazaar, and the furniture was supplied the same evening. It consisted of sofas made of palm-wood, stuffed with cotton and covered with Persian silk, divans and beds, a small

round table, curtains, mats, caps, pipes and narguilehs. Highly delighted with the way in which he had fulfilled his commission, the dragoman exclaimed: “Here you have furniture fit for the reception of a pasha himself.”

Our hero had also a numerous suite of personal attendants, including a secretary, a treasurer, two cooks, three pipe-bearers, four coffee-servers, five interpreters, and six ass-drivers, not to mention an armour-bearer, a groom to hold his horse, and several extra hands to assist the others. “At any rate,” said he himself, “I shall be well waited on.” Next day, however, his cooks brought him lean chickens hatched in the oven, dog’s flesh dressed up as mutton, and dried locusts from Egypt, the whole seasoned to a fiery heat with pepper and mustard. He soon began to find out what it is to be the slave of slaves. Each of his servants being professedly about his appropriate work, and most of them taking their *siesta* in the middle of the day, he could never get their attention when he wanted. If he had occasion for the ass-driver, he stumbled upon the secretary, and *vice versa*. The extra hands were indignant when he asked them to shut the door, or do anything else so far beneath their dignity. His horse was never saddled except for his groom to have a ride. The pipe-bearers and coffee-servers brought him a hundred pipes and as many cups of coffee a-day, that they might regale themselves at his expense. All the neighbours and passers-by came in to squat upon his divans, smoke his tobacco, and taste his mocha coffee. To crown all, the *entente cordiale*, which subsisted between the tradespeople and his servants, was productive of ruinous results.

Unable to endure this any longer, Stanislas determined to put an end to it by turning Turk in real earnest. Off he ran to a barber, who, in little more than a twinkling, completely shaved his head, with the exception of one small tuft of hair on the top of his cranium.

“But why leave this tuft?” he asked.

“For the day when you have your head cut off,” replied the barber. “Every good Mussulman ought to be prepared for that operation, particularly those who were originally Christians, as they rarely escape this fate. Without this tuft for the executioner to lay hold of when he shows your head to the crowd, he would have to take you by the nose—an indignity past all bearing.” The

poor Frenchman shuddered and shrugged his shoulders, but had not the heart to attempt any reply, and therefore made the best of his way home. As soon as he arrived, he ordered the *almehs* or dancing-girls to be sent for to soothe his perturbed spirit. Several were introduced, most brilliantly attired, and promising to delight him with a fine display of their art. They danced awkwardly and sang badly, but he tried to persuade himself they were adorable.

after a comely show of reluctance, to accept his hand. The wedding day arrived, on which he was at length to realise the happiness of which he had so long vainly dreamt. His bride had always kept her face most sacredly veiled until the ceremony was completed. When there was no longer any reason for further reserve, she suffered him to lift her veil, and he had the felicity of discovering that she was an old Parisian dressmaker! On making application



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH PALACE.

however, after continuing their evolutions for some time, they came and bowed themselves before him and he approached them to give each a handsome gratuity, according to eastern custom, when it was his horror and dismay to find that these pretended dancing-girls were men in women's dress!

To replace his purse and solace his heart, he resolved, as a last resource, to take to himself a rich wife. He was not long in meeting with a lady said to be possessed of an ample fortune, and willing

for the dowry, he was informed that in the East it was the husband who furnished that. This was more than he could bear. His constitution gave way under such repeated blows. He was attacked with brain-fever, from which, however, he at last recovered. In spite of the remedies prescribed by the physicians; and then, after encountering many serious obstacles in succession, he managed to make his escape to Paris, where he was now reconciled to a mode of life which had before been a source of constant dissatisfaction.

HARVEST IN ITALY.

A poem of the sixteenth century has left us a pretty song, supposed to be sung by a girl to her companions as she is winnowing corn. It is such a character that the artist has portrayed in the lovely picture from which our engraving is taken. As we gaze upon her beautiful features and graceful form, it is easy to fancy her fanning the flame of her admirer's affection by singing, in merry mood, snatches of some popular ballad to a well-known air. But, if we may believe the accounts given of an Italian harvest by well-informed and trustworthy travellers, there is nothing in that country corresponding to this pleasing illusion. It is true, the poor

in troops of several hundreds, each under the command of a sort of corporal, armed with a staff, they present almost the appearance of an army. If a poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, panting, and fainting with thirst, rests for a moment, she is immediately goaded on to work by some harsh word, some threatening movement of the corporal's staff, or even a blow from his brutal hand. A melancholy silence pervades this laborious multitude. Nothing is heard but the sound of the sickle as it cuts, and the corn as it falls. The sickles and billhooks glitter in the sun like weapons of war, and, to complete the comparison, death reigns among the reapers as on the



AN ITALIAN WINNOWER.

girls who, with their brothers and their betrothed lovers, go down from the Abruzzi, and the mountains of Lucca, and the Sabine district, to get in the harvest about Rome, are not unfrequently as beautiful as the one depicted in our engraving; but they are rarely cheerful enough to give vent to their feelings in songs. It is not on their father's fields that they reap the corn, bind the sheaves, and winnow the grain. For a miserable pittance of hire they go, much against their inclination, to expose themselves to the malignant influence of the atmosphere, and work laboriously for several months under very strict discipline. As they move along the vast plains

field of battle. "Exposed," says a traveller, "to severe toil, passing speedily without transition from the temperate climate and pure air of their mountains to a burning plain which sends forth pestilential miasma, these unhappy creatures are often the victims of dreadful fevers. The season of harvest is most dangerous. The mortality is then sometimes frightful, and it is not uncommon to see ten or a dozen victims carried every evening from the fields to the hospital, their sufferings being aggravated by the coldness of the night and the hardness of the vehicle in which they are conveyed."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.

THE valley through which the river, Temes rolls its rapid waters serves as a road through the mountains from Lugos to Mghadia and Old-Orsova. Not far from the commencement of this valley lies the town of Karansebes. Farther up are the scattered farm-houses which form the village of Szlatina, and the traveller who goes against the strong current of the river sees on the left bank a small church which, situated on a rocky eminence, is visible a long way off. This little church is not particularly ancient. Its present form dates from the year 1771, and its origin does not go back more than about three centuries. But with this origin is connected a recollection which is dear to the hearts of the people, and, though scarcely a hundred and twenty years old, combines the poetical interest of an ancient tradition with the reality of an historical event. As all eyes are now turned towards this part of Europe, our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased to be made acquainted with the story, which is in substance as follows.

It was in the year 1738. Prince Eugene, the noble knight, lay wrapped in that dark, cold slumber, from which none awake till the judgment day. The death of the old hero had inspired the sons of the prophet with courage. They now considered they had no longer any reason to fear the arms of Christendom. The expedition of 1737, which was at first successful, had been brought to an inglorious conclusion through the incapacity of Seckendorf Pasha. But of what avail was it that Seckendorf was now in prison, and that the timid Dorat Pasha had been beheaded? The Turks had, nevertheless, pressed forward as far as Mehadia, and the apostate Bonnevall was celebrating a new triumph.

In the neighbourhood of Karansebes lay an imperial army, in which were the two dukes of Lorraine, Francis and Charles, the sons of the liberator of Vienna. The elder of these two princes, afterwards known as the German emperor Francis the First, had been married in the year 1736, to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles the Sixth.

The Turks were at Mehadia. This place, which is known to many on account of the medicinal springs in its neighbourhood, lies about six hours' journey above Orsova, in a narrow defile which extends sideways from the valley of the Danube. The position of the Turks was covered in the rear by the fortified town of New-Orsova. Their outposts had pushed forward up to the river, and their marauding parties went on the road to the upper part of the pass, which is called the key to Teregovia and Szlatina. There skirmishes frequently took place with the imperial marauders, but only at a distance. Sabre and scimitar remained in the scabbard, and the shots came for the most part from such a distance that they appeared destined for no other purpose than to awaken the echoes of the woods, and thus give intimation of the prevalence of war in the land—a fact which otherwise there might have been some danger of forgetting.

On the flanks of both armies crowds of desperadoes collected from the surrounding mountains and woods, but they were at this time more anxious for their own security than eager in the pursuit of their usual vocation. The interruption of intercourse injured their calling, but they hoped for a full compensation for all their privations and dangers as soon as the armies had withdrawn. They had at this time powerful opponents in the Turkish soldiers, whose envy they awakened; while on the other hand, the imperialists treated them with all the severity of military vengeance. Whenever they caught an unlucky votary of St. Nicholas, they hung him upon the nearest tree, for the wild beasts of the wood to fast upon his flesh, and the birds to prey upon his head, shoulders, and breast.

The evening sun was shining upon such a poor sinner, who a few hours before had been thus summarily despatched. He was hanging upon the branch of an oak on the edge of the wood near the village Szlatina, clothed in a short shirt and loose linen trousers full of folds, which presented the appearance of a woman's dress. His ~~waistcoat~~, his hat, and his upper garment had doubtless been carried off by those who had rendered these articles superfluous to ~~him~~. In other respects the body was uninjured.

About a hundred paces off, a woman might be seen cazing at the unfortunate creature, peeping out of some thick bushes in which she was anxiously endeavouring to conceal herself. Her desire to avoid observation arose principally from a dread of the marauding

dragoons, who appeared here and there almost always in pairs, sometimes on horseback with their muskets across the saddle, and sometimes on foot with their weapon over the shoulder, and the bridle slung round their arm. The woman, though not very young—being rather more than thirty—was handsome and stately in appearance, with a good figure and large powerful frame indicative of robust health. A pair of bright grey eyes sparkled in her round chubby face. Her short neck, broad shoulders, and well-developed breast, were covered with clean white linen. From her slender waist a pretty sort of gown descended to her ankles, and her feet were encased in a pair of high boots, such as are elsewhere worn by men. A broad-brimmed man's hat overshadowed her brown face. Over her shoulders was thrown a gaudy-coloured coarse woollen cloth, which the Wallachians make use of as a cloak or bed-coverlet. In the scarf, which served as a girdle round her waist, were stuck a sabre and two horse-pistols. The Amazon carried in her hand a Janissary's gun, with long barrel and short stock, but provided with a French percussion lock.

From her hiding-place the armed woman kept anxiously looking round at the river, the wood, the mountain, and the dragoons in succession; but ever and anon she returned to gaze with still deeper attention upon the corpse that was dangling in the air. And when at last she began to move off, she muttered to herself, as she clenched her fist and held it up towards the troop in the valley:

"Maruschka will yet find means to avenge poor Dobru, her faithful messenger. Hadst thou no pity for his youth, thou execrable hangman? Scarcely twenty times had his bright eyes beheld the return of spring. His lip was covered with the first light down which betokened a manly heart. What can I say to his mother, when she asks me what I have done with her youngest and dearest son? I must reply that the Imperialists have murdered him out of mere wanton caprice and violence. He had done nothing to deserve such a fate. He had simply gone out in a friendly country to fetch me some powder and shot, which we cannot dispense with here. He carried armour and weapons, as became a brave man. A consciousness of his innocence alone could have thrown the wary and active youth sufficiently off his guard to be thus overtaken. He must have thoughtlessly gone and asked the hirelings for a pipe of tobacco. This is what I must tell his aged mother; yet before I have well finished the sad tale, I will add, 'Be comforted, afflicted mother: your Dobru is avenged.'"

Maruschka cast yet one more indescribably fierce glance at the hated foe, then shouldered her long gun, and bounded off nimbly and safely as a chamois through the gathering darkness of the night. It was pitch dark before she reached the cleft in the rock on the other side of the first hill, on descending which she heard a loud long whistle. A double whistle gave the expected answer. Maruschka hastened on her way, and soon reached the spot where she was expected. She found there a square-built man, who was enjoying a comfortable doze on a moss-covered stone, upon which he stretched himself out like a great bear.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said he, yawning, "I had almost fallen asleep. But where is the young fellow?"

"He is not come yet," replied Maruschka, in a melancholy tone. "Ask me no more questions, Dschürdschu, you will learn all at the proper time."

The old man refrained from urging her any further, for he saw plainly enough by her manner of speaking that she had met with some mishap, and he had no wish to excite her temper, which was already not a little ruffled. He could not, however, help saying, after a while: "I suppose you will soon expect me to light the fire, and get you a comfortable bed ready. You must be tired and hungry after the toils of the day, I should think."

"Don't you know yet, that I am never tired?" was Maruschka's reply. "We must only stay here long enough for me to eat a morsel of food and swallow a draught of something to slake my thirst. It is no use waiting any longer for Dobru. We must go up towards Mlakaberg as quickly as we can."

"You command, mistress, and I obey," muttered Dschürdschu, in a scarcely intelligible tone. Maruschka laughed heartily and said: "You don't like to go to Mlakaberg then, you have not yet made up matters with the beautiful Wantscha. She has set your old heart all in a flame, and instead of soothing your pain, she takes delight in irritating it to the utmost of her ability."

"You are quite right in what you say, only you forget one thing. The lass will not give me her consent, it is true, although her parents are willing, yet she will not let me go free. As often as she sees me at a distance, she smiles at me, and when she comes up, she asks me how I do in a most winning, affectionate way, and keeps on flattering me, till at last all my displeasure changes into a perfect sunshine of delight. Yet, no sooner am I warmed with pleasurable emotion, than she suddenly becomes cold, and her smile of affection is exchanged for a bitter laugh of scorn. Hence, I am glad to get out of her way as quickly as I can."

"It is for that very reason," interrupted Maruschka, "that I take you to her."

"I don't understand you. What pleasure can it afford you to cause me pain?"

"I will put an end to your pain then. The old one must overcome the resistance of the young lass."

The rough fellow jumped up from his seat more astonished than delighted, great as his joy was. Unable to refrain from expressing his wonder in words, he said: "You don't like to see your folks married. It is a common saying with you, that whenever a fool is to be born, a young girl is married to an old man. Now I am not young, nor am I the greatest favourite with you. Whence, then, this sudden change of feeling towards me? Do you wish to get rid of me?"

"Your head is turned with delight," said Maruschka, smiling.

"Just think, a little soberly if you can, for a moment, and you will need no answer from me. Don't you know why I dislike to see my people get married? Simply, because the first year after a robber has taken a wife, he loses all interest in his occupation. His thoughts are at home as often as he goes out, and if he is wanted for a long expedition, he is no use at all. But with you the case is very different. You are no longer young enough to be billing and cooing with your mate from morning to night."

"But what is wanting in youthfulness," interrupted Dschurdschu, "may, perhaps, be made up in ardour."

"Wantscha is a good lass," continued Maruschka, "as any in the neighbourhood. Besides, she is the only child, and will inherit the farm. Young, beautiful, prudent, and rich, is the bride you have in view. Already your heart longs for her, and yet you are afraid to take her. One scarcely knows what to think. Do you tremble at your unexpected good fortune?"

Dschurdschu reflected a while before he ventured to reply.

"When the fox sees a hen lying with its legs tied, he is in no hurry to touch it. Easy prey is often only a bait. If I am to follow your advice, you must tell me plainly why you wish me to marry at once. You have some particular reason, and I must know it before I advance a single step."

"If you don't like Wantscha," said Maruschka, "you may remain single for what I care."

"I have only one more question to ask you," rejoined Dschurdschu, "Against whom is the blow directed?"

"You shall know that too, you old chatterbox," was the reply.

"The blow is aimed at the man whom I call mine. I can't agree with him, I don't like him; he may bestow his heart upon whom he likes, but not in my domains. Let him keep within his own limits, as I do in mine. I am jealous, it is true, but not of Petru so much as of my territory. Miakaberg lies in my dominions, the sources of the Temes are mine, Czerna and Motru are unquestionably my brooks. It was so settled when I withdrew with my companions from connexion with him. He may hunt where he likes, only not on my grounds."

Dschurdschu asked no further question. He had heard enough to understand that Maruschka was more jealous of her husband than she chose to admit in words. The imperious woman had separated from the harampashah, or robber-chief, because he neither would nor could submit to her overbearing conduct.

As the two wanderers descended quickly and silently into the valley which serves as a channel for the waters that spring from the south-west side of the hill, they came to a sudden stand. A glimmer of light shone upon them from the depth of the valley. The spot of light seemed no larger than a lamp behind the window of a hut. But the travellers well knew that there was no human dwelling there; consequently the light must come from a fire in the open air.

"Who can it be," asked Dschurdschu, "that is encamped there? Surely it is not Petru's company."

"A company of gipsies, perhaps," replied Maruschka; "we shall soon see."

"Shall we go down to them?"

"As if we had any choice in the matter. We have no other means of crossing the water. Let us approach cautiously."

Maruschka felt in her girdle, to be quite sure her pistols were there ready for use. She took her gun, loaded it, and primed it. Her companion also prepared his weapons for immediate use. Thus armed for whatever exigency might occur, they cautiously went towards the fire.

This caution was, for once, needless. By the fire lay a single man, who was neither a gipsy nor one of Petru's company, but an able-bodied Turk, apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, in a small waistcoat and large trousers, with his hair cut close and his beard long. He was sitting cross-legged, after the Turkish fashion, on the ground near the fire, smoking his chibouk as comfortably as if he were seated in a tavern at the Golden Horn, where, even at the present day, the sons of the prophet are in the habit of drinking the dark waters of wisdom. Yet he was not so completely confident of peace as he would have felt in the coffee-house of a roguish Greek or a contemptible Armenian. He had his weapons pretty near him, not excepting even his gun, which was leaning against a stone close by. Near the gun lay a deer stretched out, a tender piece of which, rolled up in fat and put upon a spit to the fire, diffused a savoury smell around. The part which the brave Turk was cooking for his solitary meal was the liver. Among his companions he would not have ventured to eat this forbidden part. With his right hand he turned the spit, while he held his chibouk with the left. He seemed to be dreaming over the job, if not asleep; but he was still all on the alert. He heard the footsteps of the two who were approaching. In an instant he exchanged the spit and chibouk for his gun, and, nimble as a weasel, he darted into a bush close by, from which he could look out in concealment. But before he had time to see who it was that startled him, a clear voice said, "Fear nothing, Fortunatus; I am alone with old Dschurdschu." The voice sounded familiar to him, and the speaker went close to the fire, that the light falling upon her might remove all suspicion from his mind. "Come forth," said Dschurdschu; "if we had been disposed to do you any harm, you would have had a bullet in you before you were aware of us."

The Turk came out to greet the new-comers, and resume as quickly as possible his two-fold occupation. Directly he had lighted his chibouk and begun to turn the spit again, he said, "Welcome, friends of old times. I invite you to my meal. I am glad to see you once more. Above all, I beg you not to call me Fortunatus—a name I no longer bear—but Selim, in future."

Maruschka and her companion had taken their seats on moss-grown stones. The warlike woman took a short pipe from her girdle and filled it out of a leather pouch. After she had lighted it, she thus replied: "What I have heard several times without believing it, is true, then, after all? You have forsworn the true faith of a Christian; you have denied the Saviour of your immortal soul, and changed your auspicious name for an ill-boding one."

"We won't quarrel about that, fair Maruschka," said he; "think I have made a good exchange. The prophet's paradise is happier place than your heaven."

"If one were only sure of it," rejoined Maruschka.

"Faith is better than knowledge," continued the Turk; "I believe in the glory Mahomet promises me as firmly as I formerly believed in heaven with its angels and saints. I am, therefore, delighted with bright visions of the future, while I thoroughly enjoy the present. What was I before? A miserable robber, under Petru's stern command. What am I now? A prosperous chief of fifty men, with the prospect of something still better."

"Yet you did wrong in running away," said Maruschka in a subdued tone; "had you remained, I might, perhaps, have preferred you to the present harampashah."

"If I had known that," replied Selim, "I might have invited you to go with me."

Are you in earnest?" asked Maruschka, with strangely flashing eyes, whose glance the Turk could not face.

"Yesterday is past," said he, "and to-morrow is not yet come."

RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

MATERIALS.—Brook's Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. This collar is made in portions, and joined together with needle and thread, or worked together with one plain at the option of the worker.

To form the Rose: Make a chain of 8 loops, plain, 1 to form a round, fasten off.

2nd round: Work 1 treble, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off; you should have seven treble in the round.

3rd: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 3 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same 1 treble all round, fasten off.

4th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 6, repeat round, plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble to form the round, fasten off.

5th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 6 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before, repeat round, fasten off.

6th: Chain 4, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

7th: Chain 3, plain 1 in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the round; you then work 74 of the following.

SMALL ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 21 double in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 9, miss 2, plain 1; repeat round; you should have 7 lots of the 9 chain in the round.

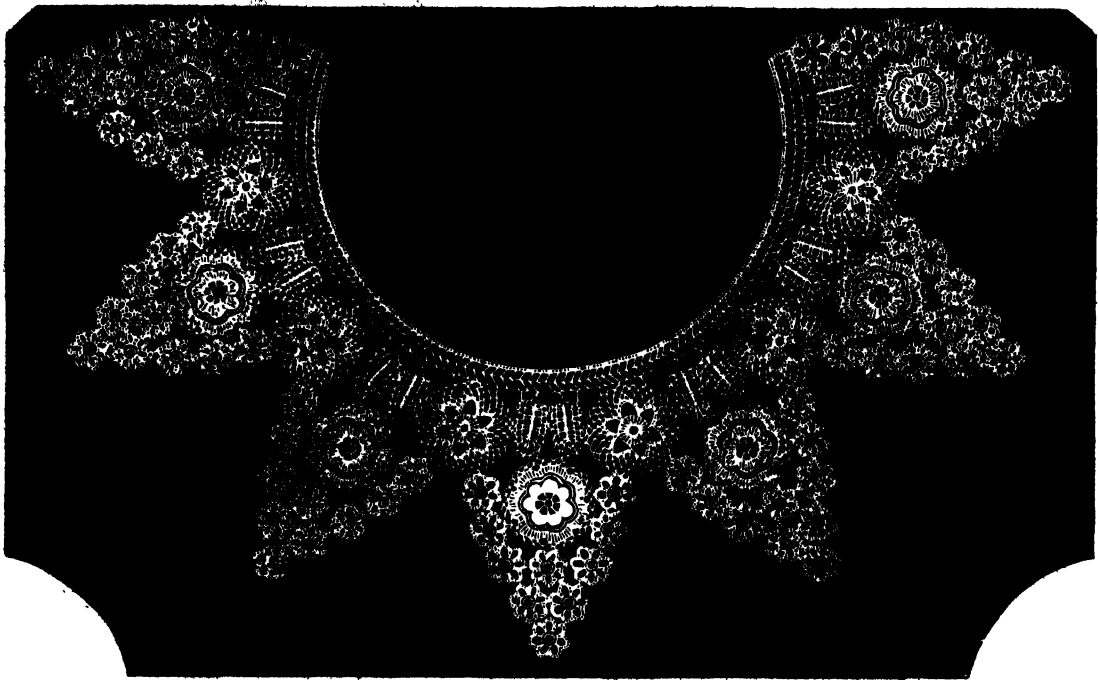
3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round, which completes the round; you now require 14 of the following.

PATTERN FOR LEAF.

Make a chain of 12 loops, turn back, and work the 12 loops double-crochet.

2nd round: Chain 3, miss 2, work two treble in 1 loop, repeat to the end, and in the end loop chain 3, work 2 treble, work the other side the same, with the treble opposite, the treble and 3 chain at the end, plain 1 in the end loop, fasten off.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round chain 3, work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round



RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

6th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 9, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

7th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 10 treble in the 9 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before all round.

8th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 12, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

9th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 13 treble in the 12 chain of last round, plain 1 in the 1 treble of last round, repeat round.

10th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round each fold of the rose.

11th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the rose; you require 7 of these flowers to form the collar, and six of the following.

LARGE ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 30 treble in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 19, miss 5, plain 1, repeat round.

3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round.

4th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round.

5th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the next treble of last round you repeat all round the leaf with 3 chain, opposite the 3 chain of last round, and 2 treble at the top of the 2 treble of last round, with 2 chain between them, working both sides to correspond, turn back.

4th: Chain 4 and plain 1 in each lot of the chain of last round, fasten off, which completes the leaf; you then work a stalk to each leaf as follows: chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the chain round between the edge and the centre, work 1 treble on the other side, the same turn back, and work the 5 chains plain, fasten off, which completes the stalk; after working the number of each portion required and joining them together, as shown in the illustration, you work a band for the neck-part of the collar as follows.

Work a few plain at the end, then chain 10, and work 1 treble where it requires a treble, and a double where it requires a double, and a plain in the centre of the stalks and rounds as you see the stitches in the engraving, so as to make it lie to the shape of the neck.

2nd row: Chain 2, miss 2, work 1 treble, repeat to the end, turn back.

3rd: Chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the treble of last row, repeat to the end, turn back.

4th: Double crochet, fasten off, which completes the collar.

SIR CUSACK RONEY.

the course of a memoir of Mr. William Dargan, which appeared our pages in January, 1853, and more especially in reference that gentleman's promotion of the Dublin Exhibition, which has been met with a recognition so universal and so eulogistic at the hands alike of royalty and of the multitude, there occurred, in allusion to the individual whose name heads this notice, some remarks which we take the liberty of repeating, as the best introduction to the observations that are about to follow. Having given the details of Mr. Dargan's early life and subsequent railway

prizes. Mr. Peto, having had long experience of Mr. Roney's peculiar aptitude of the kind referred to, embraced the suggestions offered, with a promptitude alike flattering to the discernment of the one and confidence of the other, as the issue proved. Forthwith Mr. Roney developed the highly-complicated but most simply-executed scheme, known as the 'Tourist Traffic System,' whereby the requirements of the travelling public were met with a completeness which, all things considered, would have been declared wholly impossible three months before the machinery was in full operation,



SIR CUSACK RONEY.

proceedings, the biography continued: "Towards the end of 1851, the prescient eye of Mr. Roney—well known in England, and whose capacity for administering the affairs of great mercantile companies and associations had long been established—foresaw that there was about to be an 'exodus,' as the saying is, of the British travelling public into Ireland. This idea he soon made apparent to the chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, Mr. S. M. Peto, the affluent and enlightened member for Norwich, whose name is scarcely less known in any country in Europe than his own, owing to the vastness and general diffusion of his railway enter-

and which *would* have been utterly impossible in any other hands. According to the *Times* of the 18th of November, in its review of Sir Francis Head's 'Fortnight in Ireland,' upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited that country in 1852. This enormous crowd, equal to the entire population of a German principality, or South American republic, made their acquaintance with the island at probably, on an average cost per head, one-fifth what they *would* have been able to do but for the suggestion of Mr. Roney's system; while the country and all the railway companies were immensely benefited, and the foundation laid for the illimitable future exten-

sion of the same plan. Ireland was full of English visitors, who expressed their admiration of what they saw, and their delight with the civility and attention lavished upon them by a people whose natural disposition was pronounced to be worthy of their scenery and their soil—and the force of flattery could no further go. The common topic of conversation was, of course, the wonders of the World's Fair the previous summer in Hyde-park, where every one had been, and whence every one had carried some idea to interchange for a neighbour's. A Lilliputian reproduction of the Brobdignag structure had been got up at Cork, and with very great success, though confined only to the contributions of the neighbourhood. The sentiment of the desirability of a Great Irish Exhibition, doubtless, occurred simultaneously to numbers all over the country; but, as the poet defines wit to be, what was

'Oft thought before, but ne'er so well expressed'—

so these vague, dreamy, and as yet voiceless predilections had to be reduced to form and substance and tangibility; and they were, by Messrs. Dargan and Roney. When, where, or under what circumstances these gentlemen originally came together, we have not heard. But certain it is there ensued from this meeting a mutual recognition of capacity, ingenueness, and determination, which has resulted in a conviction that the two individuals were essential to the completion of the purpose which then germinated, perhaps unconsciously, in the mind of either. Probably the merit, if it be one, of priority, belonged to neither; and spontaneously the conception came forth. There were two Frankensteins at work on the same materials; but such 'faultless monster as the world ne'er saw,' at least in Ireland (the land of phenomena), will, we believe, be the result of the double parentage. Wholly devoid of jealousy, superior to the littleness that would seek the gratification of a paltry vanity by enforcing obscurity on others, as shown by his rejection of a titular honour proffered by the late Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Dargan not only insisted on keeping altogether in the background, but that Mr. Roney, as his representative on the committee, should become the secretary of the undertaking. This Mr. Roney did, stipulating only that his position should be honorary, his services gratuitous, and immediately he proceeded to justify in Ireland the expectations which his English antecedents had already created.

"The unparalleled act of Mr. Dargan in placing £20,000 at the disposal of the committee, would in itself have been sufficient to stamp any project with abundant *clat* in any part of the world, and to ensure the donor an universal celebrity. But what lent it the prestige of assured success in the eyes of persons who were to be called upon to send to it those articles which alone could make it what it ought to be, was the knowledge that a practical man like Mr. Roney had pledged himself to realise Mr. Dargan's aspirations, by achieving for Ireland an eminent industrial status among nations, and thus, by one effort, obliterate the *badium* of ages. Accordingly, his reception on the continent, with many of the languages of which he is well acquainted (he was partly educated in France), was in the highest degree gratifying. The letters he took from our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs secured him, of course, the co-operation of the whole British *corps diplomatique* abroad, and procured him admission to circles that would have been otherwise impervious to all private efforts. But in the countenance personally extended to him by the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians and of Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian, and other continental authorities, and all the great manufacturing and artistic interests of every kind, in the course of his extensive tours, there was a heartiness and cordiality far more impressive and significant than what any formal introduction, however exalted, could have commanded."

"Mr. Roney, well knowing on whom he had to rely, instead of circumscribing his scope and concentrating his efforts when he saw how brilliantly the scheme was being taken up, put forth fresh feelers, and derived fresh strength and daring from each response. Mr. Dargan added another £6,000 to the original sum. Again the work proceeded; and again Mr. Dargan seconded the efforts of his partner by another advance of £14,000, making a total of £40,000."

"Here it has been necessary to stop, not from the exhaustion of Mr. Dargan's liberality, and still less, if that be possible, by a cessation of the consequences we have been particu-

rising; but because of the pressure of inexorable time, the necessity of now seeking to mature and perfect what had been so sumptuously initiated. On that object the energies of the Dublin executive are now being brought to bear. The erection of the building is keeping pace precisely with the calculations on which it has been erected. We do not wish to encumber this paper with details of its dimensions and peculiarities, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is after the design of Mr. Benson, C.E., who erected the Cork Exhibition already alluded to. Selected from among twenty-nine competing designs,—the rivalry being provoked far less by the proffered prize of £50, than by the desire to participate in the fame redounding from a prominent association in such a work—it is uniquely beautiful; and though it has necessarily much in common with the Crystal Palace, it is in no respect a plagiarism of that conception, and abounds in merits of its own that stamp it as thoroughly original. Be the result of the Exhibition what it may—and it is impossible to believe it can fail to be all and everything its projector and creator can expect—the remembrance of 1853 will at least confer an enviable immortality on William Dargan, and for ever 'keep his memory green' with a grateful and admiring posterity."

It is with no inconsiderable satisfaction that the writer of the foregoing, after the lapse of eighteen months, quotes his then anticipations now, and appeals for their confirmation to what has since become matter of history. If the magnanimity of Mr. Dargan was remarkable in refusing at the hands of the Irish viceroy the honour of a knighthood, how much greater must it have been in declining a still higher dignity when proffered personally by the monarch herself! But the favour of the sovereign raised him to a far more exalted eminence than his acceptance of any mere titular appellation could have done. Her Majesty, with a truly royal graciousness worthy of all panegyric, on the occasion of her visit to Dublin last year, proceeded, accompanied by the Prince Consort, to the private residence of Mr. Dargan, at a short distance from the Irish metropolis, and expressed to him and his amiable wife her sense of the admiration with which she had been filled by a contemplation of the superb fabric his truly patriotic munificence had erected on the lawn of Leinster House. Not only did her Majesty do this, but she took care to manifest her feelings towards him in the most conspicuous manner possible within the area of the beautiful building he had created, and repeated inspections of whose varied and extraordinary contents she made in company with him. The success of the Exhibition was great, though it resulted in a loss of not less than £20,000 to the projector—a loss which he estimated as light indeed compared to the enduring good it was calculated to confer, and which it has conferred, on his country.

The main-spring of the *clat* that attended the memorable Dublin Exhibition of 1853, was admitted on all hands to be in the secretary. Through his exertions it was invested with its thoroughly cosmopolitan character throughout Europe, contributions from nearly all parts of which were forwarded, principally at his instigation and personal solicitation, to the value of nearly three quarters of a million sterling. There never was a question raised in any quarter as to the paramount credit due to him, not only for his indefatigable exertions in connexion with this great work, but for the tact and discrimination that gave efficacy to those exertions, and imparted to his colleagues a reliance that everything he undertook would be carried out to the letter. So emphatic was this feeling on the part of the executive staff, not only during the continuance of the Exhibition, but after its close, when the mere temporary value of his presence and counsels might be supposed to have passed away, that the "Official Record" of the undertaking was dedicated to him by the chief financial officer of the committee, in terms whose warmth and deservedness were abundantly justified, as the facts we have enumerated will readily suggest.

Acting in conformity with the voice of public approval, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of St. Germans, on the opening day of the Dublin Exhibition, intimated that, at its close, he proposed conferring on Mr. Roney the honour of knighthood—a piece of intelligence that was received with unqualified approval, not only among his countrymen, but in England, where he had formed a larger circle of friends than almost any private individual not moving in political life or commanding high social station could boast of.

Some of the more influential of these friends having, about the time we speak of, matured plans of immense magnitude in connexion with the development of the resources of Canada and British North America generally, by means of railways, naturally turned their attention to the gentleman who, by common accord, was regarded as in every way the most competent to carry these plans into execution with the utmost promptitude and discretion. Accordingly negotiations were opened with Mr. Roney, by the directorate of the magnificent system of railways, of which the main artery is the Canadian Grand Trunk, extending upwards of 1,400 miles, and connecting the Atlantic seaboard on the English side with the network of the States' railways and the chain of lakes on the west, and requiring no less than eleven millions sterling for its formation. The Exhibition being now in the full tide of its popularity, Mr. Roney closed with these overtures, and in June proceeded to Canada, where his faculty of railway organisation in creating an executive staff and simplifying the arrangements for traffic that was yet non-existent, though certain to be enormous as soon as the requisite facilities should be forthcoming, speedily made itself felt in a mode as satisfactory as circumstances would possibly permit. Having made repeated inspections of every portion of the country and its vicinage about to be embraced in the sphere of the British North American railways, he returned to Europe, and on the closing day of the Dublin Exhibition had conferred upon him, by the Earl of St. Germans, the honour of knighthood, when, to quote the "Official Record" already alluded to, "12,500 of his assembled fellow-citizens manifested their approval of the action by their hearty cheers, which rang through the entire building."

Had Sir Cusack Roney remained in Europe during the entire period the Dublin Exhibition was open, it is believed by those most competent to form an opinion of such matters, that the pecuniary result would have been a considerable gain, instead of a heavy loss to Mr. Dargan. It would be useless now to analyse the probability on which this conjecture was based; but, however we might have rejoiced for Mr. Dargan's sake, had such really been the case, the absence of Sir Cusack Roney from Canada, at the precise period when he visited that most flourishing dependency of the British crown, would have retarded events pregnant with material consequences that are not to be measured by gains or losses of a private nature, however large. His personal acquaintance with Canada and its wonderful resources as a field for his countrymen, and the confidence with which the latter looked up to his judgment, enabled him to direct to the shores of our own North American colonies a considerable portion of that tide of Irish emigration which had hitherto flowed almost exclusively to the United States, even when flowing through the Canadas. Hence, every mail from America brings news of a constantly-increasing proportionate influx of Irish, and not only of Irish, but of English and Scotch immigrants into Canada, the powerful previous attractions of which for labourers of every class, and especially farmers and men of small means, more particularly with large families, have been infinitely enhanced by those stupendous railway works of which Sir Cusack is the director, and the progressive benefits of which to the mother-country and the colony must be incalculable. He remained some months in England, actively employed in the promotion of the onerous duties entrusted to him, and with such success, making so apparent the solidity and self-sustaining nature of Canadian prosperity, that the war, which

annihilated so many other schemes of great promise by disorganising the money-market and scaring capitalists from investing, failed to prevent the necessary funds from being raised for the construction of the various sections of the Grand Trunk as rapidly as was desirable.

During his stay in England he was mainly instrumental in getting up one of the most imposing demonstrations of respect and esteem ever shown in the city of London to any individual subject in this realm, with the single exception of the Duke of Wellington. It was a dinner at the London Tavern to Lord Elgin, Governor-general of Canada, who happened to be in this country at the time on leave of absence from the post to which he has since returned with renewed *éclat*, and where he has just established fresh claims on the gratitude of the Canadians and admiration of the English community. The price of the tickets to the dinner was three guineas and a half per head—a circumstance which we mention, simply for the purpose of showing that the inducement to be present must have been something more than ordinary, when such a cost did not prevent the great room from being crowded to its utmost capacity, with men of the highest station in the metropolis, Lord John Russell being in the chair, supported by nearly one-half the present cabinet, and by several ex-secretaries of state for the colonies, who came forward to testify their concurrence in the conduct of the noble guest of the evening, at the instance of the committee, to whom Sir Cusack Roney acted as honorary secretary—a position anything but a sinecure in his hands. He soon afterwards returned to Canada, in company with Lord Elgin, and accompanied his lordship to Washington, where the noble earl succeeded in effecting a commercial treaty with the United States, that has not only for ever put an end to the perilous disputes which so long endangered the peace and good feeling of the two countries, in respect to the right of fishing within certain debateable limits, but has made free-trade and genuine reciprocity the basis of all future commercial relations, whereby each nation will be a most substantial gainer, Canada, in a pre-eminent degree, profiting by the new and never-failing markets thus opened for her teeny and varied produce at her own doors.

It only remains for us to say, in the words of "Dod's Knightage" for the current year, that Sir Cusack Roney, whom we introduce into our gallery as an evidence of what energy, industry, and exemplary conduct will achieve in this country, even when not exercised in the ordinary professional, commercial, or political walks of life, is the "son of the late Cusack Roney, Esq., an eminent surgeon in Dublin, who was twice president of the Royal College of Surgeons there. Born in Dublin, 1810; married, 1837, daughter of Jas. Whitcombe, Esq.; educated in France and at the University of Dublin, where he graduated B.A., 1829; and in the same year passed the College of Surgeons in Ireland; but shortly afterwards abandoned the medical profession. Was secretary to the Royal Literary Fund from 1835 to 1837; subsequently became private secretary to the Right Hon. L. More O'Ferrall (late Governor of Malta), when he was secretary to the Admiralty and the Treasury; was next, for some years, a clerk in the Admiralty at Whitehall; became secretary to the Eastern Counties Railway in 1845; and managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in 1853; was knighted by Earl St. Germans, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for his eminent services as secretary to the Great Industrial Exhibition in Dublin in 1853."

MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN, IN THE PLACE SAINT SULPICE, AT PARIS.

THIS beautiful work of art, which was raised at the expense of the city of Paris, and of which we present an engraving, stands close to the Church of Saint Sulpice, in the middle of the great square before the doorway. It is of stone, in the form of a quadrangular pavilion, surmounted by a hip roof, which terminates in a flower and a cross. At the foot of the pavilion are three basins one above the other, the two uppermost of which are connected by four pedestals with two steps. The upper step of each supports a vase with two handles, from which flows a jet of water; on the lower step is a lion couchant with a cartouche in its claws, representing the arms of Paris. The water which escapes from the vases falls in cascades into the lowest basin, which is octagonal in form.

In the niches on the four sides of the pavilion, which are separated by Corinthian pilasters, have been placed the statues of four great pulpit orators—Bossuet, Fenelon, Flechier, and Massillon. The niches are surmounted by escutcheons crowned with caps of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and bearing the arms of the dioceses of Meaux, Cambrai, Nîmes, and Clermont.

The monument was constructed according to the plans and under the direction of M. Visconti, by whose recent death France has lost a great artist, of whom she may well be proud. It has been charged with being a little too heavy in general appearance, and there is certainly some truth in this; but the excuse of the artist is supposed to be, that he felt it necessary to conform to the type set before him in the doorway of the Church of Saint Sulpice. There

is less room for any such excuse in the case of the statues of Fenelon, Massillon, and Flechier, which are far too heavy. It is standing instead of sitting? Had this been done, the artistic effect would have been greatly improved in several respects. But if the



MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE PLACE ST. SULPICE, AT PARIS.

True that, as each figure is in a sitting posture and above the level of vision, they cannot but appear subject to this defect; but the question is, why should not the bishops have been represented

proportions adopted by the architect prevented that course, why could not the same lightness and animation have been given to these three figures as are visible in that of Bossuet?

THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

It is a touching scene, and unhappily one that is very opportune at the present time, which our artist has depicted in the work before us. We there see the broken warrior coming back to his native village after long and hard service abroad. His strength is

his having his arm still in a sling. He sighs as he contrasts his present exhausted and almost hopeless condition with the cheerful light-heartedness with which he first enlisted in the army. He looks back with a feeling of melancholy upon the day when he first



THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

exhausted, his brow is wrinkled, and his look pensive. The stripes upon his arm, which are honourable proofs of his good conduct, unhappily cannot cure his wounds or replace the mutilated hand, from the loss of which he has not yet recovered, as appears from

set out from home in all the buoyancy of youth, pleased with his uniform, and full of hopeful aspirations. He remembers the looks of admiration which flashed upon him from gentle eyes as he passed along, the expressions of good-will poured forth by kind neighbours,

and the affectionate embraces of dear relatives. Here it was that he parted with his fond mother, who, like all his fascinating illusions, is now no more.

His limbs totter, and yet he hastens on to keep up with the two young guides who go before him. They are his sister's children, who have come out to meet him. The eldest has, with some difficulty, prevailed upon him to let her carry his luggage, and he has scarcely been able to refuse the youngest his gun. They both knew him at once; his uniform was familiar to them; they even knew the number of his regiment. As the girl looks round at him, he is forcibly reminded of her mother, whom he has not seen for years, but to whom he is strongly attached. A thousand emotions are stirred within his breast as he hears the village church-clock strike, and sees the field in which he used to work, the well-known road, and the old house. Scenes long forgotten rush in rapid succession before his mind's eye—the hay-making, the harvest, and all the various occasions of merriment which enliven rural life. Arrived at the home of his youth, he is received with open arms. The children play with his sword and his gun, and amuse themselves by putting on his soldier's clothes; while all the neighbours come to listen to the story of his adventures.

PAUL SCARRON.*

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, there was a grand carnival at Mans. It was not such a carnival as we see now-a-days. All was open and above board; there was no concealment. One of the madcaps of the hour was a youth of seven-and-twenty, who desired to be, however, quite disguised. He accordingly plastered himself with oil and then rolled himself in a feather-bed, which certainly gave him a very grotesque and absurd appearance. The whole carnival was taken by surprise at this original mask. People ran after him in crowds; at last, however, the boys became unpleasant in their conduct, and the young man and his three companions plunged into the Sarthe, which was full of ice. A few days later his three companions were dead, and he was attacked by hopeless paralysis of his limbs.

The hero of this scene was Paul Scarron, the most uproarious comic poet and writer of France, author of the "Comic Romance" and other productions of the same class.

Born in Paris in 1610, his father being a counsellor of parliament, Scarron would have had nearly a thousand a year, English money, if the annoyances of a step-mother had not driven him to commit the greatest follies. The above adventure was the last of a series of extravagancies and wild conduct that were leading him to ruin. At his father's death, he pleaded against his stepmother, amused his judges, and lost his case. He was now doomed to

obscurity and poverty, but he took it with extreme good humour. He took refuge in a house in the Marais, living in a chair, "having no motion left but that of his tongue and fingers." His deformity was increased by a fall from a horse. He began to live as a poet, and was patronised by nobility. The Duke de Longueville, Gaston d'Orleans, Madame de Hautefort, successively gave him employment. At last, he was presented to Anne of Austria, who offered him a place.

"Madam," said he, "the only post I can fill, is that of official sick man of the crown."

The office was created and a pension attached to it.

"I promise to fulfil my functions admirably," he said.

He wrote away, however, and lampooned everybody. Unfortunately, he did not spare Cardinal Mazarin, who suppressed his pension. The princes, the rebels, and their condutors made it up to him in popularity. He asked in vain for the smallest living—a living, even without any parishioners. He could not obtain it.

One evening, a young lady of great beauty came to one of his evening parties. She was very poor. Daughter of a Calvinist, her existence had been a miserable one. Her youth had been spent in prisons and in huts. She became a Catholic to save herself; and when once converted, was abandoned by her patrons. She was driven forth to die without a hope. Scarron saw her, heard her story, and was much moved.

"You must go into a convent or marry," said he. "Do you want to be a nun? If so, I will write poetry until I can pay your dowry. Do you prefer a husband? I can offer you half my bread and the ugliest face in France."

Françoise d'Aubigné preferred the poor cripple to the convent. She married him; and never was there a tenderer wife. In the marriage-contract Scarron described her dowry as "four gold pieces, two fine eyes, a splendid figure, beautiful hands, and much wit."

"What a dowry!" said those who were present.

"It is immortality," said the poet; "the name of Madame Scarron will live for ever."

Nine years of devotion rewarded Scarron. In his house she became acquainted with Turenne, Mignard, and Levis. A widow at five-and-twenty, she had reputation, beauty, and every accomplishment; but she refused every offer.

Some years later, there took place in the chapel of Versailles, in presence of the Archbishop of Paris and many witnesses, a marriage ceremony, which reasons of state rendered it necessary should be kept secret. The contracting parties were Louis XIV., king of France, and Madame de Maintenon, the widow of Scarron, who from this hour governed France, and was generally esteemed to be as great an enemy of her early faith, as any of those who persecuted her when a child.

Scarron is recollected as a coarse rhymester. His widow holds the position of a queen of one of the greatest of French kings, legally, though not avowedly so.

* Some account of this writer was given in vol. ii. p. 207.

THE HYÆNA.

ALL the warmer parts of the eastern continent, from India to the Senegal, in Western Africa, are inhabited by great numbers of a singular animal, which appears in some respects to unite the characters of several distinct creatures. This is the common Striped Hyæna (*Hyæna Vulgaris*), a creature of the most repulsive aspect, and to the full as disgusting in his habits as in his external appearance. At first sight he has a good deal of the appearance of a large, and very ugly dog, and agrees so closely in some of his characters with the dogs, that Linneus, the great Swedish naturalist, associated the hyæna with these animals (dogs, wolves, and foxes), under the

Hyæna. Later naturalists, however, have found

rich warrant the complete removal of the hyæna from

Hyæna. These are derived partly from the structure and

ment of the teeth, which somewhat approach those of the

and the tongue of the hyæna is furnished, like that of the

r cats (the lion, tiger, etc.), with a number of prickles, serving

to rasp the last particles of flesh from the bones of its prey. Unlike the cats, however, their claws are not retractile; and they possess beneath the tail a little pouch, like that which we meet with in the civet, and which, as in that animal, serves as a receptacle for an odorous secretion. The jaws and teeth of the hyæna are exceedingly solid and powerful; and the former are moved by muscles of prodigious strength, enabling the animal to crack bones which one would have thought beyond his power; so firmly does he bite, and so tenacious is he of his hold upon anything that he has once seized, that it is almost impossible to make him let it go. The Moors are said to avail themselves of their knowledge of this circumstance to capture the hyæna. They throw him the end of a long stick, made on purpose, and, when he has seized it, they may drag him wherever they please, without any fear of his losing his hold. Cuvier tells us, also, that the Arabs employ the name of the hyæna as expressive of obstinacy; and the term "hyæna"

necked" may certainly be applied to this animal in more senses than one; for it not unfrequently happens that the vertebrae of his short, thick neck, become fixed together by a bony secretion, in consequence of the violent muscular action to which they are constantly exposed, so that, in some cases, the whole of these bones are at last united into a single piece. Hence, the older writers, to whom this fact appears to have been well known, were induced to assert that the hyena, unlike other animals, had but a single bone in his neck. The whole fore-part of the body in the hyena is muscular, and well-developed—a structure enabling the creature to dig into the earth with great facility, which, as we shall see hereafter, is of no small importance to him; but the hinder quarters are depressed, the legs being thrown out behind very much, so as to give a very awkward appearance of weakness to this part of the animal. The head is short and thick; the nose broad and black; the eyes prominent; the ears very large, upright, nearly naked, and of a dull purplish colour. The general colour of the animal is a brownish-gray, marked with irregular dark brown or blackish bands on the body and limbs; the tail is rather short and bushy; and along the back runs a strong, bristly mane, which the creature erects when irritated.

The hyena generally lives in caves, where it sleeps during the day, being a strictly nocturnal animal in its wild state. It feeds principally upon the dead bodies of men and animals which it may meet with in those inhospitable solitudes; but, in many cases, venturing nearer to the habitations of man, it seeks its food in a manner which tends more than anything to excite our abhorrence. The creatures prowl into the cemeteries during the night, and tear open the graves in search of newly-buried bodies, which they mangle and devour with insatiable voracity. It is not surprising that these facts, perhaps imperfectly observed, and embellished with the warmth of Oriental imagination, should have given rise to an infinity of superstitious tales; one instance of which will, probably, be well known to the majority of our readers—for there is no doubt the Ghoul, in whose company the lady in the "Arabian Nights" indulged her taste for human flesh, is merely the hyena in a supernatural dress. Mr. Bruce, also, the Abyssinian traveller, says that the streets of Gondar were "full of them from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial; and who firmly believe that these animals are Falasha from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." It is singular, in this case, to mark the close coincidence of superstitious belief in all countries; by merely substituting the wolf for the hyena, and making allowance for the difference in the habits of the two animals, we get at a superstition which was long prevalent in our own land. Disgusting as the carrion-eating habits of the hyena appear to us, especially when manifested in the way last mentioned, we must not forget that, in common with the vultures and many other creatures equally offensive to fastidious minds, he is performing his part in the economy of nature. And this part is by no means one of the least important; for, in the hot climates inhabited by these creatures, none can render more effectual service to their fellows, than those which, undeterred by abominations which would probably turn the stomach of any of the more aristocratic carnivora, clear away dead animal matter, which, if left to the gradual process of decomposition, would poison all the atmosphere in its neighbourhood.

The hyena, however, by no means confines himself entirely to animal food in a state of decomposition—high, as our epicures would, doubtless, term it—on the contrary, he appears not to let slip any opportunity of supplying himself with fresh meat when it falls in his way. Bruce tells us that the hyena was "the destruction of their asses and mules, which, above all others, are his favourite food;" and this traveller had considerable experience as to the habits of the animal. He appears rarely to attack man unless provoked, but then knows how to defend himself with courage, as the following extract from Bruce's work will show. It is also interesting as showing the great variety of objects to which the appetite of the creature can adapt itself. "One night in Maitsha," says Mr. Bruce, "being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking

round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, intending directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyena standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe."

There is a very general opinion that the hyena is quite untamable, arising, probably, to a great extent from the ferocity and even malignity of his aspect, and this and the opinion acting together, have, no doubt, often prevented the experiment from being made, for the animal, although not much uglier than many bull-dogs, is certainly not one that would be very generally attractive as a pet. Nevertheless, it appears that the hyena is capable of being tamed, and will even exhibit a good deal of the affection of a dog; for Bishop Heber states, that he saw one in India, which followed his master about, and fawned upon him and his friends exactly in the manner of our more amiable-looking canine friends. Another characteristic of the beast, which no doubt is not without its effect in producing the general feeling of dislike towards it, is its singular voice. This sounds like a very harsh imitation of a human laugh, rather, perhaps, of that quality known to theatrical managers as "fiendish," a horrible, unearthly exclamation, which may be heard in almost any menagerie at feeding time. Ill-adapted as the noise is to produce any impression of jollity on the minds of the hearers, so as to attract them into its neighbourhood to see what is going on, there is no doubt that it was this that led the ancients to believe that the hyena possessed the power of imitating the human voice, and that by this means he lured unwary travellers to his den, with many other particulars, which are related by Pliny with becoming gravity. Still more extraordinary was the belief entertained by the ancients that these animals annually changed their sex, being males one year, females the next, and so forth.

Although the form of the hyena does not give promise of much activity, he runs very swiftly when fairly in motion; for some time after starting, however, he is said to halt in his gait to such an extent, as to produce an impression that one of his legs is broken, and it is not until this wears off that he gets to his full speed.

Two other species of hyena are found at the Cape of Good Hope, where they are known to our colonists by the name of wolves. One of these, called the Strand-wolf (*Hyæna villosa*), is of a dark grayish-brown colour, with only a few blackish stripes on the legs; the other, the Tiger-wolf (*Hyæna crocuta*), which appears to be the commoner species, is of a grayish colour, like the striped hyena, but instead of stripes, is covered with black spots. In most of their habits they greatly resemble the striped hyena, but appear to depend far more upon their own exertions. They pursue and destroy even the larger domestic animals. Dr. Andrew Smith says that the hyena never ventures to attack any animal unless it is running from him: "So anxious is he for the flight of the animals, as a preliminary to his attack, that he uses all the grimace and threatening he can command, to induce them to run." And the Rev. Henry Methuen informs us that the hyenas "seem invariably to seize their prey in the flank, where neither horns nor heels can be of much avail; and deep scars are often to be seen on oxen and horses that have been caught by them and escaped." Both the authors here quoted, agree that animals which from sickness or other causes are unable to run from the hyena, and are consequently forced to defend themselves, are rarely injured by him. Such a formidable enemy is he to the Cape farmers that every means are adopted for his destruction, and in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, where hyenas were formerly very plentiful, coming in great numbers even into the town during the night, their numbers are now greatly reduced. His cunning, however, often renders him

more than a match for his enemies; no ordinary snare will do for the hyena; during his nocturnal prowlings he carefully examines every unusual object, and if guns are set with cords or leather thongs attached to their triggers, and crossing the hyena's path, his investigations generally lead to his avoiding the danger by taking a different path. "The farmers," says Mr. Methuen, "have so often observed this result, that they now very rarely attempt his destruction by this means, but occasionally succeed by substituting for cords the delicate stems of creeping plants, which are regarded by him without suspicion, until he has actually suffered by them."

young children of the family. "Scars and marks on the various parts of the body," says the doctor, "often testify to the traveller how dangerous a foe the natives have in this animal." Notwithstanding this ferocity of natural disposition, the Spotted Hyena is often domesticated by the natives and colonists of South Africa, amongst whom he is said to be even preferred to the dog "for attachment to his master, for general sagacity, and even, it is said, for his qualifications for the chase."

We may add, in conclusion, that, prior to the last geological changes undergone by this part of the world, England itself was



SPOTTED HYENA (HYAENA VULGARIS).

Although diminished in number in the more populous parts of the Cape colony, hyenas are still very numerous in the Caffre country, where, from their being exposed to so much less danger, they exhibit an unusual degree of boldness. Here, Dr. Smith tells us, they frequently endeavour at night to get within the wattles with which the houses are defended. If they succeed in this object, they next endeavour to enter the houses, where they will devour anything they can find, and not unfrequently carry off some of the

inhabited by a gigantic species of hyena, bearing a considerable resemblance to the Cape species, but attaining nearly the size of the Brown Bear. The bones of this animal have been found in caves, both in this country, and on the continent, associated with the bones of herbivorous animals, which had served him for nourishment, actually bearing, in many instances, the marks of his teeth; whilst an additional proof that the caves were really the residence of the hyena, is derived from the presence of his excrements.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

CALL no man happy till he is dead, says an ancient proverb, and there is wisdom in it. When the babe is born, none can tell what will be its course or when its life will end. The day may break out fine, but rain and clouds and storms may come before night.

These facts are less seldom witnessed, these truths seem almost less true in these days of monotonous civilisation, of railways, of reading and writing and the new police. But all history abounds with them. In the past they seem to be but common-



TYRRELL VIEWING THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED PRINCES.

Everywhere around us are change, decay, and death. None can boast, for none know what a day may bring forth. Shame may come to honour and honour to shame. Lazarus and Dives may change places. A turn in the wheel may exalt the peasant into a prince. Another turn, and the prince may be a peasant or a lifeless lump of

place maxims. In the past, to be great was to be in peril; to be born to a crown was often a sure road to death; to be in a position that all would envy, was the sure and certain prelude to being in a position from which even the poorest and vulgarest would shrink. Let us take an illustration from our own national chronicles.

On a bright May morning—it was May 4th, 1483—there was a royal procession wending its way from the great north road along the ancient streets of London. From far and near, from crowded balcony and quaint housetop, looked down admiring eyes. London had come forth to greet her young king, though there was terror in its walls nevertheless. The queen and her son the Duke of York and her five daughters were trembling all the while in the tower at Westminster. They trembled, as well they might; for they knew the man who had now placed himself at the head of power, and who, under a mask of seeming loyalty, had but one object in view—the aggrandisement of himself. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, has always been considered one of the worst characters in our history. In our childhood we learn his loathsome crimes, and in after-life our national dramatist perpetuates the impressions of our childhood. If we believe many of our historians, Richard III. was a monster in body as well as in mind. “The tyrant king Richard,” says John Ross of Warwick, his contemporary, “was born at Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire. Having remained two years in his mother’s womb, he came into the world with teeth and long hair down to his shoulders.” What he adds is, perhaps, more strictly true. “He was of a low stature, having a short face with his right shoulder a little higher than his left,” a picture which was wrought up into absolute deformity by subsequent historians, but contradicted by the testimony of a witness of undoubted credit—a picture which Shakspeare has made popular in the speech of the Duke himself, where he says

“I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love’s majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambitious nymph;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion—
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature;
Deformed, unfinished; sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.”

But, in reality, it seems that Richard’s defects were more moral than personal. It was his mind that was so marred. It was the soul, and not the carcass in which it was set, that was so defective. His enemies reluctantly confessed that Richard possessed personal courage. If I may venture to say anything to his honour, though he was a little man, yet he was a noble and valiant soldier, says one. He was much admired for his eloquence and powers of persuasion, which were almost irresistible; especially when aided by his bounty, which was sometimes excessive. His understanding was good; but he seems to have been a cunning man rather than a great one—impenetrably secret, and a perfect master of all the arts of dissimulation. Ambition was his ruling passion. It was this which prompted him to supplant his hapless nephew, in order to obtain his crown: and, when he had formed that design, he seems to have stuck at nothing in order to secure its success. Coolly and deliberately he murdered the Earl of Rivers, Lords Grey and Hastings, because they stood between him and the crown. His ambition led him to still darker deeds. Between him and the object of his guilty and unscrupulous ambition, were two young princes—chargeable with no crime—innocent of all wrong—the children of his brother and wards of his own. But it was necessary, or it seemed to him such, that they should die, and their fate has ever been the one flagrant enormity—the one damning crime with which all generations of men have associated his memory, and for which they have for ever abhorred his very name. If great men knew in what light history would paint them, or how cold and impartial would be the verdict of posterity, they would less frequently venture to go wrong. But, for Richard, as for every man, there was some excuse in the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and in the character of his age. Most men would have done as he did to obtain power. All men had to wade through seas of blood; yet no one would have suspected, as he rode through the streets of London, bare-headed, before his nephew, calling to

“Behold your king!” that to him that youthful king
Eye to owe not merely the loss of his crown, but of his very
Many might have envied that young boy, as he was the
Object of every eye, and as the public vented its acclamations in his

To many, such a life must have seemed full of promise of
all that the world desires—the dawn of a day that would know no
cloud.

In a little more than a month, that power and splendour had
passed away. By the Protector’s authority, a sermon had been
preached in St. Paul’s Cross by a time-serving clergyman—and such
men are always to be had when they are wanted—to proclaim the
young king and his brother bastards. The Duke of Buckingham
made an eloquent harangue on the same subject to the mayor and
citizens of London; and in August the crown had been placed on
Richard’s head. But the young princes, where were they? Beneath
the stone steps of the Tower, sleeping the sleep of death after life’s
little fever of greatness and glory. The murder has been denied;
but there seems no reason for doubting it. It has come down to
us on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who only wrote five-and-
twenty years after its occurrence, when a variety of sources, that he
might not be enabled to acknowledge publicly, were open to him
for the acquisition of materials. The following is his version:—
“King Richard, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to
visit in his new honour the town of which he bore the name of
old, devised, as he rode, to fulfil that thing which he had before
intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him, that his
nephews living then would not reckon that he could have right to
the realm, he therefore thought without delay to rid them, as
though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause, and make him
kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Greene, whom he especially
trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with
a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in any-
wise put the two children to death. This John Greene did his
errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower,
who plainly answered, that he would never put them to death to
die therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the
same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith
he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said
to a secret page of his: ‘Oh! whom shall a man trust? They
that I have brought up myself—they that I thought would have
mostly served me—even those fail, and at my commandment will
do nothing for me.’ ‘Sir,’ quoth the page, ‘there lieth one in
the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace’s
pleasure—the thing were right hard that he would refuse,’ mean-
ing by this Sir James Tyrrell.” Accordingly, Tyrrell was sent for,
and became compliant. It was a villainy from which he had not
the grace to shrink, and it was devised that the two young princes
should be murdered in their beds, “to the execution whereof he
appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that before kept them; and
to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big,
broad, square, and strong knave.” And when the time came,
More tells us, “all the others being removed from them, this Miles
Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber,
and suddenly wrapped them among the clothes, keeping down by
force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that
within a while they smothered and stifled them, and their breath
failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls, into the joys of
heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after
which, the wretches laid them out upon the bed and fetched Tyrrell
to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused
the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, most deep in the
ground, under a great heap of stones.” The stranger who now
visits the chapel of the White Tower will see, at the end of the
passage which leads from the outer door to the foot of the circular
staircase winding upwards to the sacred edifice, the old trunk of a
mulberry-tree, reared against the wall in the corner. There stood
the stairs; and beneath those stairs, in 1674, were found bones
“answerable to the ages of the royal youths,” which were accord-
ingly, by Charles the Second’s orders, honourably interred in
Henry the Seventh’s chapel at Westminster. The spot was marked
by the erection of the above mulberry-tree, which was cut down
a few years ago, when the present passage was opened. Thus the
tale was confirmed—if confirmation was required—and when the
evidence for the universal belief was of the most convincing kind.
Richard waded through seas of blood to the throne. Between him
and it stood the royal princes; the way of getting rid of these
princes would soon be clear. Once wrong, for Richard there was

no alternative but to continue wrong. It was his necessity. The tale was even denied; there seems no reason, however, to doubt its truth. Shakespeare—whom as all the world knows, was a better historian than many a man who would deem play-writing a profane art, and Shakespeare himself little better than one of the wicked—may have set down Tyrell's very words as he narrated the murder:—

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless deed of butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
But oh! the devil!—Here the villain stopped;
But Dighton thus told on:—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both
To bear thus tidings to the bloody king.'"

But the crime failed to answer its end. Richard had to pay the penalty of his crime by the forfeit of his life, and thus Nemesis was avenged. In the shame attached to Richard's name ever since—in the horror with which all have regarded it—she has had a still deeper and more enduring revenge, and the two young princes murdered in the Tower still live in the page of history and in the sympathies of men.

THE AUTHOR AND THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

In 1838, a young author, quite unknown to fame, called one morning early upon the worthy Ambrose Dupont, the celebrated publisher of the Rue Vivienne. The lord of the book-trade was very much in the humour, on that occasion, of a wild hour after a day's chase by fierce dogs. He received the young author literally with a growl, enough to have terrified a timid man out of the house. He coolly pulled out his manuscript, and begged the publisher to read it. Ambrose Dupont, a worthy man, though rough, refused even to look at it. The author insisted. The publisher told him to take it and himself away together. The young man politely declined; and Dupont at last, to get rid of his importunities, told him to leave his book and go.

A week later he called again, and so on for about three months, once every week, to ask the fate of his novel, which, at last, he did hear. It was not a very flattering opinion that was communicated

to him. But he only smiled, and went away. About a fortnight later he presented himself again in the ante-chamber of M. Dupont. "What, sir," exclaimed he, "again? Methinks I told you my mind last time sufficiently clearly."

"Sir, you convinced me," said the young Jesuit; "and I have called to say that, acquiescing in your opinion. I have burnt my manuscript."

"Ah!" replied the publisher, somewhat surprised, "then I scarcely comprehend the present object of your visit."

"I have not come on my own account, but if you will spare me a few minutes—"

"Walk into my private room, sir," said Dupont.

"Sir," began the other (our readers will recollect the scene is laid in France), "you have heard of Manzoni?"

"Sir, his reputation is European. I would have given him any price for a book."

"Then, sir, allow me to say that—it is a great secret—I bring you the first volume of a translation of a new work by him."

"A whole volume?" exclaimed Dupont eagerly.

"Yes, a whole volume," said the young author.

"Will you leave it a day or two?" asked the publisher.

"No; I can only hand it to you, if sold."

"But you can read a few chapters?"

"With pleasure."

"Excuse me a moment," said Dupont; and he went out and brought a gentleman from an inner room.

The young author read a chapter; the publisher and his friend looked at each other; they smiled. Presently Ambrose Dupont interrupted the reader.

"What do you want for the book?"

"Twenty-five copies, and forty pounds a volume."

"You agree to that?"

"With pleasure."

The treaty was made, an agreement drawn up and signed. The publisher was full of admiration. He addressed Soulié, the author, whom he had brought in to listen, in no hesitating language. He declared to him that it was better than any of the celebrated author's previous works; the warm atmosphere of Italy breathed forth in every page. The translator bowed and smiled.

The work went to press, the publisher read the sheets with real interest. At last the eventful day came, when the title-page was placed in his hands. He read with amazement the name of a popular French novel, "Bertrand de Born."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily; "this is the title of the book I refused."

"Exactly," said the young man.

"And why have you put it to the translation?"

"It is not a translation. This is the book you refused without reading it."

Ambrose Dupont burst into a loud laugh, shook hands with the cunning fellow, and published his book, which was very successful. Such a trick would scarcely have been appreciated in England, but as French ideas are, it was considered very natural and was generally admired, as what may be called a shrewd and clever ruse.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE intercourse between Japan and China is an interesting feature in the history of these two remarkable countries. They were at one time intimate and active, though not always friendly. The Central Empire, as Japanese writers call China, looked down upon Dai Nippon with great contempt, claiming a sovereignty over it; while, on the other hand, the Japanese looked upon the Chinese as inferior animals, below them in morals, in physical formation, and everything. They are ready to own that in letters the Chinese were beforehand with them, because they actually did receive their literary knowledge from the Celestial Nation. According to Chinese historians, civilisation was conveyed to Japan in a very curious way, by a kind of colony. We are told that, in the second century of our era, the lord of the Central Empire, having

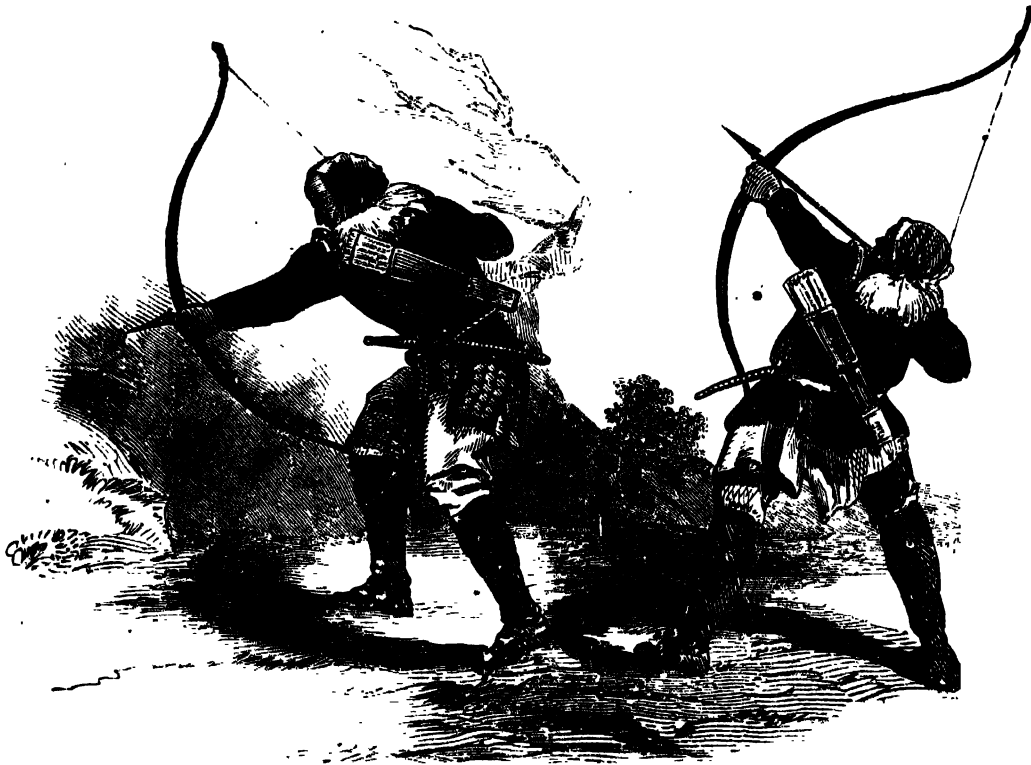
been informed by certain learned and worthy philosophers that the herb which gave immortality grew in Japan in abundance, sent over to the island some three thousand boys and girls, who were to discover and bring back the inestimable plant. It appears, however, that the said three thousand boys and girls, being unable to find the valuable vegetable in question, and being all familiar with the summary methods of punishment in vogue in China, remained in Japan and settled there; thus, they all being fresh from school, gave the Japanese the benefit of their learning and letters. Japanese writers, however, contemptuously reject this learned explanation, and say that letters and sciences came to the Corean peninsula; an explanation neither more nor so striking as the former, but, apparently, having the advantage of truth.

The claim of China to sovereignty, something like the claim of early popes to jurisdiction over all America, dates from very

Islands a patent, appointing him Wang of Nippon. It appears that in those days there were civil wars in the land, and that the un-



JAPANESE ARCHERS.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

remote periods, from the conquest of Da Nippon, by Zin-mu-tan-woo. We have it recorded that, previously to the Christian era, the Great Son of the Moon and Stars sent to the Emperor of the

ning head of the Celestial Empire wished to gain a footing by taking one side. It was not, however, until the time of the Mongols, who had conquered China, that any serious attempt was made on Japan.

There had been fighting, it is true, in the Corea ; but rather in the form of squabbles than wars.

That there was trade and commerce between the two nations, we know ; but the vulgarity of the subject having terrified the grave chroniclers of ancient days, who condescended to nothing less than a

the rich ; and their expenditure contributed largely to keep up the 750 tea-shops in a town of 750,000 inhabitants.

The study of Japanese literature is rather curious than useful ; and yet, as we become more connected with the race, we shall get interested in their history. In the present day, no nation can keep



A BUDDHIST HIGH PRIEST

battle, or an embassy, or the death of kings, we have little details ; though we do learn, incidentally, that many Chinese came to Japan, because of the free-and-easy life to be led in the tea-houses of the island—so much more at liberty than those of China, which were under severe regulations. These travelled Chinese were, of course,

wholly apart ; and we have little doubt that the time will come, when it will be considered a part of polite education to be intimately acquainted with the geography and history of all those nations which steam is bringing so close to us.

The earliest specimen of Japanese literature is an account of an

embassy to China, in the year 659. It is written by a learned Korean, a professed literary man. It is called "The Journal of Yukino Murasi of Petsi," and comes down to us in a chronicle of the local history from 661 B.C. to A.D. 696, called "Nipponki," and published A.D. 720. It will be seen that the Japanese were before us in learning in those days, for this work is in thirty volumes. If we judged a book as a Dutchman did, by size, it would, indeed, be a great work. The only pity is, that the Japanese have allowed us to go so far ahead of them since. This work, and an historical survey, in seven volumes, published at Ohosaka, in 1795, bring down Japanese history to 1611.

One of the ambassadors was lost at sea; but Kisa and Yukino Murasi, after a nine weeks' voyage, made the coast of China, stopped there as prisoners some time, and returned to Japan, having done as much business as many other ambassadors in times past. In the year 716, two students went to China: and one, Sino-mitsi-no-Mabi, went home, after a residence of nineteen years, and, taking the name of Kibino Daisi, became a most celebrated literary character. The other was induced to remain in China, as Archive Keeper, and kept the office sixty-one years, when he resigned, and, returning to Japan, was drowned, at the age of eighty-seven.

In 1607, the Chinese sent an embassy to Japan. Relations had been broken off in consequence of the patent sent to the Ziogoon Hideyosi, or Tayko-sama. This potent prince was so indignant at being appointed Wang of Nippon by the Emperor of China, that he replied—"Sovereign of Nippon I have already made myself, and, if it comes to this, I will turn over a new leaf, and make Tai Ming my vassal." A terrible war ensued between the two sovereigns. It appears, as far as we can judge the politics of China and Japan, that the emperor of the former country wanted to play the Czar, and, like that potentate in Turkey, caught a Tartar.

The death of the ziogoon ended the war, which must have been rather a personal affair between two kings; for no sooner was the death announced, than the Chinese embassy came to treat of peace and commerce, all the while, however, keeping up a skirmishing little war in the Korean peninsula. There is, further, a very interesting narrative, in Japanese, of the disasters and adventures of a band of Japanese traders, who were made prisoners by the Tartar subjects of the Manchoo Emperor of China. It is kept at Yedo, and is contained in a history of Chao-seên. It commences with great gravity. "From the earliest times," says the adventurer, "the inhabitants of the coast towns Sinbo and Mikuni-ura, in the province of Yetsizen, have been wont, at the close of winter, to pass over to the dependencies of Japan, there to trade." But then it seems that there was a doubt if the so-called dependencies were, indeed, dependencies; the fact being, that Chao-seên, like a refractory daughter, had thrown off all allegiance, and claimed liberty from vassalage. It appears that the traders hit upon a

desert place instead of Chao-seên, and at once gave up their commercial speculation. A terrible storm arising, the Japanese made a vow that, if they were preserved, they would throw away—sacrifice to the deities—all their defensive weapons. It immediately after happened, that they were attacked by a horde of enemies, and all the famous Japanese bows and arrows being at the bottom of the sea, the adventurers had, of course, no means of resistance, and all but fifteen out of fifty-eight were slain. But, for this massacre, the Tartars, a kind of Bashi Bazouks, were well bastinadoed. There is a curious passage illustrative of Japanese manners. When the governor "questioned us by signs; whereupon Fiosayemon, taking out his nose papers, blew away a leaf to indicate that we were driven to this coast, by the wind. He then sat down in a peaceful attitude, to intimate that we were merchants."

Japan is known as the empire of 3,850 islands, and takes its name from the Chinese form of Nippon, *Jih-pun*, origin of the sun, according to the learned Klaproth. Marco Polo calls it Zipangu, a corruption of *Jih-pun-kwô*, kingdom of the origin of the sun. Authentic records give Zin-mi-ten-woo as the first mortal monarch, who founded the rule of the mikados. He appears to have been a Chinese conqueror, or invader; but as he lived 660 B.C., we have not very detailed accounts of his parentage, which some ascribe to the terrestrial god who preceded him, the last of a long line of divine monarchs.

The mikados, relying on their divine right—which notion has pervaded every savage nation in early times—were despotic, though abdicated young. At last, one mikado abdicated in favour of his son, three years old, whose mother was daughter of a powerful prince. This father-in-law usurped authority until Yoritomo appeared, and after a time restored the old mikado, who appointed him ziogoon. In future, the mikado was only supposed to rule, the ziogoon holding all the power in his hands. The ziogoon, as well as the mikado, became at last an hereditary office.

Hence followed all the elaborate military, civil, and religious orders, which make Japan one of the most oddly-governed countries in the world, though always remaining a semi-religious, semi-military monarchy, upheld by the bows and arrows of the soldiers on one hand, and the priests on the other. The priestly influence in Japan, however, appears to have been even above the military. In savage countries, where the two influences appear to mingle, in general the religious will be found to predominate. The particular priest, of whom an engraving is given (p. 29), is one of the high priests of the sect of Buddha, called by the Dutch travellers "Buddalienst, Secte zee-sjû," or of the sect Senju. This sect have made great way in Japan without having gained any political power. The surrounding features of the cut are ornaments worn by the high priest of this religion. The chair occupied by the worthy father is curious.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE was not a better young fellow in the Canton de Vaud than Louis Fischer; perhaps there were handsomer, wiser, and more polished striplings—doubtless there were; but when we say better, we mean more thoroughly honest, straightforward, and good-hearted. You could not beat Louis at this. You might equal him perhaps; let us hope, for the sake of the canton, that this could be done over and over and over again; but you could not go beyond him.

And the same thing might be said of Lucy, the herdsman's pretty daughter, for Lucy was as pretty as she was good, which is saying a great deal—for sincerity and kindness and thrifty homely ways she could not be surpassed. In many respects she was better than Louis, and in her own sweet comely person was a realisation of the Alpine proverb—the hen is the better bird all over Switzerland.

Why do we talk about Louis and Lucy in the same paragraph, and bring them thus so closely together; why? They loved one another. You are not surprised at that; at all events you would not have been surprised if you had known them nobody was who did. They lived in the same village, met every day, and many times a day since they were little children wondering at the snow mountains. They had played together, worked together, learnt

together, worshipped together, and they loved each other now; friendship had ripened into love; the playfellows had become warm friends, and the friends lovers. Who could blame them? Within a circuit of ten miles, measuring from the little village church, there was only one who harboured anything but love towards them for their love to one another. This was Pierre Joseph.

A young man, maybe three years older than Louis, was Pierre Joseph. Some people thought he was better looking, and, perhaps, they were right. He had a higher forehead and a more symmetrical figure; he wore a smarter doublet, and had gold in his pouch, he had received a better education and had seen more of society; people said he knew the world better. Perhaps he did. But fine feathers do not always make fine birds. There was not that open-hearted honesty in Pierre that was always to be found in Louis; and as to his acquaintance with society and knowledge of mankind, we are apt to say men know the world when they only know the worst part of it, and this, or report spake falsely, was the case of Pierre Joseph.

However other people liked him, supposing that there were any who did, and giving Pierre Joseph the full benefit of the doubt, Lucy had no love for him. He had turned his attention towards her

for a long time, had come over to the village—for he lived further up in the mountain—many and many a time, had brought her flowers in the summer-time, and gossiped by the roaring fire in the winter; had laid himself out, as it were, to please, even to his costume—like Malvolio with his cross garters; had talked and sung, and, to do him justice, he could sing very fairly; had recounted his own strange adventures, described Milan and the city of the sea, and done all that he fancied would win her admiration and esteem. But it did not answer his expectations. Whatever he did or said, it centred in himself. He appeared to labour under the idea that he was behaving very handsomely and with considerable condescension, and appeared to intimate that a match with himself would be a decidedly good thing.

• Well, it is an old story; here was a rich lover, and there was a poor one. Blind love holds the balance, and ducats, dollars, guineas kick the beam. Lucy plighted her faith to Louis, and the wedding-day was fixed. Pierre Joseph withdrew in high disdain. He was heard to threaten mischief on the blithesome couple, and seen to frown that horseshoe frown of his, which made him look like Scott's "Red Gauntlet." But what of that? words are but breath; let him threaten—let him frown; the sun will shine as brightly, and days and nights will come and go, as if he had no being. So the wedding-day came. It was a busy day in the village, and a happy day. Preceded by an old musician and the bridesmaids, the young people walked to church, followed by a woman with a basket of flowers—a bit of nature for the festal day. When they entered the church, they were all surprised by noticing Pierre Joseph. There he sat, in a dusky part of the church—quite away from the sunshine—moodily watching all that took place.

Never mind—Pierre Joseph cannot stop the way; he can only watch with his dark frown and his bright eyes; he can only follow like a dark shadow, as the company go back, and the flowers are scattered in their way. When all is over, he turns away to the mountain-road and goes moodily homeward, plucking a flower to pieces, leaf by leaf, as if he were going through the old charm of "love me, love me not," which Marguerite tries in the play of "Faust."

No time went on; and the young bride became a thrifty housewife, labouring with her husband bravely at all the duties of a peasant's life, and never flinching from work for a moment. While the young man's axe rang in the forest, and here and there a stately tree wavered and tottered and fell; while his bright scythe glided over the rich greensward, and with right good will he delved the earth, till the perspiration, in great drops—labour's bright jewels—stood on his brow, his busy, bustling, thrifty wife was binding up the vine to the poles on which it grew, twitching off superfluous leaves and tendrils, gathering in the orchard fruit, and making, in her cleanly dairy, the finest cheese that was ever placed on table.

They were very happy; still happier when a little one was born—"a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of joy and peace." They heard no more of Pierre Joseph—they almost forgot him; perhaps, indeed, they sometimes recollected—but always kindly—how friendly he had once appeared. As to his later conduct, his threatening, his visit to the church, and the rest of it, no reference was ever made. But trouble came. Lucy's father died; and with their grief on this account came the discovery that he was much poorer than they thought for; that he was in debt—deeply in debt—and, worst of all, in debt to Pierre Joseph. What could be done? They saw that at any moment all that was owing could be demanded; they saw that what little property the old man possessed would not meet a title of the sum due; they felt that to allow matters to take their course, would be to dishonour the memory of one whom they dearly loved. So Louis resolved to ride over to Pierre Joseph and attempt to make some arrangement with him.

He was received coldly, but with respect. Pierre professed to deeply regret the death of the old man. The money, he said, had been owing a long, long time—long before the marriage; that, of course, he could have no demand on Louis or his young wife. After talking a long time, Louis made the proposal which he had come to make. Would Pierre allow the matter to stand over for a year, if he became answerable for its payment? Pierre would advise him not to do that. Better think of it again. Better not, for

the sake of a foolish pride, involve himself in other people's difficulties; especially when those other people were under the sod. Dead men tell no tales, and, doubtless, are heedless of all tales told. What if the villagers lost somewhat of their old respect for him; he would still sleep soundly under the daisy-quilt? No. Louis was resolved. Would the other grant him the time required? No. Yet, stop; for old acquaintance sake, he would. They parted more cheerfully than they had met; and, as the young man rode away, he did not observe the horseshoe frown that came upon the other's forehead, or how he muttered to himself, that it would work bravely yet.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter, the year was over and past, but it was a year full of disaster. On the anniversary of the agreement, Louis stood once more in the best room of Pierre's residence. There was a deep flush, a red spot on his otherwise pale cheeks as he bowed to the other when they met. He told in a few words the story of his disaster. Not a sentence from Pierre. He mentioned how sickness had been in his house, and his wife and child were but slowly recovering even then. Not a word. He told of bad crops, bad vintage, accident and disaster. Not a syllable. He begged for time. Time! not a day, not an hour. Time! no; he had waited long enough. The tide had ebbed. Let Louis be prepared for the worst. Pierre did not raise his voice, but he spoke in a calm, measured strain, without lifting his eyes, and without betraying any emotion; except that the horseshoe frown was on his face, he was the same quiet man as he had been that day twelvemonth.

And the worst came. Louis and his family were turned adrift. They had to leave their old home, give up all they held dear, resign everything into the hands of their inexorable creditor. It was not for nothing he tore the flower leaf from leaf long ago. It is a hard thing, to quit a place that we love, a place that is associated with our earliest recollections, where every leaf and flower, every blade of grass and creeping plant is eloquent, and tells the story of our early life. There is a sacredness in home, a first home. To the earliest places of human worship there clings—so goes the Arab legend—a guardian sanctity; there the wild bird rests not; there the wild beast may not wander; it is the hallowed spot on which the eye of God dwells, and which man's best memories preserve. There is some such feeling clinging to a first home, and to quit such a home after long years of happiness is sometimes sad and bitter.

As a hired labourer Louis obtained employment far up in the mountains. His home was now a poor rough place, but very dear to him. He had a good heart and hoped—hoped on; hoped ever! One evening he was returning from his daily labour, singing softly to himself an old stave that he had often sung in happier days. The sun was sinking fast, and flung its red rays on the ice mountains, and as Louis turned a corner of the circuitous path, he noticed a stranger mounted on a mule, and riding slowly along.

He had scarcely perceived this figure, when a sort of rushing sound, not very loud, but steadily increasing in its strength, was heard. Louis stopped; he knew too well what it meant. The stranger in advance stopped also, and as they glanced around their eyes met—it was Pierre Joseph.

"Stop! stop!" cried Louis, "the avalanche is upon us!"

Steadily, but with tremendous velocity the snow-drift was advancing. At first, a narrow line of blue upon the white surface of the snow, it gradually assumed a more terrible appearance, there was no time to move or to attempt any escape; it was upon them. Man and mule rolled over, the feet of Louis slid from beneath him, amid the mass of drifting snow they were hurried forward, till some projecting rock became a barrier, and they were cast against its rugged side. After a few moments of terror, Louis aroused himself and found, although bruised severely, he was otherwise uninjured. He looked about him for Pierre, and discovered him not far off. His first movement was towards him, and he found he lay there quite senseless. Aware that this drift of snow was in all probability but the forerunner of another, and perhaps more disastrous one, he endeavoured to restore the fallen man, in order that they might, if possible, seek some shelter. That shelter was not far off. There was a rough cabin or chalet, built in the rock, which was thought to be a safe retreat in such circumstances.

Unable to restore Pierre, Louis made a vigorous effort and supported him to the place of security. Having gained this refuge, he attempted to restore the unconscious man, but as he did so, the same rushing sound was heard again, louder, and louder still, with the crashing of pine trees, the wild cry of the mountain birds; the sound came nearer, it passed by; but was soon again renewed with even greater violence.

Presently Pierre recovered. He was greatly injured, and full of alarm. Even Louis had upon him an undefined dread, a dread which took a defined character when he perceived that the ice and snow, the fallen trees and masses of rock, had settled all about the chalet, blocking them in as effectually as though bolts and bars had

Pierre forgot his old grudge, saw the folly of his old enmity in a new light, and, touched by the tender kindness of Louis, begged that the past might be forgiven. Of course, it was not in the heart of Louis at any time to resist such an appeal. He wrote injuries, as wise men always write them, in the dust. Now they talked together of poor Lucy—both called her by that name—and of the child who would be her only support now. But relief came. Bold hearts and willing hands found out the chalet, and the buried alive were rescued.

Where was Lucy? Driven almost to distraction, she had wandered over the most dangerous snow-passes, climbed where the eagle builds its nest and the chamois seeks its home; at last had



THE MEETING OF LUCY AND LOUIS.

been drawn upon them. There was no means of escape. The horror of their position presented itself to both. It fell most heavily on Pierre. There he was, with a man whom he hated, and whom he had deeply injured alone—without food—buried alive. It is unnecessary to dwell upon what followed. For more than five days they saw no hope of rescue. The little food which Louis had with him was carefully portioned out and shared between them; but what were they to do when that was gone? And gone it was, all gone, at the end of the third day. For two days they tasted food at all. During this time Louis had made every effort to find some means of escape, but altogether without success;

with Pierre when Pierre was rational; but his mind very often—and they had become friends. Buried alive,

turned her face homewards—not her new home—but her past, her old home. So they sought her there, and found her in the churchyard, the quiet resting-place of those whom she had loved. There they found her, kneeling at her father's grave, with her little child beside her. She heard her husband's voice, and, with a wild cry, ran to meet him. And what more need be said? The lost were found—the dead were raised—the clouds which were about them rolled away—and henceforth happiness was theirs. They always had one constant friend, who grew to be a gray-haired man, and whose delight it was to sit beneath their cottage porch on a summer eve, or by their blazing fire on a winter's night, and tell to some anxiously-listening group of bright-eyed children, the oft-repeated story of Buried Alive.

COBLENTZ.

Coblenz owes its name to its position. It is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the Romans, who built a fortress there thirteen years before the Christian era, called it *Confluentia*, or *Confluentes*. From this Latin appellation, slightly Germanised, is derived Coblenz; the name by which the town

Verdun, A.D. 843, were discussed at an imperial diet in the cathedral at Coblenz. After having formed part of the kingdom of Lorraine, in pursuance of this treaty, Coblenz was re-united to the empire of Germany in 978, by Otho the Great. During the next two centuries, though the town nominally passed into the



VIEW OF COBLENTZ.—TAKEN FROM THE HEIGHT OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

occupying the same site is now known. At the time when Antoninus wrote his "Itinerary," the fortress contained about a thousand inhabitants. After the Romans came the Franks, whose king built a palace at *Confluentia*, called *Cophelnuci*. When the three sons of Louis the Debonnaire divided among themselves the

Christians, the preliminaries of the famous treaty of

hands of several possessors, the inhabitants gradually advanced in wealth and freedom, until at length they succeeded in completely throwing off the yoke of subjection, and made Coblenz one of the chief centres of commerce in Germany. It extended, not merely below Ehrenbreitstein, but along the left bank of the Moselle, where may now be traced the remains of the ancient town.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the archbishops of Treves wished to fortify Coblenz, nominally to protect it against foreign attack, but, really, to increase their power and recover the liberties which the people had extorted from them. At first, the people were rather favourable to the project, and voted funds for the construction of an outer wall; but afterwards, seeing the snare that was laid for them, they opposed it with equal zeal. The result was, a violent insurrection, followed by a bloody war which lasted two years, and ended in the capture of the town by the archbishop, under whose successors it remained till the middle of the fourteenth century. Baudouin of Luxembourg, the last of these, agined absolute authority over the town, but was also its great benefactor. He surrounded it with fortifications; enlarged Ehrenbreitstein, then called Hermannstein; built the old bridge over the Moselle; destroyed all the castles within his territory from which the barons and knights emerged to waylay and plunder the defenceless traveller, and established peace and order throughout the district; leaving Coblenz a flourishing, if not a free town. After his death, in 1367, Coblenz experienced great alternations of fortune. During the Thirty Years' War, it was thrice taken by the Swedes, the French, and the Imperialist forces. In 1688, Bouffiers, having failed to take it, reduced it to ashes. During the revolutionary war at the close of the last century, it was the chief asylum for French emigrants. In 1794 it was taken by Marceau, and made the chief town of a French department.

Since the conclusion of the peace in 1815 Coblenz has belonged to Prussia, and it now forms the capital of the Rhenish provinces, upon which France is perhaps not unfairly suspected of looking with an evil eye. The population amounts to 20,000, or, if we include Ehrenbreitstein and the garrison, 26,000. In a military point of view, Coblenz is not without importance. Since it has been united to Prussia, much has been done to render it proof against attack, and it is now considered one of the strongest defences of that side of the Prussian dominions. The fortifications, which are constructed on the most improved principles, extend over a large space, and are capable of containing as many as 100,000 men. Ehrenbreitstein, on the other side of the Rhine, which is connected with Coblenz by a bridge of boats, being also strongly fortified, adds still further to the strength of its position as a bulwark of the Prussian kingdom.

The interior of the town presents few objects of interest. The old town—that is, the part nearer the Moselle—is rather animated; but the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty. Though the new town, which extends behind the Royal Castle—a building raised by Clement Wenceslas, the last bishop elector of Treves—has regular and straight streets, the number of persons to be seen there is so small that it appears at first sight uninhabited. But, to see Coblenz fairly, it is necessary to disembark from the steam-boat, and go behind a frightful wall, which, without answering any useful purpose, completely hides from view the quay, the Royal Castle, the government palace, splendid hotels, and fine private houses. One must also go across the bridge of boats—more than a quarter of a mile in length—and ascend the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the neighbouring heights of Pfaffendorf, from either of which positions may be obtained one of the most beautiful views on the borders of the Rhine. At your feet you have the Rhine, which has only just issued from the mountains, and, joined by the Moselle, rolls along its waters, unmingled at first with its own, with graceful meanderings at the foot of smiling hills, which skirt its right bank as far as the distant chain of mountains lost in the horizon. At the junction of the two rivers Coblenz, enriched by her commerce, which is increasing every year, seems already too much confined by the limits of the fortifications. Every quarter of an hour the bridge, over which an incessant crowd of people are passing, opens, to let either a steamer or a number of towing-vessels go through. On the left you see Fort Alexander and Fort Constantine; on the right Fort Francis, which is on the left bank of the Moselle; and beyond the Moselle and the Rhine a vast plain, interspersed with villages, extending westward and northward as far as the volcanic mountains of Maifeld and Eifel. While beholding the cultivated richness of this undulating plain, help calling to mind the numerous battles which have taken place there, from the time when Caesar marched triumphantly the day when Marceau and Hoche were buried there. In his "Childe Harold," thus alludes to Coblenz:—

"By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb,
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes,
And fitly may the stranger linger here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

MY FIRST EVENING IN WALLACHIA.

BY A HONVED.

My readers will recollect the melancholy occasion on which the picked men of the Hungarian army, after the two extraordinary days of the 9th and 13th of August, 1849, were compelled to abandon all hope of liberty, and to escape the monstrous cruelty of Russia and Austria, by emigrating into Turkey. That day was a bright day for the Sultan—it was a bad day for Russia. The men who were driven by the force of Russia to seek refuge on the territories of the Turk, are those who since have drilled and organised the Turkish forces, while many of them are at this moment burning for the time when they shall come into the field against Russia. It matters not how, nor why—but I, in those days, was in the service of the Hungarian revolution.

I was at Hatzeg, just recovered from a wound, when I received the fatal intelligence of the surrender of Lazar and Török, and of the inexplicable day at Villagos. I, like all my companions, cried out with fury against the treachery of Görgey. But rage and lamentations were too late. The only thing we could do was to join General Bem. All was confusion and doubt. Some said all was over; some thought that there was falsehood in much of what was said. None would decide. I decided for myself. I had a good horse, a warm cloak, arms, and a portmanteau. I accordingly, knowing the country tolerably well, determined, alone and unassisted, to join the general and ascertain from his lips what was to be done.

Had I waited a few hours longer, I should have found that Bem was at all events trying to resist, trying to save the nation from the fearful blow it had received. I took my way towards the Iron-gate. I travelled at night, for fear of meeting with Austrians or Russians, though I chiefly dreaded the former. I succeeded in reaching the Iron-gate about twelve at night. I passed it and made for Weislowa. This city was calm and still, as if the savage dogs of war had never been loosed, and as if a nation's liberty had not been crushed under the iron heel of the ruthless Czar, against whom few in high places then cried as they do now, though he was the same ambitious despot he is now. I mistrusted the stillness, and sent my horse dashing through the streets without halting.

I soon, however, pulled up, as I found myself in the very act of falling into an Austrian corps of observation. Luckily I drew up just as the first sentry came in view, and walking my horse slowly back, I retreated into a little wood, where I chose a close thicket, fastened my horse to a tree, and took some refreshment. I found that, by standing on my horse's back and holding on to a branch, I could just see the Austrian tents. I determined, therefore, to keep very close until these fellows removed from the neighbourhood. Being an officer, my name known, and legally in the service of the empire, death awaited me if taken. I accordingly wrapped myself in my cloak, after cutting a good handful of grass for the horse, placed my pistols under my head, laid a carbine I had provided myself with by my side, and sought repose. I slept until nearly midday, when I awoke much parched, having had no drink but my brandy since I started. I knew not what to do, and was about to rise to seek for water, even in some pool, for myself and horse,

when I heard the clasp of a man and horse, the clanking of heavy boots, the rattling of a cavalry sword, and other alarming signs, close at hand. I cocked my gun.

"What is that?" said a voice as of one exhausted and worn out—a gentle voice too.

"A friend," I replied, recognising a Hungarian uniform, and hastening forward.

"Heaven be praised!" continued the stranger, who was sinking with exhaustion. "I have been chased ten miles by five Austrians, but a trumpet calling them, they joined some comrades."

"Some comrades," said I—"an army. The knaves will bring a cloud upon us. We must to horse."

"I can go no further now," replied the stranger, who was not more than eighteen, and yet an officer; but this was nothing in Hungary, where boys did deeds of manly valour.

"But death will be our portion if taken," I said.

"I can but die once," he continued, sinking on the ground.

"What is in that gourd?" I said almost fiercely.

"Water."

I snatched it, drank a draught—oh, how delicious to my parched lips!—and then held it to those of my companion, this time mixed with the coarse brandy of the country. The stranger would have resisted, but his strength was gone, and I forced the liquid down his throat. I then moved away and watched, for I heard the Austrians moving. But it was the whole division and in the direction of the Iron-gate.

I returned to my companion; he lay still upon the ground, and I understood he asked for food. I gave him bread, meat, and a knife. He began slowly to eat, and as his strength revived, I thought I had never seen so handsome a youth. The small Kossuth hat, the hussar uniform, set off to advantage a regular and rather effeminate visage, on which there was not even a sign of down. He explained that, having fled from Lagosc, he too was proceeding to join Bem, when a patrol of Austrians with a sham flag of truce chased him, and drove him to this extremity. Having said thus much, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went to sleep.

I woke him immediately it was dusk, and saddling both horses, assisted him to mount, and away we sped towards the point where we believed Bem to be. We avoided towns and villages; we halted before turning a corner. We were making for Kavanseber.

In the middle of the night we found a roadside inn, and here we heard for the first time that all was over, and that all those who had to dread Siberia or the gallows from the tender mercies of Russia and Austria had determined on emigrating to Turkey, convinced that the Turks would treat us far better than either of the two emperors. This was horrible—this was fatal news.

"What is to be done?" I said wildly.

"Go to Turkey," replied my companion, gently.

"But how?"

"By what means we can. On!"

And the young man struck his spurs in his horse's flanks, and led the way. It was a stupendous journey for two men to perform, across the mountains of Moraul, the volcanic ridges of the Carpathians, up hill and down dale. But death by the Austrian hangman was worse, and we neither of us then or now utterly despaired of Hungary.

We took still more care than ever to avoid any communication with the people about this part, they being that slavish peasantry

called the Mautzen, who are so attached to Austria; but that morning we found a hut, where a man, recognising us as Hungarians, cheerfully offered to give us shelter. My companion hesitated, and shook his head. I laughed at his fears, and he agreed to chance it. We accordingly locked our horses in a small out-house, after giving them food which we paid for, and went up into a kind of loft to rest. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, saw that our primings were all right, and laying our heads on a bundle of straw, slept.

I was awake at last by the sound of several voices conversing in a mysterious whisper. I moved not, but I listened. We were in a room which could only be approached by a ladder; it was steep; at its foot were about a dozen of the rascally Mautzen discussing who should go up first. I had my pair of American pistols, which I brought over in 1847 from America. I cocked one and peered through a crack. They were eleven men, armed with knives, old pistols, pikes, while two held cords to tie us with.

I rose to my feet with a bound, rushed to the head of the stairs, and fired my five discharges as rapidly as possible. Yells and roars succeeded, and then the house was cleared. My companion was by my side; we rushed down stairs, and I again let fly at the retreating crowd. Four were severely wounded, amongst whom was our treacherous host; I could not but feel glad that his case was hopeless. We then walked out into the open air, and while I levelled my trusty carbine at the scoundrels, my companion brought out our horses. We mounted, and giving the fellows another volley, rode off.

We sought no more hospitality after that. When in force, we took food and paid for it.

One day we were in the mountains, climbing a rocky path, when, suddenly reaching the crest of a hill, we saw beneath our feet a small army—hussars in front, a carriage next, a staff, several carriages, some infantry, and then two squadrons of hussars. We knew what it was: it was the sad remnant of Hungary's hero. The reader may imagine our hurry to descend the hill, which we did by a mountain path that brought us out on the road ahead of the army. We were in an instant made prisoners, and taken back to the front carriage, in which sat a man in a gray blue coat, with gold embroidery, torn by bullets and sabres, with a Kossuth hat on his head. It was Bem.

"Good day, lieutenant," said he to me, and then his eyes dilated with surprise: "Miss Katerina B—, have you escaped?"

"Miss!" I exclaimed, wild with surprise, while my companion smiled and blushed, and the old general and his staff laughed heartily at my unfeigned astonishment.

I was overwhelmed with confusion, but it would have been pleasant to remark the change in my manner to my companion in misfortune. I treated her at once as a woman, and was rejoiced when she joined a party of refugee ladies. I then heard that, after joining the army with her brother and father, she was, by the death of them, left alone in the world; she would not leave the army, and her sex and courage had been universally respected.

Our journey over those hills, through the Carpathian mountains, those glorious scenes, our dangers, and our difficulties, are historical. At last we crossed the Turkish frontier, were welcomed gladly by the peasantry and authorities; and will the reader be surprised to learn, considering her forlorn position in that country, that I found a priest, and was married to my present good and gentle wife, on the very first evening I spent in Wallachia?

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE JEALOUS DOG.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

There is nothing that makes a man more watched, feel his terror, and do more absurd or abominable things, than when it takes possession of the mind; all is over gone—the world becomes accursed, life a burden to be borne. His delights, not his woman, are his enemies. He is a creature of the night, and he goes to the

with the friend of your bosom, merely to talk a little scandal and eat a few muffins, when, somehow or other, the green-eyed monster steps in uninvited, and you hurry from the room with an indignant step and aaching heart. You take your adored Julia—to whom you have written so many sonnets, for whom you have gone to such lengths—to Brighton or Windsor, for a day's fresh air, and

the same carriage sits a fine gentlemanly young fellow with the clear skin and handsome features which all women love to see; and because he pays your adored some few attentions, which she receives with the mild coquetry that is part and parcel of female human nature, you sit fuming all the while, execrating the trip, wishing you had stopped at home, thinking your charmer the most heartless of her sex, and all the while consigning the innocent cause of offence to a locality unmentionable to ears polite. Can our readers forget the little tea-party at Dotheboys Hall, in the absence of the respected proprietor thereof? It is a fine specimen of jealousy. Nicholas Nickleby, Miss Squeers, Miss Price, and her betrothed, John Brodie, sit down to a game at cards. Miss Price becomes the partner of Nicholas. The immortal Boz shall tell the rest:—

"The deal fell to Nicholas and the hand prospered.

"We intend to win everything," said he. •

clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman. And Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly blew the candle out.

"I never had such luck, really!" exclaimed, coquettishly, Miss Price, after another hand or two. "It is all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always."

"I wish you had."

"You'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards," said Miss Price.

"Not if your wish is gratified," replied Nicholas; "I am sure I shall have a good one in that case."

"To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head and the corn-factor flattened his nose while this conversation was carrying on. It would



THE JEALOUS DOG.

"Tilda has won something she didn't expect, I think; haven't you, dear?" said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

"Only a dozen and eight, love," replied Miss Price, affecting to see the question in a literal sense.

"How dull you are to-night!" sneered Miss Squeers.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Price; "I am in excellent spirits. I am thinking you seemed out of sorts."

"Me!" cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with jealousy. "Oh, no!"

"That's well," remarked Miss Price. "Your hair's coming out curl, dear."

"Never mind me," tittered Miss Squeers; "you had better attend to your partner."

"Thank you for reminding her," said Nicholas; "so she had."

"The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his

have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that, let alone Miss Price's evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby's happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable."

So much for jealousy in the human animal. The jealousy of Othello takes a grander form; the jealousy of Miss Squeers is that of common every-day life. The one is tragedy, the other is a farce. This ends in a cry, that in blood. The one is a summer cloud, the other a thunderstorm with death and desolation in its track. Little natures can feel the one, only colossal ones the other. But in the middle form it is an unpleasant companion. It makes your honour and your muffin indigestible. It spoils your good looks and the amusements of the evening. Oh, reader, beware of jealousy—we must quote Shakspeare again—"It is the green-eyed monster which makes the meat it feeds on."

Now for jealousy in dogs. In general it is as irrational as that of the Smiths and Jones's of real life. Can we say more? For instance, as our artist has put it. A young girl, innocent of more dangerous objects of attraction at present, or, as Macaulay sings, with

"Fair young face that had not learned
To blush at gaze of man,"

is surrounded by her darling pets: a kitten full of liveliness and play; a cat all maternal affection; a monkey disposed, as monkeys generally are, to make themselves as agreeable as they possibly can, in this respect, at least, showing how different they are to men. Why should they not all be happy—happy as the family of birds and beasts exhibited daily to an admiring public in Trafalgar-square? Happy as we are all to be in Mr. Robert Owen's New Moral World? Why not? we repeat. The answer is soon given if we look at the picture. There is a dog—certainly not the sort of

angry and jealous as he is, has no cause for it. The maiden will not pet him the less nor love him the less. She would be glad if, instead of snarling and showing his teeth and making the monkey uncomfortable, he would join them in their play, and be happy whilst he can, and make the best of the little span of time he calls his life. But he will not do so, absurd jealousy prevents him. Why the dog is almost as foolish as many men. Let us now turn to our second engraving, which represents

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

"Oh, whither are we driven o'er the waters so free,
With the vapours all around and the breakers on our lee?
Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea:

Ah me! ah me!

We are hurried to our doom. Oh, how wild and how strong
Are the billows on whose bosom we are beating along!

And the tempest he is calling (hark, how terrible his song!)
For thee, for me.



THE LIFE PRESERVER.

dog a girl should love, but ladies do take strange things to their bosoms at times—a dog of ill-breeding and sadly degenerate, that gets jealous because every one else is happy, and that cannot forgive its little mistress her unintentional neglect, and he shows his ill-nature by venting it on Jacko, who has done nothing to deserve it beyond, perhaps, playing off—as monkeys are wont to do—a harmless practical joke. It is a sad thing such dogs exist. It is a pity that dogs cannot rise superior to such petty feelings, and take more comprehensive views of life. "Love to beings," said Edwards—and Godwin repeated it in his "Political Justice," a book which was to have upset the world, but which now sells for waste paper—in virtue." Evidently the dog of our picture does not think so. He takes a very different view of virtue. It simply means to love to himself. We fear the idea is too common. That it is not confined to dogs, but extends to men as well. Yet the dog,

The thunder is awakened—he is talking to the night;
And see what cometh flooding down in cataracts of light:
'Tis his paramour, the lightning—she withereth my sight.

Ah me! ah me!"

So sings Barry Cornwall. We can almost realise the scene. The stout strong ship drifting away without rudder, dismasted, robbed of all her finery, an utter wreck; despair in the faces of her crew, some of whom curse, some of whom pray, and some of whom seek in intoxication to forget the terror of the hour and to face the destroyer Death. When that good ship was launched, it was on a bright summer day. Thousands came to see the sight. Beauty, in the shape of woman, named her; and cannons roared, and flags waved, and drums beat, and the people cheered, as she made her way to the element on which for a time she seemed so proudly and so securely to float. And then, with a cargo rich and rare, and

with seamen known for experience and skill, and with passengers hopefully leaving the old land, where competition is rife and everything valuable but man, for more congenial climes, she gaily left the port as if danger was an idle dream. But the storm came, and the giant waves arose in their fury, and nearer and nearer came the black, iron-bound coast, to touch which was death, and the gallant bark became a hideous wreck.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around them as a hell."

It is the hour of the power of death. There is no hope. Heaven and earth alike seem to refuse their pity and their aid. The only answer to the prayer of the dying, as one after another they are swept away, is the roar of the everlasting sea, as sullenly and relentlessly—sparing neither sex nor age, neither the tenderness of woman, man in his prime, nor the gray hairs of age—it vents its irresistible rage. Like death, you can never satiate the sea. Its cry is still, "More!" Down in its deep lie the loved, the beautiful, the young—the great, the pure, the good. It has gathered to itself, and holds with a miser's clutch, the gems of art, the treasures of nations, the jewels of imperial diadems. Oh, what a revelation will that be, when the command shall go forth, and the sea shall give up its dead!

But the wreck to which we have referred shall yet have its chronicler. One victim is snatched from the jaws of death. The sacrifice of life is not complete. One escapes the common lot. The dog, faithful to his master when all other ties are broken, when all other obligations are torn asunder, rescues him from a watery grave. Possibly just as he was sinking, just as he had become helpless and weary, his faithful companion bears him to safety and life once more. Such cases are not isolated: we have heard of them times without number. They teach us that, if man be but little lower than the angels, many of the animals in faithfulness and courage are but little below man.

And so our hero is once more restored to life. He lies there all unconscious and seemingly dead. But life will come back to him; the red blood will dance in his veins as of old; he will wake up as from a fearful dream. Once more he will rejoice himself in the light of the sun and in the society of his fellows; the world, with its charms, will appear to him as attractive as ever. In a short time, it may be that all the terrors of the scene through which he has passed may be completely erased from his mind. Such is human nature. "What a piece of work is man!"

Men who have been on the point of drowning, and have been saved just before the silver cord was loosened and life became extinct, have told us that in the last moments, before consciousness was gone, all the buried past rose before them in all the reality and majesty of life. Then came back to them childhood with its innocence, the mother with her love, the father with his manly care, the brotherly companionship, the sisterly caress. Then came back to them the passionate love of early youth, the very smiles and words perhaps of one long sleeping in her quiet grave. All that they had ever thought, or felt, or done, or said, seemed at that moment to come back to them at once. If we remember aright, De Quincey states that this was the case with him, in his "Confessions." One moment seems sufficient for the review of a life. With what a lightning glance must the mind review the past! We don't forget things; we only bury them. They lie in our hearts awaiting a resurrection morn. And that body snatched from death has just passed through such a crisis. Out in that roaring sea, with angry winds singing in his ears, or the shrieks of the dying borne onward on the gale, he may have heard the village bells of his boyhood sounding for Christian worship; or he may have listened to his mother's voice; or it may be that his own little ones, sleeping safe on shore, may have come and whispered in his ears; or that in fancy he may have clasped once more to his bosom the babe of his infancy; or he may have sunk down pleasantly, with peace in his soul, a smile upon his lip, forgetful all the while of the peril he was in, or the danger he was in. Drowning men, we are told,

Well, it is to be hoped that the seemingly lifeless corpse here may find the waking up equally pleasant, and that he will honour the noble animal to whom he is indebted for his life in a fitting manner. That dog should be kept in clover for the rest of his days; he should wear a brass collar; he should be introduced to the best company; he should become an honorary member of the Royal Humane Society; his portrait should appear in the Royal Exhibition. Why not? Every dog has his day.

In conclusion, our engraving suggests two remarks. Our first is, that 'Horace was right when he says, that he was a bold man who first trusted himself at sea. Our second is more practical. When you do go to sea, be sure and take a Life Preserver with you. If it be possible, let it be a fine powerful dog, such as we have engraved.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Of all the interesting sights in and about Portsmouth, perhaps there is none so interesting as this immense establishment; and yet perhaps none is so difficult to describe or to convey an idea of in print as this same dock-yard. Wherever we turn there is something to strike us with wonder. The great dimensions of everything around; the yard itself seeming like a manufacturing town; the immense ships upon the stocks in course of building; the anchors lying along in a continuous line of five or six abreast, and of some 400 or 500 feet in length, and some of them weighing upwards of five tons; cables to match these anchors, some of them the thickness of a man's waist; the masts lying along the floor of the Mast-house, showing themselves in their true size, no longer looking the slender rods we fancy them when seen in the ships; while the "tops," those small (?) platforms placed at the junction of the lower mast and the top-mast, upon which it has often made us giddy to see sailors standing, we now find to be large enough for a very comfortable quadrille. Everything seems magnified. "Manning the yards," too, we had always looked upon as a species of tight-rope performance; to see the sailors standing upright on these mere bits of stick, as they appear, and never falling off, seemed wonderful. But that is over now. We saw at the dock-yard several of these yards lying about. Wonderful to stand upright on those great beams of timber! Nonsense!—we could trot a horse along a considerable portion of their length, and think no great things of our horsemanship after all.

But let us proceed with our inspection of the different departments of this truly wonderful establishment.

Close to the entrance gate is situated the Mast-house. Here, as its name implies, the immense masts of which we have spoken above are made, and also the yards, bowsprits, etc., for ships. These yards and masts are of necessity made of several separate pieces of timber, which are accurately joined together and then hooped with iron, the hoops being put on while hot so that the contraction of the metal on cooling compresses the whole forcibly together. Hanging up in the Mast-house, the lovers of relics may feast their eyes upon what, with this official guarantee, we suppose we must consider to be a genuine piece of the wreck of the Royal George, sunk at Spithead on the 29th August, 1782. We say we suppose this to be genuine, and as such must look upon it as a rarity; for it is a pretty well-established fact, that enough walking sticks, snuff-boxes, and other articles have been manufactured from "genuine pieces of the wreck of the Royal George" to build two or three ships of the size of that vessel. However, whether this be genuine or not matters, we suspect, but little; there are things awaiting our inspection far more interesting than any old weather-beaten log of wood, though it were proved to be a genuine relic of the Argo itself, with a bit of the Golden Fleece to be seen adhering to it.

Leaving the Mast-house and proceeding to the left—in it our readers prefer our speaking geographically—to the west, we see an extensive pile of buildings, upon the top of which is a lofty round tower, surmounted by a semaphore. This instrument is an interesting relic now—something to show us what telegraphy before the very lightning was made to carry our thoughts by magic wire; this instrument, we say, still may be seen here.

its arms out in the strongest forms, as if declaiming fiercely against electricity for taking away its business, while it telegraphs messages to the shipping in the harbour and at Spithead (for which purpose it is now employed), and defies the electric wire to interfere with that. The pile of buildings beneath the semaphore consists chiefly of the Rigging-house and the Sail-maker's loft.

In the former of these we see the workmen busily engaged in fixing together the various ropes, blocks, and all the infinite varieties of articles comprised under the name of rigging. There are, also, stores here, where the "fitted rigging" is kept, to be ready when required.

In the Sail-maker's loft we see the canvas cut out, sewn together, bound, the ropes sewn around the edge of the sail; and, in fact, the whole business of sail-making. Here, too, the same feeling of bigness seizes the mind, and the men sitting down sewing these immense masses of canvas with a needle and thick twine, struck us as being in most admirable keeping with the rest of the establishment. Here, as everywhere else, we might fancy the workmen a race of Gullivers who had fallen somehow amongst the Brobdingnagian workshops, and the group before us seemed to have picked up some fair lady's needlework, on which they were engaged with all their might. In one room we saw a lot of boys stitching away—these, we were informed, were naval apprentices, who were sent there to learn to sew and to mend sails—a very requisite accomplishment sometimes. In this same building there are also stores of sails, each ship's canvas being stowed away by itself, with the name of the ship to which it belongs painted over it.

Near to this building is the "testing machine"—a powerful hydraulic press used for testing the chain-cables, mooring-chains, etc. The chain-cable store is also close by. Here we witnessed the process by which chains, which have become rusty, are cleaned. It consists simply in putting them into a revolving cylinder, together with several small pieces of iron of different shapes; the cylinder being then set in motion by a steam-engine, the chain and the bits of iron so rub over and over against each other that the rust is rubbed off, and falls through small holes in the cylinder. The noise made by the immense chain rolling about in the hollow cylinder is absolutely deafening, and let any one wearing a good coat beware how he goes within some yards of it—unless he wishes to be covered with the rust.

Leaving this corner of the dock-yard, we pass on between some more storehouses, until we come out not far from the Mast-house we have before visited, then walking onward towards the interior of the yard we see on our right a long building, along the side of which are arranged the gigantic anchors, of which we have spoken. This building is the rope-house. It measures 1,007 feet in length, and the floors being very low, the perspective, as we look from one end to the other, seems absolutely interminable. Here, in different stories, we see the hemp spun into yarn, and the yarn again twisted into ropes or strands, and these again into cables, of all sizes. The effect of these ropes, with the men at work on them at the extreme end of this long building, is very strange.

Before, however, the yarn is twisted into ropes, it has to be thickly coated with tar. This is effected in the tarring-house close by. On entering here the smell of the tar is almost overpowering to the visitor. The workmen, however, who are breathing that atmosphere for several hours in the course of the day, seem not at all to mind it; one, indeed, assured us that he liked it very much. The yarn is brought from the rope-house wound on reels, from which it is unwound on to other reels by steam-power, passing on its way through a large cistern of boiling tar. Each workman manages two reels at a time; holding some hemp in each of his hands he grasps the yarn, and thus wipes off the superfluous tar, and at the same time guides the yarn properly on the reel.

Still proceeding in a northerly direction from the tarring-house we pass the docks, where we see the ships which are in course of repair. These docks are provided with immense flood-gates, which are closed when the ship is brought into dock, and the water is then pumped out by means of large chain-pumps worked by steam. The ship while in dock is kept in an upright position by propping it in every part with large pieces of timber against the sides of the dock, which follow the outline of the ship.

Just beyond these docks we come to a department of peculiar

interest, from the beautiful machinery to be seen working there. We allude to the block-making machinery. Here we see the numerous blocks, or pulleys, used in the rigging of a ship, made in all their parts, from the rough-hewn timber to the finished block. The whole of the varied and intricate processes by which the peculiar shape of each block is given to it, are effected by the different machines in this building. A seventy-four-gun ship requires no less than 1,430 blocks of various sizes, the whole of which can be made at this establishment if necessary in one day, by the aid of the machinery we have mentioned, with the superintendence of only four men. In one part of the building we see circular saws driven at an immense velocity; a solid piece of timber is presented to the saw, and is almost instantly cut up into square pieces the size required for the block. Another machine then turns this square piece into the shape required. Others again make the groove in the block for the reception of the rope by which it is to be fastened to the rigging; cut out the space or spaces in the centre of the block for the "sheaves" (the wheels of the pulley); bore holes for the pins of the sheaves to go through; and, in fact, as we have said before, from the rough wood turn out a finished block. Several of these machines are in principle the same as the lathe, but, the peculiar shapes required to be given to the different parts of the block, of course necessitate the application of apparatus very different from that employed in ordinary turning. It is this which makes the machinery so beautiful. We see the great blocks whirling round with such velocity, the splinters and dust flying away in all directions, and the cutting tools eating their way into the very heart of the block, as though nothing but the absolute cutting away of the whole mass could stay their progress. We feel that another moment and the block must be cut completely through; but at the instant we see the operation stopped as if by magic, and the block turned out with exactly the amount, to a hair's breadth, out from it that was requisite. In another part of the building are the different lathes for turning and shaping the sheaves. These are made of *lignum vite*, the hardest wood that can be procured, and they are turned, grooved, and polished, with a precision which only machinery could attain. In the centre of the sheaves, where the pin goes through, a socket of brass is let in. The machine for cutting the groove for this socket is very beautiful; so perfectly and exactly does it cut it to fit the brass. When the brass socket is fitted to it, the whole is placed in a kind of lathe to be planed and polished. Here the same tool cuts away both the wood and the brass, never exerting too much force, so as to cut too deeply in the softer part, and never lacking force to cut quite deep enough when operating upon the metal. Then there are machines for smoothing and polishing the iron pins which form the axes of the pulleys. All these different machines are driven by a steam-engine of thirty-two horse power. Close to the block-making machinery is a large sawing-house, where circular and vertical saws may be seen constantly at work, cutting up large pieces of timber into planks of any thickness required, and with an almost surprising rapidity. These saws, like all the rest of the machinery, are worked by steam, and with such precision do they work that the planks seem scarcely to require the carpenter's plane.

From this department we walk on and view the building slips. Here we see the vessels in course of construction and in every stage of their progress. We went inside of one of these—a vessel of 120 guns. She had only her principal timbers laid down, the decks not having been put in nor any of the framework lined. To describe this sight—or rather the feeling it inspired—when we were standing, as it were, within the skeleton of this mighty monster of the deep, would be no easy task. It seemed indeed to us more like the skeleton of some great animal than anything else we could compare it to. The keel, running right along the centre, made of so many pieces of timber, formed a very fair representative of some gigantic *vertebra*; while on both sides, throughout its whole extent, sprang out the timbers of its sides—the ribs of the great creature.

Further on we come to the Anchor-smiths' shop. Here is a new scene of wonder: the dark, grimy, smoky atmosphere of the place, relieved every here and there by the fierce glowing of the forge fires, as they are acted upon by the enormous bellows; then the dim outlines of the workmen, as they are seen moving about through the mist and smoke that hangs over the whole; the immense masses of iron heated almost to incandescence; and the sound of the

the ponderous hammers striking these masses, and shooting off thousands of brilliant sparks in every direction—a perfect pyrotechnic display. The steam hammer is well worthy of notice, as an instance of the perfect subjection under which the giant steam is held by man. This enormous hammer can be made to descend upon the iron placed beneath it with a force of *ten tons* at every stroke; and yet so docile is it, that it can be made to crack a nut without injuring the kernel. And from these two extremes it can be regulated to strike with any amount of force required to the most exact nicety. Anchors, bolts, and other wrought-iron work are forged in this department; and the visitor is shown how the old scrap iron is tied up in bundles, placed in the furnace, and then forged at the hammer for new uses.

Near to the Anchor-smiths' Shop is the New Steam basin, a very large basin used for the repairing of steam-vessels, of which it is capable of containing a very great number. It is a handsomely constructed basin, faced with granite, and having dry docks attached to it, in which steamers undergo repairs that could not be done in the basin. Some very large steamers are often to be seen in course of repairing.

Not far off is a very handsome new range of buildings devoted to the Steam Engine Factory. Here, as the name implies, the various parts of steam-engines are constructed. It is a curious sight. Large masses of iron are turned in lathes, as if they were the softest wood; holes are drilled in immense plates of the same metal with the most perfect facility; and a piece of iron is smoothed by means of a plane, the shavings curling up and falling off, just as we see them at the carpenter's bench. In fact, we see in this factory iron, copper, brass—anything, in short—cut up, bored through, smoothed, and planed, as though the hardness or softness of the material worked upon were immaterial to the mighty agent which sets the machines in motion.

And well might it be so, when we look at this agent itself. A large steam-engine works in an engine-house near to the factory, and gives motion to all the various machinery within it. This engine, which is the largest in the dock-yard, is one of Boulton and Watts' construction. It is of eighty horse power, has a seven-foot

stroke, and the fly-wheel measures twenty-one feet six inches in diameter and weighs twenty-five tons.

Some very extensive smiths' shops are erected close to this engine-house by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the well-known contractors for the Exhibition building. The roof is supported by iron columns, in which we see the same principle carried out as that employed in the Crystal Palace, the columns being hollow, so as to carry off the drainage from the roof.

The foundry is an interesting sight. Some of the metal castings are of great size, as they must be to be employed in the immense ships for which they are designed.

Returning from the northern part of the yard, and observing a new battery recently erected, where guns are mounted for the defence of that portion of the establishment, we pass the residences of the principal officers of the establishment. There is, also, here an extensive pile of buildings used as a school of naval architecture, a chapel, a surgery, etc.

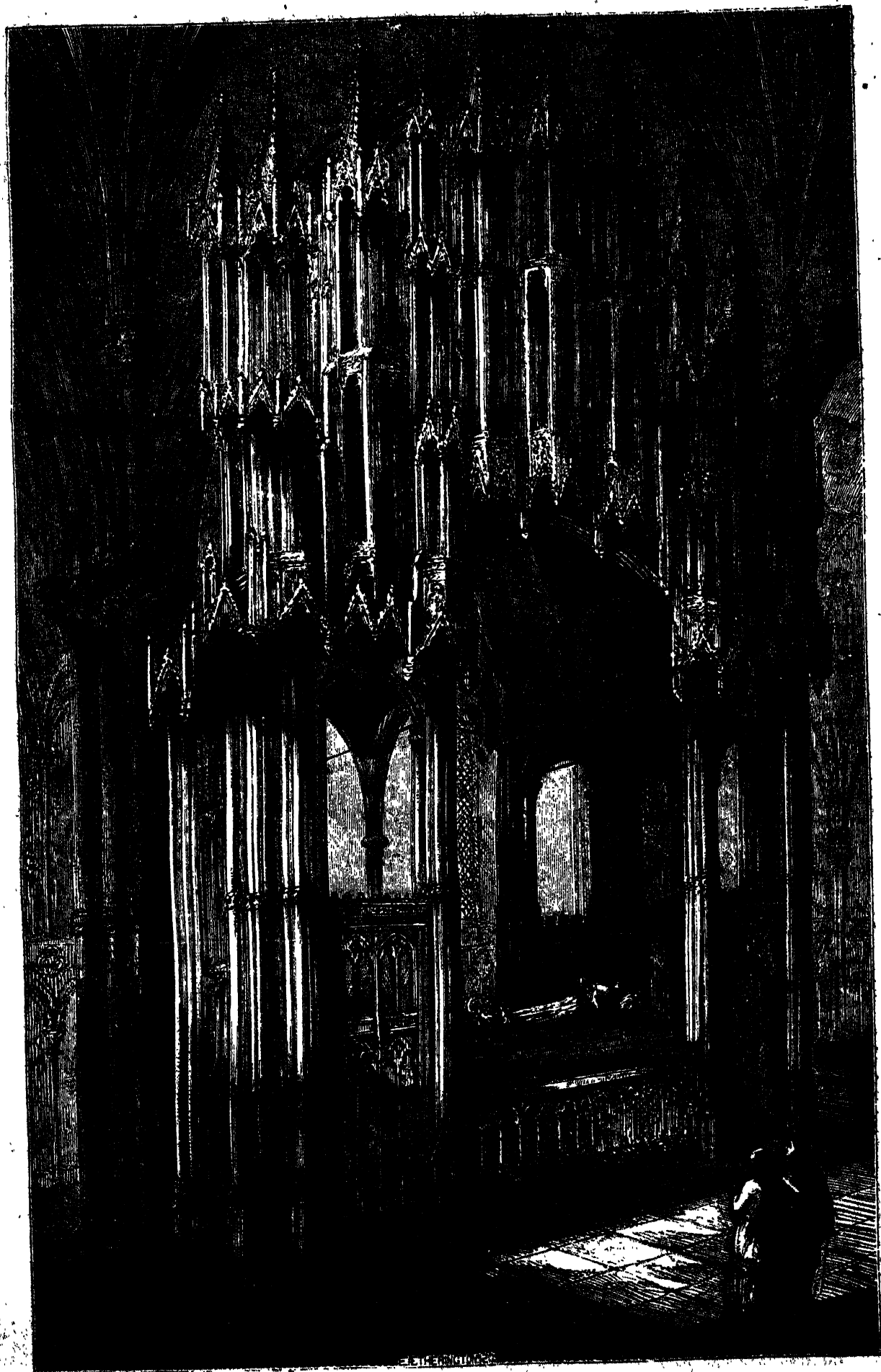
In addition to the varied objects we have thus endeavoured to point out, there are innumerable storehouses filled with the various stores required for the naval service; large cisterns, in which the timber is boiled or steamed before using it; immense stacks of timber in course of seasoning, all marked with the description of the wood, and the date when stacked; joiners' shops, carvers' shops, blacksmiths' shops; a canvas shed, where the canvas for hatchway-cloths, hammocks, etc. is painted; boat-houses and boat-ponds, where boats are kept in constant readiness for use. And at almost every corner of the yard are those most important articles—fire-engines and buckets.

Our space, however, warns us that we must quit the dockyard. We have done our best to convey an idea of the numerous and varied processes carried on there. We have felt the difficulty of describing these processes with anything like completeness; still, if we have conveyed any notion of how matters are managed in this great national establishment—if we have imparted to this article any portion of the interest which an inspection of the place cannot fail to afford—our visit to the Portsmouth Dock-yard has not been quite in vain.

OUTSIDE STRIPE FOR BED QUILT.



Use Brooks's Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 0. No. 2, Penelope Hook.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER is one of the few cities in England at the present day, to which one may safely apply the epithet, *venérable*. A large cluster of ennobling memories seems to have settled upon that ancient place. Its history can be traced up to the time of the Britons. The Romans built many edifices in it, in the second century of the Christian era. The monarchs of the West Saxons, in the days of the heptarchy, made it their capital, and spent large sums in embellishing it; though their works were frequently destroyed by the ravages of the Danes. Egbert, the first king of all England, was crowned in it; so was William Rufus, and so was the lion-hearted Richard, when he came back from the holy war. Most of the monarchs of that day left London at Christmas and Easter, and here celebrated both these festivals in great state. Here Henry V. held his parliament before embarking at Southampton to spread terror and devastation through France. Here Queen Blanche, being greatly grieved by her rival, Stephen, spread abroad the report that she was dead, and disposing her fair limbs in a coffin, was carried safe and sound through the midst of the besieging army. Here, too, a gallant army of cavaliers shut themselves up in 1642, and held the town and castle against the roundheads for a long time, till being driven out by Sir William Waller, one of old Noll's generals, the fortress was destroyed, all except the chapel.

The castle and chapel were both famous places. In the chapel Hubert, the pope's legate, sat as judge, in 1072, in the dispute between the rival sees of Canterbury and York, and awarded the supremacy to the former, from that time forward and for evermore; and when the castle disappeared, the assizes were held here, and still are the *Nisi Prius* judges sitting under the identical round table at which the famous knights of Prince Arthur sat and feasted, and quaffed their sack, and passed their quips, and cracks, and gibes, and jests, goodness knows how long ago. What a revolution! Mr. Sergeant Ponderous supporting a demurrer, or moving for a rule *nisi*, against some lawless railway company, with his horsehair rubbing against the spot whereon Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Pelleus, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, etc. satisfied the cravings of their knightly appetites.

Nor was the place less famed for piety and learning than for warlike renown. It had, it is said, fifty parish churches at one time, of which only a very small number remain. An abbey, too, there was, renowned for its sanctity and wealth, and so early as 1300, John Pontissard, of pious memory, bishop of the diocese, founded a college, dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which, however, was destroyed in the general wreck of religious houses consequent upon the change of creed of Henry VIII.

But none of these edifices could compare to the abbey and cathedral. The present edifice was commenced in 1079 by Bishop Wukelyn, a Norman, improved and enlarged by the good William of Wykeham, and finally retouched by Bishop Fox. The convent consisted of a prior and forty-two monks, and flourished in splendour for nearly nine hundred years, until it was dissolved by Henry VIII., who instituted the present foundation, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. The length of this splendid fabric from east to west is five hundred and forty-five feet; of these Our Lady's chapel includes fifty-four, and the choir one hundred and thirty-six. The length from the iron door, near the entrance of the choir, to the porch at the west end, is three hundred and fifty-one feet; the length of the transepts is a hundred and eighty-six feet; the breadth of the body below the transepts is eighty-seven feet, and of the choir forty. The vaulting in the inside is twenty-six feet high; the exact height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-eight feet and a half, and its breadth fifty feet by forty-eight. The prospect from the west end of the middle aisle to the east window, beyond the choir, is striking and impressive in the highest degree. It needs but to be once seen to make evident the wonderful adaptation of the Gothic architecture to the production of those feelings of reverence and solemnity and sublimity which are closely akin to religious awe.

The republican soldiers under Sir William Waller played sad havoc with several of the rich decorations of the interior, but enough survived, and enough has since been added, to make it one of the

grandest monuments which England contains, of the piety, taste, and enthusiasm of our ancestors.

Behind the altar is the royal vault, which contains the bones of the Saxon kings, and one or two Danish and Norman. Canute and William Rufus, the Conqueror's son, lie side by side. The latter was brought, a bleeding and "unwholesome carcase," in a peasant's cart from the New Forest, where Tyrrel shot him, and was here buried silently and without ceremony.

The church contains several chantries, the erection of piety, or gratitude, or affection. That of Cardinal Beaufort, which we have chosen for illustration, is probably more remarkable than any, not only for its own intrinsic beauty, but for the many historical reminiscences which surround the name of its founder. We shall describe it in the words of Mr. Britton:—

"Beaufort's chantry consists of clustered piers, with a pannelled screen at the base, an open screen at the head or west end, and a closed screen at the east end. There are doors on the north and south sides, and the whole is surmounted by a mass of canopies, niches, and pinnacles, which bewilder the sight and senses by their number and complexity. Beneath this gorgeous canopy is an altar-tomb in the centre of the enclosure, with the statue. . . . Milner says, 'that the figure represents Beaufort in the proper dress of a cardinal: viz., the scarlet coat and hat, and long depending cords, ending in tassels of ten knots each.' The low balustrade and tomb, the latter of which is lined with copper, and was formerly adorned on the outside with the arms of the deceased, enchased on shields, are of gray marble. The pious tenor of his will, which was signed two days before his death, and the placid frame of his features in the figure before us, which is probably a portrait, lead us to discredit the fictions of poets and painters, who describe him as dying in despair." Regarding the statue, Mr. Britton says in another place, "The effigy of Beaufort is a vulgar, clumsy piece of workmanship, even worse than its near neighbour, that of Sir John Clobery. We cannot otherwise account for the extreme badness of this statue than by supposing that it was placed there at a time much later than the building of the chantry, indeed since the Reformation. It seems rather the workmanship of a stonemason than of a sculptor."

It would be an unpardonable omission to dismiss the subject of the chantry without saying a word or two as to the cardinal himself, especially since Shakspeare has immortalised him, in his drama of "Henry VI." He is there, however, represented as the very pink of insolent priests, proud, luxurious, covetous, and a despiser of the truths he professed to teach. In the very first scene in the play, Gloucester is made to say to him:—

—"Thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes."

Further on we meet with him in a brawl on Tower hill, in which Gloucester calls him "a pill'd priest," "a manifest conspirator, who gave indulgences to rogues," "a Winchester goose," "a wol in sheep's array," "a scarlet hypocrite;" and the bishop, with rather unbecoming warmth for a man of his cloth, threatens "to have Gloucester's heart's blood." In the third act, in the parliament-house scene, Gloucester sums up his character as follows:—

"Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well becomes
A man of thy profession and degree."

* Britton's "History and Antiquities of the See and Cathedral Church of Winchester." pp. 95, 96. † p. 81.

The general opinion now is, however, that the poet, taking Holinshed for his sole authority, did the prelate wrong. Proud, ambitious, and ostentatious he was, no doubt; but these are vices too common amongst men in power to warrant us in picturing the cardinal as a monster of undiluted iniquity. The times he lived in were turbulent; men's ideas of right and wrong had not yet assumed that fixity they now have. The duties of ministers of religion were not so clearly defined as they now are. The assumption of the cowl did not necessarily involve a real and veritable repudiation of worldly cares and pursuits. High-born priests of rank were still turbulent barons; base-born priests of no rank were often drunken, ignorant louts.

Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, Catherine Swinford. He studied law at Oxford, and afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle, but on entering the church, his royal extraction procured his speedy elevation to the prelacy. In 1397, he was appointed to the see of Lincoln; 1404, we find him Lord Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Winchester. He had been three times Lord Chancellor by 1417, and some idea may be formed of his wealth from the fact that he lent the king Henry V., his nephew, twenty thousand pounds—an immense sum in those days—to assist in carrying on the war against France, for which he received the crown as security. He was sent on various important state missions to the Continent, and was present at the Council of Constance. His influence in England was at this time all powerful. He was appointed one of the guardians of the young king, Henry VI., during his minority, and in 1421, was a fourth time Lord Chancellor.* In the year 1425, however, the dissensions between him and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, which ended in the death and ruin of the latter, and which agitated all England, first came to a head. Their first outbreak is thus quaintly described by Holinshed: "Somewhat before this season fell a great division in the realm of England, which of a sparkle was like to have grown to a great flame. For whether the Bishop of Winchester, called Henry Beaufort, son to John, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, envied the authority of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realm; or whether the duke disdained the riches and pompous estate of the bishop; sure it is that the whole realm was troubled with them and their partakers; so that the citizens of London were faine to keep dulle and nightlie watches, and to shut up their shops for fear of that which was doubted to have ensued of their assembling of people about them." To decide their differences, the bishop called upon the Duke of Bedford, his nephew, then Regent of France, to arbitrate between them. The latter came over, but shifted the responsibility off his own shoulders by calling an assembly of the nobility at St. Alban's, known as the *Parliament of Bats*, because the partisans of either party came to the spot armed with clubs, weapons of steel being forbidden them. The duke, however, compromised the matter by taking the great seal from his uncle and handing it over to the Protector. On his return to France, Beaufort accompanied him as far as Calais, and in the church of that town received a cardinal's hat, with the title of St. Eusebius, sent him by Pope Martin V. He then returned to England as papal legate, and made his entry into London with great pomp. He soon after, in 1427-8, raised a body of men for a crusade against the Bohemian Hussites, but was compelled by the council, in the first instance, to employ them in the war in France. He afterwards, however, fulfilled his original intention, and served in Bohemia until superseded by Cardinal Julian. During his absence, his old enemies were busily at work, and poured innumerable charges against him into the royal ear; and attempts were even made to deprive him of his bishopric—so that on his return to England he thought it necessary to procure, under the great seal, a pardon for all crimes and misdemeanours that might be alleged against him from the beginning of the world down to the 26th of July, 1437. The remoteness of the period to which he thought it necessary to ascend, is a singular proof of the extent of his fears, and his opinion of the accusing powers of his enemies. He showed himself, however, rather lax in not taking precautions for the future also; for it would have been quite as easy to have convicted him of

an offence to be committed in the year 1900, as of one which took place in the days of the patriarch Methuselah.

Notwithstanding his vigilance, however, the indefatigable protector again drew up articles of impeachment against him in 1442, and presented them to the king, who referred them to his council. The council being mostly composed of ecclesiastics, were of course inclined to favour the cardinal, and delayed their decision so long, that Gloucester lost patience, and abandoned the prosecution. He was murdered in May, 1447, it was suspected with the complicity, if not at the instigation, of the cardinal. The latter survived him only a month. He is said to have died in agony of remorse and despair, bewailing his crimes, confessing his manifold sins and wickedness, and offering untold sums for an hour of life. Shakspeare, in the third act of the play to which we have already referred, draws a moving picture, into which all his mighty powers are thrown, of his last hours, as those of a despairing murderer and traitor, without one pleasant memory in the past, or one bright hope in the future. As the passage is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, we shall refrain from quoting it, and shall content ourselves with giving Holinshed's summing up of the cardinal's character, as a specimen of that worthy chronicler's powers of invention, as well as of English "undefiled," which many of our writers at the present day would do well to imitate. "During these doings, Henrie Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world. He was son to John, duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but borne in haste; more noble in blood than notable in learning; haucie in stomach and high of countenance; rich above measure, but not verie liberale; disdainfull to his kin, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferring monie before friendship; many things beginning, and few performing, save in malice and mischief; his insatiable covetousness, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himselfe. Of the getting of his goods, both by power legantine and spirituall bribery, I will not speak; but the keeping of them, which he chiefelie gathered for ambitions purpose, was both hurt to his natural prince and native countrie; for his hidden riches might have well holpen the king, and his secret treasure might have relieved the communaltie when monie was scant and charges great."

Though in this harsh judgment most English historians coincide, they all agree that by his death Henry lost one of his best and most faithful counsellors, and that from that day the state of affairs became worse and worse. Whatever use of his riches he might have made during his life, his disposal of them after his death was most praiseworthy. He left an enormous sum to the prisons of London; he ordered two thousand marks to be distributed amongst the poor tenants of his diocese, and forgave the rest all they owed him. He founded an hospital at Winchester, and endowed it with the sum of £158 13s. 4d. per annum, according to the value of money at that time, besides some lands for the maintenance of two chaplains, a master, thirty-five poor men, and three nurses. He left jewels and plate of considerable value to nearly every cathedral church and monastery in England. He lies buried in Winchester cathedral; but of the inscription on his tomb nothing remains save the words *Tribulor, si nescirem misericordias tuas*—"I should be sorely troubled, did I not know thy mercy."

LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN.

June , 1851.

THERE is no part of Europe where so much is thought of the war* as in Sweden. We are, as it were, on the spot, and the events in the Baltic have roused us to a pitch of enthusiasm quite novel. The presence of the English and French fleets has set all our statesmen devising plans for the aggrandisement of Sweden. Our military men are getting up a war fever, which would be almost ludicrous did not the future actually present contingencies which may make Sweden play a very important part in the coming events of this unfortunate struggle. Sweden is perfectly aware that the progress of Russia, unchecked and unshaken, would have ended in the entire absorption of her territories; and it is more with a view

* In the earlier periods of English history this office was held exclusively by churchmen.

to prevent this than for the value of Finland, that we hear of nothing else here but the re-conquest of that territory, and the uniting of the Fins to this country again. Should this be decided on, the fate of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg is, as it were, sealed, for the aid thus afforded to the allied fleets would be incalculable.

Of course, a country which was united to Sweden for more than six hundred years must contain within itself the elements of restoration. There are the seeds of union. The Finlanders hate the Russians; they are wretchedly oppressed by that power, and are ruthlessly torn from their homes to serve the great northern despot by sea and land. The immense importance of this territory in relation to Russia will be seen by an examination of the map; and as, in all probability, this comparatively unknown country will be the seat of important military operations by the Baltic forces, a sketch will not here be out of place.

It is a very large district, being about 500 miles long by 250 wide, uneven, mountainous, full of valleys, and almost wholly without plains. It is a kind of Russian Switzerland, and some of the scenery, though rather bleak, is very striking and magnificent. Its actual area is about 7,000 miles, and it is placed in a very high northern latitude, a portion of it being almost arctic in its situation. It is bounded on the north by Norway, on the west by Sweden and the Gulf of Bothnia, to the south by the Gulf of Finland, to the east by three Russian provinces. Its population is not very far from two millions. A large and influential portion of this population are connected by marriage and tradition with Sweden, to which country they look with hope. The Russians have a party, but not very influential in point of numbers. The great body of the people are of the patriotic party, the pure Fins, who desire to be neither Russians nor Swedes, but Finlanders.

There are several very lofty mountains, and numerous elevated chains of hills. There are a great many rivers with names of celebrity in the history of the country, and lakes are of very frequent occurrence. The climate is not tempting; it is very cold and inclement; and the winter is very long and harsh, in some places lasting nine, in others six months. The air is said to be wholesome; and with civilisation, culture, and the introduction of drainage, the climate itself is said to be becoming warmer. It is very differently peopled, according to the climate, the southern portion being more thickly populated than the northern. Lapland is scarcely peopled at all.

The country is purely agricultural. Sweden looks to it as a valuable colony, which would be improved by trade and commerce, and give a fine field for enterprise, if it were restored to its ancient connexion. There is no doubt that its resources might be considerably developed. The country produces rye, barley, wheat, and oats, to a very great extent. Potatoes are reared to the extent of about six million bushels per annum. Hemp, flax, and tar are the chief exports, with pine and birch wood. These are the articles which it is believed might be developed by a genial government. Russia, it is true, lays Finland rather extensively under contribution for all these articles, but not in a way that is at all satisfactory to the poor inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, which, though it produces the best and hardest sailors of the empire, is none the less oppressed and misgoverned.

Since the commencement of the war, a perfect *razzia* of cattle has taken place. The Russian contractors for the army - or by whatever crack-jaw name they call them - have not been very delicate in their mode of appropriating the cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and goats, which feed on the somewhat rich pasture and meadow lands of the country. The reindeer, which are tamed, have hitherto, from their northern position, escaped the rapacity of these gentlemen, who are even worse than Turkish tax-gatherers.

With such resources as Finland possesses in this way, it is not surprising that the production of butter is great, while wool is very productive and long in staple. The horses remind one of the mustangs of Texas, and those wild creatures which Head so picturesquely describes in the Pampas. They are not so wild, however, and though small, do good service to their owners. Though the amount of produce is small, the tin and copper mines are valued in Russia; while attempts have been made to introduce cotton and glass mills. They do not, however, employ a very large section of the population.

It will not surprise many of your readers, when I say that the export trade of this obscure country is considerable. A land which depends so much on natural resources, which is rich only in raw materials, must necessarily, to share the general luxury of the world, export its own growth in exchange for the manufactures of others. It employs nearly five hundred large vessels and nine hundred coasters, which convey its planks, tar, potash, cattle, tallow, &c., to the markets of Europe and to the ports of Russia. Every encouragement has been given to the development of trade, for obvious reasons.

The official language of the country is Swedish. Nearly all the Fins are Protestants; Russia has not been able to force the impostures of its Greek creed upon the people. It is supposed to be governed by its own laws, but Russia takes care never to summon those who should make and administer these laws. It retains its constitution, but this is not allowed to work. It is suspended, though not suppressed; and the suspension is as perpetual as the fabled one of Mahomet's coffin. There are very few Russians in the country, and these chiefly officials residing at Helsingfors, the new capital. The native troops, according to the usual Russian policy, have been sent to Poland, a country of which they know little, and Finland is garrisoned by Russian soldiers.

There is an archbishop, who resides at the old capital, a university, several academies and schools; and by these means much progress in education has been made; but this is rendered of no avail from the fact that all books are prohibited now by the Russians, save a few elementary chemical and agricultural works. All works of the fancy, novels, poetry, all works of general history, are virtually excluded; so that the Finlanders live in happy ignorance of the state of the rest of the world - a happy state of things, of course very conducive to the civilisation, and at all events to the quiet government of the country. The theory of the Czar appears to be, Mind your own business, dig, hew wood, draw water, go to school, learn to read, but don't attempt to make any practical use of your acquirements. As long as the despots of Russia are able to keep up this state of things will they be able to rule so many millions. But as certain as that no government has any right to keep its population in abject ignorance, so surely will this system end in some terrible convulsion. Education and religion, after all, are the only true safeguards of society.

The Finlanders, by the exercise of these arts, have been brought to regard the English and French as a very sanguinary race; but this delusion cannot last, especially as many of the Fins have been long voyages, and will be able satisfactorily to dispel such absurd delusions.

There are several mining-schools lately established, I am assured, with a view to increase the produce of the tin and copper mines, which hitherto have been rather rudely worked. The absence of British and French engineers and professors will be much felt. I find that many British merchants have appointed American correspondents in Russia, and that an attempt will be made in this way to introduce machinery. A close blockade will be the only means of entirely crippling the enemy. Loss of men is no punishment to the Czar. Material and money are the chief objects.

Such is the country which Sweden dreams of re-annexing by the aid of the allied powers; and it is probable that many parts of it will soon be familiar to you, as the scene of the operations of the British and French fleets. The policy of England and France is very popular here with the masses, who dream of the time when Sweden made such a noise in the military history of the world; while the thinking and educated classes view with terror the prospect of any Russian success, which would certainly be the prelude to a Russian occupation of Sweden. Russia has for some time considered Sweden as a protected power, and Sweden seems determined not to lose the opportunity of shaking off Muscovite influence.

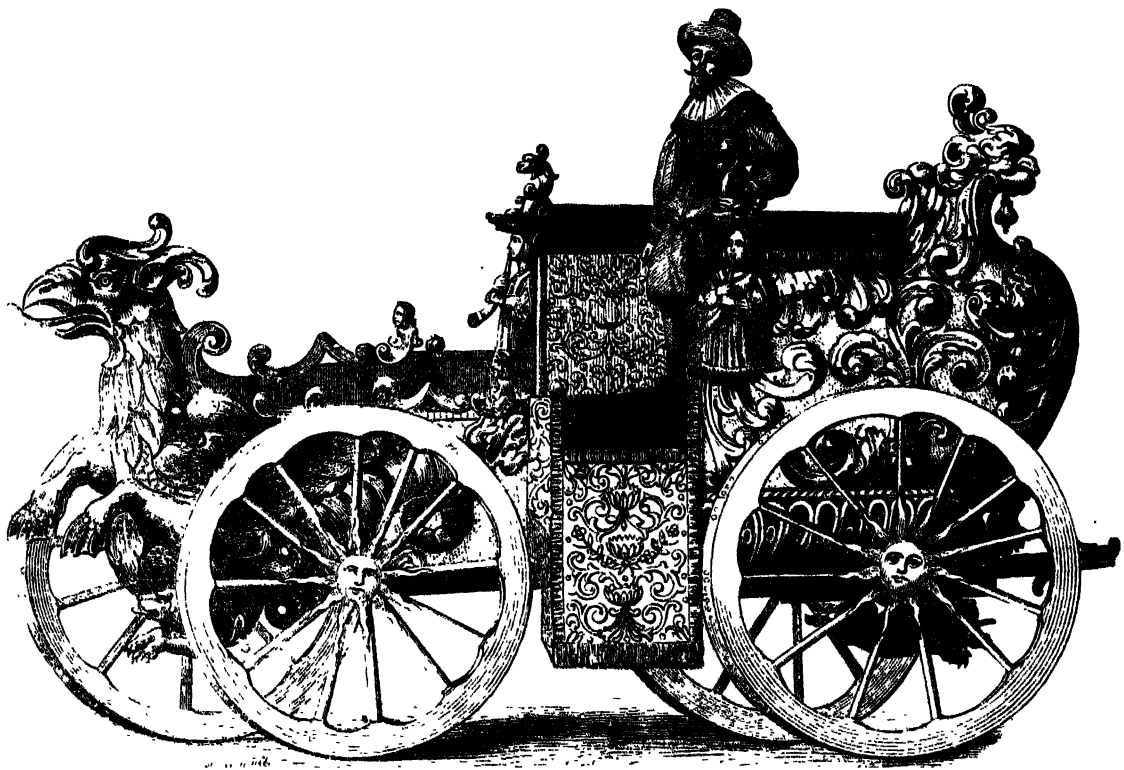
I send you no ordinary news, as you will receive that through the usual channels. By the constitution, the king can raise the army to 150,000 men; at present it is at 25,000 men, but a few weeks will probably decide the policy of the government, which is not much inclined to lean to that of the party which takes Gustavus as their polar star.

GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is scarcely any history more replete with interest or more rich in valuable instruction, than the history of invention and discovery. It is curious to trace the gradual advances which have been made from the rudest implements of barbarous times, to the complicated machinery of a highly civilised age, and to mark how the guesses and imperfect attempts of one period reappear in another, developed to a degree of perfection of which the originators had not the remotest conception. How striking, for instance, is the contrast between the steam-engine of the Marquis of Worcester, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and those now in use. Had the noble projector been told of the high state of perfection to which his invention would be brought in the middle of the nineteenth century, he would have rejected the idea as utterly absurd. A similar remark would apply to a thousand other cases of this sort.

The art of locomotion is one in which we have made greater progress than almost any other. Yet it cannot be said that the men of past ages failed for want of industry in attempting to improve.

In several special works upon the history of chariot building, and improvements in locomotion in the fifteenth and two following centuries, we find it stated that a mechanist of Nuremberg, named John Hansteh, "made chariots which moved by a spring, and went two thousand paces an hour." We present our readers with an engraving of one of those singular vehicles from an old German plate. The person standing in the chariot is Hansteh himself, driving, or rather conducting. In spite of much active research, we have not been able hitherto to ascertain with any degree of clearness or precision what kind of springs the skilful contriver employed. In all probability the mechanism was something like that of a watch or meat-jack, and required to be wound up at certain intervals. If so, the invention was more curious than useful. At any rate, we doubt not, our readers will be glad to see an exact representation of this curiosity, which persons properly qualified might find worthy of attentive consideration.



GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE KALMUCKS.

ON a former occasion[†] we furnished our readers with some particulars relative to the Kalmucks and their mode of life. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us now to enter into any minute detail on the subject. All that we propose to do, is to give some account of their religious customs, particularly their sacred festivals.

Like most of the Mongolian race, the Kalmucks are Buddhists, or rather Lamists; but their Buddhism is very much modified by the admixture of other notions and practices. They have a great number of idols, most of which assume the form of woman. They recognise one supreme God, to whom all other divinities, whether good or evil, are completely subject. They believe in the transmigration of souls, which they regard as affording a probationary course of discipline, more or less protracted, that every creature

must go through, before admission to the presence and society of the sovereign judge. The saints, with whom every Buddhist may aspire to be associated, will be recompensed by eternal repose and happiness, without sacrificing their individual existence.

The Kalmucks celebrate three great festivals every year, each lasting for a fortnight. The most important is that by which they celebrate the return of spring; the second takes place in June, and is devoted to the blessing of the waters; the third is the feast of the lamp, and is celebrated in December.

Bergmann has given an excellent description of the feast of spring called *zackun-zan*. Priests headed the procession, playing strange airs on large trumpets, such as are seen in our illustration. In the rear came persons carrying sacred chests, containing divine images, which they placed on an altar raised in the open air. Shortly after followed the Lama in a palanquin. He was set down

before the altar, and then the curtains which concealed the gods being removed, all present, people, priests, and princes, bowed down three times. The vice-khan took his place near the Lama, under a large red umbrella. A dinner, in the course of which they consumed many sheep and a great quantity of tea and cakes, formed part of the ceremony. It lasted till sunset, and was intermingled with prayers and various evolutions connected with religious worship.

In the religious music of the Kalmucks, high and low notes follow each other alternately, and the time also changes in succession from slow to quick and quick to slow. According to the traveller from whose sketch our engraving is taken, this strange alternation of tone and time is not altogether without some kind of harmony.

Yellow and red are the religious colours of the Kalmucks. Their

temples are generally decorated with richly-dyed silks and a multitude of images, among which the bronze idol of Buddha Shakkiamouni occupies a prominent place. There are also a great many offering-cups filled with various sorts of grain, and a vessel of holy water in which peacocks' feathers are placed. The priests sprinkle the people with this water, which is mixed with saffron and sugar. They also drink part of it and wash their faces with the remainder.

Although the Kalmucks do not believe in eternal punishment, the priests have endeavoured to impress upon them the belief that endless torment will be the portion of those who have committed any one of the following sins—irreverence towards God, sacrilege or the plunder of the temples, want of respect towards parents, murder, and offences against the clergy.



RELIGIOUS MUSIC OF THE KALMUCKS.

PEERS AND M.P'S, ON, LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY

LORD BROUGHAM thus speaks of Canning, in his contests with whom he won his proudest laurels: "His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the highest order. It wanted depth. It came from the mouth, not from the heart."

If this be true of Canning, still more is it true of the name we next mention. Sir Robert Peel was hardly an orator at all. It is rather as a statesman that he will be known to posterity. It is true, as Disraeli writes, that he played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddle, but he did that because he knew the house well—because he spoke to every section of it—because he made it his great aim to be the first man in the house. Possibly he might have been an orator if he had tried, but such was not his object. He lived in a transition age, and his speeches

all bear marks that such was the case. Apparently candid, he was in reality cautious and reserved—gradually feeling his way, never abandoning himself to a lofty impulse or a noble principle—never borne aloft in divine ecstasy. He spoke as a cold, prudent man of the world. One would think such a man never could have been an orator. Yet he was of a portly presence and noble air. He would have been an orator had he had the motive power. The best description we have seen of Sir Robert was that by Mr. Francis, when Sir Robert was premier. Sometimes a sturdy radical or an indignant agriculturist determines to catch the eel by the tail and skin him. He puts some plain direct question, and demands an answer. You think Sir Robert must now be fairly posed—his veil must be rent—parties must resume their old habits, for he must say something positive on which a war-cry can be raised. He rises, leans forward on the table, playing with his glasses, or puts his hands under the tails of his blue frock coat, and, in the most open and candid way, declares his determination frankly to answer the question that has been put to him. This is satisfactory; it propitiates. All are on the *qui-vive*. There is hushed silence;

all heads are stretched forward in expectation of the announcement of policy. Meanwhile the soft, bland voice has poured itself forth, its faintest tone heard in the most remote corner; the bearing bespeaks a full consciousness of the responsibility of the duty of the moment; the face wears the placid expression of innocence. You are fairly prepossessed for such a man. But what is he saying? By that cheer from Mr. Cobden and his Sancho, Mr. Bright, he appears to have said something pleasant to the manufacturers. But that roar of delight from the other side? Oh, he has convulsed the country gentlemen by some well-turned comment to agriculture, not as yet the object of his ridicule. And now another cheer, more general, is the reward of some pompous maxim of the public good. It is clear the house has warmed to him. The more kindly they entertain, the more candid grow the speaker's tones, the more earnest is he to do the best which the state of things allows. An elaborate statement follows of the three courses open to him, of their several advantages and disadvantages, in all of which he adroitly rouses the prejudices slumbering for a moment around him, and establishes a sympathy with each; centring hopes in himself and setting old hatreds anew against each other; until, having thus led the various parties into a mental *mêlée*, he winds up with "upon the whole," leading with pompous affectation of resolve to a declaration of what he means to do, which in fact comprises in an artful web of phrases, sounding but bodiless—almost everything that he does not mean to do. Meanwhile, he has skilfully diverted the attention of all from the real point at issue to their mutual jealousies and asperities. Ten to one he sits down amidst loud cheers, having uttered much but avowed nothing. At times Sir Robert was more than this—at times he soared, and was almost an orator.

Far more oratorical power belonged to Daniel O'Connell. You must have had a clear head and cool heart not to be carried away when he spoke. Sir Robert Peel is said to have expressed his high appreciation of O'Connell's parliamentary abilities. One day, while the Reform Bill was under discussion, the speeches of its friends and foes were canvassed in a fashionable drawing-room. On O'Connell's name being mentioned, some critic fastidiously said: "Oh, a broguing Irish fellow, who would listen to him? I always walk out of the house when he opens his lips!" "Come, Peel," said old Lord Westmoreland, "let me hear *your* opinion." "My opinion candidly is," replied Sir Robert, "that if I wanted an efficient and eloquent advocate, I would readily give up all the other orators of whom we have been talking, provided I had with me this same broguing Irish fellow." Sheil is said to have remarked of O'Connell, that "he flung a brood of sturdy ideas upon the world without a rag to cover them." With a strong sturdy frame, with a ready flow of humour, or invective, as the occasion required—with a roguish twinkle in his eye, as if he were hamboozling you all the while—O'Connell was the *beau-ideal* of a popular orator. The most unyielding audience could not choose but listen when he spoke. He excelled in clear and forcible language, in ready and dexterous reply, and in bold and defiant denunciations of tyranny. His invective was frequently powerful; it sometimes, however, degenerated into commonplace personal abuse. Like his great countryman, Curran, he was unequal. He could soar to the loftiest heights of parliamentary debate, or talk down to the level of the lowest democratic audience. A writer in the "New Monthly," some years ago, gave the best account of O'Connell we have yet seen. He says: "His great art is in stating a question. He places it on the most invincible ground he can select; and the

iron vigour of his intellect is seldom concealed beneath any holiday wreaths. Unlike Mr. Stanley, he owes all the effect of his oratory to his apparent sympathy with all generous emotions. When he indulges in them his eye glistens, and the deep music of his unrivalled voice seems to halt and falter. This may be the result of his art—for he is a most experienced artist—but it has the semblance of nature. Never, perhaps, has he produced a more triumphant effect over his audience than the one when, replying to Mr. Stanley, on the Irish Coercion Bill, he arrested himself suddenly from the course of fiery invective on which he had prepared you to suppose he was about to enter: 'But the right honourable gentleman,' said he, with a changed and softened tone, 'has declared that Ireland is 'dear to him.' I thank him for that assurance. I retract whatever I have said harshly. I forbear whatever more of angry emotion was about to rise to my lips. The man who can tell me that Ireland is dear to him, ceases to be my enemy.'" Throughout the whole hostile majority there was a painful movement; there was scarcely a man among them who did not seem touched.

The mention of O'Connell reminds us we have forgotten Grattan. Brougham, who must often have heard him, says: "His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction replete with epigram and point—a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues—was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience. Often a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory or vehement—or pity was to be moved, and its pathos was touching as it was simple—or, above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or to be destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm and the thunders of abuse. The critic, led away for the moment, and unable to do more than feel with the audience, could, in those cases, when he came to reflect and to judge, find often nothing to reprehend; seldom in any case more than the excess of epigram, which had yet become so natural to the orator, that his argument, and his narrative, and even his sagacious unfolding of principles seemed spontaneously to clothe themselves in the most pointed terseness, and most apt and felicitous antithesis. From the faults of his country's eloquence he was, generally speaking, free. And if he had some peculiarity of outward appearance, as a low and awkward person, in which he resembled the first of orators, and even of manner, in which he had not, like him, made the defects of nature yield to severe culture; so had he an excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind—the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effects by repetition or expansion—and another excellence, higher still, in which no orator of any age is his equal, the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but appropriate language. To give an example of this latter peculiarity would be less easy, and would occupy more space; but of the former, it may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic and appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse!'"

THE TOAD.

"The toad, ugly and venomous," says Shakspeare, echoing the common sentiment of mankind in all ages regarding this harmless reptile. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a popular notion more deeply-rooted than this of the venom of the toad; and there are doubtless many of our readers who will smile with incredulity when we tell them that this cherished belief has no foundation in fact. The first part of our great poet's description of the toad does not admit of denial; there can be no doubt that it is one of the

ugliest animals breathing. It is this hideous aspect, no doubt, that has led to the popular belief in its malignity; for we find no such property ascribed to the frog, although the two animals are so nearly allied in every respect. The *real* natural history of this curious animal, however, presents so many interesting points, that we may easily console ourselves for its destroying our faith in the wonderful tales with which the credulity of our ancestors was amused; but there is one story told by Erasmus, "so curiously

ridiculous," to use Dr. Shaw's expression, that we cannot resist giving it here, especially as it turns upon two equally singular notions—the venomous nature of the toad, and the enmity supposed to exist between the spider and this animal:—

"There was a monk," says Erasmus, "who had in his chamber divers bundles of green rushes, wherewithal he strewed his chamber at his pleasure: it happened one day, after dinner, that he fell asleep upon one of those bundles of rushes, with his face upward; and while he thus slept, a great toad came and sat upon his lips, bestriding him in such a manner as his whole mouth was covered. Now when his fellows saw it, they were at their wits' end; for to pull away the toad was an unavoidable death; but to suffer her to stand still upon his mouth was a thing more cruel than death: and therefore one of them, espying a spyder's web in the window, wherein was a great spyder, he did advise that the monk should be carried to that window, and laid with his face upward right underneath the spyder's web, which was presently accomplished. And as soon as the spyder saw her adversary the toad, she presently wove her thread, and descended upon the toad, at the first meeting whereof the spyder wounded the toad, so that it swelled; and at the second meeting it swelled more: but at the third time the spyder killed the toad, and so became grateful to her host which did nourish her in his chamber." This is wonderfully circumstantial, considering that there can hardly be a word of truth in the whole narrative. However slight may be the foundation for all these marvellous stories, there can be no doubt that the history of the toad affords an excellent illustration of the truth of an old proverb, referring to the effect of "giving a dog a bad name."

Few of those who start with a sort of instinctive shudder when the toad crosses their path in a summer's evening, are at all aware of the wonderful changes which this creature undergoes before reaching the form in which it excites their disgust and abhorrence. During the breeding season, the toad, which at other periods is a terrestrial animal, visits the waters, and here the females produce a great number of eggs, which are arranged in long strings, looking like necklaces of black beads imbedded in jelly. These, when hatched, produce an animal very different in appearance from its parent; furnished with a broad head, a long thin tail, and possessing no traces of legs. Still more remarkable is the fact that in this condition the young toads, like fishes, which they much resemble, breathe the water, through which they move, by means of little tufts or gills attached to the broad head. Presently limbs begin to sprout from the little creature, the hinder ones appearing first, and when these are complete, the tail is got rid of, and the perfect toad is fitted to commence its existence in another element. But for this purpose a great internal change is also necessary, and this has been going on simultaneously with the alterations in the external form just described. The gills, which served it for aquatic respiration, are useless in the air, and accordingly lungs have been developed in the cavity of the body, and the temporary breathing apparatus is at last dispensed with as no longer necessary. But although no longer an inhabitant of the water, the toad always remains in moist situations; continued exposure to a dry atmosphere would, in fact, soon be fatal to its existence. The experiments of Dr. Townson show that these creatures require the presence of a great deal of moisture in their bodies; in some instances he found that more than one-third of their weight was lost by transpiration when left in dry air for a day or two, and that they recovered it again in the course of a few hours when placed in water. They are commonly met with in our gardens and fields, but not unfrequently find their way into cellars, where they have been known to live for years. Unlike the frog, whose jumping motion must be familiar to every one, the toad, from the comparative shortness of its hind legs, can only crawl, and this not very elegant mode of progression has no doubt assisted greatly in producing that feeling of aversion towards this animal to which we have already alluded. Its food consists entirely of insects and worms, and it never touches an insect unless it be in motion. Dr. Townson tells us that the only way in which he could get a "favourite" toad of his to feed during the winter upon a large stock of dead flies which he had collected for its support, was by breathing gently upon them when lying before the creature, and then it immediately seized and devoured them.

It is assisted in the capture of animals, which one would imagine might have set the toad at defiance through their mere activity, by a very curious arrangement of the tongue. On this subject, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Professor Bell:—"The toad, when about to feed," says the Professor, "remains motionless, with its eyes turned directly forward upon the object, and the head a little inclined towards it, and in this attitude it remains until the insect moves, when, with a stroke like lightning, the tongue is thrown forward upon the victim, which is instantly drawn into the mouth. So rapid is this movement, that it requires some little practice as well as close observation to distinguish the different motions of the tongue. This organ is constructed as in the frog, being folded back upon itself; and the under surface of the tip being imbued with a viscid mucous secretion, the insect is secured by its adhesive quality. When the prey is taken, it is slightly pressed by the margins of the jaw; but as this seldom kills it, unless it be a soft, tender larva, it is generally swallowed alive; and I have often seen the muscles of the toad's sides twitch in a very curious manner, from the tickling movements of a hard coleopterous insect in the stomach."

Still more extraordinary are the accounts that have been given of this animal's being found completely enclosed in stone, trees, and other localities, where they must, in all probability, have remained for years in a condition of almost total deprivation of all the necessaries of existence. In fact, in many cases, the circumstances under which the creatures are said to have been discovered would lead one to infer that they had been living without food, air, or moisture; but these stories must be received with some allowance for exaggerations naturally induced by the tendency of human nature unconsciously to make the most of any marvellous fact which falls under its notice. We are told that toads have been discovered imbedded in masses of stone, or in growing trees, in such a manner as to preclude the access of air; and, of course, in such cases, the creature would find it perfectly impossible to obtain a particle of food during its solitary confinement. But, to use the words of Professor Bell:—"To believe that a toad enclosed within a mass of clay, or other similar substance, shall exist wholly without air and food for hundreds of years, and at length be liberated alive, and capable of crawling, on the breaking up of its matrix, now become a solid rock, is certainly a demand upon our credulity which few would be ready to answer!" We must certainly in these cases adopt Dr. Shaw's opinion, that much of the incredible in these stories is owing to "neglect of minute attention at the moment to the surrounding parts of the spot where it was discovered." Deduction made for all this exaggeration, however, enough still remains to excite our surprise; for the fact of toads having been found alive in situations where even the air necessary for their respiration would find some difficulty in penetrating, rests upon too good authority to admit of any doubt.

The toad appears to be rather a long-lived animal; fifteen or twenty years being assigned as its ordinary period of existence, whilst Pennant mentions a pet toad, which lived forty years under some steps in a garden, and even then its days appear to have been shortened by injuries done it by a tame raven, which probably thought it an excellent stroke of policy to get rid of a rival and fill his belly at the same time. During the winter it becomes torpid, retiring into some hollow tree, or under large stones, where it remains until the genial influence of spring recalls it to activity and love. It changes its skin annually; and this process, according to Professor Bell, is attended by some curious circumstances. The skin splits down the middle of the back and belly, into two halves, which are gradually worked off by the twitching of the animal's sides and the action of its legs. When the whole skin is fairly off, the creature rolls it up into a little ball with its fore feet, puts it into its mouth and swallows it at a gulp.

Two species of toad are found in this country—the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*), which is to be met with almost anywhere, and the Natter-Jack toad (*Bufo calamita*), which is far less generally distributed. The preceding statements apply especially to the former species, although the Natter-Jack resembles it in most respects. The common toad is usually of a brownish colour, with the belly of a paler or yellowish tint. The skin is covered with warts in which are situated the organs that secrete the cutaneous exudation



THE COMMON TOAD (*BUFO VULGARIS*). THE NATTER-JACK TOAD (*BUFO CALAMITA*).

already referred to. The eye is exceedingly beautiful. The Natter-Jack is also brown, clouded with dull olive, and a yellow line runs down the middle of the back. Our engraving contains representations of both species, but the artist has unfortunately selected a

large specimen of the Natter-Jack, and a small specimen of the common toad. To give a correct idea of the proportions of full-grown individuals of the two species, the sizes ought to be reversed.

JOHN HUNTER.

In the history of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, John Hunter has very appropriately a place. He was a rare example of what industry and perseverance can accomplish—of success achieved comparatively late in life. He was not brought up to his profession; he entered it late. He began his education when the accomplished youth of our medical schools are finishing theirs; but he persevered, and won for himself an immortal name.

John Hunter, the youngest of ten children, was born in the beginning of the last century, at Long Calderwood, in the county of Lanark.

taking thirty drops of laudanum. From school, having acquired but little information, Hunter removed to Glasgow, where he lived with his brother-in-law, a cabinet-maker. But his brother-in-law having failed, Hunter was again thrown upon the world. Fortunately his brother William had acquired some reputation in London as a teacher of anatomy. To him he wrote, requesting that he would allow him to come to London on a visit, making, at the same time, an offer to be his assistant in his anatomical researches, or, if that proposal should not be accepted, expressing a wish to go



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HUNTER.

His father was a small landed proprietor, and on his death, which happened when he was ten years old, John seems to have been left to do as he pleased. If ever a boy stood a fair chance of being ruined, it was he. He was sent to the grammar-school, but not having a turn for languages, and being spoilt by indulgence, he neglected his studies and spent the greater part of his time in country amusements. Afterwards he felt the consequences of this neglect acutely. Giving lectures was always particularly unpleasant to him. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to speak in public. He never delivered the first lecture of his course without

into the army. His brother sent him a kind invitation, and he reached London in September, 1748.

We are inclined to believe that the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful man in life is, that the one misses his opportunities while the other improves them. This was especially the case with Hunter. His brother, who was anxious to form some opinion of his talents for anatomy, gave him an arm to dissect for the muscles, with the necessary directions as to how it was to be done, and he found the performance such as greatly exceeded his expectation. Hunter was next employed in a dissection of a more difficult nature.

This was an arm in which all the arteries were injected, and these as well as the muscles were to be exposed and preserved. The way in which this was done gave his brother so much satisfaction, that he at once declared that his brother would become a good anatomist and that he should not want for employment. Henceforth Hunter laboured at anatomy unremittingly. In the summer of 1749 Mr. Cheselden, at the request of his brother, Dr. Hunter, permitted him to attend at Chelsea Hospital, and there he learnt the elements of surgery. The following winter he was so far advanced as to assist his brother by teaching dissection to his pupils. In the summer of 1750 Mr. Hunter again attended the hospital at Chelsea. In 1751 he became a pupil at St. Bartholomew's. The following summer he went to Scotland, and brought up his sister Dorothea; and in 1753 entered as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. In 1754 he became a surgeon's pupil at St. George's Hospital, where he continued during the summer months; and in 1756 was appointed house surgeon. He had previously become a partner with his brother in lecturing. All this time he worked unremittingly at anatomy. With the view better to understand the human structure, he extended his researches amongst the inferior animals, and laid the foundation of his collection in comparative anatomy. So eagerly did he attach himself to this pursuit, that he sought by every means in his power the opportunity of prosecuting it with advantage. He applied to the keeper of wild beasts in the Tower for the bodies of those which died there, and he made similar applications to the keepers of travelling menageries. He purchased all rare animals that came in his way, and these, with such others as were presented to him by his friends, he entrusted to the showmen to keep till they died, the better to encourage them to assist in his labours. His fondness for animals made him keep several of different kinds in his house, which, by attention, he made familiar with him. Occasionally, however, this familiarity was attended with danger, as in the following instance related by his biographer, Sir Everard Home:—"Two leopards, which were kept chained in an outhouse, had broken from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling thus produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, and the other surrounded by dogs. He immediately laid hold of them, both and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting."

In 1760, Hunter's health was so much impaired by excessive attention to his pursuits, that he was advised to go abroad, consumptive symptoms having made their appearance. In October of that year, Mr. Adair, Inspector-general of Hospitals, appointed him a surgeon on the staff, and, in the following spring, he went with the army to Bellisle. Hunter served, while the war continued, as senior surgeon on the staff, both in Bellisle and Portugal, till the year 1763; and in that period acquired a knowledge of gun-shot wounds, on which he wrote a treatise, published after his death. On his return to England, he settled in London, where, not finding the emoluments from his half-pay and private practice sufficient to support him, he taught practical anatomy and operative surgery for many years. In the first eleven years of his practice, from 1763 to 1774, his income never exceeded a thousand pounds a year. But it gradually improved. In 1778 it exceeded that sum; and for several years before his death it was five thousand a year—the year before his death it was more. No sooner had Hunter come back to England, than he returned, with unabated ardour, to the study of comparative anatomy; and, as his experiments could not be carried on in a large town, he purchased for that purpose a piece of ground near Brompton, at a place called Earl's Court, on which he built a house. We have already related an anecdote connected with this retreat. His collection of birds and animals here was very extensive; but his familiar study of them and their habits was not, as we have already seen, always unaccompanied with danger. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial; and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the queen, with which he used to wrestle in play and intermix himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of

these contests the bull overpowered him and threw him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would, most probably, have cost him his life.

In 1767, Hunter was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. His desire for improvement in those branches of knowledge which might assist him in his researches, led him at this time to propose to Dr. George Fordyce, and Mr. Cuming, an eminent mechanic, that they should adjourn from the meetings of the Royal Society to some coffee-house, and discuss such subjects as were connected with science. This society comprised several eminent men, such as Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Maskelyne, Mr. Watts of Birmingham, and others. In 1768, Hunter became a member of the College of Surgeons; and, in the year following, was elected one of the surgeons of St. George's Hospital. In 1771, his treatise on "The Natural History of the Teeth" was published; and in July of the same year he was married to Miss Home. The expense of his pursuits had been so great, that it was not till several years after his first engagement with this lady that his affairs could be sufficiently arranged to admit of his marrying. In a short time his private character and professional reputation advanced rapidly. His family also began to increase; but still as much time and more money than ever were devoted to his collection. The whole suite of the best rooms in his house were occupied by his preparations, and he dedicated his mornings, from sunrise to eight, entirely to his favourite pursuits. In the winter of 1773 he formed a plan of giving a course of lectures on the theory and principles of surgery, with a view of laying before the public his own opinions on that subject. In the winter he read his lectures gratis to the pupils of St. George's Hospital, and in 1775 gave a course for money, upon the same terms as the other professors. In 1776, Hunter was appointed surgeon-extraordinary to his Majesty. Other honours were heaped upon him. Learned societies at Edinburgh, Göttingen, Paris, and America, enrolled him amongst their members; and in 1792 he was appointed surgeon-general to the army; he had previously been deputy. And then came the end. Hunter died of angina pectoris, in the 65th year of his age, on October 16th, 1793. When in his usual state of health, he went to St. George's Hospital, and meeting with some things which irritated his mind, he went into the next room; turning round to one of the physicians of the hospital, he gave a deep groan and dropped down dead. He was buried in the parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Hunter was of a short stature, uncommonly strong and active, and capable of great bodily exertion. His countenance was animated and open, and in the latter part of his life deeply impressed with thoughtfulness. When his portrait was shown to Lavater, he said, "That man thinks for himself." In his youth, writes Sir Everard Home, he was cheerful in his disposition, and entered into youthful follies with others of the same age; but wine never agreed with his stomach, and for the last twenty years of his life he drank nothing but water. His temper was warm and impatient. His disposition was candid and free from reserve. His mind was perpetually on the alert. He used to say it fatigued him to be long in a mixed company, which did not admit of connected conversation, more particularly during the last ten years of his life. He required less relaxation than most other men, seldom sleeping more than four hours in the night, though almost an hour after dinner.

In his writings Hunter displays extraordinary powers. One of his most important papers was that on the muscularity of arteries, but his grand discovery was that of the life of the blood. More than of most men is it true of Hunter, that his works yet live. His collection of comparative anatomy was purchased by the parliament for £15,000. This collection must be considered as the great object of Hunter's life, and as a surprising proof of his talents, assiduity, and labour. It is an attempt to expose to view the

found to exist, up to the most-perfect and most complex of the animal creation—man himself. Hunter, by means of preparations, was enabled to preserve the parts of different animal bodies intended for similar uses, so that the various links in the chain are readily followed and clearly understood. This collection is arranged according to the subjects they are intended to illustrate.

which are placed in the following order :—first, parts constituted for motion ; secondly, parts essential to animals respecting their own internal economy ; thirdly, parts superadded for parts connected with external objects ; and fourthly, parts for the propagation of the species and maintenance or support of the young.

Hunter's museum was offered to the College of Physicians, which declined the trust. It was then committed to the care of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields, where it is open to the inspection of the public during the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The corporation has enlarged the museum, instituted professorships for the illustration of it, and is now forming a library. The most valuable part of the collection is that in the area of the great room, consisting of upwards of 2,000 preparations, which were the result of Mr. Hunter's experiments on the inferior animals, and of his researches in morbid human anatomy. All these originally were arranged as illustrative of his lectures. The first division alone, in support of his theory of inflammation, contains 602 preparations. Those, illustrative of specific diseases, amount to 1,084. There are besides, 652 dried specimens, consisting of diseased joints, bones, and arteries. On the floor there is a very fine collection of the skeletons of man and other animals ; "and if the council of the college," says the writer of the life of Hunter, in the Gallery of Portraits, "continue to augment this collection with the same liberal spirit which they have hitherto shown, it will be creditable to the nation." The osteological specimens amount to 1,936. But the most interesting portion—we might say, one of the most interesting exhibitions in Europe to a philosophical and inquiring mind—is that which extends along the whole gallery : there the glory of his system shines. Let us take one small compartment in order to understand it. "Suppose," says the writer we have already quoted, "it is wished to learn the importance of the stomach in the animal economy. The first object presented to us is a hyatid, an animal, as it were, all stomach—

being a simple sac with an exterior absorbing surface. Here we have the polypus, with a stomach opening by one orifice, and no superadded organ. Next in order is the leech, in which we see the beginning of a complexity of structure. Then advancing to creatures in which the stomach is complex, we find the single membranous stomach ; then the stomach with a crop attached to macerate and prepare the food for digestion ; then a ruminating stomach ; and finally, all the appended organs necessary in the various classes of animals." When Hunter died, the museum consisted of 70,000 preparations, and was said to have cost him £10,000. Hunter began the catalogue several years before his death. He bequeathed to the world nineteen folio volumes of MS. materials, written either by himself or at his dictation, and, there is little doubt, of the most valuable kind. More MSS. were burnt by his brother-in-law, Sir E. Home, for no other apparent reason than that Sir Everard feared his own plagiarisms from Hunter's MSS. would be discovered. Thus an irreparable injury has been done to Hunter's fame. "Every year," writes one, "as his museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts, for the discovery of which other observers have since his death received the honour." Happily, however, Hunter's fame has survived even so scandalous an act. Every year there is a grand day at Lincoln's-inn-fields. Warriors and statesmen—poets and artists—men of celebrity in every walk of life, are found among the audience. The president is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject—the 14th of February, and the birthday of John Hunter—he proceeds, in a notice of his life, to show what the college and the profession and the world owe to this illustrious man. Surely no more fitting place could be found for such a theme. Under the bust of Wren we read, "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" Under the portrait of Hunter in Lincoln's-inn-fields the same may be written. Everything around speaks of Hunter's talent, energy, and power.

ROMAN MONUMENTS AT TURBIA.

TURBIA is one of the principal points of interest in the doubtful and disputed territory between Nice and Monaco. On leaving the village we begin to descend ; Monaco lies directly below, and looking upon it from the terrace of Turbia, we feel almost inclined to take a leap downwards ; but it would be a dangerous thing to do, for the perpendicular height is more than 1,500 feet. The path is cut like a staircase in this awful declivity, and if this is the ancient way, as it appears to be, modern progress has judged well ; for, commencing at the same point as this frightful break-neck path, there is a fine post-road, running parallel with the coast, and descending so gradually towards Italy, that it only reaches the plain at the distance of three leagues. As at the extremity of the mountain, below which Nice is situated, the eye hovers over France, so here Italy, with its gulfs, its windings, its hills, and its mountains, lies spread out before us. When the atmosphere is sufficiently clear, we may distinguish Corsica, and the jagged peaks of the Apennines beyond Genoa, stretched out afar upon the horizon. Most striking is this glorious spectacle : it seems evident that we here pass from one country to another.

Tradition would make it appear that it was upon the very soil of Turbia that Augustus vanquished the people of the Alps, and, in fact, the possession of this decisive spot seems worthy of dispute. But we imagine, that even had not Turbia been the theatre of war, its towering position, which rendered it visible from the coast of France as well as from the coast of Italy, would have sufficed to determine the conquerors to erect there the trophy of their victory. We know very little of this war of the Alps, which nevertheless had such important results, since it confirmed the Roman dominion in these countries. Historians are singularly laconic on the subject. Suetonius, in his "Life of Augustus," merely says : "He subjugated the Alpine nations." Appian says : "He subdued by force all the barbarous and warlike nations which inhabit the summits of the Alps." We find that this war was concluded in the year of Rome 739, or B.C. 14. Several witnesses show that Augustus was assisted by Drusus, Tiberius, and Varro. It may be conceived that

a war which involved all the population of the mountains, from the Adriatic to the Durance, would be very uncertain, and require several campaigns. The war itself was a natural consequence of the extension of the empire by the conquests of Julius Caesar. Rome could no longer tolerate independent nations between the two Gauls, nor that this communication should be long exposed to the turbulence of the mountaineers. It is astonishing that, having been mistress of Provence so long, she should have delayed until now to reduce Liguria to obedience. Perhaps, with its traditions of patience and perseverance, the senate had judged it wise to attend first to the most important. This is the opinion of Appian. "I think," said he, "that the state is anxious first of all to secure to Rome the right of passage through the Alps."

However that may be, we learn from Dion, that in order to preserve to posterity the memory of this great event, the senate commanded the erection of a monument upon the summit of the Alps ; and Pliny has preserved to us the inscription in full which was placed upon it. This monument is the tower of Turbia. Too much injured by the barbarians to claim any interest as a specimen of art, it is, nevertheless, interesting to study. Who could gaze upon these crumbling stones—the infinite sea stretching out before him, the horizon of France on one side, and on the other that of Italy—and feel no interest in reflecting on the vicissitudes of the past, which predict so many for the future ?

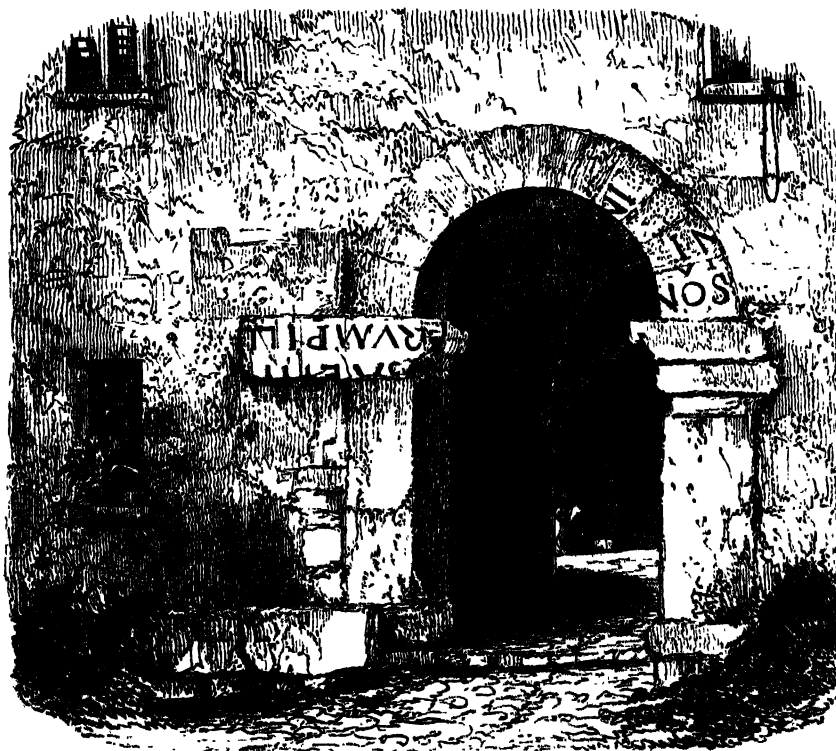
The monument has undergone such metamorphoses, not only from the hand of destruction, but also from change of use, that it is difficult to form an accurate idea, from its present condition, of what it must have been originally. It now consists of an enormous mass, which appears to have been formerly a quadrangle : it is surmounted by a tower which has been cut through the centre, and only one half left standing. It is only in the lower structure that the hand of the primitive architect is to be discovered ; not only the construction of the tower, but the embrasures which crown the summit, indicate it a work of the middle ages. We have, in fact, the witness of historians to prove that the monument upon which

the barbarians, by way of revenge, were pleased to inflict the injuries of mutilation, was changed into a fortress in the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Thus even its greatness, which would seem to have been its guarantee against the action of time, became the principal cause of its ruin. We find in the "*Nouveau Théâtre du Piémont et de la Savoie*," printed at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a fine engraving of this curious fortress; but it would be difficult to distinguish there any trace of its antiquity. The quadrangular structure has been simplified so as to form the base of a rampart, from the four angles of which spring quadrangular turrets, and a circular tower crowns the whole. Long the subject of dispute between the rival parties, this citadel was destroyed at the end of the sixteenth century by Marshal Villiers, upon the instigation of the Prince of Monaco, the frontiers of whose territories it threatened. But these remains still shed over the country a ray of the past, and preserve there the great name of Rome.

After examining the ruins still remaining on the spot, or scattered over the village, and comparing them with the account of it preserved in some authors, it may be conjectured, that the monu-

If the heap of rubbish which has accumulated around the monument were thoroughly examined, no doubt some important remains would be found; for, although the statues have been broken, they have not been taken away. As for the inscription, the adjoining representation will show what remains of it. What has become of the other fragments? Reduced to the condition of building-stones, they serve perhaps for walls to other ruined houses, the owners of which were not ambitious of affixing white marble to their doorway. Probably also the stones of the arch, upon which no letters are visible, would, if reversed, bring to light the remainder of the inscription. It would, perhaps, be worthy of the city of Nice to remove these stones, and place them in the Museum library; but to us their present situation seems so full of instruction, that we should regret to see them removed.

Aided by the text of Pliny, it is not difficult to find the value of each fragment presented to us by this doorway. The principal part belongs to the first and second lines of the list of vanquished nations:—"Gentes Alpine devictæ: Trimpilini, Camuni," etc. We read upon the stone over the left pillar the lower part of "Alpi," preceded by an s, the final letter of "Gentes," and above that—for



FRAGMENTS OF THE INSCRIPTION OF AUGUSTUS ON A DOORWAY AT TURBIA.

ment consisted of a quadrangle surrounded by Doric columns, adorned with statues of the lieutenants of Augustus, and those of the vanquished barbarians, and surmounted by a colossal image of the emperor.

M. P. Boyer, a Frenchman, who visited Turbia in 1585, relates that he discovered in the enclosure of the fortress a colossal head of Augustus, terribly mutilated, but sufficiently preserved to allow him to take its measurement, from which he calculated that the entire figure must have been twenty-eight feet in height. He discovered also the upper part of the torso, and studied it sufficiently to deliver a dissertation upon the costume. He supposed that the rest of the statue had been cut away to furnish material for two large tombs, one of which then served for a horse-pond. Another interesting discovery was a knee clasped by two hands, appearing to have belonged to the figure of a captive, from which he concluded that the image of the emperor was not the only decoration of the monument. Towards the end of the last century, a fine head of Brutus was dug from the ruins. It was purchased upon the spot by the prince of Denmark, and placed by him in the Museum of Copenhagen, where it may still be seen.

the letters are upside down—"rumpil" of "Trimpilini." Upon the right pillar, the letters xos belong to the word "Venostes," the only word of the list in which this syllable is found. The syllable xi, which we read upon two stones, cannot be exactly determined, for in the list given by Pliny there are ten names which have this termination. However, if we suppose all these stones belong to the first lines of the inscription, the letters may belong to "Camuni," to "Drucini," or else to the final of "Trimpilini." But that is of little importance.

We have only to remark that the stone on the left pillar may serve as a commentary on the too concise passage left us by Pliny. As naturalists, by the aid of one bone, can reconstruct the entire animal, so may we endeavour by the help of this single piece to restore the whole tablet.

In the text of Pliny there are two distinct things to be noticed: 1st. The dedication to Augustus, "Imp. Cesar, dio . . . quod ejus ductu auspique, etc." "To the emperor Cesar Augustus . . . because it was by his command, and under his auspices, that all the Alpine nations of the upper and lower sea were subjugated to the empire of the Roman people;" 2nd. The list of the

vanquished nations, "*Gentes Alpinæ devictæ, Trupillini, Camuni, Venostes, etc.*" It is probable that these two inscriptions, of so different a character, occupied different situations upon the monument.

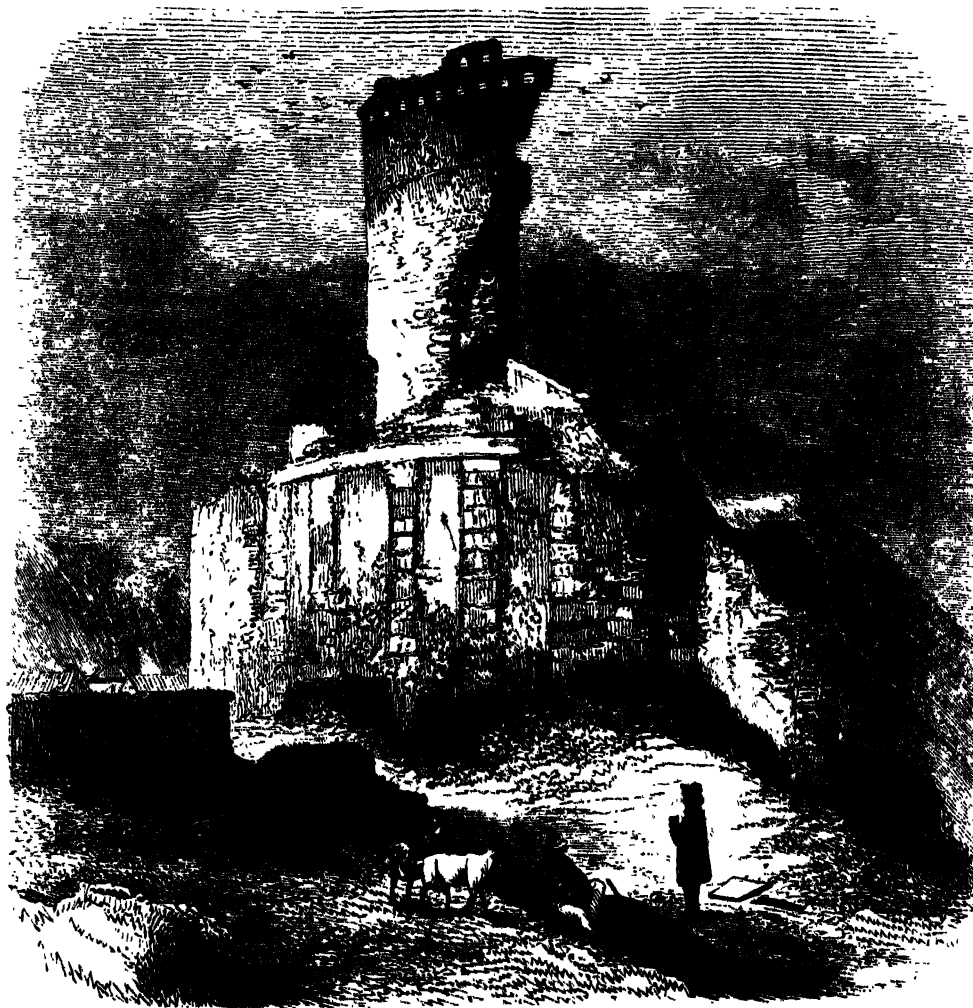
We, however, have only to notice the list of vanquished nations, since of the others we have no remains. *The inscription upon the stone of the left pillar will assist us to calculate the length and breadth of the whole. The letters "*Alpin*," occupying a space of nearly four inches, it is easy to determine that "*Gentes Alpinæ devictæ*" upon the same scale, would occupy more than nine feet. This, then, would have been the breadth of the tablet.

The length, or height, of the inscription may be calculated by the names mentioned by Pliny, compared with the dimensions of the characters employed. The height of the letters is seven inches,

that of the space between the lines four inches, whence it follows that the space occupied by the forty-seven names, with title and margin, would be about forty-five feet. Perhaps this long inscription was divided into two tablets, and placed upon the front of the monument. But be that as it may, it must have been of colossal magnitude.

It may, perhaps, be contended that the names of the nations, instead of occupying each its own line, were placed one after another, which would much diminish the height of the tablet; but that each of the names occupied its own line can admit of no doubt.

Here is enough to stimulate the zeal of amateurs; and we wish that these lines, meeting the eye of some one of our countrymen, may help to cure him of his ill-humours, by inspiring him with the idea of exploring this precious mine of archæology and the fine arts.



RUINS OF THE TOWER OF AUGUSTUS AT TURBIA.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—II.

MARUSCHKA gave no answer to Selim's ambiguous remark, yet it was evident these words of the renegade fell upon her like sparks upon gunpowder. He, however, said to himself, "Be very careful, Selim Baschi. The capricious soul of woman often desires what it once disdained. They flee that they may be pursued, and when the pursuit is over the game sometimes turns hunter. Thus Maruschka may, perhaps, have changed her refusal into a tardy consent because she thought herself a medlar, which must be fully ripe to taste well."

This musing was interrupted by a question which the old robber put. "How is it," said he, "young apostate, that you roam about alone as a wanderer in our mountains?"

"Do I not know these hills as well as you?" replied Selim. "I have not lost my way hunting, but merely staid out rather late, and am now preparing some refreshment that I may make my way back with renewed vigour. I have a reason for hunting beyond the pleasure of it. We are all fond of game, and every deer I get improves my position with my superior."

"You take a good deal of trouble," observed Maruschka, "to please your commanders."

"It is the only way to obtain promotion," was the apostate's reply. "Even Turks are not above studying what is expedient for the attainment of their object. I am earnestly endeavouring to get into favour; and if a bold attempt of mine is successful, I shall then have powerful advocates who will appreciate my merit as it deserves. Mark, Maruschka, if you were in a position to

"assist me in a brilliant exploit against the Imperialists, then— But what do I say? You are a zealous Christian, and, consequently, devoted in your attachment to the double-headed eagle."

"Hush!" interrupted Maruschka, with great impetuosity. "The eagle is as hateful to me as spiders and toads. If you are disposed to venture upon an attack, I will assist you both with advice and in action, and I think I can render you great service, so that you may take half-a-dozen dragoon's heads to Mohadia. I am prepared to look out for a favourable opportunity, and hope soon to succeed."

Solim nodded and smiled with satisfaction, and the two were soon deep in conversation about the position and movements of the Imperial forces.

While the Wallachian female robber and the apostate were preparing their secret schemes by the fire in the wood, Zdenku, the Mlakaberg peasant, was sitting at ease upon a bench in his kitchen, which served both for a sleeping and sitting room. There was a maple-wood bedstead in the room, on which he often lazily stretched himself, after the manner of the inhabitants of these parts near the Danube, who are all alike in idleness and cowardice, whether they call themselves Servians, Wallachians, or Croatians. He was looking lazily at the curling wreaths of smoke from his pipe, while his wife and daughter were getting ready the supper at the fire. The wife, an active woman, was as repulsive and dirty as her husband. The daughter bore some resemblance to both, but yet had rather a different aspect. Her fresh countenance, which inherited the prominent features of her father's, was attractive to behold in its youthful bloom. The short figure, which she derived from her mother, combined with her plump roundness to produce a model of symmetry and activity. And to crown the whole, the beautiful Wantscha united to all the attractions of health, youth, and loveliness, a purity of heart such as is rarely to be found even among those who have enjoyed the highest advantages in point of education and example.

"Wantscha, my child," said the peasant, all at once aroused by the savoury odour arising from the fire, "tell me what you have there cooking."

"A delicacy, father," replied the daughter, "four bear's feet."

"Indeed! How came you by them? Have you taken the grim monster by the ear?"

"You will not guess, father. When I went out to-day to take the herdsmen their dinner, they were just killing the bear which had fallen into the trap in the course of the night, and I brought home the feet and hocks."

"The men may have the rest, themselves," said Zdenku, smiling; and then turning to his wife, added, "we have a clever lass there, that is very clear."

"She is not active, at any rate," muttered the woman; "in that she takes after her father."

Wantscha was ready in a moment to defend herself from her mother's reproach. She thought it was only prudent not to wish to be married to an old robber, and was about once more to justify her reluctance, when the entrance of a stranger interrupted her just as the first word was on the tip of her tongue. This unexpected visitor was so tall that he was obliged to stoop a little to avoid knocking his head against the upper part of the door. Yet with all this unusual height of stature he was as square-built and compactly-formed as the merest dwarf, while neither symmetry nor pliancy of limb was at all deficient in his gigantic bulk. His countenance, like his person, bore traces of a stern kind of beauty. Beneath his lofty forehead and overhanging eye-brows shone forth a pair of dark eyes. The nose was broad and large, with wide nostrils. Over the lips grew a thick arch of black moustaches, which united with the whiskers and stretched out at the ends more than an inch each way. The dress, as well as the form and countenance, the giant was strange and striking. It consisted of a

doublet without arms, a sort of open waistcoat of blue adorned with silk cord, and red trousers which terminated in laced half-boots. The back and left side were covered with a bear-skin buscar's coat also, corded and fastened under the arms so as to leave that arm quite at liberty. His right hand was armed with a scimitar or Hungarian axe, a dangerous weapon when skilfully wielded. In his girdle were stuck a pair of horse-pistols

and a short sabre. Beneath the coat on the left side hung a long sword, and a gunstock on which to fix a pistol, if necessary.

The weapons were in excellent condition. The dress, although it had evidently been long exposed to wind and weather, served as an ornament to the wearer—at least in the eyes of the beautiful Wantscha, who, deeply blushing, could not refrain from exclaiming in a half-audible tone, "What a pleasant surprise!"

"Praised be the Holy Virgin," said the visitor as he entered, sprinkling himself with the holy water at the door, and making the sign of the cross after the manner of the Eastern church.

"All praise to the whole company of saints in heaven," answered the three inmates of the house. The woman added, "Why so late at night, robber chief?"

The latter laid aside his outer coat, made himself comfortable upon a seat, and then replied:—"I wished to visit my wife and then go to Mlakaberg. But Maruschka was not in her retreat. She had gone, they said, to meet her messenger, the active Dobru, whom she had sent out for some gunpowder. I waited for her to come back because she had promised to let me have a pound of powder as soon as she got any. But I waited in vain, she did not come, and at last I went away. Hence I am a late visitor here, but not too late, I perceive. I have come just in time for supper, and my nose tells me it will be a good one, too."

"Perhaps we expected a visit from you, Petru Bagyu," said Wantscha, laughing, "and have, therefore, prepared something very nice."

"Joke away," was the robber's reply; "I have swallowed many a nice morsel intended for another without being any the worse for it."

"It would not answer for you to be a robber," said Czinka, "if you were not always on the watch to snap up what belongs to other people."

"Better be a Wallachian robber," rejoined he, "than a Croatian thief."

The conversation continued in a strain of social jocularity. In the eyes of the peasant and his family, robbery was a sort of profession or handicraft to which they need entertain no unfriendly feeling, as long as their own property was respected. Still the wife let fall some expressions which were not altogether without bitterness. She had remarked that Petru had for some time past considered himself as a Turk, and although he made use of the holy water, might, like any other unbelieving Moslem, be disposed to take a second wife, if not three or four. Petru understood what she meant well enough, but abstained from any reply. With a quiet serious air he put his hand into his knapsack, which he laid on the bench with his fur coat and sabre, and pulled out a large flask, saying, "Let us drink, I have better stuff here than any pasha can get to drink."

Czinka smiled in a good-natured way, and accepted his invitation without any reluctance. The lazy Zdenku was all of a sudden as brisk and active as any waiter at an hotel or coffee-house. Even Wantscha did not scorn the tempting offer, but took more than one draught with much pleasure. The bear's feet were brought to table. The meal passed amid plenty of talking and joking, and though Zdenku might at first have felt a little annoyed when he found a visitor had come to partake of the rich dainties, he consoled himself as well as he could with the flask, and was the more contented when Petru promised to leave it behind him.

At last the robber chief rose to go. "It is getting late," said he, "and I have a long way to go."

"Won't you stay for the night?" asked Czinka in astonishment.

"I should be glad to do so," was the reply, "but I cannot; I am expecting a messenger to-night, who will, perhaps, bring good news."

"Only perhaps?" said Zdenku, yawning; "for a perhaps I would not stir my little finger."

"You are right enough, to take it easy," replied Petru; "you have a good home, a wife, child, and servants, with plenty to eat and drink; and may sit here watching the birds from morning to night, without any anxiety. But I have a dozen mouths to fill by my own exertions, in these hard times. Business with me is very bad, and rather dangerous, besides. As I cannot make myself so comfortable as I should like, I am now going from Mohadia to Orsova upon a mere uncertainty."

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

It is sometimes said that the age of statesmen has fled—meaning thereby, that the growth of statesmen has ceased, or passed away. It is recorded of Sir R. Peel, that one of the contemplations that filled him with distrust of the future of England was the fact, that towards the close of his career, or at least after he had spent a long life in the service of his country, he saw no appearance of that younger race of political capacities which, in the natural order of things, should give promise of worthily filling the public stage as he and his contemporary actors quitted the scene. And really, the reasonableness of this foreboding strikes one most seriously in glancing at the majority of men now in office—recalling the duration of their

return!—were to take up a journal or periodical, and read of Lord Lansdowne making a speech in the peers, or assisting in the deliberations of the cabinet, or, still more, of giving a magnificent fashionable fête in Berkeley-square, with half the patricians in Burke or Debrett figuring there, he, the said returned voyager, would conclude, as a matter of course, that the individual in question was the son of that Marquis of Lansdowne who was a most aged and patriarchal politician when the arctic explorer had set out on his expedition. He never could conceive that the Marquis of that era was the Marquis of this; that after all the mutations in systems and circumstances, an individual who had been a prominent



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

duties, and looking forward in vain for others competent to discharge those duties as well, or anything like as well, though those now discharging them have attained ages which, in any other occupation in life than that of governing the country would have entitled them to all the ease and unruffled honours of retirement long, long ago. To no man in the ministry—though the head of it, Lord Aberdeen, is himself a phenomenon on the score we are speaking of—to no man out of the ministry, with the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Lyndhurst, whose intellect is as stout stamina as strong, to all appearance, as if ripe middle age, do these remarks apply with distinguished nobleness whose name I have just mentioned, the voyager from the Franklin Expedition—

legislator for the fathers, the grandfathers—ay, the great-grand-fathers—of the present generation, could still be in office, still looked up to, and his advice and assistance be deemed absolutely essential to the guidance of the political concerns in which he still takes a conspicuous personal part.

One can hardly realize the immense sweep of time over which the life, the active political life, of Lord Lansdowne extends. People are accustomed to hold up their hands and open their eyes, as they are told that Lord Palmerston was a valuable member of the greater part of the Peninsular War, and filled its responsible office of Secretary at War for several years afterwards. And certainly, these facts, and their look at the noble vie-

count, still buoyant and vigorous, and with a score of sessions in his constitution, it does make one despair of the likelihood of such a race of men as the member for Tiverton belongs to ever again becoming known to our history. But he is a mere chicken compared to the Marquis in point of official standing. We of this age think that the period of Earl Grey and the Reform Bill is somewhat distant; that Canning is among the classics as to time; that the Liverpool and Castlereagh days belong to the mists of history; and as for Pitt and Fox, why, we regard them with something of that veneration in respect to antiquity with which we look upon the early records of the house of Hanover; while as to meeting with any one who ever saw either of these celebrated personages, such a thought never occurs to us; or, if it does, we think of such venerable individuals as we do of the "oldest inhabitant" of the newspapers, as of one who sits mumbling and dozing in a corner, entertaining his own senility with garrulous gossip of things his father before him had told him, rather than of matters within his own cognisance. What, then, must be our astonishment as we confront in Lord Lansdowne a person with whom Pitt and Fox were not merely traditional celebrities, who were quitting the sphere of politics as his boyhood was beginning to comprehend the sort of men they really were, but one who was an opponent of one and a colleague of the other of them. Lord Lansdowne was actually a cabinet minister in the days of Fox: he was Fox's Chancellor of the Exchequer, three years before the present one, Mr. Gladstone, and one year before the late one, Mr. Disraeli, was born! Of course, he must not only have been of full age when he was appointed to that office, in the very crisis of a war still more formidable than that we are now engaged in,—for the whole continent was allied against us, and the nations that occasionally took heart of grace to fight for themselves had to be paid by us for their patriotism,—but he must also have been a party man of long standing, and one who had given great evidence of aptitude for that species of business which can only be acquired by experience. On the occasion of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer coming into the post he now fills, he spoke of himself as a veteran officer, of one whose office-life dated back twenty years, and talked like one whom age had given a prescriptive right to lecture the wild and comparatively immature, and therefore, perhaps, frivolous critics who are captious about occurrences that are incomprehensible or distasteful to them merely from their novelty. How, then, must it be with the Marquis, who, as we have just said, was an experienced and distinguished official before Mr. Gladstone was born! "I was a man when Hector's grandsire sucked," says Ulysses in the drama; and certainly the saying might be paraphrased with some truth by Lord Lansdowne if applied to some of his cabinet colleagues, say the noble Privy Seal, the Duke of Argyll, for example.

Long as his life has been, it has ever been free from taint or reproach of any kind; even from the taint which in these days is hardly felt to be a reproach—that of inconsistency. Sprung of a lineage of liberals, coming before the public as the *protégé*, friend, companion, and colleague of liberals, he has never once deviated from the path of progress, nor have his actions ever given warrant for the supposition that he did so. Even now, as one of a cabinet composed in part of men whom he had for years and years opposed as re-actionists, his presence is the pledge of progress; and the public feel, that though at his years it is wholly impossible he should materially influence any line of policy, still his sanction of the policy which is being pursued implies that that policy is of a more English and liberal nature than would be that other policy which his refusal to make part of the present ministry would have entailed upon the country. The character of the Marquis is one of which the whole English nation may be justly proud; it is the realisation of that ideal character which the warmest panegyrist of our patriotic institutions might select for portrayal. In the first place, it is as purely disinterested a character as can well be imagined in one of his position, and is perhaps the most disinterested which our whole party political history affords—much more so than that of the Duke of Wellington, whom it is customary to regard as the type of personal expediency in such matters. The duke was an exceedingly ambitious man, greedy of political power, not only for his own sake, but for his own sake; and the records of the formation of the ministry of 1830, and of the events which led to the downfall of

two preceding administrations, show, that if the first consideration of his grace was to secure an advantage for his party, the next consideration was to turn that advantage to his own individual aggrandisement. True, his transference of the premiership to Peel on the second occasion of being at the head of affairs, and his retention of nearly all the seals of all the offices till Sir Robert's return from Rome in 1834, is suggestive of great seeming indifference to official ambition. But it is to be recollected, that at that period the duke had come to the conclusion that the first minister of the crown should belong to the Commons, not to the Peers' House of Parliament; and, moreover, it was a matter of notoriety, of which none was more conscious than his grace himself, that the main stay of the ministry was the name of Wellington, and that his word was as much law in the cabinet as it would have been were he in camp. Very different, however, has the conduct of Lord Lansdowne ever been. Self is the last thing he has ever thought of. Though possessed, as we have seen, of unrivalled experience—though a man of great natural ability, aided by the highest culture and incessant study—though one of the richest men in the peerage, commanding the highest social position in right of his wealth, taste, and the unbounded personal respect in which he has ever been held—he has never sought to obtrude himself on the public or parliament; has always been content to fill a subordinate post, and satisfied if, in the capacity of a comparative cypher, he can contribute to the sum of human happiness, in the interest of those principles with which his name has ever been most honourably identified. Nor has he sought to indemnify himself for this forbearance in public by the indulgence of the love of intrigue in private, as has been the case with men somewhat similarly situated in all ages, and as is said to be the case now with Prince Metternich, who is alleged to have the same power behind the Austrian throne, in privacy, as he had so long before it; and as was also the case, according to popular belief, with Lord Bute, in the early part of the reign of George III., secretly influencing councils for the results of which he was not responsible.

Intrigue, trickery, plotting, and scheming of every kind are foreign to Lord Lansdowne. Noble alike by nature, position, and the circumstances that have surrounded him, or rather that he has created for himself, he has gone through life so purely as to have been untouched even by the breath of calumny; and amidst all the accusations which party malice directs against its objects in times of political strife, none has ever impugned the integrity of his declarations on public subjects, or hinted that a sordid, unworthy, or even personal motive of any kind has influenced what seemed to be his sense of duty. Hence, on the occasion of his quitting office, to all appearance for the last time, at the break-up of the ministry of which Lord John Russell was the head, in 1852, everybody felt that the glowing eulogium pronounced upon him by his political rival and then successor to the ministerial leadership in the upper house, the Earl of Derby, was something more than a routine courtesy, something very far beyond the mere conventional compliment prescribed by custom. It was admitted on all hands that the Marquis had deserved everything that was said of him; and the best proof that he did so was conveyed in the circumstances which soon after followed. When the Derby-Disraeli government were overthrown, the Sovereign and the leaders of the two parties embraced in the coalition ministry that was then in a state of formation, simultaneously resorted to the advice of Lord Lansdowne, knowing that they would find in his wisdom and unselfishness the very best guidance through the unparalleled party predicament in which the country was then placed. Nor were they disappointed. It was at Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that his life-long friend and almost pupil, Lord John Russell, agreed to merge all minor differences between his old foe, Lord Aberdeen, and himself, in the common cause of securing to the country the greatest aggregate of administrative ability which could be rendered available. It was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that Lord Aberdeen, who had never before been politically associated with any of Lord Lansdowne's usual friends, agreed to meet Lord John in a generous spirit of mutual forgiveness, reconciliation, and acquiescence; and it was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that her Majesty agreed to accept for ministers men who had hitherto been looked upon as the representatives, if not of exactly diametrically opposite principles, at least of opposite

plans for giving expression to those principles; for even under the modern liberalism of the Peelites, their maxim has been to do everything for the people on the Austrian model of governmental machinery, whereas the precept of the elder and consistent reformers is to let the people do that for themselves which the law and the constitution allow them. Nor did the good offices of Lord Lansdowne stop here. When differences arose between the reform section of the cabinet, when the views of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston on certain points clashed, or were said to have clashed (for the real facts never transpired), Lord Lansdowne was appealed to by each, and succeeded in reconciling both; and by a singular coincidence, the noble viscount, at the time the disagreement came to a rupture, was on a visit to Bowood, the seat of the Marquis—the confidential friend and guest of the man with whom he had his first political quarrel not far short of fifty years before—namely, at the election for the University of Cambridge, when he defeated the noble Marquis, then Lord Henry Petty, in 1806, Palmerston then representing the principles of Pitt, and his competitor, of course, those of Fox. This reminds us that it is now time to say a few words chronologically of the career of the subject of our memoir.

The family of the noble Marquis, Petty, traces its ancestry to a very remote period, the eleventh century, when one of the race figured considerably in the wars of Strongbow, in Ireland, where they obtained vast possessions, and where at the present day the family still own immense tracts of fine territory, especially in Kerry, which gives the title of earl to the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The present eldest son of the Marquis is, however, Earl of Shelburne—the Earl of Kerry being dead some years—and why the eldest living does not take the title of his defunct brother, is a puzzle to our very limited heraldic sagacity. The family of Petty was altogether obscure and unknown in England, and very insignificant in Ireland, if, indeed, they could be said to be known at all there, for many generations, till the middle of the sixteenth century, when William Petty, the son of a clothier in Romsey, in Hampshire (where Lord Palmerston was also born), attained wealth and subsequently great public distinction by his proficiency, first in mechanical and afterwards in medical pursuits. These latter he followed with infinite profit in Ireland for many years, investing his gains in land and attaining the dignity of knight himself and a barony in her own right for his wife, Baroness Shelburne. One of his sons became the Earl of Shelburne, and famous as a politician in the reign of George II., and is described by Mr. Disraeli in "Coningsby," as one of the greatest politicians in our annals, though the history of what he did is all but unknown to posterity. The earl's son (father of the present Marquis), was himself for some time prime minister to George III.; so that we see the subject of our sketch has large hereditary claims to political eminence—a quality, however, which does not seem to be further transmissible, for his son, the present Earl of Shelburne, of whom we have just spoken, though long in parliament for the family borough of Calne, in Wiltshire, and for a brief period a Lord of the

Treasury, has never acquired the smallest prominence as a speaker or otherwise. The present Marquis was born in 1780; and consequently is in his seventy-fifth year. He was educated first at Westminster School, subsequently at Edinburgh, where, in common with many others who have since reached prominent stations, he was a pupil of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he became a Master of Arts. Availing himself of the brief Peace of Amiens, he made a hurried run through France with M. Dumont, and then took his seat for Calne; his maiden-speech being full of promise, which his after efforts fully realised, especially on the impeachment of Lord Melville, for the malversation of public moneys as Treasurer of the Navy. In the first election for Cambridge, which he contested with Lord Palmerston about this time, he succeeded—in the second he was defeated; the latter being owing to his advocacy of civil and religious claims, in contrast with the restrictive and bigoted views then upheld by Pitt's followers. In the budgets brought in by Lord Petty, while Chancellor of the Exchequer to Fox, there was no great room for the exhibition of what may be called popular finance, the war demanding new taxes instead of the remission of old ones; and the necessity of the noble lord to continue the income-tax, which he and his associates had long denounced, exposed him to considerable ridicule, of which the caricaturists of the time were not slow to take advantage: but of his great financial ability no doubt was ever entertained; and to this day few men in either house can deliver a speech more instructive or rich in information on any subject involving an exposition of the true canons of political economy, especially of a fiscal kind. The death of Fox, followed by the brief experiment of Earl Grenville's ministry (who, however, passed the Abolition of Slavery Bill, but were turned out for their support of Catholic emancipation), broke up the Reform party completely, as far as regarded their prospects of office. It was not till 1827 that the modified ministry of Canning gave the most moderate liberals a chance; and, accordingly, his lordship, who had been in the upper house since 1809, was made Home Secretary, an office which he filled with great credit. Again, the death of his chief drove the noble Marquis into opposition, of which he became the leader in the Peers till the formation of the Grey cabinet in 1830, when he became President of the Council, the office now held by Lord John Russell, and continued to fill it during every liberal administration that has since been formed, with the exception of the present, in which he holds no office, though a member of the cabinet. It is needless to add, after what we have stated, that in every cabinet to which he has belonged, and in every position which he has filled, whether in office or opposition, whether in public or private, his lordship has been the warm friend of enlightenment among the people and progressive liberty in all our institutions. His great hereditary wealth, largely augmented by matrimonial alliance with the affluent family of the Hesters, he has always employed in a wise munificence, promoting literature and the arts, with a generosity doubly valuable, because of the taste and discrimination that guide it.

THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA, AT SARAGOSSA.

Those who have read Napier's invaluable history of the Peninsular War will remember the principal circumstance in modern times for which Saragossa is remarkable. We allude to the famous siege of the place by the French under Marshals Mortier and Lannes, which lasted from July 15, 1808, to Feb. 1, 1809, with only some occasional and slight interruptions. It was not till 6,000 men had perished in battle, and more than 80,000 men, women, and children had been destroyed by famine, pestilence, or cruel outrage, that the French succeeded in taking possession of the city. The siege bore a strong resemblance to that of Jerusalem in the obstinacy of the resistance made, the sufferings of the besieged, and their fanatical barbarity towards one another as well as the enemy.

Among other sacred edifices which were then destroyed, was the convent of Santa Engracia, the ruins of which we have depicted.

It was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reign is memorable on many accounts, particularly for its connexion with the immortal discoveries of Columbus. Much has been said in praise of the cloister, which is adorned with marble columns and numerous armorial bearings; but not more than it fairly deserves. In this cloister was buried Jerome Blancas, the historian of Aragon, who died in 1590. It was over the smoking ruins of the convent that the French forced their way into the city in the terrible siege of 1809. The doorway, now riddled with bullets, is a remarkable work of the fifteenth century. It is thus described by Alexander Delaborda. "The doorway, which is in the form of an altar-screen, consists of two architectural portions. The first is adorned with four columns, and the statues of four learned ecclesiastics. The second contains three statues, that of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, and those of King Ferdinand V. and his Queen Isabella kneeling on

each side. These two portions are surmounted by a cross and statues of the Virgin and St. John. The arch of the door is ornamented with heads of seraphim, and near them are two ancient medallions, above which are written the words 'Numa Pompilius, M. Antonius.' The celebrated traveller adds, that in the interior of the church the decorations in marble and gold were distributed with artistic effect. There might be seen the magnificent mausoleum of the historian, Jerome Zurita, who died in 1570.

A side-door led to a second church, whence there was a descent to the crypt of *Las Santas Masas*. "This is," says Delaborde, "a veritable catacomb, in which are deposited the relics of many martyrs. The arched roof, which rises about twelve feet, and is covered with stars upon an azure ground, rests upon thirty small columns of different sorts of marble, forming six small naves. Here are preserved, among other things, several crystal vases con-

taining the blood and ashes of various martyrs, and the head of Saint Egracia in a silver shrine, adorned with a necklace of precious stones. There is a pit in the middle of this church, surrounded by an iron balustrade, which is said to contain the ashes of a great number of the faithful, whom Dacian had burnt at Saragossa."

Within the last twenty years Saragossa has witnessed fresh proofs of Spanish valour. Caballero, a general in the interest of Don Carlos, managed to enter the city by night, and got possession of the principal posts, on the 2nd of March, 1838. Even under these apparently desperate circumstances, the people never for one moment lost their courage. Totally unprepared as they were—without leaders, and very insufficiently provided with arms—they nevertheless rushed upon the intruding force with dauntless spirit, and ultimately succeeded in capturing 2,000, and driving out the remainder.



THE CONVENT OF SANTA EGRACIA.

THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

No portion of the continent of Europe abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery to so large an extent as the mountain land of Switzerland. There the most striking and sublime aspects of nature are accumulated, forming a source of perpetual inspiration to the painter and the poet. There the mountain rears its snow-capped summit to the clouds, the glacier presents its glittering and slippery front, and the torrent brawls among the rocks which obstruct its passage through the valley, or falls thundering down the face of almost perpendicular precipices. There the sublime

and beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow is seen above the cataract, and the lammergeyer wheels above the pinnacles of the mountains, marking the bounding chamois or the browsing goat for its prey. Not only is Switzerland the most elevated portion of Europe, but the beauties of its scenery are condensed, as it were; so that the tourist has not to travel over many miles of uninteresting country to admire a waterfall here, or climb a mountain there. In Switzerland all is picturesque; the tourist cannot take a walk of a few miles without meeting some object to awaken his interest and

excite his admiration. Everywhere he beholds the mountains towering to the skies, the river rushing through the valley, or the lake spread out before him, its blue waters dotted with the white sails of numerous fishing-boats.

The changes which the aspect of the landscape undergoes at different periods of the day are as varied and beautiful as the scenery itself. Early in the morning a mist envelops the mountains, but as the sun rises above their peaks, it disperses, and the lake reflects the blue sky, against which the snowy summits are distinctly defined. As the sun declines, the lake glows with crimson and gold, and the snow on the mountains gradually changes its hue from white to rose-colour. As the light decreases, the rose changes to purple, and the purple to gray, when the moon rises, and restores the snows the white garb with which they are clothed by day. A constant charm is thus experienced by the traveller as he journeys through this picturesque region, the beauties of which have inspired some of the finest poetry of Coleridge, Byron, and

On the height of Lendenburg was the fortress of the lords who formerly dominated over Unterwald. The ruins of their castle now serve in the summer as rude seats for the inhabitants of the district when they assemble to elect their magistrates and their deputies to the diet. The ancient seat of Austrian tyranny is thus converted into the rustic forum of a free people, where they exercise those rights which their ancestors won at the sword's point, and which they have ever defended with such unexampled heroism.

The courage of the Unterwalden peasants has been displayed on several signal occasions. United with those of Schwitz and Uri from time immemorial, a confederation known as the league of Waldstetlin, they were the veritable founders of the Helvetic republic, and took a brilliant part in the glorious battles of Sempach and Morgarten. In 1798, Unterwald, united with its two ancient allies, had another occasion for displaying the courage of its hardy peasantry. These three small cantons repudiated the constitution which had lately been proclaimed in Switzerland



THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

Shelley. The lakes of Switzerland comprise some of its most pleasing scenery, though not the most sublime; and those tourists who are content with gazing at the Alps as they rise from the opposite shore of a wide sheet of water, and whose love of the sublime is not strong enough to urge them to encounter the fatigues and dangers of climbing to the top of Mont Blanc, pass most of their time at the pleasant towns on their shores.

The lake of Saarnen is one of the four small lakes of the canton of Unterwald. It is about three miles in length, and a mile and a half in average breadth. The traveller who crosses the Brunig to reach the lake of the Four Cantons comes upon this little lake, and the town of the same name on its shores. At a little distance is the elevation of Lendenburg, the view from which embraces a varied and extensive panorama. On one side is the lake of Saarnen, surrounded by its picturesque shores, and in the distance the Bernese Alps; on the other side, the river Aar flows through a verdant valley on its way towards the lake of Lucerne, into which it discharges its waters; and beyond, the forest of Kern.

under French influence: all the decrees, all the menaces of the Helvetic directory were in vain. In defending their ancient constitution, they believed that they were defending the conquests over tyranny which had been cemented with the blood of their forefathers. Twelve thousand French troops were marched into the country to subdue them. They met in battle on the 9th September, 1798. The Swiss numbered only two thousand, but held a strong position in the mountains, which they defended during nine hours with unexampled bravery. The women, the old men, the children, all assisted in the combat. Eighteen young men fell, with weapons in their hands, before the chapel erected in memory of Arnold Winkelried. Not far from Stantz, the chief town of Lower Unterwald, forty-five peasants of Nidwalden resisted for a long time the progress of a French battalion. Their undying attachment to their old institutions has led, on several occasions, to serious disputes between the great and little cantons, and it was these differences of opinion that produced the Sonderbund, which agitated the political world in 1846.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF BUDDHA SHAKKYA-MOUNI.

Herodotus says in his history: "They show in Scythia a thing worthy of admiration: it is the footprints of Hercules upon a rock near the Tyras." They resemble those of a man, but are two cubits in length." Similar impressions elsewhere have been objects of veneration among the heathen; and at the present day the Buddhists honour, in like manner, the footprints of Shakkya-Mouni, the Buddha of the authentic period, who lived in the sixth century before the Christian era.

The most celebrated of these impressions of the feet of Buddha is that of his left foot, which, according to the Cingalese, is to be seen on the summit of Adam's Peak, in the island of Ceylon. The Arabian navigators of the ninth and fourteenth centuries made known their existence; but they supposed them to have been made by the feet of Adam. A Moslem tradition, mentioned by Marco Polo, states, that Adam was buried on this same mountain. Barbosa, Diego de Canto, Ribeiro, Baldaus, Laloubère, R. Knox, Philalèthes, Valentyn, John Davy, and a great number of other travellers, have noticed and authenticated the existence of those impressions. Similar traces have been observed in different parts of Asia, especially on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, opposite Salan, Salang, or Junk-Ceylan, on the mountain *Savanna Coppahat*, or *Khan-phra-phuti-batt*—that is, the holy mountain of Buddha's footsteps; at Nagapuri, on the mountain *Khan-nang-rung*, in Northern Laos; on the banks of the Jumna; on those of the Ganges; at Gangantis, in a temple on the coast of Temesserini, north of Tavoy, etc. Another formerly existed at Mecca; and it is probable, that the fact of the spot being already consecrated by the veneration paid to this remarkable footmark contributed to render it the cradle of the new religion. Colonel Symes, during his embassy in Ava, made a drawing of one of these singular impressions, which is shown near Prome. Captain James Low has lithographed another, from a drawing made by a Siamese artist, which the Buddhist priests assured him was an accurate representation of the veritable footprint of Buddha, held in veneration throughout the kingdom of Siam. From this lithograph our engraving is taken.

The impressions that are regarded as the real footprints of Buddha are not the only objects of public worship in the countries in which the ancient creed is held: on account of their rarity, imitations are made, and placed in the temples for the adoration of the faithful. In this manner they form symbols of the principal Buddhist sects. The one we have represented presents a curious mixture of the symbols of Brahminism with those of Buddhism. In fact, the Siamese do not profess the pure faith of Buddha, which, among them, has been considerably modified by Hindoo influences. The priests communicated to Captain Low a portion of a Pali book explaining these symbols, a roll of which, consisting of fifty eight-syllabled verses, is recited in the temples as an invocation. Captain Low has added to his drawing an explanation of the numerous signs of which it is composed, but unfortunately without letters of reference. Eugène Burnouf has since given a more complete development of the subject in his "*Lotus de la bonne Loi*." We borrow from these two authors a very summary interpretation of the whole series of symbols, which will serve to guide our readers through the labyrinth of subjects presented by the engraving.

The five toes are represented by five flowers of the *duk-p-hekum*.

In the centre is the *chakra*, the shield frequently carried on the arm of Brahma or of Vishnu, a wheel of fire, an instrument of torture in the Siamese hell, a threatening comet in the heavens, a sign of disaster, a type of universal dominion, and a symbol of eternity. Before the image of the *chakra* the devout Buddhists cover their faces with their hands, and cry: "Behold the Krong-chak, and its glorious splendour!" In the fourth row, on the left of the *chakra*, is the pyramidal tiara of Buddha, a symbol of the sun, called in Siamese, the *mongkut*.

Watta-sang-ho, the shell *buccinum* (in the centre and near the wheel, resting on a support). A great quantity of these shells are to be found in Bengal. The five toes of the footprint drawn by the "Historical Educator," vol. i. p. 236. No mention has been made of this imprint by modern travellers. The river here named by Herodotus is supposed to be the Nilester.

Colonel Symes are represented by as many of these *watta-sang-ho*. According to the fable, Buddha assumed this figure previous to his last incarnation. The Buddhists attach great value to these spiral shells, and Crawford says that one of them has been sold for a sum equal to £200 sterling.

The Buddhist pot, or the *bat-keo-int-hanan* of the Siamese priests. According to Eugène Burnouf, the *párnakalasaya* (in Sanscrit), a full water-pot—sometimes several pots carried on a board, *Suriya*, the sun in his chariot, sometimes called *kassapa*. (Fourth compartment of the fifth row, on the left of the *chakra*.)

Chand-heina, or *phra-phan*, the moon drawn by horses. The moon or *chandra* is generally represented by the Hindoos as drawn by antelopes. (Fifth compartment of the third row, on the left of the *chakra*.)

Nak-hata, the polar star.

The *talapat-nany*, or ordinary umbrella, formed of the leaves of the talipot-tree, a species of palm. (The compartment forming the right-hand corner immediately above the *chakra*.)

In the same division are two trumpets of peculiar form.

The *taubai-lakchai*, the royal standard, with seven divisions, used by certain Buddhist sects as a symbol of Mount Merou.

The *pasanto*, or Siamese *prasat*, a square palace, richly ornamented and having a roof of spiral form; called in Sanscrit, according to Eugène Burnouf, *pradaya*.

The *pi-thakang* (in Siamese, *tiung-t-hang*), the bed of gold.

The *banlangko* (in Siamese, *t-hen-ban-lang*), the bed of repose, or, more probably, the altar of Buddha, that is placed in the areas of the temples, and on which worshippers deposit their offerings of flowers and fruit. Eugène Burnouf calls it the golden litter or palanquin.

The *d-há-chang* (in Siamese, *t-hong-chai*), a pavilion.

The *pato* (in Siamese, *t-hong-thadat*), a paper flag.

K-han-han-ola, the royal palanquin, or covered litter.

The *t-pat-t-hang*, or *chat-thong* (Siamese), a kind of chalice.

Wuchani (in Siamese, *p-hatchani*), the royal fan.

Mount Merou (in Siamese, *Meru-rat* and *khan-pramen*). According to the Buddhists, it has eight conical summits rising one above another.

The seven great rivers that flow between the hills of Mount Merou: *sati-ha-maha-k-hang-ka*, in Siamese, *menam-yai-chit*. (First compartment in the second row, on the right of the *chakra*.)

The six celestial worlds. (Four compartments commencing at the fourth row, and concluding at the seventh.)

The sixteen worlds of Brahma. (Three compartments adjoining the preceding.)

The four *dwipas*, or divisions of the world, represented by the heads framing the designs that indicate the particular characteristics of each of the four quarters of the globe.

The *champ-hu-thipa*, or the *jambou-dwipa*. It has a form analogous to that of a coach, and it is said to have been formerly covered by the waters. Men lived upon it to the age of a hundred years, subsisting by the sweat of their brows—that is, by labour.

Anmarak-koyuné, or circular *dwipa*, the inhabitants of which are of the figure of the full moon, are twenty cubits high, and live six hundred years; invisible hands bring them all the nourishment they desire.

It-araka-ro, or *dwipa* of a square form, an isle of the north, the men of which are more than twenty cubits high, and live five hundred years. The tree *kappa-phrek* supplies them with all that they require.

Bapp-hawit-ho, or *dwipa* in the form of a crescent, of the moon at seven days old. The inhabitants are likewise of the crescent form; they live four hundred years, are sixteen cubits high, and subsist on the air.

The tree called *eko-rukh-ho*, situated in the centre of the earth, supposed to be the *kabirj* of India. The perfumes which it exhales ravish the senses, and its foliage, agitated by the zephyrs, fills the air with harmonious sounds. It has four branches directed towards the four cardinal points, and when the fruit on the northern branch is ripe, it drops into the northern ocean to supply

the fish with food. The fruit on the eastern branch is changed into gold, and that of the western branch into diamonds.

Maha-samud-ro (according to Burnouf, *samudraya*), the great ocean that surrounds the four principal *dwipas*. (Second compartment of the first outside row, on the left of the *tchakra*.)

T-hawwi-sahasta-pariwara, the two thousand little *dwipas*, or islands that surround the four great *dwipas*.

Yuk-halang, enormous gold fishes that live in the ocean between Mount Merou and the *dwipas*. (Third compartment of the second row, on the left of the central wheel.)

Raja-naja or *phria-nak*, the king of the serpents. (Fifth compartment of the first row on the left.)

Tchakrawalang, the horizon that, under the form of a wall, surrounds Mount Merou. (The space in the centre of the first outside row, in the form of the wall of a fortress.)

Chattancha, the *svetachhat-arya* of Eugène Burnouf; a parasol of seven rows, in allusion to the seven cones of Mount Merou.

Hemawa or *Himala*, the mountain-chain of Himalaya, in the north of India.

Satta-maha-sara, (in Siamese, *sa-kai-cha*), the seven great lakes of the Himalaya range, abounding with fish and the lotus plant. (Third compartment of the first range, on the left of the *tchakra*, divided into seven squares.)

Pancha-maha-nathi, the five rivers that flow out of the lakes.

Walahaiko, (in Siamese, *ma-p-halahok*), the celestial horse, or the white horse of the Himalaya.

Kanthat-assuwarat, the horse that carried Buddha across the Jumna. (Next to the umbrella in the third row on the right.)

Tchakravartin, the possessor of the seven jewels, represented with a glaive in one hand, and a shield in the other. (Third compartment of the fifth row.)

Sing-ha-raja, or *phreca-rajhasi*, the lions.

P-hajak-ha-rhajha, or *p-hrea-sua-krong*, the royal tiger.

Ub-hosat-ho, the green elephant, one of the royal elephants of Hemawa. (The seventh compartment of the second row on the left, next to the horse.)

Tchatt-hanto, the white elephant, venerated by the Siamese because it carried Raja-chaka, by the Buddhists of Ceylon in memory of the form once taken by Shakya-mouni.

Saking-nak-ha, or *saki-nak-ho*, the red elephant of Himala; according to Colebrooke, the emblem of the second Jaina.

Erevanno, the elephant of Indra. (The caparisoned elephant, third compartment of the fourth row on the right.)

Usab-ho, the royal white bull of Hemawa. (The left-hand compartment immediately below the wall of Mount Merou.)

Me-k-ho, the cow of abundance, and *Wec-Lako*, or *thai-lokk-ho*, the calf. (Compartment adjoining the preceding.)

Nawa, the golden vessel, or ark of Noah, a symbol of the world. (Third compartment of the first row on the left.)

Chamnuchari, the tail of the yak, used as a fly-flap; according to Burnouf, *tchamaraya*.

Ninla-palang (the *nilotpalaya* of Burnouf), the blue nymphaea, or rather the water-lily of Hemawa. When Buddha was marching, this lotus grew under his feet.

Rattang-palang (the *raktapalmaya* of Burnouf), the red lotus of Siam.

Sitapalang, another variety of the lotus; according to Burnouf, *svetapatmaya*, the white nymphaea.

Mora-puchang, or *pincha*, the peacock's tail; according to Burnouf, *mayarakastaya*, a handful of peacock's feathers.

Chattu-muk-ka, a figure of Brahma, represented with four heads. (Third compartment of the fifth row, nearly below the central wheel.)

P-hummarocha, scarabeus, beetle of the golden mountain. (Fourth row on the left, near the lotus flowers.)

Suvanna-kach-hapo, the golden tortoises. (Fifth compartment of the second row on the left.)

Hangsa-cha, the goose of the Brahmins; this bird is represented on the flag of Aya, but it does not now exist in that country. Burnouf, with more probability, calls it the cassowary, a bird that is common in the eastern peninsula.

Tchakravalli, the king of the red geese. (Eleventh compartment.)

Mang-karo, an aquatic monster, occupying the place of Capricornus in the zodiac of the Siamese astronomers. (Second compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Karawiko, the melodious bird of Paradise, represented without feet. (Seventh compartment of the third row on the left.)

Kinaro, a creature half man, half bird, called by Eugène Burnouf the genie *Kimparacha*. (Seventh compartment of the second row on the right.)

Mayuro, the king of the peacocks. (Tenth compartment of the third row.)

Kaja-raja, a bird of the Himalayan range that lives on iron, and of whose excrements sabres of the finest temper are made.

Chwa-kuneika, an eagle or falcon, emblem of the god Ananta; according to Burnouf, the king of the pheasants, or of the partridges. (Ninth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Sapanno, a favourite bird of the Siamese, which plays an important part in their mythic legends. (Sixth compartment of the first row, on the left of the central wheel or shield.)

Suparna, half man, half bird, the king of the *suparnas*, and the enemy of the *nagas*, or serpents.

Sung-su, the alligator.

Ganca, *Hirambu*, or *Hera*, a four-armed divinity of the Hindoos. (Below the figure of Brahma.)

Toranany, the rampart of wood that surrounds the Louse of Somoocodom; according to Burnouf, it is the *Toranaya*, or arch of triumph. (On the right of the palace Prasadaya.)

Makatta, a flower resembling the marigold.

Parachatta, the flower that grows only in heaven.

Baraphet, nine sorts of precious stones. (Supposed to be in the vases on the left of the *tchakra*.)

The mountains *Sattap-hanp-hot*.

Mahengsa, or *mahento*, the buffalo.

Ramasura (the Siamese *Ramasur*, and perhaps the *Rama* of the Hindoo myths), one of the warriors brandishing a sword.

Ut-dha-tapasa, a saint and prophet of the Siamese, who, according to their legends, still lives upon the earth, though he was born before Buddha. He is represented as seated beneath a tent. (Second row on the right.)

Dha-chang, the sacred bow which Rama and Buddha alone have the power of using.

Itat-hi, the star called by the Siamese *Dau-kammap-hruk*.

Awa-vata-wannang, the goblet of gold, according to Captain Low, and *uratum-taka*, a ring suspended from a small gibbet, according to Eugène Burnouf. (Compartment just below the *tchakra*, towards the right.)

Paduka, the slippers or sandals. (Third compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Thewa-Thittamani, the goddess of the clouds: supposed to be the female figure holding a flower and a mirror.

Suvanna-mikhi, the golden gazelle. (Second compartment of the second row on the left.)

Kukkata-wannang, the Siamese cock. (Eighth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Saticha (in Siamese, *hak*), a lance.

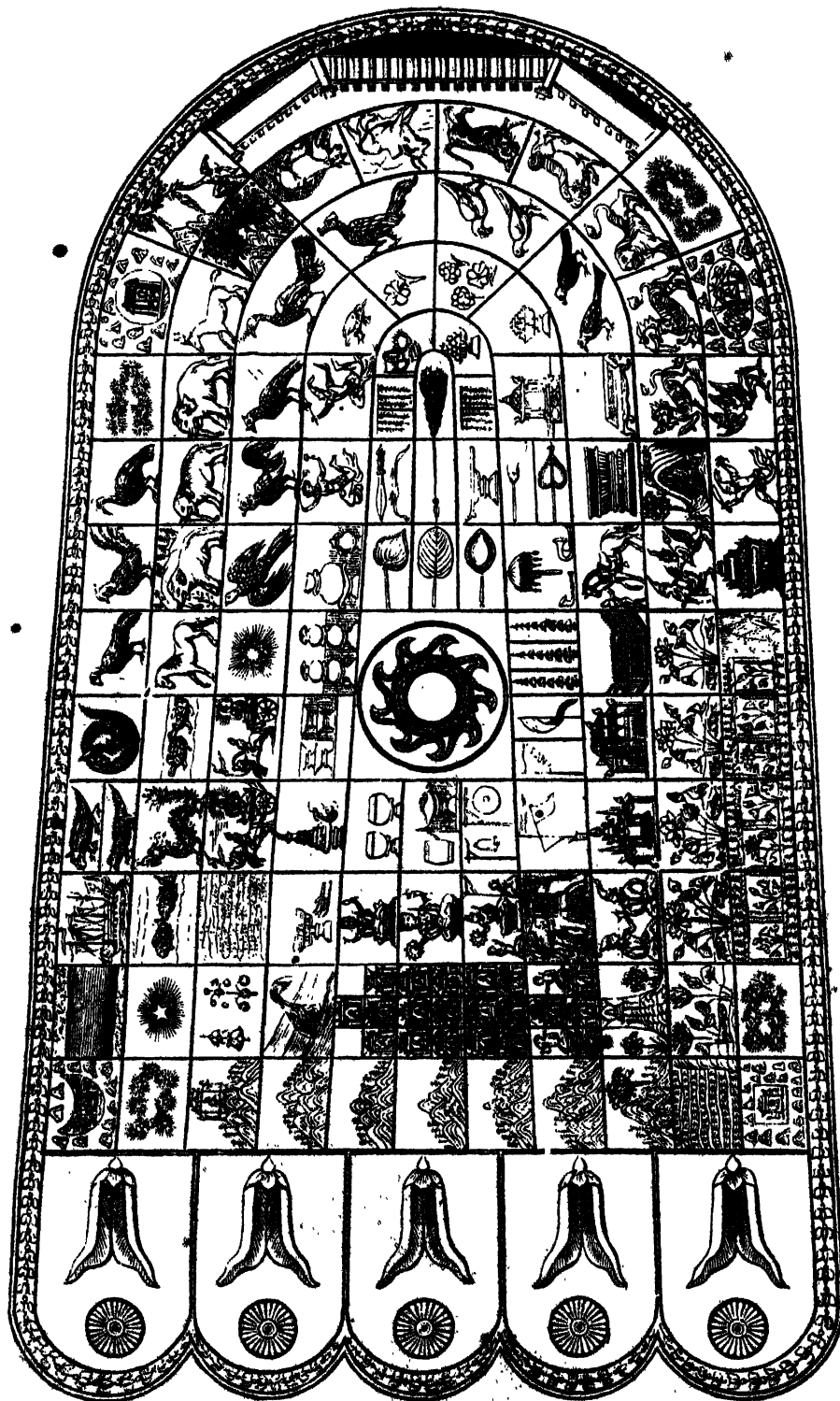
Tri-wactchocha, or rather, *tri-vastaya*, a diamond ornament, a collar or necklace; a sign of prosperity.

Watalo, part of the head-dress that falls down at the back of the head.

These explanations, confused and incomplete as they are in some respects, are, nevertheless, sufficient to show that the figures represented have not been designed at hazard, or without a purpose. The majority of the more prominent are designed to shadow forth the power and dignity of Buddha. "Thus," says Eugène Burnouf, "we first observe the mystic signs that announce the prosperity and grandeur of him of whom they are the impression. Then follow a long series of material objects, as the dress, the arms, the furniture, that are, in the eyes of the Hindoos, the appurtenances of regal power. From the physical world are borrowed those that are more striking and impressive: the sun, the ocean, the mountains, the animals that are most remarkable or most useful, whether amongst quadrupeds or birds; finally, the plants that are most remarkable for the elegance of their forms, or the brilliancy of their colours. The supernatural world has also furnished

images of the first of the gods, according to the Brahmins; those of the celestial world, and the various classes of genii that inhabit it, according to the Buddhists." Of the remainder, Burnouf observes, that such a confused assemblage of figures is not in accordance with

Hindoos and the ancient Egyptians, has its esoteric form, in which we find much to admire and commend, so much more pure and elevated is it than the absurd myths that have been grafted upon it. The mythologies of Egypt and India were founded upon the



THE FOOTPRINT OF BUDDHA SHAKYAMUNI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN LOW, AFTER A DRAWING BY A SIAMSE ARTIST.

the purity of the Buddhist religion; and we may, perhaps, attribute them to the gross superstition of the Siamese. The more enlightened Buddhists of China and Japan admit, upon the representation of the footprint of Buddha, only the *tezhava*, the symbol of eternity. Buddhism, in fact, like the religious systems of the

symbols used by the hierophants to convey religious instruction to the ignorant masses, and we look in vain among the popular creeds of the far East for the elevated philosophy of the Vedas, and the axioms of pure morality to be found in the ancient scriptures of Buddha.

modern warfare, down to that best and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers with whom your armies were filled were the inseparable auxiliary to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of arms before? What desperate valour climbed the steepes and filled the moats of Badajoz? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajoz, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest. Tell me—for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (pointing to Sir H. Hardinge), who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me—for you must needs remember on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant (when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost) the aliens blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valour so long wisely checked was at last let loose; when, with words familiar but immortal, the Great Captain exclaimed, ‘Up, lads, and at them!’—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe. The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream on the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust; the dew from heaven falls upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out? As an instance of Sheil’s power of sarcasm, the following is one of the best:—One day, at a meeting of the Catholic Association, a volunteer came forward with a very inflammatory harangue, and offered to lay his head on the block in the cause of Ireland. Mr. Sheil rose immediately after and said, “The honourable gentleman has just made us an oblation of his head—he has accompanied his offer with abundant evidence of the value of the sacrifice.” Sheil was an artist of the highest order—poetical, and sensitive; if oratory be an art, it is an art he had mastered to perfection.

We have now finished our survey of English parliamentary oratory down to the present time. Of the living we have yet to speak. With rare exceptions, what we hear now seems cold and tame

compared with what fired our fathers’ hearts in the stormy contests of the past.

If our readers have never been to the House of Lords, let them take a description of a debate in that frigid zone from one who has. In one of his novels, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, thus describes the scene: “The Duke of St. James took the oaths and his seat. He was introduced by Lord Fitz Pompey. He heard a debate. We laugh at such a thing, especially in the upper house; but, on the whole, the affair is imposing, particularly if we take a part in it. Lord Ex-Chamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech so inaudible that it was doubted after all whether the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the premier, who, having nothing to say, was manly and candid and liberal, gave credit to his adversary and credit to himself, and then the motion was withdrawn. While all this was going on, some made a note and some a bet, some consulted a book, some their ease, some yawned, a few slept.” We are not aware that debates in the Lords have grown livelier since the above quotation was written—rather the reverse is the case. The real truth is, the battle of party is fought in the lower not the upper chamber.

At this time the upper house is singularly destitute of orators. On the ministerial side of the house you have no first-rate men at all. The head of the cabinet,

“The travelled Thane—Athenian Aberdeen,”

has never shone in debate. It has never been his fate

“The applause of listening senates to command”

In person he is of a spare figure, rather above the middle size, plain and sedate in his garb and bearing. His style of speaking is grave and dignified, with a dash of formality, and his tones are somewhat monotonous. He never fails to command the attention of the house; but that attention is due to his exalted position, his great experience of political affairs, and to his matter rather than his manner.

THE ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEFS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

HAVING in a former volume* given a general account of Mr. Layard’s researches at Nineveh, and a sketch of the ancient history of that long-buried city, it is only necessary in the present article to describe the subjects of the illustrations with which we now present the reader. On returning to the scene of his former labours in 1849, Mr. Layard’s first visit was to the excavations which had been made at Kouyunjik, during his absence, under the direction of Mr. Ross. The walls of two chambers had been exposed, but of the long series of bas-reliefs which covered them the greater part had been defaced by the flames which destroyed the palace. Some passages had been excavated into which Mr. Layard descended, and explored the great hall, the bas-reliefs of which had also suffered greatly from the fire. “In this series of bas-reliefs,” says he, “the history of an Assyrian conquest was more fully portrayed than in any other yet discovered, from the going out of the monarch to battle, to his triumphal return after a complete victory.” The king, with his war-chariots and horsemen, appears to have passed through a mountainous and wooded country, the physical characteristics of which seem to indicate Armenia or Kurdistan, regions

which we know were invaded by the royal builder of the palace. In some of the bas-reliefs, the Assyrians are represented in close combat with the enemy, who appear to be defeated and overthrown. The Assyrian warriors are armed with spears and bows, both of which weapons they use at full speed; the enemy appear to be all archers. In other compartments the enemy are retreating, pursued by the victorious Assyrians, who thrust them through with their spears, and trample them beneath the feet of their war-horses. The campaign appears to have been successful; for the triumph of the conqueror follows, in which he is represented in his chariot, beneath the royal parasol—the emblem of regality all over Southern Asia—attended by dismounted cavalry soldiers, holding noble horses, richly caparisoned, and infantry, armed and accoutred in various ways. Seated in state, and surrounded by all the outward evidences of power, the Assyrian conqueror receives the captives, the spoil, and the heads of the slain. His soldiers are seen throwing these ghastly trophies of victory into heaps, while officers record the number in their tablets. This barbarous custom still prevails in Persia, and did, until a recent period, in Turkey also; but in the latter country it is now forbidden by a special firman of the present Sultan. In other compartments soldiers are dragging after them, or driving before them, the prisoners, among whom are

* THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 145.

women as well as men. The men are chained, some in pairs, others singly; the women are not fettered, and some of them lead

Unfortunately, there is no inscription to indicate the people who were thus subjugated; if one ever existed, it has been defaced by



WARRIORS IN BATTLE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

their children by the hand, or carry them on their shoulders. Some of the women—those, perhaps, of superior rank—are repre-

the flames, which, in many parts, have converted the alabaster into lime. That they were those of one of the countries we have named,



HORSEMEN PURSUING AN ENEMY.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

sented riding on mules. The other bas-reliefs contain figures of mules, asses, and sheep, which the Assyrians had seized in the country of the conquered enemy.

or at least of some country north of Assyria, though only a conjecture, is one which is strongly supported by the nature of the country through which the invaders marched, as represented on the

sculptured walls of these chambers. But during the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, a chamber was excavated in the mound at Kouyunjik in which the sculptures were in better condition than any which had hitherto been discovered. They represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city defended by double walls and battlemented towers, and some of the slabs were almost entire, and the inscription on the upper part complete. The

are planted against the walls, which the Assyrians ascend, holding their shields before them to protect themselves from the arrows of the enemy. A portion of the city appears to be already in the hands of the assailants, for a long train of captives, camels, and carts drawn by oxen, and filled with women, children, arms, furniture, etc., is seen issuing from an advanced fort, and approaching the throne of the Assyrian monarch. The captives wear turbans



WARRIORS RETURNING FROM BATTLE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

city, the capture of which appears to have taxed all the military resources of the empire, was situated among hills and forests, and the vine and the fig-tree grew in its environs. A compact phalanx of archers discharge their arrows at the enemy on the walls and towers; seven battering-rams are directed against the walls; and ten mounds of stone, bricks, and earth have been thrown up to command them. The place appears to have been defended with a degree of courage and determination commensurate with the prepa-

similar to those worn at the present day by the Arabs of the Hedjaz, and the helmets worn by the defenders of the city differ from those of the Assyrians, in having a fringed lappet covering the ears. Some of the prisoners are being slain before the throne of the king; two are stretched naked upon the ground to be flayed alive, and others are being impaled by their captors beneath the walls.

Above the king is an inscription of four lines of cuneiform or arrow-headed characters, which Mr. Layard thus translates:—



A KING BESIEGING A CITY.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

rations of the besiegers. The battlements are thronged with bowmen and slingers, who discharge showers of arrows and stones against the Assyrians, while others throw blazing torches, with the view of destroying the warlike engines rolled against their walls. On the stage of the battering-rams archers are discharging their arrows, to drive the enemy from the part of the wall against which the attack is directed; and others are pouring water from ladles upon the blazing torches thrown from the walls. Scaling-ladders

"Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish (Lakhisha). I give permission for its slaughter." Here we have, then, an actual pictorial representation of the siege and capture of Lachish by Sennacherib, king of Assyria, as mentioned in 2 Kings xviii. 14, and Isaiah xxxvi. 2. The interest which attaches to these bas-reliefs is increased by the fact that there is in this case no doubt whatever of the scene represented

being what Mr. Layard supposes. The physiognomy of the captives is undoubtedly Jewish—a type of countenance recognisable at the first glance by every observer, and about which there can be no mistake. That the king represented is Sennacherib, is equally certain. A continuous inscription, consisting of a hundred and fifty-two lines, slightly injured, but still sufficiently legible to be deciphered almost throughout, appears on the massive bulls forming the grand entrance of the palace at Kouyunjik. This record contains the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous interesting particulars respecting the religion and mythology of the Assyrians, and is therefore of the highest importance. Dr. Hincks was the first to decipher the name of Sennacherib on inscribed bricks from Kouyunjik; but it was not until August, 1851, that an inscription was discovered which mentioned any historical event, thus placing the matter beyond a doubt. The honour of this discovery is due to Colonel Rawlinson, who has given a translation of this remarkable inscription which forms a complete summary of the events related in the Bible, and by Josephus, Abydenus, and Polyhistor. "As the name of Sennacherib," says Mr. Layard, "as well as those of many kings, countries, and cities, are not written phonetically, that is, by letters having a certain alphabetic value, but by monograms, and the deciphering of them is a peculiar process which may sometimes appear suspicious to those not acquainted with the subject, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable to my readers. The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appear to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title, of one of the national deities, and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved by,' 'protected by,' like the Theodosius, Theodorus, etc. of the Greeks, and the Abd-ullah, and Abd-ur-Rahman of Mahomedan nations. The names of the gods being commonly written with a monogram, the first step in deciphering is to know which god this particular sign denotes. Thus, in the name of Sennacherib, we have first the determinative of 'god,' to which no phonetic value is attached; whilst the second character denotes an Assyrian god, whose name was San." As to the identity of the Lakhisha of the inscription with the Lachish of the Bible, Colonel Rawlinson has expressed doubts, but the reading of Mr. Layard is supported by the opinion of Dr. Hincks, one of the first orientalists of the day. Moreover, the name of Hezekiah occurs in the inscription, and the amount of treasure taken from the Jewish king in gold, is stated precisely as we find it in the Old Testament. "Had the name stood alone," says Mr. Layard, in commenting on the identification of the builder of the palace at Kouyunjik with the Sennacherib of the sacred volume, "we might reasonably have questioned the correctness of the reading, especially as the signs or monograms, with which it is written, are admitted to have no phonetic power. But when characters, whose alphabetic values have been determined from a perfectly distinct source, such as the Babylonian column of the trilingual inscriptions, furnish us with names in the records attributed to Sennacherib, written almost identically as in the Hebrew version of the Bible, such as Hezekiah, Jerusalem, Judah, Sidon, and others, and all occurring in one and the same paragraph, their reading more-over confirmed by synchronisms, and illustrated by sculptured representations of the events, the identification must be admitted to be complete."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—III.

Poor Zdenka was filled with serious anxiety. He racked his brain to no purpose in the attempt to discover why the formidable woman was so severe upon him. Meanwhile, his wife had managed to get an inkling of what was in the wind. From the glances of Maruschka and Dschurdachu upon Wantscha, who was trouncing down in the corner, as well as from the alarm betrayed by Wantscha's looks, she gathered more than was spoken. Perhaps she also, with womanly ingenuity, guessed what had taken place at the garden-gate. At all events delay seemed to her dangerous, for she immediately sprang upon her daughter like a wild cat, dragged her out of the corner, forced her down upon the stone floor, and exclaimed: "She is your slave, body and soul; mistress! Tie a stone about her neck and throw her into the Temeš where it is deepest;

fasten her to a post and whip her till she stands in a pool of blood; tie her hands behind her back and sell her to the Turks! Do what you please with her, only do not withdraw from us your protection and favour."

Wantscha, who had in the meantime a little recovered from her surprise, attempted to resist. But her efforts were all in vain. Her mother kept her down with hand and knee, and compelled her by blows to submit to her fate. Zdenku stared in blank astonishment at the strange scene, which was a new riddle to him, instead of a solution of the former one. But Maruschka smiled with malicious satisfaction, and after watching the woman's unmotherly behaviour for some time, at last said: "Let the girl alone, Ozinka. And you, Wantscha, come to me; I will offer you a bit of good advice—mind you give it a wise hearing."

The ill-used girl arose, and, while she arranged her dishevelled hair and smoothed down her clothes, she looked in no humour to listen favourably to any advice. She shot malicious glances at Maruschka, and every now and then flashed scorn and indignation at Dschurdachu. But Maruschka took care not to be discomposed by her untoward looks and behaviour. With an apparently friendly tone, which was only redeemed from hypocrisy by the touch of scorn with which her soft words were seasoned, she said: "I think you are a good child to your father and mother. They both love you beyond measure. There is only one thing that lies nearer their heart than their own child, namely—what is quite reasonable—their own welfare. They would, perhaps, not hesitate to sacrifice their life and their property to save your life; but assuredly they will not lose all they have just to gratify your whim. Do you understand me, Wantscha. Are you aware that your father and mother are beggars, the moment I withdraw my protecting hand from their flocks, their threshing-floors, and their house? If not, let me tell you so now. They will, therefore, find some means of conquering your stubborn will; and even if they had not the power to do this, I am sure you are much too good a daughter to bring down a curse upon your father's house and plunge those to whom you owe your existence into the deepest misery. You would not exact such a sacrifice at their hands, even to save your life. You are too dutiful and too noble for that."

Wantscha burst into tears. Her spirit was broken. As soon as the powerful mistress declared herself a suitor in the name of Dschurdachu, the poor girl abandoned all idea of resistance. Maruschka could brook no refusal at any time, and her tyrannical disposition was now irritated by the keen sting of jealousy. Nobody knew better than Wantscha how to act on the spur of the moment. Hence, resigning herself to her fate, she said with repeated sobs: "I obey, mistress."

"You do well," said Maruschka, and turning to Zdenku, added: "Join the hands of this pair together. Your daughter consents to become the bride of my faithful servant."

Full of joy, the rough old Dschurdachu sprang towards the poor girl, who offered no opposition to his embraces. At last light broke in upon the sluggish peasant, her father. "Is that all?" muttered he. "I was wondering what would come of all your threats. It was hardly worth while to talk so ominously just for this. However, it is all one to me. You have got a good wife, old fellow, and a nice little property. Take her, and may Heaven bless you both!"

With these words he betrothed his daughter to an old man, whose only recommendation was his being a *protégé* of the overbearing female robber. Ozinka laid her hands on the heads of the affianced pair, and said, as she thought of Petru's dangerous schemes, "That trouble also is now at an end; we shall be able to sleep in peace. God be praised for this!"

Maruschka and the happy bridegroom remained all night at Mlakaberg. The amazon was even gracious enough to spend a great part of the morning there, and at last sat down to a late breakfast which served as the betrothment feast, which was prolonged beyond all expectation. Her malicious exultation over Wantscha's hardly-repressed tears gave an additional relish to the food, and the flask which her husband left behind also contributed to lengthen her stay. She did not move from her seat till she had completely drained every drop of the liquor. By that time the day was far advanced, and their departure, which was originally fixed for the morning, did not take place till the afternoon. The trees on the mountains were already stretching their broad shadows towards Turkey, when the

poor lass at length found an opportunity of giving vent to her feelings with tears in quiet retirement, while her merciless tormentor and hated bridegroom were roaming through the wood.

Both the travellers steeped on apace, looking anxiously around, and listening attentively to every sound, like sportsmen who in unfrequented wilds make war upon the animal creation. After they had gone a good distance, Maruschka stopped at a steep elevation, from which she looked down into a valley where a herd of wild boars were taking their midday repose on the marshy soil. It was not, however, the wild boars that attracted her attention. She had seen in the distance beyond, the shadow of a man moving among the trees. The man had disappeared amid the foliage, before she had time to distinguish who he was. After a time the form appeared again through an opening in the trees, and Dshurdschu, who observed it, could not help exclaiming, "It is Micklos! What can he want here?"

"We shall soon know," replied Maruschka, upon which she put two fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle, which echoed far and wide. The man sprang with a sudden bound behind the trees before he ventured to look round. But when he had done so, he came slowly out from his concealment, waving his hat, and indicating by his friendly greeting that he recognised his leader's wife. He was a Hungarian by descent, named Nicholas, which the old Wallachian corrupted into Micklos.

Maruschka beckoned him to come over to her. He assented, and

immediately disappeared for the purpose, but did not take the shortest way. Probably he thought it advisable to avoid the armed cavaliers, and the furious wild sow with her numerous tribe of young ones. In this uncultivated region the wild boar still retains its original fierceness, though in Germany its nature is so far softened that a single shot is sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. Micklos came cautiously on, but all the more safely. "Where have you come from?" asked Maruschka, "and where are you going to?" "To our chief," replied Micklos. "There is likely to be a capture. The imperialists started very early this morning on a hunting expedition upon the mountain. One of them has missed his way. They are blowing the horn and calling out for him like mad ones. He must be a good prize, otherwise they would not make so much noise about him."

"By the time you get up to where he is, they will have found him long ago," said Maruschka.

Micklos put his finger to his nose, and said: "Yes, if they know what I know. They are looking for him up there, but he is on the other side. I saw him fire down in the ravine. I stood on the top of the mountain and listened on both sides, while they could not hear anything. The man has fired at least six times, and each time further away from the right path."

Maruschka winked with a smile of satisfaction. "You must be right," said she, "and I will accompany you to hunt the huntsman."

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

LIMA, the capital of Peru, labours under the serious disadvantage of not being well supplied with water. Rain rarely falls in the neighbourhood, so that the inhabitants are forced to depend upon artificial means of obtaining this indispensable blessing. Even in what we are accustomed to call barbarous ages—before the existence of the vast continent of America was known or conjectured in Europe—the Incas of Peru had given proof of their civilisation by making many canals and trenches to convey water into the capital. The Spaniards, fully appreciating the nature of these works, paid great attention to keeping them in order; but they are now in so bad a condition that the inhabitants are obliged to buy all their drinking water of men who procure it from the large fountain in the *Plaza Mayor*, and go round the city with it on the backs of asses, as represented in the annexed engraving (p. 72).

Of all asses in Peru, the *aguador*, or water-carrier, of Lima, is the most laborious, the steadiest, and the most patient. He begins work at six in the morning and does not rest till seven in the evening. A few handfuls of bran, which he carries in a little bag hanging on his neck, constitute the whole of his food for the day, and at night he contents himself with some stray blades of grass that he manages to pick up from any odd corner where he can find them. He is anything but stupid, in the sense of being without intelligence. As soon as he reaches the fountain, laden with the two casks for containing the water, he turns round and stands still while the negro gets off, fills the casks, and takes the pad out of the bell. They then both proceed on their way through the city. The poor animal knows when and where he has to deliver water. He knows that after supplying such a house, he has to go to such another. If he has occasion to stop, his master may leave him all day, with the certainty of finding him still standing where he left him. Those of the customers who are at all good-natured leave a box for him at their kitchen door, containing all sorts of odd bits that may suit his palate. He shows his sense of their kind consideration by eagerly devouring whatever they bestow upon him, though it is often scarcely fit to eat, consisting of bits of old hats, greasy papers, bones, and other indigestible odds and ends. His choicest delicacies are husks of melons.

But carrying water is not the only purpose for which this useful animal is employed. He is a general carrier, used for conveying all sorts of things from one part of the town to the other; and not unfrequently for moving furniture, vast heaps of which, in the shape of chairs, boxes, tables, etc., are mercilessly piled upon his back, as seen in the lower part of our illustration. If, as some-

times happens, he is overloaded, or loses his equilibrium, the whole collection of moveables comes down with a crash, and the driver, fearful of not gaining anything by his job, revenges himself upon the poor beast without much mercy.

When the ass is employed neither in carrying water nor moving—as, for example, on festival days—he gets his recreation by taking the whole family of his proprietor on his back, or racing with some of his comrades, whose masters go with his own from one place of amusement to another. Some negroes, who are a little more thoughtful or kind than others, endeavour to lighten the labour and save the strength of the ass by going on foot with him when the water-casks are full; but these are exceptions to the general rule. In most cases the poor animals are subject to much reckless barbarity, which fills the foreigner with indignation on his first arrival at Lima. To save the trouble of whipping, the wretches who drive them make a gash behind with a bone or sharp piece of wood, and then keep them in constant misery by poking at the wounded part. When the poor creature falls from sheer exhaustion, it is not uncommon for the brutal driver to slit up one of his nostrils as a punishment for the first offence. If the helpless creature has the audacity to repeat the offence, his other nostril is treated in the same abominable way. A third crime of this sort is punished by cutting one of the ears, and a fourth by cutting the other. At last, if the previous barbarities have not been sufficient to break him of this bad habit, his tail is cut bit by bit, till the poor creature is so disfigured by these successive mutilations, as to be hardly recognised. To such an extent is this brutality practised, that it is a rare thing to meet with an ass which is not mutilated in some way or other.

The driver of the water-carrying ass, who is often designated by the title of *aguador* or water-carrier, though it is not he that really carries the water, does not enjoy the privilege of accompanying the ass without being subject to some police regulations. The first is, that he present the town authorities with thirty dogs, killed by him in the course of a year. Hence, those who wish to be licensed as water-carriers meet together on certain days at an appointed place, and make a regular battue from street to street. All the dogs that they have encountered, but not completely killed at the first blow, are collected in an open space, where they are dispatched with sticks and clubs. The sportsmen then divide the booty, and each ties his share to his ass's tail—if the poor thing is fortunate enough to have one. In this way they go in a body to make their offerings to the civil authorities, dragging the dead dogs

as trophies of victory. The second condition imposed upon the water-carriers is, that they water the streets and public places with the water in their casks.

It might seem that these obligations would have the effect of diminishing the number of this class at Lima, but such is not the

the corporation. They form a distinct class which is not altogether devoid of political influence, especially at election times. Some years ago a company made a proposal to the government to undertake the distribution of water throughout the city on very advantageous terms, both in a pecuniary and sanitary point of



G. Charlton. Lima 1852.

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

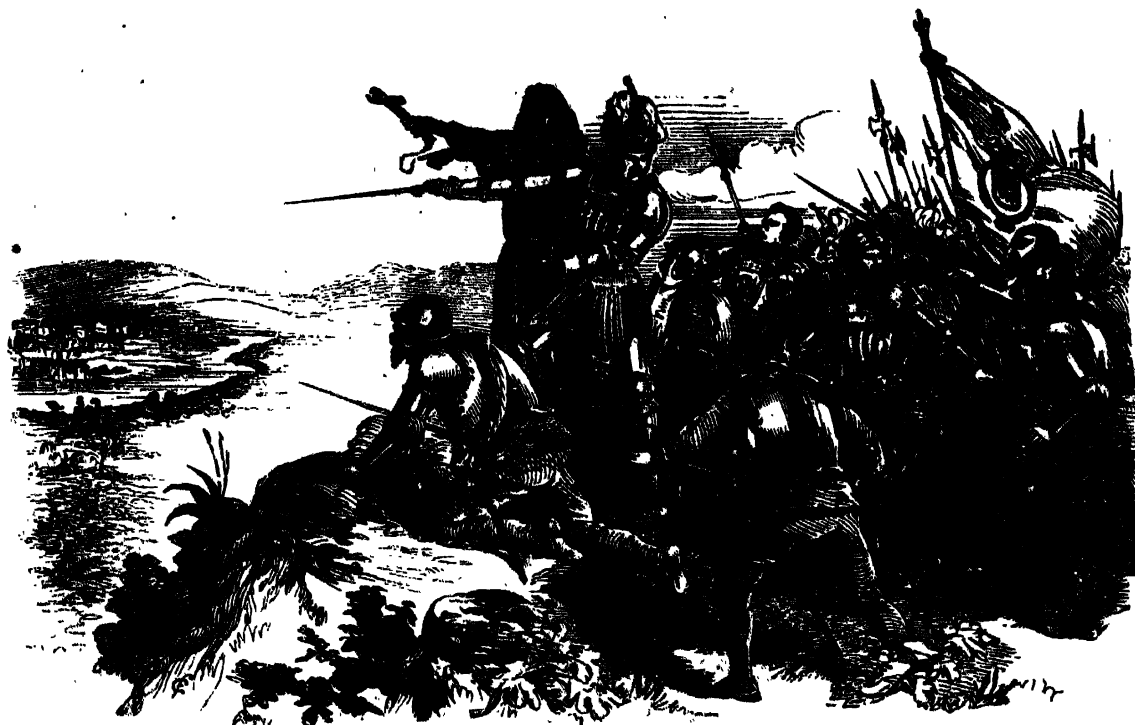
case by any means. On the contrary, they are very numerous, though the price paid for the water is far from high. They have their chiefs, who are well known, and treated by them with much respect. The supreme chief undertakes the task of settling important disputes, and is authorised to admit or expel members of

view. No sooner had the water-carriers heard of the proposal than they assembled in great force, mounted their asses, went in procession, with banners at the head, to the president's palace, and made such ado with their words and their gestures that they at length succeeded in getting the proposal rejected.

HERNAN CORTES AND JOHN SMITH.

AMERICAN history abounds with subjects adapted alike for the painter's pencil and the poet's pen. There is not a more romantic story in the world than the discovery of this vast continent and its

chivalry was hushed, and the solemn psalms of the gray-haired sires of the faith had ceased, we find fresh interest in the increasing strength and power of the country, and in that mighty struggle



CORTES AND HIS ARMY APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEXICO.



POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR JOHN SMITH.

first colonisation by the Spanish settlers; and the record of the pilgrim fathers, so touching in its quaint simplicity, never lacks interest; and further on still, when martial music of European

which rose from English control the great and "glorious" land and established the republic of the United States.

How strange it seems that this vast continent should have

remained so long hidden from the rest of the globe; that till the fifteenth century its extensive prairies and noble rivers should be unknown, that people should talk of a submerged continent, an island of the devil's hand, a cloud-land seen by the inhabitants of Madeira, and that no attempt should be made to find out the truth. But the priests and the schoolmen had no faith in a land which, if at their antipodes, must be peopled by those who walked with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down. It was left to the poet to say—

"At our antipodes, are cities, states,
And thronged empires ne'er divined of yore."

No such topsy-turvy world was to be believed by sane men; so the Red Indians held their own, and the Incas ruled in golden glory.

Then comes a change. The royal standard of Castile and Leon is displayed. The Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina sailed from Audalusia; and although the sea and sky were filled with omens terrible to the poor ignorant sailors, Columbus, with his deep and earnest faith, went on feeling within him the certainty of conquest; and he was not disappointed. Then arose a *furor* for America, a new impulse was given to the people of Europe, the eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were in a manner depopulated. Emigrants thronged the quays and wharfs; new vessels were chartered; busy people grew weary of their common business and longed to be busy in another clime; they flew away like birds of passage, knew no fear, admitted no doubt, were full of hope and confidence, only crying out for sea-room and a fair start.

Cupidity, even stronger than curiosity, gave new attractions to America. The name of *Castilla del Oro* held out a bright promise to the fortunate settler. The land, it was said, was so rich that the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged out of the rivers in nets! Rumours of the magnificence of the Montezuma empire—where gold was cheaper than iron—excited the general imagination and led to the enterprise of Cortes.

When Cortes landed, he found the people no longer—as earlier adventurers had described them—rude and half-clad savages, but well dressed in cotton garments, and living in stone houses. The natives received the strangers with hostility. Wild rumours were abroad of what the Spaniards had already done, and so a battle ensued, which ended in the triumph of Cortes. Montezuma, the Mexican monarch, had sent to learn the object of the Spaniards. Cortes demanded to have a personal interview with the king; this was respectfully, but firmly, declined; hostilities were renewed, and Cortes marched towards the capital.

The vast plains of Mexico now opened before them. As they looked from the brow of the hill, they saw in the centre of the plain, partly encompassing a lake, partly built on an island within it, the metropolis of Mexico, backed by a wood of dark old trees, and sparkling in the sunbeams like a monarch's signet-ring. All round about the city stretched the white tents of the people.

Montezuma received the Spaniards with kindness—admitted them into the city, appropriated to their use splendid mansions, supplied all their wants, and presented them with costly gifts. Shut up in the unknown city, Cortes began to fear for his safety. A bold expedient occurred to him. He seized the person of the king, imprisoned him in his own palace, and so worked upon his mind, that he at length induced the monarch to acknowledge himself a vassal of Spain, and engaged to pay an annual tribute.

The example of cruelty which Cortes set was bettered by those whom he left behind, who revolted to Spain. The Mexicans rebelled, and on his return, Cortes found an enemy ready to contend with his own weakened forces, and his people thoroughly dispirited. Battle followed battle. As of old, the Mexicans were hunted down like wild beasts, and the deep bay of the bloodhounds was heard through the wintry nights. At last the imprisoned king was brought forth, and in the presence of his subjects declared himself a vassal of Spain. It was enough—a piercing cry was raised, a frightful battle ensued, and Montezuma was the first slain. On this the Mexicans fled. The superstition of their creed taught them, that Heaven's vengeance must fall upon them now that their king was dead: so Cortes was triumphant.

The great effort of Cortes was to raise the power of his nation above that of all the nations of the earth. For this he sacrificed everything, and he had his reward. Spain was careless of her heroes when the work was done. Columbus had died of a broken heart—Balboa the death of a felon. What could Cortes expect? He fell into neglect. One day he forced his way through the crowd which had collected about the carriage of the sovereign, mounted the door-step, and looked in. Astonished at so gross a breach of etiquette, the monarch demanded to know who he was.

"I am a man," replied the Mexican conqueror, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors have left you cities!"

After this he withdrew, and ended his life in solitude.

More deeply interesting, and still more touching and romantic than the life of Cortes, is the story of Captain John Smith. The old colonists, of whom Smith was one, had intended to establish themselves at the old settlement of Sir Walter Raleigh; but a storm changed their purpose, and the emigrant ship floated in the magnificent Bay of Chesapeake. The headlands at the entrance of the bay are still called Cape Henry and Cape Charles, names which were given to them in honour of King James's sons, on the first arrival of the emigrants. The aspect of the country was then, as now, beautiful and cheering. "Heaven and earth," says Smith, "seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation." Fifty miles above the river was founded the first permanent English settlement in America, called, after the reigning monarch, Jamestown. The unjust accusation brought against Smith, the sincere friendship of Robert Hunt, the trial by jury, and the wanderings to the Indian emperor, Powhatan, a tall, sour, and athletic man, about sixty years old, were the first incidents that occurred to the early settlers. Then disease broke out, provisions became scanty, the water was bad, and the country, once so beautiful, seemed blighted in a moment. Death made sad havoc among the little company; fifty perished before the end of the autumn. The dishonesty of President Wingfield threw the burden of the community on Smith, and it was then that his wisdom and energy began to display themselves. All that he did for that colony need not be related here. Anxious to accomplish the great purpose of the mission, he set about seeking for a communication with the South Sea. With a spirit of heroic daring he advanced up the river Chickahominy, accompanied by two Englishmen and two Indian guides. Then it was that, after a desperate resistance, he fell into the hands of the Indians. His captivity among this tribe of Indians is a more wonderful and romantic event than any other preserved in its tradition. Never had they seen a man so brave, so wise, so calm and self-possessed. Indians from other settlements flocked to look on the wise pale-face, and they treated him with hospitality and reverence.

At last came the time when his fate must be decided. The grim warriors of the forest, with old Powhatan in their midst, sat down in solemn council. They saw this brave white man to be superior to themselves; they feared him, and determined on his death. But they did not slay him at once. Days passed on, and the white man made hatchets and strong beads for Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan. Pocahontas was a girl about twelve years old, called, not unfittingly, "the nonpareil of the country;" and she learnt to listen to the voice of the stranger, and to feel commiseration for him in his exile and approaching doom. Then the day came, and the hour; and within the palisade the chief, arrayed in all the pomp of savage attire, sat down to see the end. The prisoner was to die by the blow of the hatchet; and, with his hands bound, knelt down beside the fatal log. His lip did not tremble, nor his eye quail. Already the axe was uplifted, when Pocahontas sprang to his side, and as she pleaded with all the energy and eloquence of a loving heart, the grim warriors were turned from their purpose, and spared his life.

The stern refusal of Smith to engage in any attempt upon the people of Jamestown, his consistent and noble bearing, won for him a place in the estimation of the Indians, and his residence amongst them was the means of establishing a friendly intercourse between them and the English colony. Pocahontas remained faithful to her old friend; and when famine came upon the emigrants, she it was who brought baskets of corn and other provisions for Smith and his people.

DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUE.

There are men who appear and disappear in history without leaving trace or track behind, who do some one deed, which at the time raises a sensation, and then sink into utter obscurity. Most persons recollect the brilliant oratorical display of Single-Speech Hamilton, who made one oration and spoke no more. Perhaps this might be explained by the fact that Burke was his private secretary then, and left him directly afterwards. The history of the man whose name is given above, is involved generally in utter mystery. But one act of his has secured for his name a permanent place in history.

Francis the First of France, jealous of the discoveries of the Spaniards, sent out one Verazoni to conquer and discover for him. His journeys led to no result. Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, however, in 1534, was more successful. He entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and paved the way for the attempt to colonise by Robert in 1540. The new establishment was an utter failure; and a subsequent expedition under Cartier was never more heard of. At a later period, Admiral Coligny conceived that an asylum for French Protestants might be properly created in America, where they would be free from persecution. His plans for agricultural settlements were admirably laid down. Henry II. patronised the idea, and the wretched Charles IX. even countenanced it.

One Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta, appeared to have formed the strange scheme of feigning abjuration and professing the reformed faith, to overthrow this plan. He joined Coligny in his projected colony in 1555. He was a brave, adventurous schemer, and wore the mask of religion and humility with perfect success. He obtained command of the expedition, and, sailing for America, encamped near where Rio Janeiro now stands. Calvin, on hearing that the pilgrims had hit upon a desirable locality, encouraged the emigration. A large party went out under Philippe Dupont, a zealous Protestant gentleman, who, after some dangers by the way, brought his people successfully to an end of their journey.

Villegagnon received them with all the austerity of a Puritan. He was severe both in religious and political matters. He made all emigrants work at the fort; and his hypocrisy and bigotry were beyond all power of description in these more enlightened days. One great mistake of his colony, however, was, that it was wholly composed of men; except five young girls, none would venture out to the far distant land.

But the intolerance and cruelty of the governor was the great drawback to success, and at last he showed himself in his true colours. He re-professed the Roman Catholic religion, persecuted

and drove away all the Protestants, who nearly perished by the way. Returning to France, he died a zealous Papist, a noted persecutor of the Huguenots, and with the name of the Cain of America.

Coligny, though thus frustrated, determined to try another part of America. He chose Florida this time. Jean de Ribaut sailed at the head of the new expedition in 1562. He landed and founded Fort Charles; then, leaving a lieutenant in command, he returned to France. The lieutenant proved a brutal tyrant, who, after committing several murders, was put to death after an insurrection. This expedition was also a failure. A third expedition promised to be more successful. It took out a good number of colonists, who settled, and after some early difficulties, appeared to be in a prosperous way.

But Spain would not quietly allow a French colony in America, and accordingly a squadron was sent to exterminate the infant settlement, under one Menendez. His force was overwhelming. He attacked the fort, captured it and nearly all the inhabitants, whom, with characteristic Spanish brutality, he hung on the adjacent trees, with this inscription over their heads:—

"THREE WHORES HAVE BEEN EXECUTED, NOT AS FRENCHMEN, BUT AS HERETICS."

The horrible cruelties of the Spaniards are not to be related in full. The horror of France was great, but the wicked king rejoiced, because the victims were Protestants. This feeling made the court pass over the fearful outrage without notice. But there were in the land men who lived in the hope of vengeance. One of these was Dominique de Gourgue, a gentleman of good family, of Mont Marson, in Gascony. He was a naval captain, and being engaged against the Spaniards, was taken prisoner, and chained as a slave to a galley. This galley was taken by the Turks, and released only in a battle with the Knights of Malta. He was considered one of the best navigators of the day.

When he found that the king and court would not take notice of the Spanish crime, his rage knew no bounds. He then sold his estate, fitted out three ships, collected hardy crews, and sailed for America. He took the Spaniards by surprise, attacked the fort, captured it, and hung the prisoners on the same trees where, but a little while before, his countrymen had perished. Then he wrote over them:—

"HUNG, NOT AS SPANIARDS, BUT AS ASSASSINS."

The terrible avenger then returned to France, to perish, some say, in that horrible day of St. Bartholomew, which has handed the name of Charles IX. and his mother to eternal execration.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY T. LANDSEER.

CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

Of course, respected reader, you keep a dog. We don't, for we can't afford the tax; and in our chambers, besides, a dog would waste away its ignoble life far from fresh air and green fields and the vermin which are its natural prey. You tell us a dog is useful for self-defence; that he watches over your property and your person; that he warns off the ill-conditioned and evil-designing; that he worries a beggar as he does a rat. But what is that to us? beggars don't persecute authors; our property is in no danger. Our few treasures are all made fast by one of Chubb's patent locks, and our peregrinations seldom extend beyond the confines of the metropolitan police district. Campbell tells us of the "nursling of the storm," as he walks restlessly along his shattered bark, that

"Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home—his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thoughts; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets, at each step, a friend's familiar face,

And flies, at last, to Helen's long embrace—
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And claps, with many a sigh, his children dear;
While, long-neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam),
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home."

Well, as we don't keep a dog, of course we can't realise such touching poetry. If we voyage on a bark, it is a Citizen steamer, as far as Putney or Kew, and a landress welcomes us home. In the crowded streets, if we cannot take care of ourselves, there is always a guardian angel in the shape of an efficient policeman dressed in blue, with a glazed hat and a small staff; and if in less-peopled districts we lose our path, instead of having a dog to trail it for us, there is almost always a direction-post. Thus, as regards ourselves personally, we have made out a good and sufficient reason why we do not keep a dog. But you, O reader! are in a different category; you are not a poor author, fighting the rough battle of life

"Alone—alone—alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea;"

but a substantial, well-to-do man of the world, with property to be

watched, and you keep a dog; or you are a lady, and you keep the pearl of pugs. The heart must love something; and so, till something else claim it, you love your pug,—something like Mrs. Tucker's in "Time Works Wonders,"—a beauty "that could not move for sentiment." "I see him, now," she exclaims, "with his beautiful face so black yet so benignant! Now cropping a daisy with his lily-white teeth; and now looking up and barking at me, as if he knew my inmost thoughts." Or you are a sportsman, and you keep a dog to travel with you and your gun over hill and dale, on the sunny moor or by the shaded loch; or you are a gentleman, with nothing to do besides reading the "Times" and the "ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART," and you have a dog to keep you company; or you are a professional man, and you keep a dog that, now and then for half an hour with him you may forget patients and clients—the unfortunate victims that cruel fate has thrown

the cat springs on her unoffending victim. Of course the dog defends himself, and the contest promises to be fierce and bloody; Miss Lydia shrieks in agony; you kick your unoffending dog out of the room; pussy, angry and mewling, takes up a secure position, and in time the turmoil dwindles into a calm.

Go in again, and the same scene is invariably repeated. This is cat-and-dog life. It was so in days gone by, and so it will ever be; at any rate, so long as this tight little globe of ours rolls round the sun.

The same little drama is acted every day. In town and country, in the parlour and the kitchen, in garret or in cellar, it is the same. An Irishman cannot go to Donnybrook fair without a row, nor can a dog and cat meet without the same *contretemps*. It is not a mere matter of party feeling, or of temporary excitement, but of race against race. The cat is generally the aggressor, and the cat often



"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE."

into your hands. At any rate, be you what you may, call yourself what you will, you keep a dog.

Of course, then, you will agree with the writer of this article in what he is now going to state, that if you, with your dog, enter a room in which there is a cat, there will be such a terrible row, as if Bedlam had broken loose, or as if chaos had come again. You may try the experiment yourself, if you will not take our word for it. You call, for instance, on Miss Lydia Languish, a genteel spinster of uncertain age, with a growing fondness for cats, in preference, sir, to the deceitful sex, as she terms them, to which you and I, sir, have the honour to belong. Of course there is a piano in the room, and under that piano, with bristling hair and stiffened back, is the favourite cat. Your dog, feeling himself a stranger, and being a gentleman, follows you quietly into the room, not having the slightest idea of danger, or the slightest wish to make himself obnoxious or disagreeable. No sooner, however, does he make his appearance, than a low growl is heard, then a feminine shriek as

triumphs. However, when she does get the worst of it, she is pretty well served out. Life is often the penalty she pays for her audacity. She is generally saved by her power of flight, and her facility of escaping to the housetop; still, her hereditary foe, his passion raised and his blood boiling, remains barking and foaming below. Her swiftness is her salvation. When there is no way of escape for her—when she must stop and fight it out—she is generally terribly mangled and mauled. She is so in the picture before us. For once she has got her match. The scuffle has been a terrible one. The affair has been a regular Sinope. The whole kitchen has been upset, the culinary mysteries have been ruthlessly invaded, the cook has been called from her solemn and mysterious rites, her favourite dishes have been upset in the fray, her utensils have been profaned. Blow after blow she levels on the dog's broad back; she might as well, like Mrs. Partington, try to push back the Atlantic with a mop. The felon is savage; there is blood in his eye, and he will only be satisfied with his victim's death.

It is a sad thing to think of, that cat-and-dog life. It is said people meet with it in the family circle; that sometimes husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, lead but a cat-and-dog life. This is a sadder thing still. Cats and dogs can be tamed, can live together, as we see in the Happy Family in Trafalgar-square; but discord on the hearth grows blacker, darker, every year. It is to be hoped our readers know nothing of such cat-and-dog life, but the name, and that they may never know it as some know it, as a daily curse and blight.

A TAIL-PIECE.

"Thereby hangs a tail." Yes, truly, *Sic transit gloria mundi*.

"Behold before ye

Humanity's poor sum and story:

Life, death, and all that is of glory."

Every dog has his day; at any rate, so it has been in our pages. Dogs, well-conditioned and the reverse, of high degree or low,

your reverend divine once considered rat-catching glorious sport; your eloquent statesman, once found no dearer joy than rabbit-shooting. They have done with dogs, as we have done with them—as, more or less, all England is learning to do without them; for our great cities are growing greater every day, and the tax-gatherer and the new police and the dog-stealer have no mercy on the canine race. Play, boy, whilst you can; find in your dumb companion a faith you will soon learn to doubt amongst men. Soon busy life will leave you but little time to play with dogs.

So we lay down our pen and bid the dogs—such of them as are left, for two of them have already been hung, we trust to meet the ends of justice, and to teach a moral lesson to the dogs around, a lesson not always taught when Jack Ketch hangs a man—a long and reluctant farewell. It is hard to part with old friends. It is hard to tear up old associations, but the dogs have got to the end of their letter. There is nothing left for them but to vanish into



"A TAIL-PIECE."

learned or rude, peaceful or quarrelsome, nuisances or blessings to well-regulated families, have found a place in our pages. We have discussed them individually and collectively, in their goings-out and their comings-in, in the relationships which they sustain to each other, and in those which they bear to their lord and master, man; and now we have done with them, as most of our readers have done with them. There was a time; ere we had trod the world's ways and tasted the bitterness of life, when all around us was bright and fair; when we dreamt not of falsehood in woman or dishonour in man; ere the hard struggle for existence had engrossed our every power; when, light and free, with buoyant heart and careless step, we rambled at our own sweet will, with dogs, the choicest and truest of their race. There was a time when, we doubt not, the reader did the same. Those joyous days are gone, never to return. Their memory is left, and that is all. So it has been with every one of us. Your sober citizen was once a jolly boy; your paunchy capitalist once owned nothing better than a dog;

the palpable obscure. One is gnawing his last bone—another biting his last flea—another snapping the last time his companion's tail—and another, for the last time, poking his nose into the cupboard, which seems but little better furnished than that of the far-famed Mother Hubbard herself. The scene our artist has engraved is only paralleled by that which takes place when a city is captured, or when there is a general conflagration—when selfishness prevails universally, when the maxim is, "Every one for himself." No one seems to have the least regard for his neighbour. It is a general scramble—neither more nor less. Politeness, for the time, is quite out of the question; as much so as when you are waiting for tickets for an excursion train. It is not a pleasant phase of dog life that we are contemplating, but it is a true one, nevertheless. They are all so desperate, and preying on each other. It is a painful picture to contemplate, because it is human. It bears too strong a resemblance to real life. Let, then, the curtain be dropped; and as we wind up with a "Tail-piece."

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM ENIGHTON.

THE Chinese Empire may be said to include almost all the east and centre of Asia. From the borders of Independent Tartary to the Pacific, from the frontiers of Siberia to the south of the Eastern Peninsula, all the sovereigns and princes of the various tribes and people of these regions regard the celestial emperor as their sovereign lord. From the fact of its thus extending uninterrupted over vast tracts, all adjacent to each other, we are apt to think that it does not present that variety of people and manners, which the other great empires of the world comprise. This is quite a mistake. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the roving Tartars, ever on horseback, and the polite citizens of Nankin and Canton, who regard the said Tartars as arrant barbarians; whilst the Tartar, despising the thrifty habits of the commercial Chinese, fully returns the compliment. And again, in the Eastern Peninsula—in Lao and Cochinchina—there is a semi-civilisation totally different from that of Nankin or Peking. The Malay, the Chinaman, and the Tartar may be allied to each other, as respects the class of humanity to which they belong; but they differ essentially in tastes, habits, and physical powers. The Malay—the Italian of Asia—is quick-blooded, revengeful, jealous, and accustomed to the use of his stiletto, the *kris*, and but too ready to use it on the slightest occasions. His harmonious language is adapted for poetry and music, and he is fond of both. He sings of love to-day, and stabs his enemy to-morrow. The Chinaman is infinitely more phlegmatic, as unlike the Malay as the Dutchman is unlike the Italian; he sees no reason why he should put himself about for anything. He loves narcotics; and idolises opium as much as the Dutchman tobacco. His shop and his merchandise are his ruling passions; he seldom thinks of anything else, or, if he does, allows it to have little influence on his life. As to love, he would no more think of allowing it to give him all the trouble it gives the Malay, than he would think of allowing the few hairs that nature sparingly scatters over his face to be shaved off every day.

It would be a great mistake, therefore, to suppose that the empire of China is singularly homogeneous, merely because it extends over adjoining countries. Nor does it differ more in its various races and their characteristics than in its physical features. Vast deserts, second only to those of Africa, occupy large portions of its central high lands. The great desert of Gobi, for instance, in Chinese Tartary, occupies 300,000 square miles, and has its sandy, its salt, and its rocky districts; all equally barren, all equally deficient in fresh water, but some far more difficult for man to travel over than others. Here, as in all deserts, the summer's sun is scorching, no rain falls, and, when fogs occur, they are but the precursors of fierce winds, which blind the unfortunate traveller with salt or bury him in sand. In winter again, these districts are intensely cold. The icy blasts from the frozen plains of Siberia sweep over the country in rapid succession, producing a degree of cold on the elevated desert land, of which we, in England, can form no adequate conception.

China has its mountainous regions too, and in no country in the world do the mountains take more fantastic forms than in the province of Shan-si.

Temples like those amongst the Hindoos,
Churches, spires, and abbey-windows,
And turrets all with ivy green—
Build up a wild, fantastic scene.

Mountains rivaling the Alps in height—not the miniature mountains to which we are accustomed in England, but huge chains, of forbidding rugged exterior and appearance, full of glaciers and avalanches, and full too of peaceful, happy valleys between, where nature invites man to be happy, if he can only consent to accept the invitation.

By far the larger proportion of China proper is occupied by low ranges of hills, on which the tea-plant is principally cultivated. It thrives better, like coffee, upon the sides of these hills than in the low grounds, and forms the staple production of the entire region. The original producer can get four pence a pound for that for which we pay four shillings; he is a successful cultivator and will soon be enabled to extend his business—so vastly do duties,

transport charges, and exportation expenses enhance the value of an article, or rather increase its cost, for the value is but nominally, not really, increased. These ranges of hills are cultivated to the very summits—terraces above terraces, artificial layers of earth provided where nature has deposited none; the one fertilising stream from the summit flowing from terrace to terrace as it descends step by step, making each rich, the very type of productivity.

There is no country in the world so productive as China. Its vast alluvial plains, watered by magnificent rivers, present an amount of agricultural industry, and yield a proportion of vegetable and animal food, unknown elsewhere. Two hundred and ten thousand square miles of rich soil, spread all along the east of the country—a plain, seven times the size of Lombardy—and perfectly irrigated by its extensive river system and by canals. The Great Canal, for instance, traverses the eastern part of the plain for 700 miles, of which 500 are in a straight line of considerable breadth, with a current running throughout the greater part. Almost the whole of this vast plain is cultivated by the spade, and yields rice and garden crops in abundance. The canals present to the European traveller an extraordinary sight, being so covered with vessels that the water appears more thickly populated than the land. All along the margin of these wonderful reservoirs runs a stone quay admirably put together, whilst substantial bridges cross them at convenient distances.

Agriculture is, indeed, the art which the Chinese most highly prize, and to the successful prosecution of which the highest honours are awarded. Even the emperor is obliged by immemorial custom to honour tillage by engaging in the pursuit once every year—a religious ceremony which must not be neglected, and which was doubtless intended at first to teach the people that there was no occupation more honourable. In the beginning of March, the emperor repairs in great state to the field appointed for the ceremonial; the princes of his family, the presidents of the five great tribunals, and a host of mandarins accompanying him. Two sides of the field are lined with the officers of his household—a third is occupied by the highest mandarins from the provinces and capital, whilst the fourth is left open for the labourers of the neighbourhood, who are to see their occupation illustrated by imperial majesty itself. The emperor approaches; music—discordant enough, according to our ideas—pours forth its notes volubly and loudly, in honour of his coming. He enters the field alone, the sides are regularly kept—stands by itself, nobility and commonalty go respectively as far from the sides. Prostrating himself nine times before Tien, the lord of heaven, the emperor repeats with a loud voice a prayer prepared for the occasion by the Court of Ceremonies. In this prayer, a blessing is invoked on his labour and on that of his whole people, whilst gratitude is expressed for past favours. Then, with the assistance of the priests, he sacrifices an ox to the giver of all good, Tien, the lord of heaven. Whilst the victim is smoking on the altar, a silver plough is brought, to which are attached a pair of oxen, ornamented in the most magnificent style. The emperor lays aside his imperial robes, which one of his chief mandarins, who acts as secretary, and thus, one after the other, they proceed, each labouring in succession and displaying each his peculiar dexterity. A distribution of money and pieces of cloth to the labourers ends the ceremony, whilst the absent of those present and the most expert finish the ploughing of the field which has been thus imperially begun. Afterwards, at the proper season, his majesty returns to commence the sowing. The produce of such a field is, of course, only fit for the gods and is kept for sacrifices and oblations. Nor is it in the capital alone that this ceremony is performed. In each of the provinces, the viceroys similarly officiate, supported by the mandarins of the vicinity. There is doubtless much superstition, and much hypocrisy, mixed up with all this; but there is in it, too, the germ of much that is good—teaching the people that there is a dignity in labour that hallows and consecrates all honest employment by which man earns his bread. This is a lesson it would be well if we could all learn. It would teach us not to despise any man on account of the work he has to do.



THE EARTH—FROM A PICTURE BY LANTERN

"THE EARTH," A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

THE painting from which the engraving now before the reader is copied is by Nicholas Lancret, a celebrated painter of the French school.* It is entitled "The Earth," which title doubtless owes its origin to such georgics as Virgil and other poets have composed. A verse under an old engraving from this picture tells us that "the earth is the mother of every blessing, but that it is only by the labour of her children that she will yield her increase;" and this, in true courtly style, Lancret has pictured out in his design. At the foot of an elegant fountain sit a marquis and a high-born lady, enjoying the pleasures of the field and admiring a bunch of flowers. Behind this couple, another company, that might possibly pass for the Graces in the dresses of ladies of fashion, are arranging a large supply of the richest fruits; while another lady stands under the branch of a fruit-tree to receive in her robe other gifts of Pomona. Standing on a ladder, and gathering the fruit, is one who is doubtless another marquis, in the disguise of a peasant. The two gardeners, one digging the earth, and the other watering the plants, we may regard as lords or viscounts, for there is over all the picture that air of elegant refinement which forbids all notion of plebeian rustics. The instruments of labour are beautiful in form, and designed with the utmost amount of taste. We look in vain for Hodge the ploughman, or Mabel with her shining sickle; these are metamorphosed into the denizens of palaces and courts, and, in place of a delightful landscape, we have trees arranged with all the skill of modern gardening, and an elegant marble fountain supplied from the waters of Versailles. Art is contrasted with nature, and the charm of the country is sacrificed to the taste of the age. Against this some have protested. Diderot launched out against it as "a factitious and degenerate school of art." He says, the depraved state of colouring, characters, expression, and drawing, "has followed, step by step, the depraved state of public morals."

In the preface which Saint Lambert attached to his poem of "The Seasons," we find an elaborate dissertation on the union of pastoral life with the gallantry of the court, which was the fashion in France during the most brilliant period of the last century; but Saint Lambert only saw nature in his own beautiful gardens, as viewed from the windows of his chateau, and Lancret illustrated Lambert. Apart, however, from these criticisms, the picture is very beautiful, and affords sufficient indication of what the painter could accomplish. In some of his productions he fell into the fashion of the times; but the design and execution are both admirable, the groups are tastefully arranged, and there is an air of surpassing grace over the whole composition. More than this, the painting is a fair sample of Lancret's peculiar style of art.

Nicholas Lancret was born at Paris in 1690. After studying painting under several masters, he at length became intimate with Watteau, whose friendship he cultivated, and whose style he adopted. This evident imitation of the great master is seen in all the works of his talented disciple, but still each has retained his own distinguishing characteristics, as may be observed by comparing their varied productions.

In 1736, Lancret was received into the Academy, under the patronage of the *Peintre des fêtes galantes*. He was the favourite of the king and rose rapidly to fame and renown. The court patronized him, and the king admitted him to his councils; he frequented the saloons of the bravest, the richest, and the wittiest, and was everywhere distinguished by the highest tokens of approbation. He was one of the gayest gallants of the time, and his life was passed in the brightest sunshine of prosperity. But death will come, even into kings' palaces, and at the age of fifty-three Lancret died. He left no children.

The title of *Peintre des fêtes galantes* characterizes the talent of Lancret. He painted nature, but it was nature adorned, arranged, and coloured after the most approved style of fashion—nature, such as one sees at the opera. He manufactured an artificial nature, made up of all the elegances of a well-ordered garden, "a painted pasteboard, varnished, and perfumed nature, with rouge

for a complexion and powder for hair." Like his friend Boucher, he seems to have lived and died in a boudoir hung with rose-coloured silk; and indeed, when that painter assured him that nature was too green and too badly lighted, Lancret replied, "I concur in your sentiments, nature is wanting in harmony and attraction." He painted what he conceived nature ought to be, and his figures too often resembled marionettes.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—IV.

MICKLOS had heard and judged rightly in the main, though not in every particular. There were two hunters who had separated from their companions, taken the wrong road, and kept getting further and further from the valley of the Temeş, to which they thought they were approaching, as they vainly attempted to make their companions hear by incessant firing and shouting. They were both fine men, still young, of elegant form, with gray over-coats on, such as Austrian officers still wear, though of a different make. Their coats were made of strong Flemish cloth, and gave the wearers an air of superiority in this wild region, the few human inhabitants of which were clothed no better than the foxes, wolves, and bears of the mountains—often scarcely so well.

The wanderers reached the top of a mountain, from which the want of underwood between the tall beech-trees opened a wider prospect. Here they stopped, looking attentively round upon the wild mountain region, but not to observe its picturesque features.

"Crooked people are proverbially mischievous," said the elder, "and crooked paths over mountains are not particularly useful."

"You are right, Frank," replied the younger; "go on joking. We may want something to cheer us. Matters are beginning to look very awkward."

"We have gone astray," said Frank with a smile, "and now is the time for reflection." "And fasting too," added the other in a desperate and yet light-hearted mood; "but famished as I am, my reflection does not enable me to discover on which side the Turks lie."

"It would be no joke if we were to fall in with the fiendish monsters. We should have a heavy reckoning to pay."

"Heavier than even if Seckendorf were again to take the field to destroy his Majesty's country and people."

Undecided which way to go, they moved forward a little to the brink of a precipice, to see if they could discover any human dwelling in the valley below. Suddenly the elder seized his companion's arm and whispered in French, "Look down there!" The prospect to which the young man's attention was called was not very inviting. By a fire were encamped five or six men of savage appearance. The hunters saw it was impossible to escape from them, so they put the best face upon the matter, and walked with an air of apparent indifference up to the desperadoes.

The men near the fire were Petru Bagya and some of his men. They jumped up in no little alarm at the sight of two men with guns coming straight up to them. They thought they must be the vanguard of a patrolling party, by which they were probably already surrounded. Some were already whispering something about retreating. "Stay where you are," ordered the robber-chief; "the pale-faced fellows won't eat us." After a while he added, "They are all alone; very likely they have lost themselves while hunting. It is quite clear they are nice young gentlemen, and have plenty of valuables about them. Their purses, watches, and rings are not to be despised. We will strip them and then consider what to do next."

The two young men were taken by surprise at the rough reception they met with. In a moment they were deprived of their weapons, with a show of courtesy that seemed like polite attention. A giant, who in size and strength resembled the colossal figures of Hercules, took the elder by the collar of his coat. With his iron fingers he unbuttoned the overcoat, under which he found a white coat with a red collar and a splendid star betokening his high rank. The Huntsman in red trousers went back a step, and cried out suddenly: "Stop, comrades! There is more to be got from them

* A full account of the life of Lancret, with specimens of his works, and remarks upon his peculiarities, may be found in the "WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS," vol. i. pp. 97–104.

than they carry about them. Do you see this star? Do you know what such a thing means? On an old man it denotes a commander of high rank; on a young one, a prince. The stranger is, therefore, a prince, and the other is his brother, if we may judge from his looks. The gentlemen cannot deny this."

The two huntsmen understood the dialects of the country tolerably well. The elder, without hesitation, answered: "We have not learnt to disown our name, and will not disgrace ourselves so far for your sake. I am Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and this is my brother Charles. You shall be worthily recompensed if you will conduct us back to the camp."

The prince said this, not so fluently as it may be here read, but clearly enough to be understood with the assistance of accompanying gestures. The chief invited the duke to take a seat, provided them a substantial meal, and entered into a long conversation with them, in the course of which he described in strong language the dangers to which they were exposed if he did not take them under his protection. The two princes listened patiently to his diffuse discourse as long as they were engaged in partaking of the refreshment they so much needed. They were delighted with the thought of having met with a clue by which they might be extricated from their difficulties. It would no doubt cost them much money, but that was nothing in comparison with what the Turks would have demanded for their ransom. For the apostate Bonneval the capture of their persons would be more valuable than the most successful campaign. Besides, the robber chief did not appear to think about money, for his whole talk was about the ravine, bears, and wolves, and the torture of hunger.

"Friend," said Duke Francis at last, "why so many words? The thing appears simple enough to me. You do us a service which, perhaps, we do not know how to value according to your estimate. But let that pass. You are not obliged to perform an act of magnanimity without satisfactory reason. Name your own conditions. Of course, you and your companions will at least guarantee us safe conduct, will you not?"

"I should think so," said Petru in a tone of assent; "we have a long score to pay off."

"Consider that already paid," replied the illustrious duke, "whatever any one of you has done up to this time is forgiven and forgotten. Thus much for the past; now let us come to the future. What you chiefly want is money, is it not?"

"Plenty of money, my lord duke; money in abundance, by all means."

"Tell me plainly and briefly what you want."

The robber-chief could not express himself in few words; however, at last he managed to explain his meaning. He declared his intention of abandoning his present lawless mode of life, for which purpose he considered it necessary that each of his followers should be put in possession of a freehold farm. This demand was easy to grant, as there was plenty of fruitful land in want of cultivators. Nor was it less easy to accede to the request, that those who had no fancy for agriculture should have the means of becoming herdsmen. The sum of money which Petru demanded for his companions was by no means too great to be raised. For himself he required a large mansion in the district of Szlatina, which, he said, was to be had cheap; ready money to the amount of a hundred ducats; and lastly, the reversion of the office of governor of New Orsova.

Francis laughed outright. "The bear," cried he, "whose skin you want is still running in the wood."

"I don't want the skin," replied Petru seriously, "before you have the bear; but you must promise that I shall have it as soon as the hunt is brought to a successful conclusion. It is only the reversion I want, not immediate possession."

"So far as I am concerned," rejoined the duke, still smiling, "you shall have your wish, if it is at all possible."

The robber-chief nodded, and his eyes sparkled with delight. He fancied himself already comfortably seated, with his narguileh by his side, in the mansion, gazing upon the mighty stream which, rising in a principality on the border of the wood, flows on to the Black Sea. He dwelt with satisfaction on the wealth and honour before him. "You could not," he exclaimed, "have a better man for the occupant of such a post. I am watchful, faithful, and just."

The princes now began to think of retiring, full of joy at the pros-

pect of getting out of their trouble. They had apparently nothing more to do than go the shortest way home with their guides, to put an end to the torturing anxiety and suspense of their faithful followers. "We have had to pay dearly," said Charles in French to his brother, "for our thoughtlessness; the chamois which tempted us into the deserted spot had perhaps some object in view. I will remember the lesson."

"Thank God, we are saved!" replied Francis; "let us no longer dwell upon our disappointment."

It is not safe to speak well of a day before the evening. The princes fancied they had got over the dangers of this adventurous day when, in fact, the real danger had yet to begin. For just as the chief was moving off to escort the wanderers, the warlike Maruschka with the Hungarian suddenly appeared on the scene, heated with running, and red with fury to find the two princes under Petru's protection, after having exerted herself so much to get them into her own power. Duke Francis beheld the stately amazon with more interest than was quite proper for one who had been married two years. "A fine woman, indeed!" he exclaimed. Charles checked him good-naturedly, and he was quickly cured of his momentary wandering of affection.

"Holla, there! where are you off to?" cried Maruschka to her husband.

"To Karauzeles," was his reply; and he explained to her all the circumstances of the case.

"Not there," she rejoined; "the prisoners belong to me. They have only come here by accident a little before me; and this is my territory."

"That is not true; your boundary extends to the left, over the mountain."

"No, it goes right through the valley."

"But even if you are right, my lady, that would not make any difference. You have no more claim over the gentlemen than I, and must share with me as I am willing to share with you. This day makes us rich people, secure against all prosecution, and esteemed as loyal subjects of the emperor."

Maruschka flew into a violent rage, which completely changed the aspect of her features. "A curse," said she, "upon the emperor and all that belong to him; they have murdered my brave Dobru, and I must have revenge."

"Poor young fellow!" said Petru with great indifference; "he would have made a first-rate robber."

"He was one already," continued the furious amazon; "I am determined to have vengeance for him. The heads of these two must go to Stamboul."

"Gently, gently, my dear!" cried the robber-chief; "don't you know who they are?"

"You haven't told me their names yet."

"One is the emperor's son-in-law, and the other is the latter's brother. Such heads are not for the executioner."

These words acted like an electric shock upon Maruschka's agitated frame. With eager haste she called her husband to her side, and whispered in his ear—"You monstrous fool! do you mean to give up such a fine catch for a glass of liquor and a few shillings! Don't you understand how to reckon better than that? The Turks will pay us more for the two than they have in their pockets. I will guarantee you ten thousand florins for your share alone."

"Ten thousand florins!" muttered Petru thoughtfully.

"Besides, you shall be governor of New Orsova," added his wife.

The two princes did not understand a word of the conversation which was going on between the gigantic pair, but they were filled with sad forebodings, for Petru kept glancing at them in a very suspicious way, and Maruschka was evidently in good train for winning him over to her purpose.

"The horrible creature!" exclaimed Francis at last, "she is fast getting the better of him. We must make a higher bid."

"Let us bid ten times as much as we did at first," said Charles.

"A hundred times, if it is necessary," replied his brother.

Resolved, if possible, to ward off the danger without a moment's delay, both went up to the chief and his wife; but the danger was over already, for just as they got up to them, Petru pushed his wife away, adding in a tone of fierce indignation, "I have given

my word, and I won't be a traitor for the sake of paltry money. Away with you, you poisonous snake!"

"Well done, my brave fellow!" cried Francis. He might, however, have spared his praise, for Petru's wrath was not excited by any shock to his sense of honour. It was no heroic pride that stirred up his wrath. The real cause was a very different one.

Maruschka had given vent to her spiteful jealousy by telling him of Wäntsch's betrothment to Dschurdschu, and by so doing, she at once brought the negotiation to an unfavourable conclusion. "Away with you, you detestable hag!" roared Petru, at the same time seizing the hilt of his sword in a threatening manner.

Maruschka cautiously got out of his reach, well knowing his violent temper. She cast a glance of indescribable malice at Duke Francis, and cried as she went off: "Before the sun sinks behind the mountains I will press the fine lad to my heart, to reward him for the tenderness with which he greeted me at first. I am not ungrateful, my dear lamb, but Maruschka will keep the rich reward for herself. Petru shall not get a farthing of it." With those words she disappeared in the wood. Petru laughed aloud after her as she went off.

"You need not laugh," said Micklos, going up to him, "the woman has twenty Turks by the Witches' Well, and the pass is completely blocked up, so that we cannot possibly get through."

Petru was dreadfully alarmed, almost as much so as his two *protégés*, but he showed it much less than they. "It is well for us that we know it," said he; "we must go round a little, to avoid falling into the hands of the Turks. But first give me my drinking-cup; we will pledge our guests with a draught, that they may be sure of our fidelity." Some of his followers ventured upon a slight murmur of dissent, as if they had made up their minds to betray the princes to the tender mercies of the Turks.

A severe look on the part of the chief, however, was sufficient to suppress the rising opposition, and at the same time let the princes know that their safety depended upon him. The cup was brought to be handed round. It contained nothing but spring-water; yet the abstemious draught filled the hearts of the princes with a cheerful courage, such as no wine or other intoxicating beverage ever inspired.

The chief lost no more time, but put his company in motion, in a direction which would have excited the suspicion of the princes, had they known they were going up to the sources of the Temes, instead of down to Slatina. "I cannot take you home to-day," said Petru on the way; "we must go some distance round, if we are ever to get there at all. Better late than never, as my old grandmother used to say."

"A wise woman was your grandmother," replied Francis, in a sportive tone; "may the earth lie gently upon her."

"The earth does not cover her at all," rejoined the chief, "she is still alive and hearty."

The pathless course which the fugitives took was as rough and difficult as can well be imagined—always through the thickest bushes, straight up steep mountain sides and down abrupt crags, sometimes on one side of the Temes, at others on the opposite side, and every now and then in a backward direction, like the doubling of a hare with the hounds close at hand. And this laborious caution was anything but needless, as the princes had many opportunities of learning in the course of a two days' wandering; for more than once they saw, at a safe distance, the infuriated Maruschka going with a strong guard of Turks through an opening in the wood which they had themselves crossed only an hour before; and even more frequently Petru's companions, who

had been sent out to explore, brought word of the near approach of the pursuers, who, with wonderful cunning and activity, endeavoured to cut off all way of escape. But the robber-chief was more than a match for them. He always managed to have got on before, when Maruschka thought she was sure of catching him.

The fatigues of flight were all the more oppressive to the young princes, as they did not end in mutual congratulations in the evening, like the toils of war or hunting. The effort did not in this case serve to enhance the pleasure of success, as the setting of a jewel increases its brightness. They did not return at night to silk garments, soft slippers, or handsome couches of horsehair or down; still less to a rich repast, daintily prepared, and accompanied by golden wine and the dark beverage of the Levant. They were fain to content themselves with raw bacon and hard bread, with cold water in the wooden cups which had gone round when the chief and his companions pledged them their faith. To be sure, game was to be had; but Petru durst neither shoot nor light a fire, for its smoke by day and its light by night would have at once betrayed them. Hence they were obliged to sleep in the dark clefts of the rocks.

On the third day, Duke Francis could hardly stir another step. His legs were aching with fatigue, and his feet were quite sore. But a trifle of this sort did not occasion the chief any embarrassment. He gave his gun to one of his companions, and took the young prince on his broad shoulders with the greatest ease; in consequence of which their pace amazingly quickened, the other prince being no less swift of foot than the sons of the forest themselves.

From an eminence the fugitives beheld their pursuers in a valley scarcely a quarter of an hour behind them.

"Thank God they are there!" cried Petru.

"Why thank God?" asked Francis in astonishment. "The nearness of the Turks is anything but agreeable to me."

"They are behind us," replied Petru smiling; "and now I know well enough they cannot intercept us on our way to Slatina. They have seen us: now for it—run for your lives!"

The active man ran with his valuable burden over stumps and stones, till at last he reached the edge of the wood, and the steep rock next which the small church now stands. "We are saved!" cried he with a loud voice, when he saw the imperialist tents and the roving dragoons. The sight once more restored the courage of Duke Francis, yet he did not stop to feast his eyes upon the agreeable prospect. He slipped from the shoulders of his bearer, and ran with all haste to his men.

Maruschka, Selim, Dschurdschu, and their companions had, indeed, caught sight of the fugitives in the valley. They had observed that Petru was carrying one of the princes, and, thinking themselves all the more certain of success, they redoubled their efforts. But they had reckoned without their host; for when they reached the edge of the wood, they were only just in time to hear the shout of triumph with which the rescued princes were received by their impatient countrymen.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Petru obtained from the generous gratitude of him whom he had rescued, a far nobler return than he either demanded or expected. In addition to all his other good fortune, he had the stimulus of hope to cheer his idle hours, which, it is well known, are very numerous with Wallachians. He was invested by charter with the reversion of the governorship of New Orsova, "as soon as the stronghold should be taken from the Turks." With this expectation, the former robber-chief died at a good old age as a peaceful husbandman; and among his last words was the expression of a wish, that he might live long enough to witness the recovery of New Orsova.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

THE Arsenal at Venice, which dates its foundation as far back as the year 1304, and which the Republic, in the days of its prosperity and glory, repeatedly enlarged and embellished, is surrounded by strong walls and towers. Its entire circumference is estimated at more than two miles. The principal entrance on land, which is here engraved, is in itself a magnificent monument. The arch of

the door is decorated with sculptures executed at the close of the sixteenth century by the disciples of Sansovino; the four marble columns which support the pediment and entablature are more ancient, having been executed or conveyed here about A.D. 1400, according to general belief. It was natural that the Lion of St. Mark should be placed above the arch as the guardian and pro-

terior of the navy. On the summit of the pediment stands the statue of St. Justina, sculptured by Girolamo Campagna. It is a reminiscence of the victory obtained by the Venetians over the Turks on St. Justina's day, in the year 1571. The other statues placed on pilasters behind the railings, representing Victory, Wisdom, Power, and other allegorical personages, recall the same event.

winding about the mane of the noble animal, which have long tasked the ingenuity and learning of those who have attempted to decipher them. As yet all the efforts bestowed upon their interpretation have proved of little avail. Among others who have turned their attention to them, we may mention Akerblad and Vilhoisson, who supposed them to be Runic; Bossi and Hancarville, who asserted that they were Pelasgian; and Rink, who declared he



ENTRANCE TO LION HARBOUR AT VENICE.

The four lions in pentelican marble, one on the left, and the three others on the right of the entrance, are not the least remarkable ornaments about it. They were brought from Greece by Francesco Morosini, surnamed the Peloponnesian, in 1687. The one which occupies the most prominent place in the accompanying engraving formerly adorned the celebrated Piræus at Athens, which also bore the name of the Lion Harbour. There are two inscriptions

had detected Greek words, which when translated gave this sense: "A lion expiated at Athens." Canova felt no hesitation in pronouncing this sculpture to be a Grecian work, and some scholars have conjectured that it was set up in the Piræus in memory of the battle of Marathon. The first lion on the other side was found on the road from the Piræus to Athens. The head is modern and badly sculptured—a remark also applicable to the other two lions.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

A thoughtful writer, celebrated for the profundity and originality of his reflections, remarks upon the interest with which we con-

which attaches to the early history of the United States, that grand confederacy, which has already extended its territory, multiplied its



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY IN VIRGINIA.



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

template a trickling rill, which we know to be the source of a mighty river, whose waters roll on with ever-increasing breadth till they reach the still more majestic ocean. Such is the interest

population, and increased its resources, with a rapidity and to a degree beyond all parallel, and appears destined to play a still more prominent part in the great drama of human affairs.

It is a little remarkable that, for about a century after the first discovery of America—during which interval Spain was extending her conquests and possessions in the southern continent, and France sent out several expeditions to the north with various success—England made scarcely any effort to establish a colony in the New World. It is true that some exception must be made in favour of the Cabots, two enterprising merchants at Bristol, who, within five years from that memorable achievement, began a career of discoveries on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, which formed no unworthy sequel to so glorious a commencement. Speaking of the son, Bancroft says: "The career of Sebastian Cabot was in the issue as honourable as the beginning was glorious. He conciliated universal esteem by the placid mildness of his character. Unlike the stern enthusiasm of Columbus, he was distinguished for serenity and contentment." For sixty years he was renowned for his achievements and skill."

But though the intercourse opened by these explorers between England and North America was never wholly suspended, it never, on the other hand, ripened into any important results. It was not till the connexion established between England and Spain by the marriage of Mary and Philip, that any adequate notion of what Spain had accomplished, or any desire to imitate her example, appears to have been entertained in this country. As soon as the desire was felt, it received all the encouragement which so enlightened and powerful a sovereign as Queen Elizabeth could afford it. She took the deepest interest in the project of planting an English colony in the polar regions of America, which were supposed to abound in gold and other mineral wealth. The zeal with which the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh entered into such schemes is too well known to require any detailed description here. Undismayed by the disasters which attended his first expedition, in which the largest of his three vessels was wrecked, and a hundred persons lost—including Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his step-brother, and Parmenius, a Hungarian, who went out for the purpose of writing a history of the expedition—he determined to gain a footing for England on those shores; and without difficulty obtained a patent, giving him absolute authority, as Lord Proprietary, over all the territory which he might discover between the thirty-third and fortieth degrees of north latitude. Accordingly, he despatched two vessels, which reached the coast of North America in July—a time of the year most suitable for impressing the new-comers with favourable opinions of the country. They landed in Florida, and afterwards sailed to the island of Roanoke, where they met with a most hospitable reception from the wife of the reigning chief. After a short stay they returned home, having their vessels well laden with cedar, skins, furs, and sassafras. On their arrival, they gave most animated accounts of the country they had visited; and the result was, that the virgin queen, who felt a pardonable exultation in having contributed to the discovery of so glorious a land, gave expression to her satisfaction by bestowing upon it the name of Virginia.

The territory to which this appellation was given, included that portion of North America which lies between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude. It was divided into North Virginia, which was granted to a corporate body known as the Plymouth Company, and South Virginia, the property of another corporation called the London Company. Besides rendering homage to the British crown, they were bound to pay a rent of one-fifth of the gold and silver obtained, and one-fifteenth of the copper. The king was to be acknowledged the supreme authority over the colony, the government of which, with the exception of purely local affairs, was placed in the hands of a council in England. James I. even drew up a code of laws for the regulation of the colony, which, as might be conjectured from the narrow-minded pedantry of its author, breathed anything but a liberal and enlarged spirit. After a series of vicissitudes, including severe sufferings and heavy losses, which we cannot here detail, the colony at length struck its roots into the soil and began to flourish. In spite of the misdirection of the labour of the colonists to the manufacture of potash, soap, glass, and other articles in which they could not reasonably hope to compete with the nations on the Baltic—their industry bore long and productive, wealth flowed in, and with the power it bestowed came the desire of more extended liberty. The natural

restlessness of a rising colony was still further increased by the evils of misgovernment. It was no uncommon thing for persons to obtain appointments, through the influence of the English council, for which they were altogether unfit. The prosperity resulting from the good government of one governor was counterbalanced by the ill effects of the tyranny of another. At length, in June, 1619, the foundation of constitutional liberty was laid by the convocation of the first colonial assembly at Jamestown—consisting of the governor, the council, and two representatives from each of eleven boroughs—the reform of many abuses, and the establishment of equal laws, representative government, and trial by jury. It is this interesting scene which our artist has chosen for illustration in the first of the accompanying engravings. Henceforward, the progress of the colony in freedom and general prosperity was uninterrupted. King James complained of what he termed, this "seminary to a seditious parliament," and attempted to restrict its liberties; but it was now too late.

The scene represented in our second engraving is one of still deeper interest. It brings before us a most devoted missionary instructing the wild untutored red Indians in the sacred truths of Christianity, convincing them of the evils of their present condition, and directing their thoughts and aspirations to a better life hereafter. As these savage tribes saw the white men gradually encroaching on their territory, and living by its industrious cultivation in a degree of comfort and plenty which painfully contrasted with their own miserable neediness, they not unnaturally began to look upon them with an evil eye. Jealousy gave rise to quarrels, acts of violence committed by one party were avenged with frightful cruelty by the other, whole tribes were massacred, and colonies disappeared never more to be heard of, notwithstanding the most searching investigations. But with all this violence and barbarity there were instances of better feeling between the white and the red man. Eager as most of the Europeans were to acquire land and increase in wealth, no matter at what cost to the uncivilised Indians, there were others who had higher objects in view. They sought to raise the Indians to a level with themselves by teaching them all the arts of civilised life, and especially by imparting to them the blessings of a pure and holy religion.

One of the earliest of the labourers in this noble field of enterprise was Alexander Whittaker, whose active exertions in preaching to the Indians on the frontier of Virginia procured for him the honourable and well-earned title of "The Apostle of Virginia." Another of this devoted band was Mayhew, "that young New England scholar," as he has been styled, who sailed to England with a view to excite the zeal of his countrymen in the good cause, but was unhappily lost with the vessel in which he sailed. Such, however, was the influence of his example, that his father, though seventy years of age, undertook to continue his labours, and preached and instructed the Indians with great success till he had passed the advanced age of fourscore. As a striking proof of the success of his efforts, it may be mentioned, that though the Indians were twenty times more numerous than the whites in Massachusetts, they abstained from all attempt to injure them, and lived in firm friendship with them. Villages of "praying Indians" were established; and at the University of Cambridge an Indian obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

But a still more remarkable instance of missionary zeal was afforded by John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians," who began to preach in the year 1646. We cannot do better than quote what Bancroft says of this excellent man:—"His benevolence almost amounted to genius. An Indian grammar was a pledge of his earnestness; the pledge was redeemed by his preparing and publishing a translation of the whole Bible into Massachusetts dialect. His actions, his thoughts, his desires, all were the hues of disinterested love. Eliot mixed with the Indians; he spoke to them of God, and of the soul, and explained the virtues of self-denial. He became their lawgiver. He taught the women to spin, the men to dig the ground. He established for them simple forms of government; and, in spite of menaces from their priests and chieftains, he successfully imparted to them his own religious faith. Groups of Indians used to gather round him, as round a father; and, now that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed him with their questions."

THE ORNITHORHYNCHUS, OR DUCK-BILLED ANIMAL, AND THE ECHIDNA, OR SPINY ANT-EATER.

At the opposite extremity of the globe, separated from this country by many thousand miles of sea, is an immense continent, which, although its discovery can scarcely be dated two centuries back, is now the home of a vast number of our countrymen. Blest with a temperate and almost European climate, the cultivated plants and domestic animals of Europe thrive here as well as in their natural home, and the emigrant may surround himself in his new abode with all those familiar objects which met his eye in the country from which he has been driven by necessity or the love of change. But although the climate of Australia appears so eminently favourable to the existence of these inhabitants of distant lands, the natural productions of this extraordinary land and its adjacent islands are in most cases widely different from those of the rest of the world. The mammalia, or beasts, of Australia in particular, exhibit this difference in a most striking manner. With the exception of a few rats and bats, and of the native dog, or dingo, which very probably was introduced at some distant period, nearly all the animals of this class found in this region, possess a singular character—that of bringing their young into the world in an exceedingly imperfect state, and receiving them after birth in a pouch, where they adhere to the teats of the mother until their development is sufficiently advanced to render them independent. The animals which exhibit this peculiarity are called marsupial animals by naturalists (from the Latin word *marsupium*, a pouch); with the exception of the opossums of America, and a few other creatures found in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, they are now confined to Australia, although in earlier periods of the earth's history, similar animals existed even in our own country.

We have said that nearly all the native Australian mammalia present the curious character just mentioned; for the two extraordinary creatures which we now bring before the notice of the reader do not exhibit it, although their near alliance with the true marsupial animals is indicated in many ways, and especially by the presence of two short bones, imbedded in the muscles of the belly, which in the latter serve to support the pouch, but still exist in the ornithorhynchus and echidna, although these possess no such protection for their young. But they are distinguished from the marsupials and from all other mammalia by a still greater singularity of structure. Like birds and reptiles, they have but a single opening for the intestines and excreting organs, and this, coupled with the beak-like covering of the snout and some other peculiarities, has induced many to regard them as intermediate links between the three higher classes of vertebrate animals.

When the duck-billed animal (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*) was first brought to Europe, the learned were inclined to entertain an opinion that some way had been endeavouring to make them the victims of a sort of practical joke; and certainly its singular conformation was far from rendering such an idea incredible. Its body, clothed with soft fur, has some resemblance to a small otter; its tail is almost a miniature copy of that of the beaver; whilst the curious flat bill with which its head is adorned might readily be set down as that of some unknown species of duck. But this explanation was still attended with the arising difficulty, that no one could point out the animals from which the ornithorhynchus might have been compounded; so that, supposing it to be a zoological forgery, it must have been made up of at least two or three creatures with which naturalists were unacquainted. The arrival of more specimens, however, soon put the matter beyond a doubt, and the title of this anomalous creature to rank as a genuine animal has never since been disputed.

The general appearance of the ornithorhynchus will be well understood from our engraving. Its colour is a darkish brown above, whitish beneath; the bill and the webs of the feet are blackish. The fore feet are very curious, the webs with which they are furnished being so large as to project beyond the extremities of the toes, and the hind legs in the male are armed with a strong spine, which is continued, and commences at the base with a glandular organ, a structure which gives some support to

the statements of the natives of Australia, that the wounds inflicted by these weapons are poisonous.

The habits of this animal, as might be inferred from its appearance, are strictly aquatic. Amongst the settlers in Australia and Van Diemen's Land they are known as "water moles," but their numbers appear to be decreasing rapidly in the more populous parts of the colonies. They are exceedingly shy, and the greatest caution is required in watching their actions, as the slightest noise causes them to disappear instantly. The banks of the streams inhabited by them are excavated in every direction by their burrows, which are often of considerable length, extending sometimes as much as fifty feet, although rarely exceeding thirty. The creature appears to dig through the earth with almost as much facility as the European mole, for M. Verreaux, to whom naturalists are indebted for much interesting information about this animal, states that he saw one excavate a burrow upwards of two feet long, in a hard gravelly soil, in less than two minutes. To these burrows the animal retreats to enjoy his food, which consists of aquatic insects, larvæ, and small molluscs, captured in the water and stowed away in a pair of cheek pouches with which it is furnished, until a sufficient quantity is collected to make a satisfactory meal. In feeding, the ornithorhynchus skims the surface of the mud and water with a quick movement of the mandibles, very much in the manner of a duck when engaged in the same interesting occupation. They not unfrequently leave the water and climb the trees which grow in its neighbourhood, on the branches of which small parties of them may be found lying coiled up, like dogs in their ordinary sleeping attitude.

The aborigines of New Holland, influenced by the duck-like bill of this animal, maintain that it produces its young from eggs; but this opinion is quite destitute of foundation, although the young when born are undoubtedly in a very imperfect state. They are quite destitute of fur and totally blind; the bill is very soft and the tongue projects to the front of the mouth, sucking the little creature to its milk diet. The mode of suckling, if such a term may be applied to the process, is exceedingly curious. According to M. Verreaux, the milk is emitted into the water by the female from the mammary glands, which open by a simple slit on each side of the belly; it then rises to the surface of the water, where it floats, and the young animal sucks it in from this situation. In captivity, some young animals, kept for several weeks by Mr. Bennett, were very playful, and fed readily upon "bread soaked in water, chopped egg, and meat minced very small," so that in these days of rapid voyages, we may yet hope to see the ornithorhynchus added to the interesting collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens.

The echidna, or spiny ant-eater (*Echidna hyemalis*), is an animal nearly allied to the ornithorhynchus, and inhabiting the same countries. It is a small creature of very singular appearance, somewhat resembling a hedgehog with a bird's bill attached to its snout. The entire upper part of the body is covered with sharp spines, the lower portions with bristly hair, and the tail, which is very short, is armed with perpendicular spines. The snout is very curious; at first sight it resembles the bill of a bird, but on examination, the mouth is found to be very small and situated close at the tip, not leaving more than sufficient room for the protrusion of the worm-like tongue, with which it is said to collect the insects on which it feeds in the same way as the ant-eater. Like the ornithorhynchus, the male echidna has a strong spine on each hinder leg; but neither the fore nor hind feet are webbed, and the animal is not aquatic in its habits. It burrows in the ground with great ease; its food is said to consist of ants and other insects; when alarmed or irritated, it rolls itself up into a ball like a hedgehog, and presents the points of its spines to the assailant. But little appears to be known of its habits in a state of nature, but we have an interesting description of the part of Professor Owen, of the behaviour of one of these animals in the Zoological Society's menagerie in the year 1837. From this we give a few particulars. The animal

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when received at the gardens," says Professor Owen, "was active, and apparently in sound health. It was placed in a large but shallow box, with a deep layer of sand on one-half the bottom; the top covered with close cross-bars. The animal manifested more vivacity than might have been expected from a quadruped which, in

until it had assured itself that the ~~the~~ hard impenetrable bottom everywhere opposed its progress downwards. The animal then began to explore every fissure and cranny, poking its long and slender nose into each crevice and hole, and through the interspaces of the cross-bars above. To reach these, it had to raise itself



THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS (*ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS*).

the proportions of its limbs to its body, as well as in its internal organization, makes the nearest approach, after the ornithorhynchus, to the reptilia. In the act of walking, which was a kind of waddling gait, the body was alternately bent from one side to the other, the belly was lifted entirely off the ground, and the legs,

upright, and often overbalanced itself, falling on its back, and recovering its legs by performing a summerset. I watched these attempts of the animal to escape for more than an hour, and it was not until it had got experience of the strength of its prison, that the ichneumon began to notice the food which had been placed there.



THE SPINY ANTE-EATER (*MORMONOTERMES RUGINERVIS*).

Although not so perpendicular as in higher mammalia, were less bent backwards than in lizards. . . . It commenced an active exploration of its prison soon after it was imaged; the first instinctive movement was to seek its ordinary shelter in the earth, and it turned up the sand rapidly by throwing it aside with strong strokes of its powerful forelimb paws, and repeating the act in many places.

This consisted of a saucer of bread and milk and some meal-worms. The ant was sucked, or rather licked in by rapid protrusion and retraction of the long red cylindrical tongue. The tongue came more than once in contact with the larvae, which were sometimes rolled over by it, but no attempt was made to swallow them.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

It is a common remark, and one borne out by experience, that genius is not hereditary on the father's side. We rarely find both father and son highly distinguished, at least in the same department. But, like all other general rules, this has its exceptions. If the second William Pitt was inferior to the Great Commoner in oratorical power, in commanding force of character, and in statesmanlike breadth of view, he was still a man of great endowment, and probably exerted even a more powerful and lasting influence over the destinies of the country than his illustrious father. Again,

tions and discoveries. And what renders their case still more remarkable is, that another member of the same family, Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister of the father, is entitled to a share of the honour which encircles the name, having not merely assisted in their observations and computations, but herself discovered a comet.

It is much to be regretted that so few particulars are known with respect to the life of Sir William Herschel; for not only do his distinguished astronomical discoveries give an interest to everything



SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

though George Stephenson, who conferred incalculable benefits upon his species, and an immortality upon himself, by originating the great railway system, was a most remarkable instance of how much may be accomplished by heaven-born genius in spite of deficient education, it may be questioned whether his son Robert, who, besides being equally gifted by nature, has enjoyed the advantage of a superior scientific education, will not leave behind him more stupendous monuments of engineering skill. Another striking exception to the above rule is supplied by the two Himmels, both of whom have won lasting renown by their astronomical investiga-

connected with him, but his history—at least the early part of it—was in itself more full of incident than is commonly the case with men of scientific or literary pursuits. Like Handel, the great musical composer, he was a German by birth, and an Englishman by adoption. He was born at Hanover, November 15, 1738. His father, who was a musician, brought him up, with four other sons, to that profession, giving them all a good general education. Having been placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards at the age of fifteen, he accompanied with them to England somewhere about the year 1755 or 1756. According to other accounts, he

never here alone. The place where he first settled was Durham, whence he removed to Bedford. Here he remained for several years as organist and teacher of music, at the same time devoting his leisure hours to the study of languages. A variety of apocryphal stories are told of this part of his career, some of which are certainly incorrect.

It was not till about the year 1766, when he was organist to the Organ Chapel at Bath, that Herschel began to direct his attention to that noble science which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. His knowledge of mathematics was very considerable, and his skill in applying it sufficed to demonstrate that he might have won the highest distinction in that department of science, if he had confined himself to it. With this preliminary advantage he commenced the study of astronomy under very favourable circumstances. Before long he began to feel the want of a better telescope than he possessed or could purchase. Here was a difficulty which, to an ordinary mind, would have appeared insuperable. It is at such turning-points as these that the true character of a man appears. The commonplace person, who lives only according to a prescribed routine, and has no resources within himself for trying emergencies, no sooner encounters an obstacle than his heart fails him, and he foregoes the object of his pursuit almost without a struggle. Not so the man of genius. To him difficulties are but incentives to pleasurable exertion. It matters not how unexpected or how unprecedented to him they may be, he is never at a loss for some means of overcoming them. Such was the case with Herschel at this juncture. Not being able to purchase, or in any other way procure, a telescope of the size and power he wanted, he determined to make one. As may be supposed, his first attempts were not successful; but, nevertheless, he still persisted in them, undaunted by repeated failures, till at length he succeeded in constructing a Newtonian reflecting telescope of five feet focal length.

Nor was Herschel long in turning to account the resources which he had acquired by his constructive skill and industry. He applied himself diligently to a careful observation of the heavenly bodies, and the study of all the phenomena which throw light upon their constitution, movements, and laws. The results of his observations were communicated in his papers of "Philosophical Transactions," one of the earliest of which contained an announcement of his having discovered what was then supposed to be a comet, but was soon ascertained to be a new planet. The discovery took place between ten and eleven o'clock on the evening of March 13, 1781. While observing some stars in the constellation Gemini, Herschel noticed one that appeared larger than the rest, and, on examining it with greater magnifying power, he soon found its position with relation to the other stars was changed, which proved that it was in motion. It is remarkable that the planet had been repeatedly observed, and its position recorded as a fixed star by various astronomers, one of whom, Le Monnier, could not have failed to discover that it was a planet, if he had but brought into one view all his observations of the same object. In a spirit of misgiving loyalty—or, as many would say, unworthy flattery—Herschel proposed to call the planet *Georgium Sidus*, or the Georgian Star, in honour of George the Third, who was then king. But astronomers, who have other objects in view than the gratification of royal vanity, could hardly be expected to accede to such a title; still less could foreigners consent to pay such homage to a sovereign who had no claim upon their allegiance. Laplace, the celebrated French astronomer, with a praiseworthy desire to honour the discoverer, proposed that the planet should bear his name; and many acted upon his suggestion. But even this did not meet with general acceptance; and after some discussion, the name of *Uranus*, by which the planet is now known, was proposed by Bode and fixed upon as most appropriate.

The next discovery of Herschel took place in the early part of the year 1781, when he established the existence of two satellites of *Uranus*, and made an approximation to the time of their revolution.

Ten years later he discovered the four other satellites of this planet. He had great difficulty in discerning them, and they have never been seen since, whence some have been inclined to doubt their existence; but there appears to be no sufficient ground on the subject.

One of Herschel's discoveries of *Uranus*, was to bring him at

once into public notice. His fame spread all over the continent, and he was appointed private astronomer to George III., with a salary of £400 a-year. He now removed first to Datchet, and afterwards to Slough, where he pursued his researches with unremitting ardour and great success. He married a widow named Mrs. Pitt, who was the mother of Sir John Herschel, the present worthy inheritor of the illustrious name. Of his private life after this time little can be said, because little is known on good authority. So scanty is the information respecting it, that even the dates of his knighthood, and receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, cannot be ascertained. But what we do know is, that for a long series of years, from 1780 to 1821, he communicated to the Philosophical Society a great number of papers upon the subject of his astronomical studies, thus showing that to the very last he retained his ardour in the pursuit of truth; for on the 23rd of August, 1822, death brought his labours to a close, when he had nearly completed his eighty-fourth year.

It is beyond our province to give any detailed account of the discoveries of this great astronomer; but the bare fact that his various contributions to our knowledge of the solar system increased the number of heavenly bodies in it by one-half, shows how well-founded is his claim to universal admiration. Besides *Uranus* with its six satellites, and the two satellites of *Saturn*, he discovered the rotation of *Saturn's* ring, measured the rotation of *Saturn* and *Venus*, and by many observations and well-founded reasonings contributed largely to the advance of modern astronomy. Indeed it may safely be asserted, that to no one are we so deeply indebted for what we know of the solar system. But his discoveries were not confined to the solar system. It was he who first opened our eyes to the infinite vastness of the universe, by showing that our system is only one of a countless number of others, which extend throughout the boundless regions of space, not only far beyond mortal ken, but even beyond the most daring flights of human imagination. His discovery, in 1803, that many objects which looked like single stars, and had hitherto been taken to be such even by astronomers, were, in fact, pairs of stars revolving round each other, was the first step to more just conceptions than had previously prevailed upon this subject; and his grand speculations upon the milky way, nebulae, &c., contributed still further to this desirable result. Imperfect as is this sketch of what Sir William Herschel accomplished, it may be sufficient to show that he made many valuable additions to our astronomical knowledge; and when we reflect how important a bearing this knowledge has upon various practical arts—especially that of navigation and all that depends upon it—we see how great a benefactor he was to mankind, and how worthy he is to occupy an honourable place in the grateful recollections of posterity.

AMBOYNA, OR THE ISLAND OF DEW.

THE ISLAND OF DEW, as the Dutch call the chief of the Moluccas, is little known to the world. Though only occupying a space of thirteen geographical miles, it has 30,000 inhabitants. It presents a very varied aspect. It rises from the sea towards a centre, with a gradual but broken slope dipping into valleys, chafing up clusters of hills, or expanding into little table-lands. Some of the hills present a very pleasing appearance, green and verdant to the summit, while some have only woods at the base. English and Dutch travellers vie with each other in their descriptions of this capital of the Spice Islands. Temminck talks of an atmosphere laden with the soft odour of aromatic plants and flowers, and of rich plains shaded by sago and cocoa-palms. The prospect he declares to be enchanting in its beauty. Van Houtte is more enthusiastic than his comrade in description. The flowers of the island fill the air with fragrance. According to him, it is a *paradis Eden*, where a *Sylvan* might dwell in ease and luxury and voluptuousness all the days of his life. Some parts, however, are barren, but others are infinitely fertile. Here the nutmeg and the clove grow in rich perfection, and bring riches to the Dutch of more sure return than silver and gold mines.

In addition to the spices, the island produces woods yielding fragrant essences and oils with medicinal virtues, aromatic woods

for cabinet-work, from which alaba for tables five or six feet in diameter are cut, one of which, of rare beauty, we have ourselves seen. Coffee, indigo, cotton, and pepper grow, but are neglected, as is cinnamon. But the island is almost wholly destitute of the necessities of life. The Dutch have always kept down ordinary agriculture, and forced the people to depend on their commerce for support. Rice is a great article of food, and this is supplied by Java, Celebes, and Bengal. Yams grow in great abundance, and are an extensively-used article of food. But the best resource of the islanders is the sago, or Papua bread. This is the pith of a palm, the humbler, the nipa excepted, of its tribe. It furnishes the principal food of the people, its delicate flour being baked into cakes. This is its native country—that is, in the region between Borneo on the one side, and New Guinea on the other. The quantity of pith from a single tree is immense, often as much as 600 pounds. The refuse left in heaps produces excellent mushroom. The epicures of Molucca even eat certain white worms generated in the same refuse.

One palm-tree on this island produces a poison, used to poison water, in the early days of the Dutch, by the natives. They now make an intoxicating drink from it. The betel nut, tobacco, and the wild banana, are also found. It is singular that all these

things are consumed on the spot, while the spices are almost neglected. They send all away, without ever using them at all themselves. Teak is a tree much used, as also ginger.

Deer and hogs are the chief animals, the island being poor in quadrupeds. But birds swarm in the forests, in every variety of plumage—purple, bright blue, gold, green, and gaudy crimson. The edible birds'-nests are found here and exported to China with treasings, sharks'-fins, and small parcels of gold. To the same country they also send birds of Paradise (variously called Birds of God, Birds of the Sun, and King Birds). There is also a trade in feathers.

The people are of middle size, military in their character, very impetuous, but easily appeased. They were represented by the Dutch, who behaved to them with savage cruelty, as a ferocious race without any merciful ideas. They are now, however, a quiet race. They must have been a simple people when discovered, as they boiled their food in a hollow bamboo. They now use iron pans from China.

The island is celebrated in the history of Indian colonisation as the scene of a fearful execution by the Dutch of Captain Towerson and nine other Englishmen, nine Japanese and one Portuguese, known as the Massacre of Amboyna.

RELIGION AND ARTS OF THE ASSYRIANS.

It has been remarked in a former article on Nineveh,* that the character of the Assyrians was eminently religious, though their veneration was falsely directed, and took a superstitious and debasing form. There are some lofty conceptions, however, in their sculptured embodiments of the power and majesty of God; and something of the religious philosophy of the Chaldeans and Egyptians must have been known to their priests. But in speaking of them as a people, it is their public wor-ship and the popular creed that we must notice, rather than the abstractions which the priesthood conserved for their own order. In all countries, the sun appears to have been the earliest object of religious adoration; but, except among the Persians, popular ignorance and superstition personified this glorious symbol of divine power and beneficence, and hence Baal, or Belus, Crisina, Osiris, Apollo, etc. Baal was the supreme divinity of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and probably of the Phœnicians also, and as such is represented on a cylinder of green feldspar found by Mr. Layard at Kouyunjik, and supposed by him to have been the signet or amulet of Sennacherib.

On many of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, and other antique remains of the same country and period, an object is represented called a sacred tree, one of the forms of which is represented in the annexed engraving (p. 92). On the cylinder in question, the flowers or fruit of the tree are in the form of an acorn, and the king stands on one side, and a figure, described as a eunuch, on the other. The king holds up his right hand in an attitude of adoration, and in his left is the sacrificial mace. Above the sacred tree is the figure of Baal, the body of the god in a circle, the symbol of eternity, above which are the three heads of Baal (an unusual mode of representing that deity), while from the sides spread the wings, and from below the tail and legs of a dove, typical of Mylitta, the Assyrian Venus. Among the sculptures excavated at Nimroud were several figures of Dagon, the fish-god of the Phœnicians, from which we learn that, in accordance with that intercommunity of worship which prevailed universally among the polytheistic nations of antiquity, the Assyrians imparted into their pantheon some of the gods of the neighbouring nations. Among the twelve gods of the Assyrians, enumerated in a long inscription at the same place, are Amhur, probably a deified hero, and Ishtar, supposed to be the personification of the moon.

The predominant religious element, in the character of the Assyrians, is seen in the designs traced upon their domestic utensils, engraved upon their seals and amulets, and sculptured on

the walls of the palaces of their kings. Of the eleven devices of the impressions of seals found at Kouyunjik, seven appear to be connected with the mythology and religious worship of the country. Several of the bronze plates and dishes discovered at Nimroud are of similar character, and on some of them are represented deities of Egyptian origin, though evidently designed and executed by Assyrian artists. These remains of the mechanical ingenuity and artistic powers of the Assyrians, while they evince the extent to which the feeling of religion, mingled with the every-day concerns of life among them, are also valuable for the glimpses they afford us of their domestic economy. They were dug out of a chamber of the north-west palace at Nimroud, which Mr. Layard conjectures has been the repository of the royal arms and sacrificial vessels; but which Colonel Rawlinson (who discovered, in an adjoining chamber, an alabaster vase, which appeared to have contained preserved fruit) is of opinion was the royal kitchen. The walls were of common sun-dried bricks, such as are used throughout Asiatic Turkey and Persia for ordinary purposes at the present day, except about three feet from the floor, where large burnt bricks had been used. In one corner was a well, with a raised mouth of brickwork three feet high; it was filled up with rubbish, but on being emptied to the depth of sixty feet, brackish water was found. In clearing out the rubbish which filled up the chamber, two copper caldrons were found, about three feet deep, and two feet and a half in diameter; these were filled with a number of small bronze bells, several bronze plates, dishes, and cups, hundreds of ivory and mother-of-pearl buttons and studs, and various small articles in bronze and copper, the use of which is not very clear. The studs and buttons and some metal rosettes appear to have been used in the trappings of the Assyrian cavalry horses, and also on those attached to chariots.

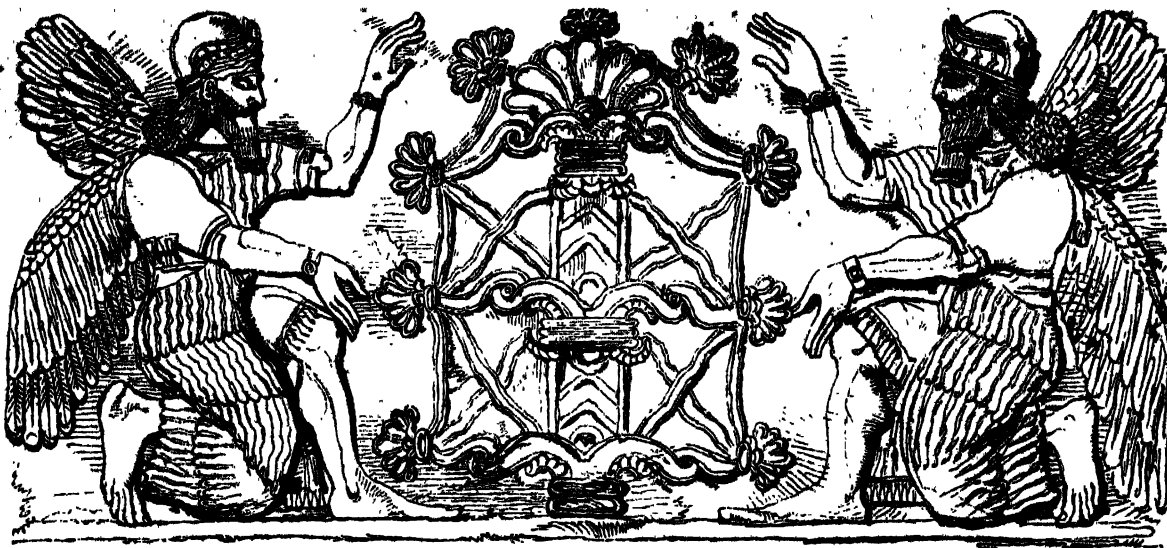
Beneath the caldrons a number of bronze feet of lions and bulls were found, which probably had been the feet of tripods for supporting vases and bowls. Two other caldrons contained several plates and dishes, a wine-strainer of elegant form, and the handle of a vase, all of bronze. Of eight other caldrons and jars, some of which had been crushed flat by the falling in of the upper part of the building, one contained bones and ashes; the rest were empty. Behind the caldrons was a heap of bronze cups, bowls, and dishes, of various shapes and sizes, lying one above another, without order.

Some of the bronze vessels thus discovered are plain, but many are elaborately ornamented with figures of animals, etc., either embossed or engraved. About 150 of them are now in the British Museum. The metal of which they are composed has been found to contain one part of tin to ten of copper, which are the relative

* ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 154.

proportions used in the composition of bronze at the present day. The bells, however, have fourteen per cent. of tin, which shows that the Assyrians had made considerable advance in metallurgy, and understood the effect produced by increasing the proportion of

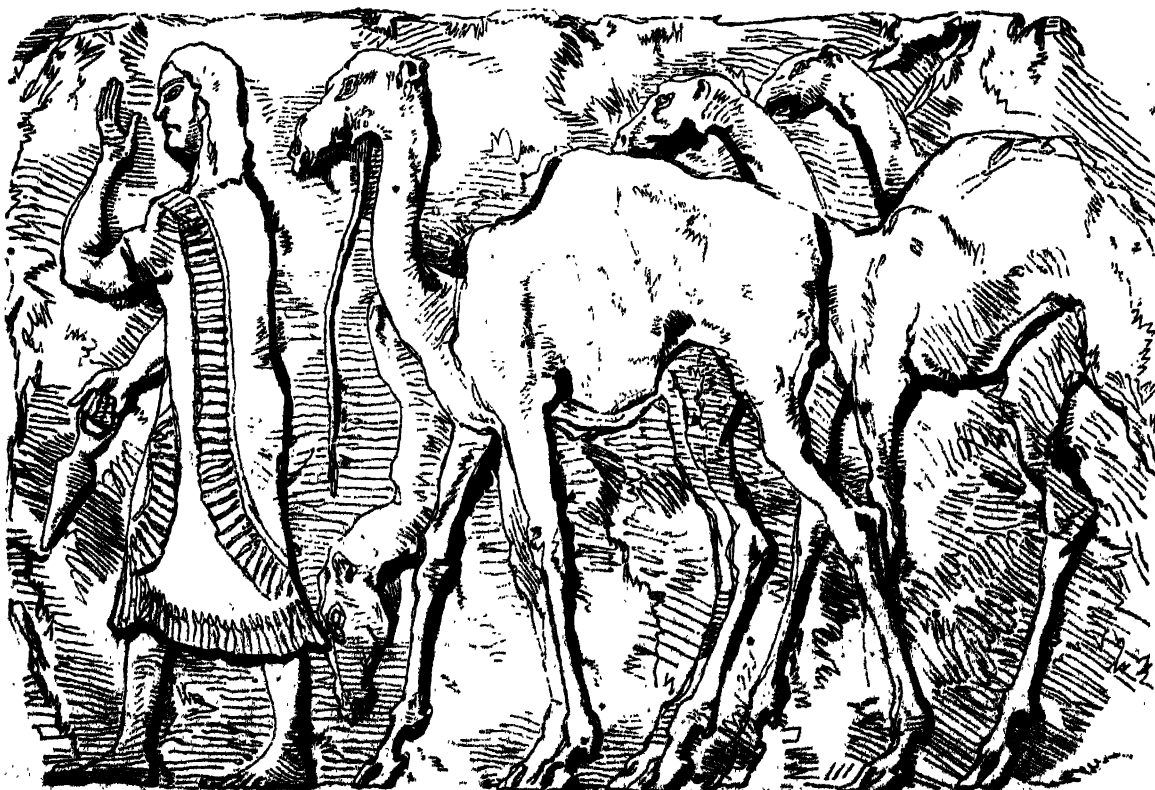
Some of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, exhibit the progress which the Assyrians had made in ship-building. As their vessels were constructed only for the navigation of the Tigris, they were of small size, but in their lofty



WINGED FIGURES BY A SACRED TREE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

that metal. By the decomposition of the metal, the effect of time and damp, the surface of these vessels was covered with a green coat of a crystalline nature, which has been removed since the vessels have been placed in the Museum. An alabaster jar, a lens;

prows may be traced a considerable resemblance to the galleys of the ancient Greeks. In the accompanying engraving (p. 93) two kinds of vessels are represented—boats and ships with a single mast and yard—but both have a double bank of oars. The water appears to be



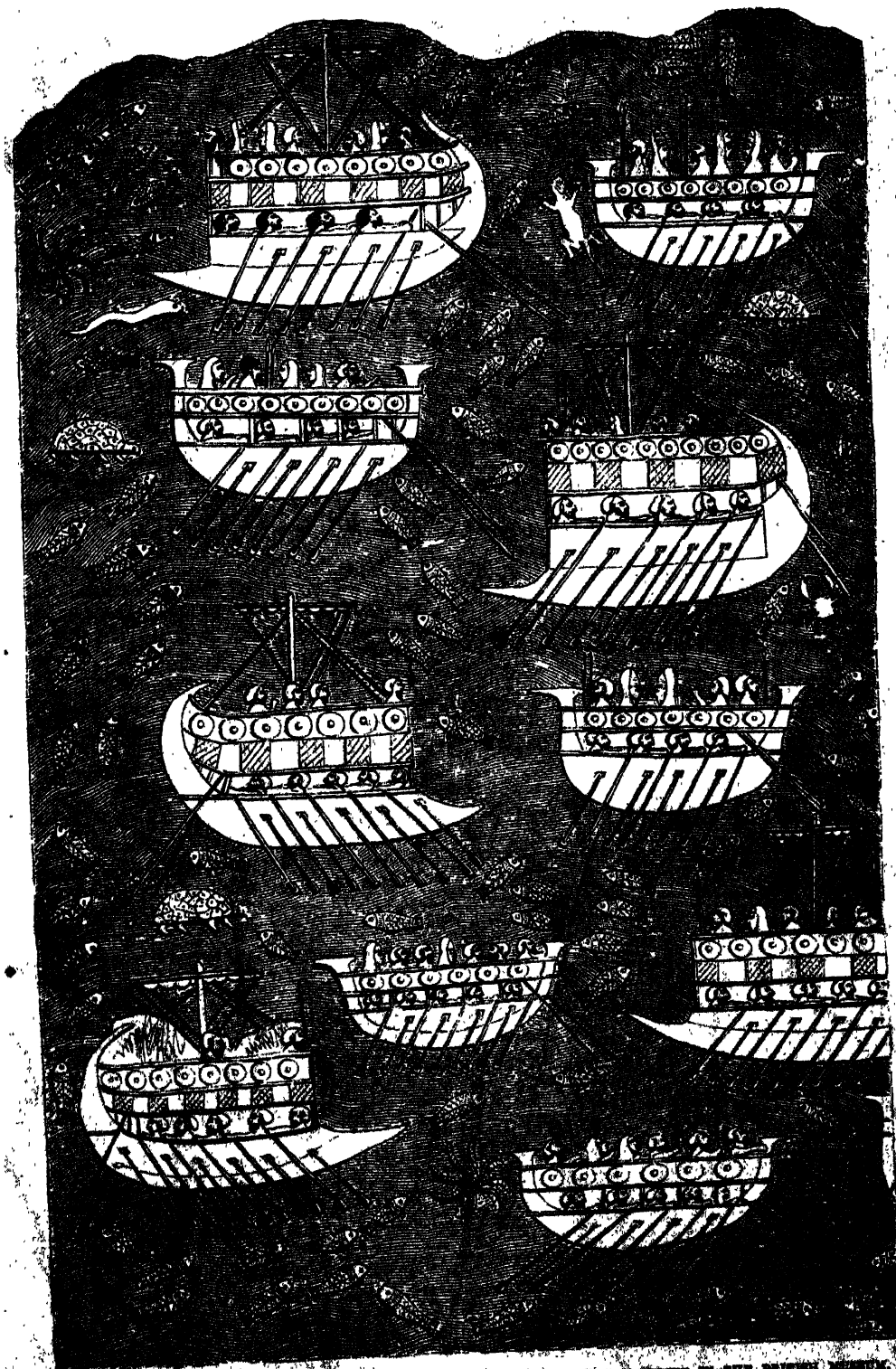
A WOMAN WITH CAMELS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of rock-crystal, and two glass bowls, were also found in this interesting apartment, showing that the Assyrians were not only acquainted with the manufacture of glass, but also with the properties of the burning glass.

well stocked with fish, which are swimming in every direction, while at the bottom, as we must suppose, the crab and the turtle crawl, and the star-fish agitates its arms in search of prey. A small kind of crocodile, and an animal of eel-like form, are also represented

Another of these bas-reliefs portrays a battle in a marsh in Southern Mesopotamia, in which wicker-boats are used, precisely similar to those of the Afaij Arabs of the present day. In a similar scene, the Assyrians are bringing their captives ashore, one of the boats

lightness, guided and impelled them. The largest were built of teakwood, but the others consisted simply of a very narrow framework of rushes covered with bitumen, resembling, probably, the vessels of bulrushes mentioned by Isaiah (xviii. 2). They



THE ENEMIES OF THE ASSYRIANS ESCAPING IN THEIR SHIPS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

being towed by a man swimming on an inflated skin. The boats of the Arabs of the Afaij are thus described by Mr. Layard:—"They were of various sizes. In the bottom of some, eight or ten persons sat crowded on their haunches; in others, only one or two. Men standing at the head and stern, with long-bamboo poles of great

skinned over the surface of the water with great rapidity. . . . This singular scene recalled vividly to my mind the sculptures at Kouyounlik, representing the Assyrian wars in marshes of the same nature, and probably formed by the waters of the same river. The stream through the reeds, and the boats of rushes, are faithfully

delineated in the bas-reliefs, showing how little the barbarous inhabitants of these great swamps have changed after the lapse of nearly three thousand years."

The bas-relief which has been reproduced in our second illustration represents a woman, barefooted, carrying some vessel in her hand, followed by four camels. The foremost of the animals has a halter depending from his head; and all the figures are executed with considerable fidelity and spirit. The glimpses which we obtain into the every-day life of the Assyrians by means of these bas-reliefs reveal customs and modes that have been perpetuated to the present day; but in all the higher arts the glory of the land has departed. Mounds of earth cover the palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, and where their banners flaunted in the sunlight as they led their thousands forth to battle, the traveller now beholds only the tents of the wandering Arabs.

HEALTH OF TOWNS.

THAT it is healthier to live in the country than in large towns, is a plain matter of fact which experience renders familiar to all. But it is only within a comparatively short period that any attempt has been made to investigate the causes of this effect; though without such an investigation it is obviously impossible to devise any means at all likely to be effectual in improving the health of towns. If we would arrive at an intelligent view of the subject, we must carefully consider the phenomena which are engendered in the course of years by the impregnation of the soil of cities with substances which are deposited there in the shape of refuse, or gradually accumulate from various sources. Everything that comes into contact with man partakes more or less of the character of clothing, and is similarly affected by the action of those causes which are in constant operation whenever men are collected together. Clothes, as we all know, require to be frequently washed and changed; and if we cannot cleanse and renew the soil upon which we tread, and the emanations from which are constantly rising about us, we ought at least to endeavour to maintain its natural purity as far as lies in our power.

Let the soil be impregnated with organic matter of various kinds; let it receive water enough to moisten it, but not enough to cleanse it; let this water be charged with a solution of sulphate of lime, which, by its combination with the organic substances buried in the soil, will give rise to the most noxious and poisonous gases; let the ventilation which might have carried off these deleterious emanations be impeded; let light, which facilitates the slow combustion of organic substances, be prevented from often reaching the ground; and we have combined all the conditions necessary to render the soil a pest-house of infection, a dreadful swamp under the show of splendour, whence silently go forth day and night the treacherous agents of so many diseases, which are in reality nothing but the natural and necessary results of this concealed corruption. Such, it cannot be denied, are the conditions to which culpable neglect too often gives rise in large towns, even in this enlightened age. Much has been said of late years about the health of towns, and something has been done towards its promotion; but those whose personal observation has made them best acquainted with the subject, are the loudest in their demands for further improvement.

The usual causes of the accumulation of these substances which tend to render the soil of large towns prejudicial to health, are the necessity we are under of using organic substances for food, and the various consequences of that use, the employment of these substances in manufactures, the domestic animals which live among us, and the human corpses which were formerly—and are sometimes even now, if the statements in the public press are to be believed—buried in the heart of towns, and, wasting away by decomposition, after a number of years form a large mass of putrid matter. In towns lighted by gas—that is to say, in all towns of any extent—there is an additional cause of infection, and one which is not counteracted, may become, in time, productive of immense mischief. This is the development of vapours which, after being carried along with the gas in the pipes, issue through the openings and escape in the earth, giving it a stink and that

betrays itself when there is any digging for repairs, make trees wither and perish by poisoning the roots, and taint the water in wells.

It is obvious from the above remarks, that the means of preventing the soil from getting into an unhealthy state must consist mainly in endeavouring to diminish, as much as possible, the quantity of organic substances which penetrate into the earth. The most customary and simple plan is, to pave the streets with stone. Independently of the advantages of this plan on the score of convenience for traffic, and the prevention of the formation of ruts and puddles, it evidently diminishes the permeable portion of the soil, since it is only through the interstices between the stones that anything can reach the earth beneath.

Among other means of accomplishing this important object, the following deserve special mention. There should be numerous water-plugs frequently, if not constantly, open, so as to pour into the gutters a body of water sufficient to carry off all the filth from the houses before it has time to sink into the soil. Sewers and drains should be plentifully laid down and kept thoroughly watertight. To prevent the dispersion of the vapours and fluids engendered by the gas, some recommend that the gas-pipes should be placed inside the sewers. It is alleged that such an arrangement would render the repair of escapes more convenient, but on this point there is some room for a difference of opinion. Cemeteries should be placed not merely quite out of the town, but also below its level; for if the water which runs through the soil finds its way by subterranean imbibition to the soil of the town, it is evident that the evil, against which we are anxious to guard, will be secretly gaining ground. Every species of manufacture which gives out much organic matter ought to be removed to a distance from the town, or carried on close to a stream of water, powerful enough to carry off everything of this sort at once. Lastly, the strictest vigilance should be exercised over all gardens, markets, and other places where organic substances are likely to accumulate.

But, besides resorting to such preventive measures as the above, it is of the greatest importance to employ suitable means for counteracting the infection which already exists in the soil. It is a fact, to which we can no longer shut our eyes, that in almost all our considerable towns the soil is more or less infected. This fact was prominently brought before the public mind with regard to London, in a recent report, drawn up with great ability by Mr. Simon, the medical officer to the City Board of Health. Unfortunately, it is not so easy, in the present state of our knowledge, to discover a remedy for the evil as to state how it might have been avoided. In this, as in other cases, prevention is better than cure.

The first step should be to let the oxygen of the atmosphere have free circulation wherever there are organic materials capable of becoming injurious to health by decomposition. It is well known that oxygen, especially when aided by the influence of light, has a tendency to convert organic matter into water, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, by a slow combustion, which, from the moderation of its action, involves no sort of danger. Thus, oxygen is a powerful agent, which destroys the sources of infection whenever it is brought into contact with them. Besides, the air, by penetrating freely into every hole and corner, has a tendency to dry the earth, the streets, and the walls of the houses. Hence, not only ought the streets to be of sufficient width, but the yards at the back of the houses should be large enough to admit the fresh air to that side as well as the other, for if this is not the case the work of purification is only half done.

The next means to be employed consists in the use of wells, a means which has never yet received a fair trial, but which, with proper management, is capable of being turned to good account. A single experiment by a skilful engineer may suffice to demonstrate this. Having sunk a well in an old farm-yard, the soil of which had been long impregnated with the manure to a considerable depth, he could not get any water from the well at all fit to drink, though the water of another well, situated at a little distance above this, was excellent. However, by dint of working the well, and using the water from it for purposes of cultivation, he at last succeeded in completely changing its condition. The water gradually lost its colour and its smell, all in the course of a few years it

became quite fit to drink. It is evident that, in this case, the well performed the part of an excretory. It served to wash the body of the soil by means of the water which was drawn down to it, dissolving and bringing with it the animal substances through which it passed. This action is naturally very slow, and depends upon the quantity of rain-water imbibed by the earth, and flowing down to the interior of the well; but it cannot be denied that, in general, when there are many wells in a town, they contribute to the gradual purification of the soil, especially if, at the same time, the preventive measures above indicated be adopted. But here an important observation suggests itself with regard to paving, and that is, that the paving, which in some degree prevents the soil on which towns are built from being penetrated with infectious matter, in the same degree prevents it from being cleansed by the rain which falls upon it, and would otherwise sink into it. This was remarked by the sagacious Franklin, who, in his will, observed that the soil of towns being paved and covered with houses, the rain is carried off, instead of penetrating the earth and renewing and purifying the springs; in consequence of which the water from the wells becomes worse every day, till in old towns it is not fit to drink. He therefore recommended the municipal authorities of Philadelphia to have water conveyed thither from Wissahickon Creek by means of pipes. There is evidently no other means of remedying the evil than to have pure water laid on from without; but at the same time it is desirable not to abandon the use of wells wherever they can be sunk, because of their valuable action as excretories, when the subterranean water that gradually accumulates in them is occasionally exhausted.

A third resource, and one which is likely to be more effectual than any other, consists in the raising of plantations near the town. As an eminent engineer observes, if the utility of trees in preventing the impoverishment of sloping ground, and mitigating the evil effects of violent or continuous rain, is undeniable, they must be no less serviceable in constantly counteracting the unhealthiness produced, or on the point of being produced, in populous towns, by organic matter and the excessive dampness of the soil. The roots of the trees, by spreading out in all directions within the soil, relieve it of the moisture, charged with organic and saline materials, that it has imbibed. At the same time the more distant portions

of the roots, by virtue of the law of capillary attraction, give back to the earth a portion of the water with which they are overcharged; and thus, if the trees are sufficiently numerous and suitably arranged, a subterranean circulation is established. Hence we have here self-acting excretories, far more efficient than wells, because they can be multiplied to a greater extent. It has been ascertained by experiment that a sunflower, placed in a glazed flower-pot covered with a sheet of lead, so as merely to let the stem come through, will evaporate as much as twenty-eight pints of water in the course of only twelve hours. What, then, must have been the quantity if the experiment had been made upon a tree? At the same time that the water is thus drawn off, it is purified. The pure liquid is diffused through the atmosphere, and contributes to freshen and improve the air. The salts and organic substances are absorbed by the roots, and serve as nourishment to the tree; so that, by this happy combination, the very deleterious substances themselves are employed to sustain the agents destined to counteract them. But in proportion to the efficacy of this measure in promoting the health and improving the aspect of towns, is the necessity of careful consideration with regard to the number and arrangement of the trees in different quarters, the choice of such as are suitable for their respective positions, and the steps to be taken in order that the roots, as they extend, may meet with sufficient nourishment without ever passing through beds impregnated with substances that are deleterious, or deprived of the oxygen of the atmosphere. Unless these precautions are adopted, the success of the method must be greatly impaired, if not altogether nullified, because the plantations cannot thrive.

We have yet much to learn on this subject, but when the public mind is more fully alive to its importance, it is to be hoped no method will be left untried which has any chance of proving effectual. Surely if anything were needed to convince even the most obtuse and inert of the urgent necessity of prompt and vigorous measures of some sort, the recent outbreak of that dreadful pestilence which is now making such fearful havoc in almost every portion of the globe, is more than sufficient for the purpose. A matter of this sort should neither be left entirely in the hands of official authorities, nor be altogether beyond their control. There must be a co-operation between private individuals and public bodies.

THE REPUBLIC OF CHILI.

Though much has been written at various times about the New World, comparatively little is known of that portion of it extending from Peru to Patagonia, upon which nature has so profusely lavished her bounties, that it has been called the garden of South America. The approach to this beautiful and fertile country is fraught with much difficulty and danger; the wide desert of Atacama on the north, and the lofty Cordilleras on the east, presenting formidable natural barriers to travellers, who generally pursue the precipitous mountain route, rather than cross the sandy waste of the desert.

Soon after the conquest of Peru, the fame of the mineral treasures of Chili having reached Pizarro, he persuaded his companion and rival, Diego de Almagro, to undertake the command of an expedition to attempt its conquest. In the year 1536, Almagro and his followers set forth, but in crossing the Andes, the fatigue and cold to which they were exposed proved fatal to a large portion of his army. They were at first well received by the natives, but having penetrated as far as Quimbo, they met with much opposition, and a battle ensued, in which the Spaniards were victorious; but so dearly bought was the victory that Almagro had no wish, in the then weakened state of his forces, to hazard another engagement with these warlike tribes, and hearing of a disturbance in Peru, he decided on returning.

In the year 1540, Pizarro resolved to renew the attempt to subjugate Chili, and appointed his quarter-master, Pedro de Valdivia, to the command of this second expedition. He, profiting by the misfortune of Almagro, reached Chili without experiencing any loss, but as his arrival was attacked on all sides. In spite of the valorous opposition of the Chilean tribes, the Spanish invaders

succeeded in penetrating as far as the province of Mapocho, now called Santiago, where Valdivia laid the foundations of the capital of Chili.

The conquerors were much harassed on all sides by the neighbouring tribes, and several battles were fought, in which the slaughter on both sides was very great. The wearied and disheartened soldiers formed a conspiracy to murder their general; that they might be enabled to return to Peru; but Almagro having discovered their base design, caused the leaders of the plot to be put to death, and, to divert the thoughts and satisfy the cupidity of his soldiers, sent a detachment of them to the gold mines of Quillota. This plan fully succeeded, for when they beheld the vast riches of this region, all desire to return was gone.

From this time the Spaniards gradually extended their conquests, until their territory reached its present limits. Besides the narrow strip of land between the desert of Atacama and the river Biobio, they gained possession of the port of Valdivia, the Archipelago of Chiloe, and the island of Juan Fernandez.

Perhaps the most formidable enemies of the Spaniards were the Araucanians, a fine warlike race of people, inhabiting the beautiful tract of land lying between the rivers Biobio and Valdivia. They entertained an ardent love for their country and for freedom, and boldly resisted the hostile attacks of the Spanish invaders, who founded several towns in Araucania, which were repeatedly taken and destroyed by this brave people, who still retain their territory.

Since the liberation of Chili, which took place in the year 1817, an independent republican government has been maintained, with little interruption, under a chief magistrate, called a president. During the year 1826, a congress was convened, which

framed a constitution for the republic, which now forms the basis of the government. The independence of this country has been acknowledged by the United States and Great Britain. The republic of Chili is divided into nineteen provinces. The principal towns are Santiago, founded in 1541, by Don Pedro de Valdivia, and situated upon a plain extending the whole length of Chili; Valparaiso, the most important seaport of the republic, stretching nearly a mile along the shore, some of the houses being irregularly scattered over the hills, which rise abruptly behind the town; and Concepcion, on the river Biobio, possessing one of the most commodious harbours in the world. Coquimbo and Copiapo have also good harbours; and Valdivia, which is situated on a river of the same name, can boast one of the finest on the coast, but has no cultivated country round to give it importance.

"The climate of Spanish Chili," says Robertson, in his "History of America," "is the most delicious of the New World, and is hardly equalled by that of any region on the face of the earth. Though bordering on the torrid zone, it never feels the extremity

their frequent occurrence, excite little attention. There are fourteen volcanic mountains, in a constant state of eruption, situated in that part of the Andes belonging to Chili, and many others discharge smoke at intervals. On account of their position in the centre of the range of mountains, the lava and ashes which are ejected do not reach beyond their limits.

The wealth of this productive country is not confined to the surface; the bowels of the earth yield unbounded treasures. Valuable mines of gold, silver, copper, and lead, have been discovered in various parts, as well as those containing tin and quick-silver. Much attention is paid to the gold-mines, which are very numerous and rich; the sands of almost every stream contain some portion of this precious metal. "Almost all the precipitous and broken ground," says Fraser, "contains gold in greater or less quantities; the surface of the earth in which it is found is generally of a reddish colour, and soft to the touch."

The silver-mines are found in the highest and coldest parts of the Andes. Many of them, though rich in ore, have been aban-



A CHILIAN MINER.

of heat, being screened on the east by the Andes, and refreshed from the west by cooling sea-breezes. The temperature of the air is so mild and equable, that the Spaniards give it the preference to that of the southern provinces in their native country. The fertility of the soil corresponds with the benignity of the climate, and is wonderfully accommodated to European productions. The most valuable of these, corn, wine, and oil, abound in Chili as if they had been native to the country. The wheat is remarkably fine, and is said sometimes to yield a hundred-fold. The potato is indigenous to the soil; it grows wild in the fields, but only produces a small root of a bitterish taste.

The numerous rivers of Chili, fed by the melting snow from the mountains, flow with the rapidity of torrents, and are therefore seldom navigable, but irrigate the valleys, rendering them the most fertile in the world.

This fertile country has been much convulsed by earthquakes at various times. Great convulsions are rare, but a year seldom passes without some slight shocks being felt, which, on account of

done on account of the difficulty and expense of working them in this unfavourable situation. The copper-mines, which are generally situated near the coast, are very productive.

Antimony and fossil-salt, as well as sal-ammoniac and saltpetre, are found in great abundance in Chili. Potatoes are also very plentiful. But it is impossible, in our limited space, to enumerate the products of this rich country, which, unlike many mineral districts, has a luxuriant vegetation.

We now proceed to introduce to our reader the subject of our engraving. The miner of Chili is bold, enterprising, and prodigal—so accustomed to the sight of the precious metals, that he learns to disregard them, and attaches but little value to money. As a class, the miners are extravagant in their habits, passionately addicted to gaming, in which pursuit they pass most of their leisure hours, and shockingly intemperate. They generally die in the greatest distress—cut off in their prime by the effects of their unhealthy mode of life and the deleterious gains which they labour in the mines.

[illegible]

The following table shows the results of the survey. The data is presented in a table with 4 columns: Country, Year, and two measures of the dependent variable. The first measure is the percentage of respondents who agree with the statement, and the second measure is the percentage of respondents who disagree. The data is presented for three countries: China, India, and the United States. The data is presented for two years: 2000 and 2001.

| Country | Year | Agree | Disagree |
|---------------|------|-------|----------|
| China | 2000 | 68% | 32% |
| China | 2001 | 72% | 28% |
| India | 2000 | 55% | 45% |
| India | 2001 | 58% | 42% |
| United States | 2000 | 42% | 58% |
| United States | 2001 | 45% | 55% |

The data shows that the percentage of respondents who agree with the statement has increased in China and India, while it has decreased in the United States. This suggests that the perception of the U.S. military's role in the world has changed over time.

In the fact, also, that no rude school experience disturbed the imaginings of his youth, we may find a source both of Bulwer's peculiar strength and weakness. He was placed at several private schools, never at a public one; and then finished his education by means of private tutors, and afterwards at Cambridge. Whilst at that university he carried off the prize poem on Sculpture.

In 1826, Bulwer (for we must call him by the name by which he is endeared to the public) published his first literary effort, which is in verse, under the title of "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a collection of fugitive verse. To this succeeded "O'Neil the Rebel" (1827); and in this year also, "Falkland." His next work, was published anonymously. But this was only playing at authorship; it was not till the year 1828 that "Pelham" was published, and Bulwer sprang at once into a recognised author.

We take it that there are few people in the reading world who have not read "Pelham." The success of that novel was brilliant, and the reading public were absolutely thronging to the bookshops to read it. It was in the good old days of circulating libraries, before cheap reading had put a limit to their business, and when three volumes were the only books in vogue. "Pelham" was so well read, that some of the librarians must have made a small fortune out of that book alone. The reasons of its success were various. The hero was a dandy, a handsome man, and a *petit maître*; he was—

"Such a duck, such a darling, such a jewel of a man!"

and from Sir Harry Wildair to Don Juan, such characters are universally admired by the weak. Secondly, the book was so faulty, yet so full of talent, that it made an excellent book to "cut up," to use the language of the critics, or to praise. Thirdly, and this was perhaps the greatest secret in those bird-hunting days, it portrayed, or professed to portray, the manners of high life. Lord Byron had declared, that the reason novelists did not succeed in descriptions of fashionable life was, because there was little to describe; but his *dictum* did not satisfy the craving after such descriptions. In these, it was acknowledged, Bulwer had succeeded.

"How ton finds her privacy broken;

We trace all her ins and her outs,

By the very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs.

At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of

The book from the inn-keeper's wife.

And reads till she dreams she is one of

The leaders of elegant life."

But beyond these, "Pelham" was a first-rate book of its class. The hero was something more than a coxcomb; he was a scholar, and the book had altogether an air of learning and philosophy, which was greatly enhanced by the quotations from all sorts of authors, learned and unlearned, sacred and profane, which the author put at the heads of his chapters. The critics declared, that "The Adventures of a Gentleman," the second title of "Pelham," were nothing more nor less than the adventures of Mr. Bulwer himself; and we recollect well that one of them, criticising the book in the "slashing" style in which critics proceeded in those days, made various incursions into the every-day life of the author himself, and found a fault with his *du* *cleaved*! "Fie!" said he; "is this the exquisite Pelham, this the dandy who holds learned dissertations upon dress, cookery, and the true arts; who rivals Brummel in the number of white neckcloths which he wears? Fie! he in cleaned gloves! Pah! they smell abominably of turpentine!"

We only quote the above to show the style of criticism which was then thought smart and fine writing. Critics were then not masters of the art; and the ridicule of Pope upon John Bunce had driven serious and honest critical terms out of the field. The man who could get the most point and ill-nature into his article was thought the best critic, and paid accordingly. People never thought of giving an opinion on a book; the business of the critic was to make a smart article out of it; and to this kind of criticism were the artistic efforts of Bulwer subjected.

His next works earned for him the title of the prose Byron, and the title is not misapplied; and declared him, for the time at least, a devotee of the "billion school" of literature. They were

"The Disowned," published in the year 1828; "Devereux," 1829; and "Paul Clifford," 1830. Of these, all being well received, "Devereux" gained, and perhaps deserved, the highest praise. "We move," says "The Edinburgh Review," in 1832, "in this story, among the great; but it is the great of other times—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans. . . . No under-current of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith." This is indeed high praise; but "Paul Clifford," a work of higher artistic merit and of much greater power, got upon all sides nearly as much blame. To say that it deserves the blame it had, and even more, would not be too much: it introduced to modern times the style which the great and wise Fielding had, in his days, so well laughed out of fashion. If Paul Clifford had been only admirable and excellent when repentant, it would have been far different. But it was otherwise. The reader, by the art of the novelist, was made to sympathise with the highwayman whilst absolutely in the saddle, and with his pistol to the ear of his victim! Then there was also the philosophic Tomlinson, his companion, who had his mouth full of maxims à la Rochefoucauld, and who always, in a sentimental way, varnished over the ill deeds of the gang; and besides him a numerous set of thieves, who loved Mr. Clifford as their captain, and talked elegant slang, and robbed with an infinite gusto. Of course this was produced on the stage; of course, also, the representative of Paul Clifford, in sticking plaster boots and laced coat, fired off his pistol and made defiance to the laws of the country with impunity. The very town rang with it; it was villany brought to a successful issue. Juveniles applauded from the gallery; their ideas of *mine* and *thine* were quite confounded; and a highwayman became, in their minds, synonymous with a hero and fine gentleman.

The better the thing was done, the more blameable was Bulwer. In this we hold he perfectly succeeded; to us there is a certain *goût* and artistic excellence in "Paul Clifford," which he has never surpassed.

"The Siamese Twins," the natural production of our author's satire and Bulwer is by no means an inferior satirist, was an intermittent production between his novels. He has ever been breaking out into poetry; and of the works he has given us in verse, this was the least successful.

Next to this came, as if in spite and defiance of the critics, a work which plunged him more deeply into literary immorality, and in which he gave a romantic glow not only to theft, but to murder committed in the perpetration of that theft. We allude to "Eugene Aram." No reader of the "Newgate Calendar" is unaware that a man of that romantic name did exist during the last century; that he was a man of some learning; a schoolmaster; and that he murdered an associate in a brutal manner, merely to get his money; that he was hanged for the crime, and that he made an ineffectual defence. Upon this slender foundation, by glossing over the bad and supplying the good, Bulwer created an affecting romance. Young ladies who despised their tradesmen, butchers, or shoemakers, let their tears flow for a murderer, who was tricked out in false sentiment. But the very success of the work—the sympathy which one human heart gave to the morbid feelings of another—was a triumph to the artist, and was all the dearer to the author because it was false. It was an exhibition of power and skill which pleased him then, but which he has long since grown out of; perhaps natural to a young man, but as blameable as it is weak and immoral.

To all this it may be answered, that Bulwer was not a man of genius, for men of genius seldom sin against true morality of taste, but that he was a consummate artist, working upon human hearts with words and ideas, and sporting with his work.

About the year 1831, Mr. Bulwer undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which, under the conduct of Campbell, had arrived at some reputation. In this he published the "Student," a series of papers, some of them excellent, some of them very weak and excited. In 1833, appeared "England and the English," followed by the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and that by "The Last Days of Pompeii," a most masterly and interesting work, full also of scholarship, but followed by one equal if not superior to it, viz.,

"Rienzi," which one critic has declared to be the "most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's works."

It was perhaps too much to expect of Bulwer to keep to high tone and morality for two successive novels: and consequently, "Ernest Maltravers," his next production, and his successor, "Alton, or the Mystery," showed him in a retrograde movement towards the Byronic school, with a moral, savage and melancholy, in the triumph of the wicked and the affliction of the virtuous. His next work was "Athens: its Rise and Fall," a work which showed much learning and great taste. Passing over his plays, which we shall have again to refer to, we come to "Night and Morning," published in 1840, one of the most charming and natural of his works; next "Zanoni," "Eva, or the Ill-omened Marriage," "Lola, or the Siege of Grenada," and "Calderon the Courtier;" and amongst his latest are "The Last of the Barons," "Lucretia, or the Children of Night," "Harold," a learned novel, illustrating the Saxon period of our history, a period too little known; and his two last, and, in many respects, his most artistic and mellowed works, "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," published in "Blackwood's Magazine."

The limits of this article will now oblige us to consider Bulwer as a dramatist and as a poet. Shallow critics, because he has attempted many varieties of writing, and has succeeded in them, have called him a versatile author. He is no such thing. No sooner did he publish anonymously, and in a totally different walk of literature, than he was recognised. "The New Timon," his best and most manly poem, was at once attributed to him. It was in 1837 that this work was issued, purposely without his name; but, as he himself says: "My identity with the author of these poems has been so generally insisted upon, that I have no choice between the indiscretion of frank avowal and the cowardly of flat denial." This, of course, does not show versatility; and not only was his disguise purposely, but it was well assumed. His teachings had, in many novels, been declared to have been the reverse of Christian; but, in "The New Timon," he absolutely wrote upon the deepest mysteries of our Holy Faith, upon election and grace, and reads a lecture, and a beautiful one too, upon the necessity of faith.

"Therefore the godlike Comforter's decree -
His sins be loosened who has faith in me;
Therefore he shuns the cavils of the wise
And made no schools the thresholds of the skies:
Therefore he taught no Pharisee to preach
His word - the simple let the simple teach.
Upon the infant on his knee he smiled,
And said to Wisdom, 'Be once more a child!'"

Of his "Prince Arthur," a fine poem, but throughout without one burst of genius, although it abounds in fine passages, we can here say nothing.

Bulwer's first play, "The Duchess de la Vallière," acted at Covent Garden in 1837, was a failure. But he was not daunted by that, although, on the production of his next play, "The Lady of Lyons," his name was for some time kept a profound secret. From various causes, the success of this piece was tremendous. It is still acted every night in at least three theatres throughout England. The sum it must have brought to him, had he been paid for every performance, must have been immense; yet the unsuccessful play was much purer, better, and wiser, than the successful one. In the latter, a ranting, envious, and vainglorious young man, whose mouth is ever full of the loudest praises of himself, marries a young and beautiful girl, by assuming another's character. The upstart braggart is elevated into a hero, and apologises in an indirect way for his deceit by a turgid sentence:

"He who feels repentance for the past
Must woo the angel Virtue in the future."

A sentiment true enough; but the dramatist had forgotten, that by his rascality and deception Claude Melnotte had been placed in a higher and better social position than he could have gained by a quiet Christian virtue.

Next came "Richelieu," then "The Sea Captain," and "Money;" and lastly, written for the benefit of, and presented to, the Guild of Literature and Art, the comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem," in which some of the first *littérateurs* of the day acted. "Richelieu"

and "Money," both excellent plays, full of smartness and repartee, and irreproachable in construction and plot - the great secret in Bulwer - are the best and most successful of these plays.

Of his parliamentary career we shall say little; for it is not by his political opinions that he is known, although it was, we believe, by his support of the Whigs that he earned his baronetcy in 1838. His politics were always liberal, and however much of the fine gentleman he may have been in his writings, his sympathies were ever with the people. His speeches in Parliament were not listened to with the attention he may have expected, partly because he had not the "ear of the house," and partly because of his delivery. Latterly, Sir Bulwer Lytton has turned to the policy of territorial lords, and during the Protectionist fever, wrote some clever letters to "John Bull" on the *recalcitrant* question of Free Trade.

Such has been the career of this extraordinary man, the mere list of whose works is something prodigious; and we must recollect that he himself worked his way to eminence, entirely by his own efforts, through failure and ridicule. With him the first step was frequently a false one; but he again pursued the journey, and reached the goal. He has practised writing as an art, and has illustrated that virtue which one of his critics discovers to be the end of his teaching, patience. He also shows us, as he told us but lately in a speech at a mechanics' institute, what continuous application can do. He "only works three hours a day - from ten in the morning till one - seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading - scarcely ever to writing." What an amount of labour has been performed in those three hours! He writes, we are told, very rapidly, averaging about twenty pages a day of novel print. Let us add to these few facts, that the novelist is a disciple of Priesnitz, and has himself been restored to health by the water cure, upon which he has published a pamphlet.

The most recent affair in which Sir Edward has been before the public, is in the establishment of a "Guild of Literature and Art," in conjunction with Mr. Dickens; and even more lately his works have been brought into a more extended circulation by a cheap re-issue of his volumes in a series published by Messrs. Routledge, those booksellers giving him twenty thousand pounds for the right of printing and publishing them during ten years. The following figures will show that the speculation has been a good one, and will also be an index to the estimation in which his novels are held; the publishers having sold of

| | |
|---------------------------------|--------|
| Pelham | 35,000 |
| Paul Clifford | 27,000 |
| Ernest Aram | 27,000 |
| Rienzi | 23,000 |
| Pompeii | 23,000 |
| Pilgrims of the Rhine | 18,000 |
| Last of the Barons | 18,000 |
| Ernest Maltravers | 18,000 |

We must recollect, however, that the latter portion of the series have not had sufficient time to circulate in, and that also the novelty of the attempt in the first gave them an impulse which the others wanted.

Such is Bulwer, a great author, but not the greatest we have had. His latter novels are the best - experience, wisdom, Christian kindness, and that softness of heart and thought which age brings to good men, having wrought upon him much; and also, let us add, he has owed something to the example of a less productive but far greater author, William Makepeace Thackeray. Thus, his "Caxtons," written soon after the appearance of "Vanity Fair," is, in our opinion, the best and most genial of all Bulwer's works.

That he is no higher in one particular branch of writing than others, may, perhaps, be the result of that which the world calls versatility. He has, as we have shown, tried many styles of writing, and in each has been successful. In every branch he has achieved a triumph, and has been the lion of the season. This has done him more harm than good; and we may, perhaps, apply the sentence in Read's "Peg Woffington" to this great author, as a warning to all smaller ones.

"We suspect that to those who would rise in life, even strong versatility is very doubtful good; and weak versatifying ruinous."

MONACO.

MONACO, the capital of the little principality of the same name, which is under the protection of the king of Sardinia, is a small town on a point of rock stretching into the sea, nine miles north-east of Nice. The population does not exceed 1,200; and, though it is strongly fortified, it cannot be regarded as a place of any strength, since it is commanded by the neighbouring hills. The first of our two views, which is taken from a distant point, will make this apparent to the reader. The town is walled, and the castle overlooks the isthmus that connects the rock on which the town stands with the mainland. The environs are picturesque and agreeable, the terraces being planted with pines, cypresses, and plane-trees, and a multitude of aloes, cactuses, and other tropical plants, that give them quite an African aspect. Some elegant

and on the tenth of June he commenced building the castle; and before they returned to their dwellings they built four towers." The gift of the place to the Genoese, by the Emperor Henry VI., was made twenty-four years before; but from various circumstances, and especially the rivalry of Nice, the republic was disinclined at that time to make use of it; it was sometimes in the hands of the Ghibellines, and sometimes in those of the Guelphs. In 1328 the Grimaldis, who sided with the last, and had already exercised their power for a time at Monaco, were definitely installed in their possessions.

Under their government, the town increased rapidly; they made it an asylum for the brigands, pirates, and bankrupts of all the neighbouring countries; and this heterogeneous assemblage of adven-



DISTANT VIEW OF MONACO.

villas, with beautiful gardens, and groves of orange and citron trees, are also in the neighbourhood.

The castle is evidently ancient, and has been erected at different periods, buildings of modern construction having been raised upon the old Gothic walls. The gate, surmounted by the arms of the principality, and the Saracenic carvings of the battlements, are the only portions worthy of remark. The castle was formerly the residence of the sovereigns of Monaco; but the present representative of the dignity of the Grimaldis resides constantly in Paris, drawing from his little principality of fifty-two square miles, and a population of 7,000 persons, an annual revenue of £5,000, chiefly derived from the orange and lemon groves of his beautiful territory.

Monaco claims to be one of the most ancient towns in Italy, and the reigning family to be one of the oldest dynasties. The first of the Grimaldis who figures in the page of history is Gibellino Grimaldi, who, towards the close of the tenth century, assisted William of Marseilles in expelling the Saracens from these coasts, and obtained, in return for this service, a grant of land and considerable privileges. The town, having been laid in ruins by the barbarous invaders, was rebuilt in 1215. "On the sixth of June," says the chronicler, Oggerius Paris, "Fulco de Castello, accompanied by several of the principal citizens, went, with three galleys, and other vessels carrying timber, lime, and implements of iron;

turers grew as formidable as their predecessors, the Saracens. Defended by their rocks, they attacked the vessels of every state, even those of the Pope and the republic of Venice. "They made the citadel of Monaco," says the chronicler, Uberti Polietta, "a receptacle for outlaws, debtors, and criminals, who desolated by their predatory incursions all the coasts of Liguria." In 1357 the possessions of the Grimaldis were increased by the addition of the neighbouring towns of Mentone and Roquebrune; the former being the largest in the principality, having a population at the present day of 3,000 inhabitants.

Until near the middle of the seventeenth century, Monaco enjoyed the protection of the Spanish monarchs; but, in 1641, a secret treaty, concluded with Henry II., the reigning prince, substituted the protectorate of France for that of Spain, and the Spaniards were driven out of the town. This settlement continued till the French revolution, when, in 1792, the three communes composing the principality were constituted a republic, reproducing on a diminutive scale the constitution which had been proclaimed in France. The representatives of the people, assembled to deliberate on the destinies of the infant republic at the Port d'Hercole, and agreed upon an address, to be presented to the National Convention, praying to be received into the bosom of the French republic. The Convention, by a decree of the 15th of February, 1793, thus

responded to their prayer :—"The late principality of Monaco is united to the territory of the republic, and made part of the department of the Maritime Alps."

When the allied sovereigns met after the battle of Waterloo, to parcel out Europe among them, transferring peoples from one master to another, as if they were droves of cattle, the prince of Monaco was restored to his power and possessions, the protectorate of the latter being taken from France and given to the king of Sardinia. Under the protection of the Holy Alliance, the prince made a solemn entrance into his capital; but, as before stated, he has since then continued to reside habitually in Paris, having become a French proprietor, and been made a peer of France by Louis XVIII., with the title of the Duke of Valentinois. The new arrangement of things was far from being regarded with approbation by the people, who regretted the French, and had to admit a Piedmontese garrison, while they were heavily taxed to support an absentee prince, between whom and themselves there existed no sympathy whatever. The consequence of this dissatisfaction was,

that when the news of the French revolution of February, 1848, reached Monaco, the inhabitants of Mentone and Roquebrunz rose in insurrection, and proclaimed their independence. Monaco did not participate in this outbreak, and even assumed a threatening attitude towards the insurgents. These dissensions, and the prudence of the Piedmontese authorities, led to the restoration of tranquillity, which has not since been disturbed.

The scenery along the coast of the little principality is extremely beautiful, the southern slopes of the Maritime Alps coming down close to the water, and often terminating in bold points of rock. Here and there, between the hills, are narrow openings into the interior; and the voyager has scarcely passed Monaco, in sailing down from Nizza, when Mentone is seen, its white walls backed by the groves of olive and lemon trees, which are protected from the northerly and easterly winds by the high mountains behind. Nothing can be more delightful than sailing along this part of the Italian coast on a fine day, the dark green of the trees contrasting beautifully with the white houses and the deep blue sky.



NEARER VIEW OF MONACO.

THE BRIBE OF THE ROMANOFF.

BY SILVERPEN.

RUSSIAN officialism is Argus-eyed. In the Post-office this vision has an almost fabulous efficiency—it reads, where honest men would be blind!

Miss Ida Temple, or, as she is more commonly called, Mademoiselle Ida, the English governess at the boyard's, the Mareschal Romanoff, has had no letters or English papers for many weeks. Official report says, there has been no post; but the fact is, that even Argus-vision may be overtaken; and till the secret police have done their work of inspection, mademoiselle may not have her letters. It is not suspected that she is a traitor to the Czar, but the great Mareschal Romanoff does not wish to lose her brilliant services, for the sake of his young daughter Olga, but more for his own. He might do so, if mademoiselle knew that England and France had declared war against Russia; that an English fleet was already cruising in the Baltic; or that the hour was not, perhaps, far off when Cronstadt would be bombarded.

The letters have been at length looked over and carefully re-sealed—there is an art even in the basest duty—and the bearded *employé*, attended by one of the high police, disguised as a common soldier of the imperial guard, takes his way to the palace of the mareschal, in the splendid Newski-street, at no great distance.

The letters are carried in to the mareschal; the disguised police

official follows, for he has something to impart. It is morning; the mareschal, who holds a high official position about the person of the Emperor, is looking over some despatches just brought from the winter-palace by an aide-de-camp; and he and the *employé* are alone.

"Well, what news?" It is customary in Russia to make inferiors sensible of their inferiority.

"The post-office interpreter says, that there is no mention of English politics in the letters just handed to your excellency, but that one from Lieutenant—" Here the official hesitates, refers to his notes of the transaction, but finds the English name difficult to pronounce.

"Eliot," suggests his excellency, who, like many Russians of the aristocratic class, speaks English with considerable fluency.

"That a letter from this Lieutenant Eliot has been sent for Mademoiselle Ida to her father's parsonage," continues the official, when he has most humbly thanked the mareschal for his suggestion of the name; "and that it came enclosed in one from the captain of his ship—the 'Amphion,' now in the Baltic."

"Ah!" A look of chagrin passes across the face of the illustrious boyard. This signifies much to the official, who proceeds to put an ordinary question—"Am I to understand your excellency that further letters are to be wholly suppressed?"

"No; but carefully examined, Molko;" for such is the *employé's* name. "There are particular reasons for carefulness in this

respect. Now go." The mareschal, as he speaks, takes some silver roubles from a purse on the table, pushes them towards the employé, and then haughtily waves his hand as a sign for him to go.

Once alone, the mareschal rises; he walks up and down the most English-like apartment, and stays occasionally to lean his arm upon the costly chimney-slab above the open fire-place. As he thus stands, a side-door gently opens, and a very young girl, not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, comes quickly in, and, crossing to the bright hearth, twines her arms about the thoughtful man's neck. The caress is gladly received, gladly returned, and she is locked in the embrace she has sought. She is very fair and lovely, though so young, and the eyes which look down upon her are full of pride and love.

"I am glad you are come, Olga; for I wanted you. There is an English post in, and letters for mademoiselle. You can mention this, and send your *bonne* Ninette for them. I presume that mademoiselle will be pleased."

"Oh! rejoiced, papa; mademoiselle pines much about her English home, though she does not say so. These letters will make this quite a bright day; for now the thaw is over, we shall take a drive. We have much to see and do, and many calls to make."

"Upon whom, Olga? Upon no English, I hope."

"I scarcely know, papa" — and the fair young creature runs over a list of the Russian nobility; "but if we go to the houses of any of the English, it will only be to the British chaplain's or the embassy."

"But the English minister is gone; and so is Mr. Moston, the rich English merchant."

"Where, papa? It is three months since mademoiselle, on account of her illness, left the palace, and she will have news enough to learn. But tell me — why have these English left St. Petersburg?"

"My pearl must not ask secrets," replies the mareschal, as he affects to pinch his darling's ear, but kisses her brow instead. "There, take mademoiselle her letters, and say nothing about this matter; only see she visits no English, and is not over-fatigued; and stay — the day is cold enough — I hope she'll wear the silver furs I sent her on your *fête* day. Will she, do you think?"

"Yes, papa; I heard her say she would."

"Now go."

These last words, trifling as they are, have removed a weight off the mareschal's heart; he smiles, resumes his seat and his duties of Russian statesmanship — such as they are.

The room in which Olga seeks her beloved mademoiselle is a sort of boudoir or study, for it has all the appliances and luxury of both. A portion of the early lessons are over, yet some still remain; and Miss Temple sits looking over a German exercise, when a sweet face rests upon her shoulder, and a young voice cries:

"Guess what I bring?"

Miss Temple changes colour.

"Oh! English letters, I hope!" And, laying down her pen, she clasps and raises her hands. There is supplication in this action, but more in the expression of her face.

Olga lays down the letters, and retires to a seat opposite, where she resumes her studies, that she may the earlier conclude them; though she occasionally glances off her books to see if her beloved friend is pleased with the news contained in her letters. Her face gives few signs beyond that of eager interest till she comes to the close of the one she has opened first, when a shade of disappointment crosses it, and she sighs heavily. Olga is by her side in an instant, and questions her tenderly as to whether there be ill news.

"None, dearest. My father is well; dame Graham, his house-keeper, is as fat and as good-tempered as ever; the dogs, and garden, and parish folks, thriving. No, nothing but a trivial disappointment about a letter I have long expected, and which ought to have been sent on. Now let us see what other correspondents say." And turning off the subject, she reads the rest of the letters. This is soon accomplished, for their importance is but trifling. The lessons are then resumed and ended, and mademoiselle and Olga retire to their several apartments to dress for their morning's drive.

When they meet again, the dress of each is plain, though rich; but Olga misses in an instant the silver furs which the mareschal had sent for purposely to Siberia, and which mademoiselle had promised to wear.

"No, dear," is the reply to the question; "I prefer my English shawl: the day is not very cold, and to wear it reminds me of home. Such trifles amount to much in a foreign land." Olga is vexed, because her papa will question her, and will be angry when he hears the truth.

A splendid droschki, with silver bells, awaits them in the courtyard, and they drive to the park of the beautiful Michailov Palace, where they have an *entrée*, making calls by the way at several stately residences. It is a mild spring day, the great thaw of the Neva is over, and the power of the sun already betokens the near approach of the hot Russian summer.

Passing on their return through a wide street, thronged with pedestrians of many nations, Miss Temple recognises, in a young man vastly bearded and muffled up, as though for the purpose of disguise, a German clerk in the employ of her friend the English merchant. He seems to shun the recognition of passers-by; but mademoiselle, bidding the driver of the droschki stop, addresses him, and makes inquiry after Mr. Moston and his family.

"They have left St. Petersburg, and that suddenly," is the rapid answer.

"Why?"

"Do you not know what every body else knows?"

"No."

The young man, with a perfect consciousness that the driver is an accredited spy — for what Russian menial is not? — says rapidly in Italian — he has hitherto spoken in French — "WAR!"

Mademoiselle clasps her hands, and turns as pale as death.

"Yes; war is declared between the Western Powers and Russia — indeed, may be said to have commenced. I dare not stay to say any more, for I am lingering here on sufferance, or rather in disguise, to take care of some of Mr. Moston's business affairs." He makes a slight salute, and dives into the crowd.

"Drive to the chaplain's of the English embassy," is the order given to the driver.

"The distance is considerable, mademoiselle," replies the driver; "and I had his excellency's orders to avoid the houses of the English; but if——"

Venality is here suggested, and the hint is taken; a rouble is slipped into his hand, and Miss Temple and Olga reach the chaplain's house in an adjacent suburb. There are visible signs of removal; Russian serfs and English servants are packing books and furniture; and the chaplain, a venerable, noble man, himself superintends their hasty services. Miss Temple is announced, and he meets her in the study.

"You are following his excellency, Mr. —," are Miss Temple's first words.

"No; I am sending away my precious books, and less precious goods, for safety's sake. But I remain; I have leave to do so. Many English will cleave to the country, come what may — human interests are selfish things; but I must forget these, and remember human souls."

"Yours is a noble plea — the only one for lack of patriotism!"

"Yes, Miss Temple, I am like the Puritan of old, who, when told to descend from his pulpit by command of the king, replied magnificently: 'I go on; for I obey a higher — the King of kings.' So I shall continue to baptize, to preach, and to celebrate marriage, though my heart will be with our dear country."

"As mine is, Mr. —; and this is why I have come, though with a spy on the droschki — to ask news — to ask if——" Here she hesitates.

The chaplain knows something of her history, he has heard it from Mr. Moston; and smilingly takes a small paper from his pocket, which he hands to her.

"This, I think, Miss Temple, will give you every information; I procured it at the cost of four roubles this morning, as my English papers had the usual pumice-stone erasures. I may add, that Sir Charles Napier, and a magnificent fleet, are in the Baltic; the rest you will find here."

Her eye glances rapidly down the paper; it seeks what it finds;

but finding it nerves her still more earnestly for her great task. She, too, must leave Russia; before it was a duty—now it is a higher one. She accordingly talks the matter over briefly with her good friend the chaplain. He promises to visit the port, to see what ships sail west, to procure her a disguise with the friendly aid of a Servian shipwright and his wife, who have a daughter in the maraschal's family, and to whom Miss Temple has been most kind—and generally to plan her escape, and let her know the ensuing evening, whilst she is at the opera with Olga, what has been effected.

"There will be some trials in parting, I think, Miss Temple," says her good friend as she rises to withdraw. "These Romanoffs have spread round you an almost incredible luxury, the maraschal especially."

"I should welcome this last," replies Miss Temple, austere, "and regret it, if only for gratitude's sake, if I was not conscious—painfully conscious—that an ultimately base purpose has suggested much of it. This is a truth to which I have been painfully, though slowly, awakening."

"I think with you, Ida Temple," says the chaplain, earnestly: "these Russians think that even our noblest women are to be bought by their bribes and gold. So go, for your country's sake, for your woman's sake, and, best of all, for God's sake. In this country, baseness seems to be the inheritance of men in high places."

"I shall have one regret," weeps Ida; "it will be to part with my beloved Olga, my darling child."

"That you must overcome. When a cause is that of one's country and one's God, even natural claims prove light, much more a lofty one. Go—let me admonish you."

She promises; bids her friend adieu; joins Olga in the droschki, and they return to the Romanoff palace.

That night there is one of those brilliant assemblies at the Romanoff palace for which St. Petersburg is so celebrated. The highest nobility attend it, even princes of the royal blood; and music forms a part of the evening's entertainment. Gifted by nature with extraordinary musical ability, Olga, though yet a girl, is a brilliant player on both the pianoforte and harp, and sings with great effect and richer promise. She owes all this capability, beyond the part nature has bestowed, to Ida's tuition, who, herself a splendid musician, has been trained in the finest German school of music. Olga on this night excels herself, as does Mademoiselle Ida. The maraschal is proud on the one hand and enchanted on the other; nor is his enchantment lessened by the reserve of his daughter's lovely governess. Some natures are conquered by pride, as others by humility. On one excuse or another he detains her in the music saloon till the guests are gone; he then asks her to remain, as he wishes to speak to her; but pleading the lateness of the hour and his duty to his daughter, she retires.

The morning comes: a message reaches mademoiselle, that the maraschal wishes to speak to her, and that alone. As she, too, wishes to speak to him, she descends to his morning room. The doors are double, and the maraschal sees that they are closed. But his words hang heavy on his lips, as he looks upon the calm, pure face of this lovely woman. As he is thus abashed, his visitor can say what she has to say first.

Declining the seat proffered to her, she says gently: "I wished to see your excellency, as I have a resolution to impart. Your excellency did not inform me that war was declared between this

country and mine. As I have learnt that such is the case, I have but one duty to perform—that is, to return to England."

"You really cannot be in earnest, mademoiselle; political circumstances can have no relation to private ones," says the maraschal, in hasty and unconcealed anger. "Your attendance is really necessary to Olga, and you cannot be spared at present." Her meaning has been wilfully mistaken.

"I do not mean leave of absence, my lord, but withdrawal finally and fully. I most sincerely love your gifted and beautiful child, I eminently respect your excellency and your excellency's illustrious family, I am grateful to the full for all the beneficent acts you have showered upon me; but it would be baseness in me to eat the bread of those hostile to my country, and who seek to shed its blood. My lord, there is a deeper and far more intimate relation between private and public morality than you suspect."

"There may be—I do not care. But these are dangerous opinions, though I've long suspected your entertaining them; they are the natural fruit of the hated country which——"

"Stay, your excellency," is the proud interruption: "recollect I am an Englishwoman."

"I regret you are, for some reasons, though not for others. But let this pass. You cannot be surely mad enough to leave Olga. If so, is her love no temptation?"

"It would be, under almost any other circumstances—for I love her with a mother's love—under the present it cannot. I think I have now said all I have to say. I shall leave St. Petersburg and your excellency's family at the earliest date. I will now withdraw."

She rises to go, but is restrained by an iron gripe. The Russian-like, he thinks that his bribe will prove effectual now.

He paces up and down before her for some few minutes: then he stays. His voice and manner are changed.

"Can nothing else bribe you, mademoiselle, to make a further home in our cold country? I have long wished to make a change in certain circumstances—of late more particularly. I wish further luxury to be yours—more consideration; it is my wish, as well as in my power, to effect both desires." He stays, looks at her, lays his hand confidentially upon her shoulder, and says more softly:

"What I mean, mademoiselle—dear Ida—is, that our hitherto friendship be of a still more intimate kind; it would be a source of the intensest happiness to me."

That pure, unmoved face looks steadily into his, as it asks: "Your excellency means that our relationship should be that of a Circassian slave, bought for her beauty in the slave-market of Constantinople, and her master?"

The Romanoff thinks that the bribe has lured his purposed victim, as he answers: "Not exactly, beloved Ida. The Circassian is usually but one of a sisterhood; you would reign alone, and be, moreover, an intellectual companion. For political reasons, I shall never marry again; but you would be my wife in all but rank and name—a trifling difference in a love like our own."

"My lord," she answers proudly, "your opinion of me is indeed different from what I hoped it was; for, if purity cannot tempt me, corruption will not. For the future, have more respect for those you place about the footsteps of your child. It is time, indeed, that I should fly."

She chides the cowardly attempt to restrain her, hastens to the double doors, fortunately opens them, and is gone.

MILITARY WATCH-TOWERS IN THE CRIMEA:

Born the climate and the soil of the Crimea are remarkably varied—so much so, indeed, that a description which might be perfectly true of one part, would require to be directly reversed in order to become applicable to another. The fact is, the peninsula consists of two distinct portions, which are separated from each other by the river Salghir flowing from west to east. The northern portion is almost wholly composed of extensive plains, which, though bare of trees, are not deficient in rich pasture, except where marshes and salt-lakes are found. Some of these salt-lakes, which are very numerous towards the sea-coast, are fifteen or twenty miles round. Throughout the northern part of the Crimea the climate is de-

oidedly unhealthy, being oppressively hot in summer, and bitterly cold, as well as damp, in winter.

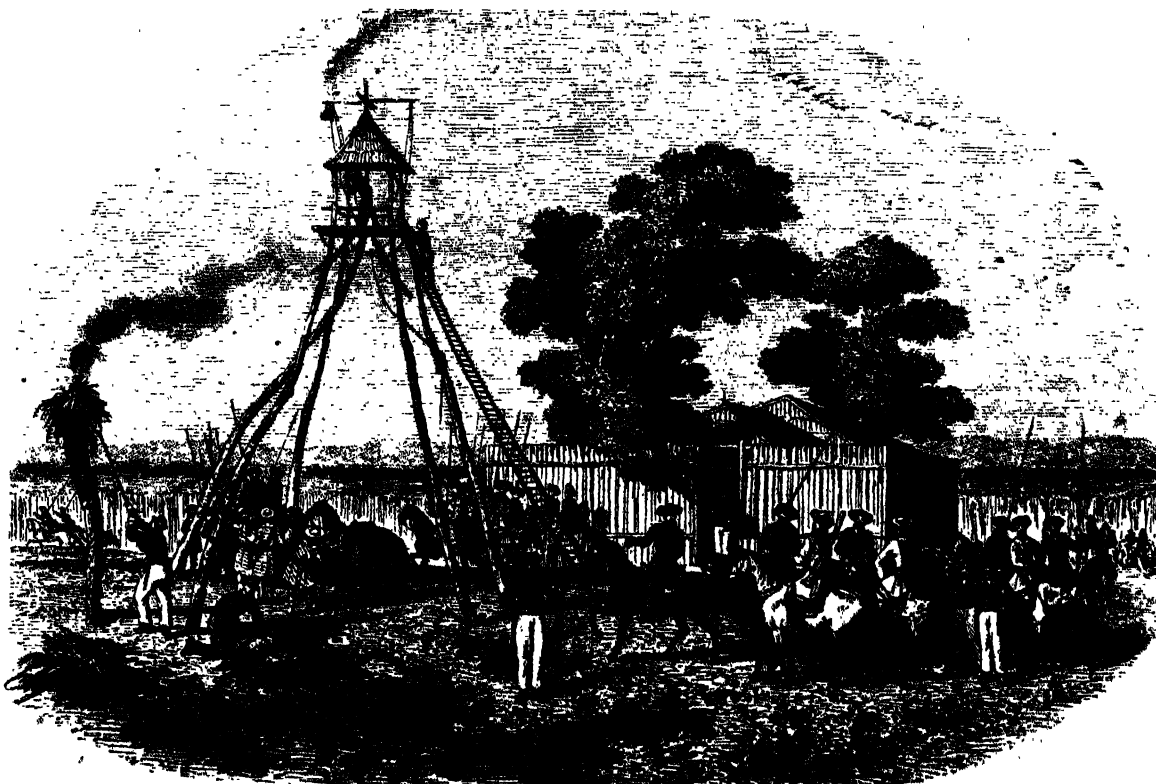
On the contrary, in the south—particularly in the valleys and on the mountain slopes—a delicious mild temperature prevails, and fruits of all kinds are produced in rich abundance. Among the productions of this region may be mentioned, corn, hemp, flax, tobacco, olives, vines, mulberries, pomegranates, figs, and oranges. Dr. Clarke gives the following description of a district in the south of the Crimea:—"If there exist a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukoy and Sudak, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling, high

from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blessed territory." This bears pretty evident marks of being tinged with the hues of the writer's glowing fancy, though in some respects confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. However true it may be of the particular district in question, there is certainly no other part of the Crimea so highly favoured; for at certain periods of the year reptiles of various kinds infest even the south, the air is far from salubrious, and fevers are pretty prevalent.

The most important place in the Crimea—at least in relation to other countries—is Sebastopol, a very formidable stronghold of Russian power. Highly favoured by nature with a spacious har-

or forty feet from the ground, and supported upon four stakes or trunks of trees. In many cases there is no ladder like that in our engraving, but, as a substitute, pieces of wood are fastened cross-wise, at intervals, to two of the supporting stakes. The Cossacks, who are keeping guard on the watch-towers to observe the movements of the enemy, set fire to a faggot of wood attached to a cross-beam above, whenever they think it necessary to give a signal. It is scarcely possible to form an adequate idea of the patient endurance exhibited by these sentinels. In spite of the severest cold, they remain whole days and nights on these watch-towers, exposed to the rain, snow, and wind, immoveable and erect as statues, with their faces turned towards the quarter pointed out, never suffering themselves to be diverted for a moment from their duty by what is going on behind them.

Ker Porter, in his work on "Travels in Georgia," has given a view of a watch-tower which he saw near Mozdock, in the Valley of Robbers, facing the Caucasus. Another traveller, Robert Lyall, gives a drawing of one which he saw on the Kouban, and states, that



A WATCH-TOWER IN THE CRIMEA.

bour and a commanding position, it has been very strongly fortified on scientific principles with an array of ramparts, bastions, batteries, and curtains, which are well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the bravest commander of a powerful fleet and numerous army. Nor can we reasonably wonder—however much we may regret—that so much hesitation should have been exhibited with regard to venturing upon an attack on this chief source of that domineering influence which Russia has been long exercising and extending over the Black Sea. With such a home for a powerful navy, she may bid defiance to every attempt to rob her of her supremacy in this part of the world. But if once it be wrested from her grasp, she will have lost the right arm of her strength, an effectual check will be put upon her aggression, and there will be some hope for the cause of peace, freedom, and civilisation.

At the present time, when warlike operations against the Crimea are much talked of, our readers may be glad to have a representation of one of the military watch-towers established there. The construction of these watch-towers is very simple. A wooden platform or trellis, four or five feet square, sometimes, but not always, surrounded by a sort of balustrade, is raised a height of thirty

from the top of the watch-tower at Petrovskoye he was shown a marsh full of reeds, where about a thousand Circassians were said to have been drowned in October, 1821. The engraving which accompanies these remarks is taken from a drawing of one of the watch-towers ranged at regular intervals along the military line by the river Kouban, which forms the boundary between Russia and the tribes west of the Caucasus. "These posts of observation," says the artist, "are merely a kind of watch-towers raised on four props to a height of fifty feet above the ground. Two Cossacks are on guard there day and night. On the slightest movement of the enemy in the vast plain of rushes by which the river is bordered, a signal fire is lighted and hoisted to the top of the watch-tower. If the danger is more than usually imminent, they set fire to an enormous torch of straw and tar. At this signal, which is repeated from post to post along the line, the whole force take arms, and almost in an instant five or six hundred men are assembled at the point which is threatened. These military posts, each of which generally has a dozen men, are placed very near each other, particularly in dangerous passes, and at regular intervals small forts are raised with batteries and several pieces of cannon."

THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.



THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

At the head of the interesting class of birds—induced, no doubt, by the usual tendency of mankind to honour those who are pre-eminently endowed with the faculty of destructiveness—most naturalists have placed the rapacious tribes, which wage continual war upon all

their less powerful neighbours. It is true that, in these latter days, when old prejudices are gradually passing away, some naturalists have cast them from their high estate to make room for other perhaps not more worthy occupants; but in the popular mind the eagle is still the "king of birds;" and when viewing his majestic form, his piercing eye, and strong and lofty flight, bearing in mind at the same time the terrific weapons with which he is armed, it is not easy to imagine any more expressive emblem of those qualities for which men were and are still raised above their fellows.

The rapacious birds are characterised especially by the form of the beak, the upper mandible being considerably longer than the lower and hooked at the end, forming a most formidable instrument for tearing the flesh from the bones of their prey. The legs and feet, too, are very powerful, and the strong sharp claws partaking of the form of the beak, are adapted for seizing their victim with a deadly grasp. They are remarkable also for their great length of wing and strong and rapid flight—qualities in which, as probably in courage, the eagle is excelled by many of his smaller relatives, the falcons.

The males of these birds are generally much smaller than the females, and often differ from them considerably in colouring; their plumage also changes greatly with age, the young birds often appearing in a dress very different from that which they are ultimately to wear, and as the mature plumage is generally attained by degrees, the birds sometimes exhibit such multifarious characters in the different phases of their existence, as to have given rise to the establishment of half-a-dozen species in place of one.

One of the handsomest of the smaller hawks is that of which our engraving (p. 105) contains four representations—the American sparrow-hawk (*Falco sparverius*). This elegant little bird inhabits almost every part of the United States, but is especially plentiful in the northern portions. The female is about eleven inches long, and twenty-three in expanse of wing; the male is about an inch and a half shorter, and measures two inches less from tip to tip. The head is of a bluish ash colour, with the crown reddish; round the head is a whitish border, in which are seven black spots; the back is reddish bay, barred with black; the under side of the body yellowish white streaked with brown; the quill feathers of the wings are black, spotted with white. The tail feathers are reddish bay, with a broad black band near the end, and beyond this a yellowish white tip; the two outer tail feathers are white. The beak is of a light blue colour, tipped with black; the cere and legs are yellow, and the claws blue-black. Such are the general colours of both sexes of this handsome bird, which differ nevertheless in several minor particulars which space forbids our pointing out.

The American sparrow-hawk builds its nest in a hollow tree; it chooses a hole pretty high up, where some large bough has been broken off. The female is said to lay four or five eggs of a light brownish yellow colour spotted with a darker tint. Wilson, the American ornithologist, who devoted his life to the study of the birds of his adopted country, has left us a most animated account of this little hawk. He says: "It flies rather irregularly, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, shuts its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear; it sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitring the ground below, in every

direction, for mice, lizards, etc. It approaches the farm-house, —particularly in the morning—skulking about the barn-yard for mice or young chickens. It frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular and generally with a fatal aim. One day I observed a bird of this species perched on the highest top of a poplar, on the skirts of the wood, and was in the act of raising my gun to my eye, when he swept down with the rapidity of an arrow into a thicket of briars, about thirty yards off, where I shot him dead, and, on coming up, found a small field-sparrow quivering in his grasp. Both our aims had been taken at the same instant, and, unfortunately for him, both were fatal. It is particularly fond of watching along hedge-rows and in orchards, where small birds usually resort. When grasshoppers are plenty, they form a considerable part of its food." The remainder of its sustenance is made up of small snakes, lizards, mice, and birds, and it rarely eats anything that it has not killed for itself, and even this is occasionally rejected, if out of condition. In illustration of this, Wilson relates the following anecdote:—"One morning, a gentleman observed one of these hawks dart down on the ground and seize a mouse, which he carried to a fence-post, where, after examining it for some time, he left it, and, a little while after, pounced upon another mouse, which he instantly carried off to his nest, in the hollow of a tree hard by. The gentleman, anxious to know why the hawk had rejected the first mouse, went up to it, and found it to be almost covered with lice, and greatly emaciated! Here was not only delicacy of taste, but sound and prudent reasoning.—If I carry this to my nest, thought he, it will fill it with vermin, and hardly be worth eating." The voracity of this hawk may be imagined from the circumstance, also related by the great American ornithologist, that in the stomach of one of these birds, he found the greater part of the body of an American robin (*Turdus migratorius*), "including the unbroken feet and claws"; though the robin actually measures within half an inch as long as the sparrow-hawk."

The blue jay (*Cyanus cristatus*), a very common bird throughout the United States, is one of the greatest enemies of the sparrow-hawk—at least as far as most voracious attacks with the tongue may be regarded as signs of enmity. Like all his congeners, he has the greatest facility in imitating sounds; and, when disposed for a little quiet fun, can mimic the notes of other birds with such exactness as to deceive the most practised ear. He appears to be particularly fond of teasing the sparrow-hawk with his garrulous nonsense, "imitating his cry wherever he sees him, and squealing out as if caught; this soon brings a number of his own tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk, and feigning the cries of a bird sorely wounded, and already under the clutches of its devourer; while others lie concealed in bushes, ready to second the attack. But this ludicrous farce often terminates tragically. The hawk, singling out one of the most insolent and provoking, sweeps upon him in an unguarded moment, and offers him up a sacrifice to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the tune is changed; all their buffoonery vanishes, and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster."

A much smaller bird than the jay, however, is able singly to drive this depredator from his haunts, at least during the breeding season, when affection for his mate and young prompts him to exert all his powers and dare every danger to save them from the destroyer. This is the king-bird or tyrant-flycatcher (*Muscivora tyrannus*), a bird of passage in the United States, whose dauntless courage makes even the eagle fly from his attacks.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

It seems to be a law of the human mind, that the feeling of loyalty and the desire of conserving old institutions diminishes as the distance is increased between the individual and the land of his ancestry. A new soil, whereon all the faculties of man have full scope for their development, fosters that love of freedom which is inherent in human nature, and distance from the seat of power suggests ideas of independence.

The law to which we have alluded showed itself in operation in

the American colonies of Great Britain at a very early period. The vessel that conveyed to America the intelligence of the restoration of monarchy in England, bore from the vengeance of Charles II. two of the judges who had signed the warrant for the execution of his father—Whalley and HOFFE, Endicott, the governor of Massachusetts, received them with kindly hospitality; and before the royal order for their arrest reached Boston, the fugitives were enabled to escape to New Haven. The authorities of the Bay State,

being required to execute the warrant, published a proclamation against them; but no one betrayed them, or made any attempt to accomplish the royal purpose. Dixwell, another of Charles's judges, joined them shortly afterwards, and, in spite of all the efforts to apprehend them, they passed the remainder of their days in America.

It was not until nearly twelve months after the receipt of the news of the restoration that Charles was publicly proclaimed in New England, and then all demonstrations of joy were strictly prohibited. The restrictions which the English government had placed upon their commerce had aroused a feeling of indignation among the colonists, and the General Court had drawn up a declaration of rights, which evinces their boldness and the advanced state of development which their political ideas had already attained. They claimed a degree of liberty which left the crown but small prerogative, though not more than had already been conferred, by royal charter, upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island. But his baffled intentions of revenge probably rankled in the mind of Charles II., for he refused the same rights to Massachusetts, and a struggle immediately commenced between the colonists and the government at home.

A remonstrance was drawn up for presentation to the king; but some of the sturdy democrats thought this unnecessary, arguing, that their compact was to pay a certain amount to the king, and that all notice of him beyond that was only by way of civility. The remonstrance was received unfavourably, and Massachusetts was ordered to send Bellingham, the governor, Hawthorne, an influential magistrate, and three other gentlemen, to England, to answer the charges made against the colony. The General Court assembled to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted; and, after fortifying themselves with prayers and psalms, they decided upon refusing to comply with the royal mandate. The colonists triumphed; England was then engaged in war with Holland, and in no condition to reduce them to obedience. The Navigation Act became a dead letter; not a single custom-house was erected, and the port of Boston, enjoying all the benefits of unrestricted commerce, became the most prosperous on the shores of the Atlantic.

The charters conferred by the king upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island have already been mentioned. The results were such as gladden the heart of the philanthropist to contemplate. Free and self-governed, enjoying all of independence but the name, the population of Connecticut doubled in twenty years, and such a degree of material prosperity and social happiness was attained as had never been known before. "To describe its condition," says Bancroft, "is but to enumerate the blessings of self-government by a community of farmers, who have leisure to reflect, who cherish education, and who have neither a nobility nor a populace." Contemporary writers speak of it as realising the Homeric fable of the Age of Gold. So great was the general prosperity, and the sense of morality, that locks and bolts were unknown; the richest of the colonists had no other fastening to their doors than a simple latch. We again quote Bancroft. "There were neither rich nor poor in the land, but all had enough. There was venison on the hills, abundant fish in the rivers, and sugar was gathered from the maple of the forest. The soil was originally justly divided, or held faithfully in trust for the public and for new comers. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; like sound health, it was the condition of a pure and simple life. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; nor was any one superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, exulted only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown with sleeves reaching to the elbow, and the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman of the land. The time of sowing and the time of reaping marked the progress of the year; and the plain dress of the working day and the more trim attire of the Sabbath, the progress of the week.

"Every family was taught to look up to God as the fountain of all good. Yet life was not sombre; the spirit of frolic mingled

with innocence; religion itself assumed a garb of gaiety, and the annual thanksgiving was as joyous as it was sincere. Frugality was the rule of life, both private and public. Half a century after the concession of the charter, the annual expenses of government did not exceed eight hundred pounds.

"Education was always regarded as an object of deepest concern, and common schools existed from the first. A small college was early established, and Yale owes its birth to ten worthy fathers, who in 1700 assembled at Brundford, and each one laying a few volumes on a table, said, 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'

"Political education was a natural consequence of the constitution. Every inhabitant was a citizen, and every citizen, irrespective of wealth, condition, or any other circumstance, was possessed of the franchise. When, therefore, the progress of society and of events furnished a wider field of action than mere local politics afforded, the public mind was found equal to its circumstances; emerging then from the quiet of its origin into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the sagacity which had regulated the affairs of the village gained admiration in the field and the council."

The constitution of Rhode Island was as liberal as that of Connecticut. George Baxter, of whom nothing more is known, arrived with it on the 24th of November, 1663, and was received with a solemn joy, worthy of men who fear God, love their fellows, and respect themselves. Our second illustration represents Baxter holding up the charter to the gaze of the immense concourse of people that was assembled on the shore to receive it. The scene is thus described by Bancroft in his history:—"The letters of the agent were opened, and read with good delivery and attention; then the charter was taken forth from the precious box that held it, and was read by Baxter in the audience and view of all the people; and the letters, with his Majesty's royal stamp and broad seal, with much becoming gravity, were held up on high, and presented to the perfect view of the people." Perfect liberty of conscience was secured by this charter, and Rhode Island, like Connecticut, became, in the words of the pious John Haynes, "a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences." The constitution of Maryland, while disregarding the minor distinctions of sect, required subscription to the faith of the Gospel; but that of Rhode Island was based on the broad and beautiful principle of universal brotherhood, and excluded no man, whatever his belief, from the rights of citizenship.

New Hampshire was at this period a portion of the state of Massachusetts, and shared in its prosperity and happiness; but in 1679, the English government, which had neither forgiven nor forgotten the obstinate resistance of the sturdy colonists of the Bay, separated New Hampshire from its jurisdiction, and erected it into a royal province, the president and council of which were to be appointed by the crown. The change was unwelcome to the people; and the discontent with which they viewed it was increased by the attempts of one Mason to enforce a claim to the lands of the province, a claim which had long laid dormant, but which was now revived with the concurrence and support of the English government. Mason deputed as his agent a needy adventurer named Craufield, who arrived in the province with a mortgage on all the lands for twenty-one years, and the appointment of governor conferred upon him by the home government. He calculated upon realising a splendid fortune, as, by an arrangement between Mason and the government, one-fifth of all quit-rents had been allotted to him as his salary; but in this anticipation he was greatly disappointed. The colonists opposed a steady and determined resistance to all his measures. Associations were formed for the purpose of hindering the collection of the taxes which he imposed. The sheriff and his officers were forcibly expelled wherever they presented themselves to distrain upon the goods and chattels of the inhabitants; and in one place he was seized, and having his arms bound behind him, and a halter about his neck, was in that ignominious manner conducted out of the province.

The continuity of Massachusetts was yet to be punished. In 1678 the royal arms were put up in the court-house, the oath of allegiance was required, and new efforts were made to enforce the provisions of the Navigation Act. The General Court, fearing for its charter, but still desirous of maintaining the right of self-

government, gave validity to that measure by an act of its own. The king was exasperated rather than mollified by this step, and was more determined than ever to annul the charter. A deputation to avert his anger was unsuccessful. The entire population

that we shall be exposed to great sufferings. Better suffer than sin. It is better to trust the God of our fathers than to put confidence in princes. If we suffer because we dare not comply with the wills of men against the will of God, we suffer in a good cause,



EJECTION OF THE SHERIFF BY THE POPULACE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



GEORGE BAXTER HOLDING UP THE CHARTER TO THE INHABITANTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

was roused and agitated; the General Court deliberated a whole day as to whether the king's forbearance should be purchased by explicit submission to his will. The majority were still firm. "The civil liberties of New England," said they, "are part of our inheritance; shall we give that inheritance away? It is objected

and shall be accounted martyrs in the next generation and at the great day." This view of the matter was accepted and persisted in; and on the 2nd of July, 1765, the act for annulling the charter arrived in Boston, where it was received with all the signs of mourning and woe.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The people of Japan appear to be, when left free to themselves, of a very jovial and merry character, capable of strong feelings and

A great procession in Japan on a festival day, when the people expect some of their favourite amusements, is of itself a showy and



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

kindly emotions. They suffer from the evils of a despotic form of government and from a defective system of education. They are

striking affair. First the crowd—and we draw our information partly from an eye-witness now resident in Java, whose unpub-



JAPANESE FENCERS.

very fond of out-door amusements, show, and glitter, and are easily pleased, like children, with tinkling bells and gew-gaws. In their dress they show their characteristic disposition.

lished letters contain very curious details—comes rushing up at a very early hour, and, as usual in all military countries, from Great France to Little Nippon, is kept back by the soldiery. These in-

dividuals, however, necessarily vary much in costume, according to the country. In Japan, the soldiers of the imperial guard are clothed in white vestments, with head-pieces varnished with black wax, and armed with two scimitars and a pike. These guards, on a grand festival-day, keep the centre of the road, which is strewn with white sand, clear for the coaches and horses and palanquins. Meanwhile scaffoldings arise on all sides for the sight-seers.

The first sign of the show, on a recent visit from the Ziogoon to the Mikado, was the running about of servants with presents in square lackered chests. Then came sedans of white wood about a fathom high, painted and inlaid with copper, in which were the ladies of honour to the Dagra, or Ziogoon. Then came twenty-one sedans more, covered with black wood gilded, all full of ladies; then twenty-seven more containing nobles; the whole with gilded doors and windows.

Following these might be seen a crowd of twenty-four nobles on horseback, with small black waxed caps, with a little black plume; wide-coated sleeves, and pantaloons somewhat in our fashion, of satin of various colours, embroidered with gold. They looked grand indeed, says Craumer, with their golden scimitars, their quivers and bows, fastened by needle-worked scarfs, with long-tasselled fringes hanging over each horse's side. They wore black boots, like Wellington boots, with golden stripes. The horses were very handsome creatures, with golden and waxed saddles, the seat being silver and gold, or made of tiger skins, their manes plaited with silk, silver, and ribbons of gold. They wore also a kind of net-work over the breast and hind-quarters, of crimson silk full of tufts, and on their foreheads a golden horn. To deaden the sound of their steps, their shoes were of interwoven silk. Each horse was led by two grooms, while two great umbrellas, made of fine linen, covered with red cloth, with a silk fringe about them, being carried before, served to cover each horse, which was further attended by eight pages or servants, all in white liveries.

Next came three rich coaches, drawn by black bulls, covered by red silk nets, and led by four grooms in white livery. These vehicles are said to have been eighteen feet high, twelve long, and six wide, like our advertising vans, and adorned with seven figures and gold. They had three windows on each side, and two before, which were hung with red curtains. The entrance was behind by steps, ascending with turrets on each side, the windows beneath shaded with black wax, the tires of the wheels gilded, the spokes neatly turned and inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl.

In these huge vehicles were the wives of the great man. The pages who waited on them were in white and very numerous, each carrying a gilded footstool and a pair of slippers. Besides their suite of pages, a train of ladies followed them in twenty-three sedans, made of white wood and plated with copper, each having an umbrella, two pages, and four stout men to carry them.

Then came horsemen, slaves, pages, and pikemen; then presents of two gilded scimitars, all but the blade of massive gold, a curious firelock, a sun-dial, two stately golden candlesticks, two large pillars of ebony, three square polished tables of the same wood, the corners tipped with gold, three disks, two mighty chargers of massive gold, and a pair of wax slippers, all carried by men of rank.

Then, says the narrator of this particular scene, there came two magnificent carriages exceeding all the former in riches, all gold, in which sat Sadōsaw-ninamo Tenofudekanda, the Ziogoon, and the heir apparent, Ouedschin-minamo Ponoyanatsimama. Eighty noblemen walked two-and-two before this pair of coaches, with scimitars and pikes, and eight men with ebony staves and steel buttons to clear the way. After this came a confused and splendid mass of noblemen, inferior wives, and sedans full of men and women; and then "fifty-four disguised like masquerades, being the Mikado's musicians, playing on several instruments, as pipes, tabors, cymbals, bells, and some string instruments unknown to us."

On such days as these the Japanese enjoy unusual amusements. The race-course is then open, the theatre plays. At Osaka, the spectators say, the theatre is superior to what it is elsewhere, and is described as very large, containing, besides the pit,

three tiers of boxes. The decorations, scenery, and dresses are said to be in good taste; but others declare that it is occasionally difficult for a stranger to comprehend the decorations on account of the extraordinary manner of placing the lines on the paintings. This is owing to the total absence of perspective.

The plays are usually founded on natural history or tradition, and the subjects are the feats, exploits, and lives of ancient Japanese heroes and gods. Many are devoted to enforcing moral precepts. The general tendency is said to be good, but Fischer modifies this observation in a way quite characteristic of the race. "In their heroic dramas the thirst for revenge shines pre-eminent as a natural characteristic, but always in union with a lofty courage. I saw a theatrical representation of one of the punishments by torture, which was astoundingly cruel."

Declamation is the great delight of the audience. The more the actor rants and raves, the more he delights, which is not an especial characteristic of Japan. But a greater merit still is to take many parts and play them well. There is little illusion, as the performers pass through the pit on their way to the stage. There are no actresses. In this the Japanese imitate antiquity. The female parts are played by boys. This arises from the fact that the Japanese, holding the profession in very low estimation, will not allow women to degrade themselves to it. A play in three acts is not represented all at once, but an act of another is played between, so that the spectators who have come for one particular piece can go out between whiles and smoke, drink sakee, and attend to business. The ladies remain with servants and change their dresses several times during the performance.

Dancing and music, we have already said, are favourite amusements. Mymmers and mountebanks frequent the streets, with tumblers, conjurers, and jugglers, and are very popular. The beggars are warty vagabonds. They exhibit odd touches of humour. A band of halt, lame, and blind will solicit alms in doleful strains; and the next moment, throwing off all disguise, leap about and chant merrily, as if under the idea that mirth is a more likely mood in which a man will give than melancholy.

In the great world the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, the painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for hair-dress, all for the favourite use of giving presents. These employments while away the winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late at night, realising the words of Thomas Moore:

"Oh, best of delights, as it everywhere is,
To be near the loved one! What a rapture is his,
Who, by moonlight and music, thus idly may glide
O'er the Lake of Geneva, with that one by his side."

The climate in the summer makes this amusement peculiarly delicious.

The women of Japan are very superior to the men. They mingle in low and debasing pleasures, the women occupy their time in refined society and more harmless occupations. Even the Japanese gentleman is polished in his manners, but the ladies are exquisitely so. James Drayman said (we are assured by Macfarlane) - "they have a natural grace which cannot be described. The Japanese are the most fascinating, elegant ladies that I ever saw in any country in the world." This is high praise, but it appears not undeserved.

The feast of lamps is one of the great amusements of the people. It was a festival instituted out of respect to the dead, but it has departed somewhat from its origin in modern times. It appears to be a very showy and brilliant affair.

Wrestling, however, is a general popular institution. It is delighted in by high and low. It has been the favourite pleasure of all warlike and semi-barbarous nations. It was in use among the Greeks from the earliest ages. Homer gives a long description of a match between Ajax and Ulysses, the prize being a tripod of the value of twelve oxen. The Romans followed the example of

the Greeks, and made it one of the sports of every class and time. In England, in the early times, when physical strength was the greatest merit a man could have, it was common. A ram was a very ordinary prize. Chaucer says of the miller:

"At wrestling he would have away the ram."

In the old poem of "A Lytel Geste of Robyn Hode," prizes of greater value are mentioned, such as a white bull, a horse with saddle and bridle, a pipe of wine, etc. The Londoners, who in the olden time were a noisy, quarrelsome set, were great wrestlers. Matthew Paris tells us of a great wrestling match on the death of Henry II. In Stowe's time it was very popular. At present the amusement is almost unknown, being left to more barbarous times and countries.

In Japan the amusement is very popular. In general the combatants struggle within a ring, such as that given in our first engraving, but at other times they wrestle wherever they can find a convenient place. They are very tough in their way of struggling, and many accidents happen. In some instances the object is to drag the adversary out of the ring; in others, to tie his hands and render him helpless. When it is a public display, several couples are always waiting to go into the circle in turns. The interest which the Japanese take in these trials of strength and skill is something like that of the ancient Greeks in the Olympic and Isthmian games. Among those who train themselves for the conflict, great muscular power and suppleness of limb are required, and they resort to every possible means for their attainment. It is common for those who desire to become very expert in the art of wrestling to get their companions to bend back their limbs in constrained attitudes, and thus leave the wrestler for hours and hours together, and indeed, in some instances, even to dislocate and reset any particular limb, in order to procure the greatest laxity and suppleness at the conflict. At ordinary wrestling-matches, bundles of manilla, tied up in lengths of about two feet each, are laid around upon the ground in the form of a ring. If the wrestler is crowded out of the ring, thrown within the ring, or falls upon any portion of it, or disturbs any portion of it with his foot, he is considered vanquished, and another steps forward to take his place. The judge who decides points of dispute in wrestling-matches, steps into the ring previously to the encounter. The wrestlers stand back to back, and the judge fastens the cord to the elbow of one and the knee of the other. Sundry evolutions are then ordered by the judge, calculated to bring the

greatest strain upon the limbs of the wrestlers. If either of the wrestlers falters under this exercise, frequently painful, he is excluded from the ring, the other is declared victor, and a new contestant ordered forward.

But the best-contested wrestling-matches are those which take place before the high officials and court grandees. These are usually contests between the best wrestlers of the empire, and are conducted in a tent in the gardens of the palace of the Kobo, in a retired manner. The prizes are munificent, and the attainment of one confers a rank upon the winner much envied by the lower classes, besides a pension from government during his natural life. There is in this instance an outer enclosure besides the inner ring, and disgrace does not finally attach until the defeated one is ejected from the outer enclosure. But, when thrown out from the inner ring, the victor has the privilege, if he can do so quickly enough, to lift the fallen wrestler bodily and eject him. When fallen within the inner ring, this privilege is denied. Upon one side of the ring the outer enclosure is omitted. This is the side towards the raised seats of the dignitaries; and upon this side neither of the disputants is allowed to step over, without forfeiture to both of the right to continue the contest. Upon each post of the enclosure surrounding the ring is tied a blanket, for the purpose of shielding the wrestlers, if pitched with force against them. A species of incense, mixed with water, is kept in two pails close by the ring, with which the nostrils and mouths of the disputants are occasionally washed.

Not unfrequently wrestling almost assumes the nature of a mortal combat, by its intensity and fierceness. Every nerve is strung to the highest pitch; every muscle strained to its utmost tension; the eyes protrude, the breath grows short, and the whole anatomy of the figure appears marked on the outside of the body, so distinctly do the swelling muscles develop themselves to the spectator. Almost frantic efforts are made by each wrestler to lift his opponent by the girdle bodily, in which position he can be easily carried from the ring. By mere strength alone this can be easily accomplished, but the wary antagonist is always careful to prevent it. But a fixed period is allowed for each contest, therefore the wrestlers must proceed with some dispatch, yet must proceed cautiously as well. These trials of strength are said to be intensely exciting, and a source of as much battering and belling among the Japanese, as cock-fighting in Cuba, bull-baiting in Spain, or horse-racing in England.

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

THIS grotto, though known to the ancients, appears to have afterwards been forgotten for a long series of years. In 1673, however, it was visited with a kind of solemnity by Nointel, ambassador from the king of France to the Sultan of Porto. The people of the island also ventured to descend at this time, and he was accompanied by two clever designers, and three or four masons, provided with the necessary implements for detaching and removing the more heavy of the spars. Most of the spars were forwarded to M. Baudelot, of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Medals; and one of the most remarkable of them now figures in the rich collection of the Museum of Natural History, at Paris. Forty years later, the grotto was more minutely explored by the celebrated botanist, Tournefort, who gave an account of his visit in his "Relation d'un Voyage du Levant," published in 1717. In our own times the grotto has recovered all its ancient celebrity, and receives an increased number of visitors every year.

Antiparos, the island which contains this remarkable natural curiosity, is situated opposite Paros, in the Grecian Archipelago. The grotto is a mile and a half from the sea, in view of the isles of Nio, Sikino, and Pelicandro. A cavern first offers itself to your notice, with a descent of about thirty wide steps; the passage is divided into two by natural pillars of stalactite, and over the largest of these, which resembles a tower attached to the roof of the cavern, there is an ancient inscription, very much defaced, containing several names, which the islanders believe to be those of

the conspirators who aimed at the life of Alexander the Great, and who, after the failure of their criminal project, took refuge in this place as one of security. Amongst these names, that of Antipater is the only one that favours this tradition. Diodorus Siculus does indeed relate that several historians had accused Antipater of the death of Alexander. The monarch had left Antipater regent in Europe, when he departed for the conquest of Persia; but that minister, irritated by the manner in which Olympias had injured him with his master, was suspected of having endeavoured to get the king poisoned by his son, one of the royal cup-bearers. Diodorus remarks that Antipater did not preserve any portion of his authority after the death of Alexander; but nothing explains why he concealed himself in this island.

When the grotto was visited by Tournefort, he was unable to read a portion of the inscription; but an inhabitant possessed a copy, taken before it was defaced, which the learned traveller thus translates:—"Under the magistracy of Crito, there came to this spot—Menander, Socarnes, Menecrates, Antipater, Ippomedon, Aristas, Philcas, Gorgus, Diogenes, Philocrates, Onesimus."

Perhaps these names are simply those of citizens of the isle who, in the time of Crito, were the first who descended into and explored the grotto. Near this inscription is a cavity, in which is a square marble slab, which does not appear to be very ancient, as the figure of a cross is traced on it, indicating that it is not older.

than the Christian era. On the left, and at the base of a rock, is another Greek inscription, but much more worn than even the preceding.

Between the two pillars on the right, is a gentle declivity, separated from the centre of the cavern by a low wall; in this place some one has engraved on the rocky wall some words, which indicate the period at which the grotto was visited by Nointel. The bottom of the cavern is reached by a more rude declivity; and here the passage becomes so dark, that the visitor cannot proceed without torches. The descent is aided by a rope attached to one of the stalactite pillars, a measure of precaution rendered necessary by the steep and rugged nature of the declivity. At the bottom of this precipice another is reached, still more frightful, and so slip-

pery of its exhibition than any other. Probably there are other chambers yet unexplored."

Nointel and his party remained three entire days in the grotto, which was brilliantly illuminated, and celebrated high mass there on Christmas-day, using as an altar the pyramidal stalagmite which is seen in the centre of the illustration. This remarkable object is twenty-four feet high, and must have presented a splendid spectacle when glittering in the light of the numerous tapers which illuminated the grotto. With this flood of light reflected from the thousand glittering points rising from the floor or depending from the vaulted roof, and the strains of sacred music echoing through the stalactite chambers, the scene must have been more than usually imposing.



THE GROTTA OF ANTIPATER.

pery that the further descent has to be made by means of a ladder. "In this manner," says Clarke the traveller, "we reached the spacious chamber of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, are entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation, as white as snow. Columns, some of which were seventy-five feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads; fortunately, some of them are so far above the reach of the numerous travellers who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or remove them. Others extend from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the gran-

At the bottom of the cavern which serves as the vestibule of this magnificent grotto, we find another small chamber, called the cave of Antipater, into which the visitor enters through a square aperture. This chamber is covered entirely with glittering stalactites and stalagmites, which look like large crystals of the purest white marble, and are supposed by geologists to be formed by the filtration of water through the limestone, of which the entire island is composed. Tournefort, however, thought that he had here found conclusive proofs of his singular theory of the vegetation of stone. The top of the hill from the side of which the passages leading to the grotto are entered, is paved, as it were, with transparent crystallisations of the lousage form.

ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

As ornamentation is one of the departments included in the plan of THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, we cannot do wrong in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful specimen of ornamental work which adorns this page. It is a snuff-box executed by Avisseau, the celebrated enamel worker at Tours, an artist who is described by one of his countrymen as a second Bernard Palissy. No greater honour could be conferred upon him than to give him this distinguished title, but the specimen of his workmanship here exhibited

as it may, there can be no question that it is a beautiful work of art—at once a gem and a picture—rich, but not overloaded with decoration, elegant, and finished. It represents the hollow trunk of an old tree amid a mass of rocks, and twined around with ferns and climbing plants. An adder, coiled about it, is on the watch for a frog upon the lid. Lizards crawl about here and there, showing their heads from the various crevices. On the right and left hand are two stone tablets, one of which contains a drawing of a peasant



AN ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

goes far to prove that it is not at all more than he fairly deserves. It is one of his most recent *chefs-d'œuvre*, and is rendered by our artist with great fidelity and perfection. The reader might be puzzled to know what it was, if he had not the assistance of the title. From that, however, he will learn that it is nominally a tobacco box or pot, though of course hardly likely to be really employed as such. Indeed we can easily imagine that, to many of our readers—especially those of the gentler sex—it would seem a shameful profanation to apply it to any “such base uses.” Be that

of Brittany smoking his pipe, and the other the arms of Tourraine and Brittany. Inside the lid there is the following inscription, “A. M. PITRE-CHEVALIER, AVISSEAU PERE ET FILS, 1851.” This inscription, with the tablets, explains the nature and object of the beautiful production. It symbolises the union of Tourraine and Brittany, literature and art; Avisseau being an artist of Tourraine, and M. Chevalier, to whom it was presented, a distinguished author, who has written a work upon the history of Ancient and Modern Brittany.

PEERS AND M.P.s,
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne is rarely heard in the house now; but, in the Commons, which he entered as Lord Henry Petty, his first speech raised great expectations of his subsequent career, and some were so enthusiastic in their praise as to deem him worthy to rival the oratorical fame of Pitt. His speech on the charges of embezzlement, brought against Lord Melville, was highly applauded at the time. He said: "Let it be remembered how the persons were situated who were thus connected together: Mr. Mark Scott, the broker, confidentially employed by Mr. Trotter, the paymaster; Mr. Trotter, the paymaster, confidentially employed by Lord Melville; and Lord Melville confidentially employed by the public. He had heard of Jacobin combinations and of other combinations, but it would be difficult to imagine any combination more detrimental to the public than that of these three persons, who touched the cabinet on the one side and the stocks on the other. What changes of fortune, what convulsions in finance, was it not capable of effecting! He trusted that the event of that night would show that, whatever difference of opinion might exist, if indeed there did exist any, on the principles of government or on the application of those principles to public measures, yet when such questions as these came to be determined—whether the law should or should not be observed; whether the public expenditure should be watched or should pass unexamined or uncontrolled—there was to be found but one voice, one opinion, and one cause; the cause of men of all descriptions, who pretended to any sort of principle, in opposition to those who either did not profess any, or, what was as dangerous if not as bad, who thought none essential to the honour, the safety, and the existence of the country." The Duke of Newcastle is young, and has yet to win fame, but he has much in his favour. He possesses a great power of fluent oratory, and whenever he addresses the house, is listened to with attention and respect. Lord Clarendon has been the hero of many a party contest. He cannot take his stand amongst the first orators of the day. His rank in political life has, undoubtedly, been acquired by his abilities. The fact that he rose from being a Customs' commissioner to be viceroy of Ireland and secretary for foreign affairs, as a late writer in the *Athenæum* remarked, is proof of his secretarial energy and talent in a department of the state. As a debater he wants practice and physical power. His voice is not loud enough for the stormy combats of the senate. He often hesitates, and his nervous temperament gives him a flurried manner which detracts from the weight of his argument. Yet he has great insinuation and address. Eminent as are his talents, even his admirers would scarcely say that he has the *virida rivina* of Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston. He wants massiveness and muscularity of intellect. The Duke of Argyll, the youngest member of the cabinet, is perhaps one of the most fluent men in it. You are not long in the Lords before you are aware of his presence. His red face and small juvenile figure attract you at once. He took his seat in that assembly on his father's death in 1847, and in May of the following year, he delivered his first speech on the motion for the second reading of the bill for admitting Jews to Parliament. His speech made a great impression on the house, presenting as it did a defence of the measure on religious rather than political grounds. He commenced by disclaiming all sympathy with certain theories that had been put forth—that Christianity had nothing to do with making the laws of a country. He showed in a strain of clear argument, enforced by energy, flowing, and natural eloquence, that Christianity lay at the root of all that was just and right and true; and that the nation which systematically excluded Christianity from its laws, must end in speedy ruin. At the same time he could not agree with the opponents of the measure, that Christianity consisted in a mere set of laws, and that compliance with which would secure and render exclusive to the legislature. On the contrary, he maintained that Christianity would be best maintained by abolishing all invidious distinctions

which excluded any citizen from obtaining the offices and honours of the state, and by maintaining the right of the constituencies of the empire to their free choice of whatever representatives they pleased to select. The speech was received with great favour in the house, and the duke was at once hailed as one of the most promising ornaments of which the senate could boast. Like another nobleman who confers honour on his order—the Earl of Carlisle—the duke lectures to mechanics' institutions, and lectures well.

But, after all, the real orators in the house are not in the cabinet, but out of it; and they live upon their reputations, and are satisfied, as well they may be, with the pleasures of memory. Foremost amongst them is the Earl of Derby, the *intimen et deus* of one of the most powerful parties in the state. But as with all true orators, it was in the lower house that his laurels were won. His first speech of any importance was that against Mr. Hume's motion on the temporalities of the Irish Church. That speech helped him to the honourable title he has so long worn as "the very Ruyter of debate." One of the most remarkable feats he ever accomplished was his delivery, during one of the Irish debates, of Hotspur's address to his uncles, at the close of a great debate, and when the house was eager for a division. His rating the Whigs with their truckling to O'Connell was terrible when it came couched in the language of England's dramatist:—

"But shall it be that you—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subordination—shall it be
That you a world of ears undergo;
Feigning the agents, or base second means,
The cords—the ladder—or the hangman rather?
Oh, pardon me! that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this *sutty* king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did 'gauge' them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thought of this world again
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To assuage all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths."

The effect Lord Stanley—for that was the earl's title then—produced by this extract was startling. It required no ordinary degree of courage to deliver a quotation so long and so dangerous to a crowded house at a late hour. The sensation created was appalling from the extraordinary power of emphasis thrown into the delivery. No actor could have given the passage with more startling effect. It has been remarked, that to a nobleman of talent it is a disadvantage to commence life in the House of Peers. It is but rarely that the debates are conducted there on a scale large enough to justify those flights of eloquence which, successful in a crowded assembly, seem almost ridiculous before a couple of score of laquid peers. The Earl of Derby had the advantage of entering public life in the lower house, and at a time, too, when party feeling was high. His contest with O'Connell was personal and passionate in the extreme. The latter held him up to the indignation of the Irish as the scorpion Stanley, and the former repaid the Irish agitator with terrible invective, equally vehement, and far more polished than his own. In the upper house, the debates would be a lead dull, were it not for the earl's appearance on the scene. Lyndhurst is a masterly orator; but he belongs to the past. You can hardly recognize, in the now shrunken form, a man formerly deemed one of the most powerful intellects of our age. It

matters not that such as Lyndhurst vanish. The House of Lords is not the place for oratory. The first orators of the day may get there; but once there, they give themselves no trouble about oratorical display. Indeed, from the independent members you have no chance of a good speech, unless Lord Ellenborough is on his legs. His lordship reminds one of the once popular orator, Henry Brougham. There was a time when you could never enter the House of Lords without seeing that grotesque figure and hearing that powerful tongue; and some of his most splendid speeches have been delivered there. Yet it is undeniably true, that it was in the Commons Brougham won his name and fame. Few of our readers can recollect him then, when, in the meridian of his powers, he found in Canning a fitting foe. The men of those times tell us, we shall never witness such intellectual gladiators again. As it would be impossible to give an idea of Brougham's eloquence, we shall close this chapter by abridging a graphic description, published some years since in "Modern Babylon." The writer was in the house on one of the occasions to which we have referred. He tells us of the crowded state of the house, of all eyes being turned in one direction, and how, amidst universal expectation, Henry Brougham rose to reply and attack. He says:—

"After this bustle of preparation, and amid the breathless silence which follows it, Henry Brougham takes a slow and hesitating pace towards the table, where he stands crouched together, his shoulders pulled up, his head bent forward, and his upper lip and nostril agitated by a tremulous motion, as though he were afraid to utter even a single sentence. His first sentences, or rather the first members of his sentence—for you soon find that with him a sentence is more extended both in form and substance than the whole oration of other men—come forth cold and irresolute, and withal so wide of the question that you are unable to perceive how they shall be lent so as to bear on it. When, however, a sufficient number of these propositions have been enunciated—and the enunciation is always such as to carry the demonstration with it—it moves on towards the conclusion, firm as the Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as a bayonet charge of the mountaineers of the North. One position being thus carried with the appearance of weakness and want of resolution, but with a reality of power and of determination which make themselves to be felt in the certainty with which it commands your assent, the orator rises upon it both in body and in mind, and wins a second by a more bold and brief attack. To a second succeeds a third, to a third a fourth, and so on, till the whole principles and the whole philosophy of the question have acknowledged their conqueror—till every man in the house who has ears to hear and a heart to understand, be as irresistibly convinced of the abstract truth as he is of his own existence." The writer continues: "When, as already mentioned, he has laid the foundation in the utmost extent of philosophy and the profoundest depth of reason—when he has returned to it again, applying the rule and the plummet to see that the erection is orderly, and feeling with the touch of a giant to ascertain that it is secure—when he has bound the understandings of the house and the spectators in cords of argument which they are equally indisposed and unable to break—he vaults upon the subdued bases, rises in figure and in tone, calls forth the passions from their inmost recesses, overtops and shakes the gaping members and the echoing house. That voice, which was at first so low, now assumes the deafening roar and the determined swell of the ocean; that form, which at the beginning seemed to be sinking under its own weight, now looks as if it were nerved with steel, strung with brass, and immortal and unchangeable as the truths which in his calmer mood he uttered; that countenance, which ofttime bore the hue and the coldness of stone, is now animated at every point and beaming in every feature, as though the mighty utterance were all inadequate to the mightier spirit within; and those eyes, which when he began turned their blue and tranquil disks on you, as if supplicating your forbearance and your pardon, now shoot forth their meteor fires, till every one upon whom they beam be kindled into admiration, and men of all parties wish in their hearts that Brougham were one of us." We must curtail the description, though it cut us to the quick to do so, so accurate is the picture of Brougham in his palmy days. The writer speaks then of the whisper in which Brougham speaks. "It is the signal that he is putting on his whole armour, and

about to grasp the mightiest of his weapons." If you looked, "if you would perceive some small man quivering and twittering, as little birds do when within charming distance of rattle snakes, conscious of danger, yet deprived of even the means of self-protection, and courting destruction with the most pitious and frantic imbecility; you would perceive a slender antagonist clutching the back of the bench with quivering talons, lest the coming tempest should sweep him away; or you would see the portly and appropriate figure of the representative of the quorum of some fat county, delving both his fists into the cushion, fully resolved that, if a man of his weight should be blown out of the house, he would yet secure his seat by carrying it along with him. It comes: the words which were so low and muttered, become so loud that the speaker absolutely drowns the cheering of his own party; and after he has peeled some hapless offender to the bone, and tossed about his mangled remains through all the modes and forms of speech, the body of the orator, being subdued and beaten down by the energy of his own mind—an energy which you can neither help feeling nor succeed in describing—sinks down, panting, exhausted, almost a lifeless corpse."

We have now nearly concluded our parliamentary survey. We have seen the changes and wonders wrought by time in the constitution, practice, and influence of the two Houses of Parliament. Once, all power was in the crown—then again, the barons were omnipotent—then came the great fact which Whigs drink at their dinners as a standing toast—"The People, the source of all political power!" So long as England remains great—till the melancholy vision of Macaulay be realised, and the traveller from New Zealand shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge and view the ivied ruins of St. Paul's—the power of parliament must be paramount in our midst. As the source of legislation, as the great motive power of government, as the final court of appeal, it must ever live; its future annals may have in them less of excitement, party warfare may be toned down, men's passions may grow calmer, elsewhere talent may seek the distinction hitherto to be found on the floor of St. Stephen's alone; side-by-side with parliament may exist a press of greater power, of higher aim, of more comprehensive views; still it will live, rich in past glories and present good, answering the necessities of the time, translating into legal acts the spirit of the age. Every year its duties will be simpler—every year the people will rise superior to their representatives, unless humanity be a failure and progress an idle dream.

What splendid memories cluster round the old house! "By the table in that chapel, afterwards stained with Percival's blood, the brow of the boldest warrior has turned pale as he stood up to receive the thanks of the house, and with trembling voice stammered forth his gratitude. Blake, and Albemarle, and Schomberg, Marlborough, and a greater even than that proud captain, the hero of a hundred fights, the Duke of Wellington, have there drunk in the pealing applause which heralded Westminster Abbey. At that bar the proudest of England's peers have bent the head to deprecate the Commons' vengeance; the governors of millions—the ministers of state—have there bowed the knee, and in their impeachment confessed the grandeur of the great national inquest. There the noblest sons of genius—Bacon, and Newton, and Wren, Addison, Gibson, and Mitford—have sat mute, but 'not inglorious.' There Oglethorpe taught the lesson of humanity in inspecting our prisons, and Meredith and Rouilly pleaded against capital punishments, that criminals still were men. Those walls have rung with the shout of triumph as the slave-trade went down in its iniquity. Peals of laughter have awakened the echoes of that chamber to generations of wits—Martin and Coventry, Charles Townshend, and Sheridan, and Canning. The hollow murmurs of sympathy have there rung back the funeral tribute to the elder and younger Pitt, to Grenville and Horner, to that eloquent orator, conspicuous among his countrymen, Grant, who, in his dying hour, there poured forth his soul. What exhilarating cheers the only rewards to St. John for those lost orations which have perished for ever—have there rewarded the oratory of Pitt and Fox."

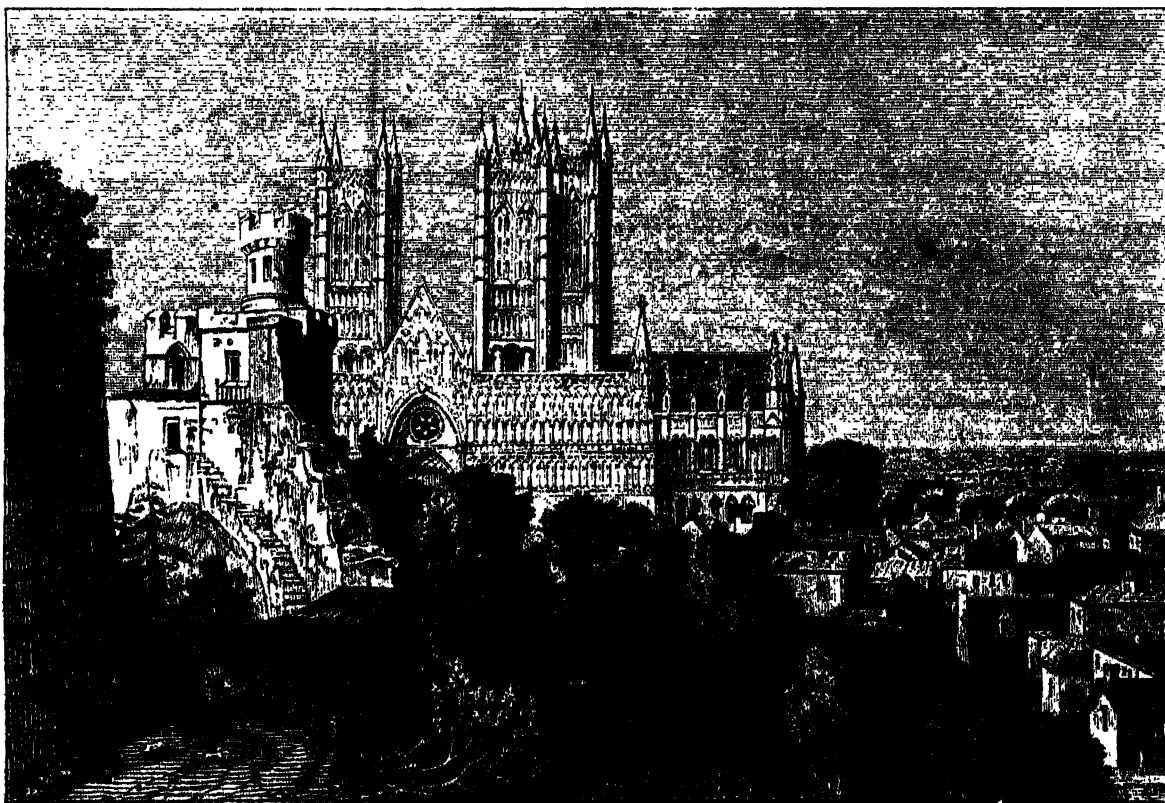
The new house can have no such glory. Our fathers have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. The seed has been sown—for the future nothing is left but to gather in the harvest.

LINCOLN.

THE magnificent cathedral of Lincoln is, next to that of York, the most stupendous, as well as the most beautiful, monument of Gothic architecture in England, and stands on a hill, overlooking the town, and commanding a very extensive view, comprising the scenery of five or six counties. Its length from east to west is 530 feet, and its breadth 227 feet. The doorway and two of the three towers date from the eleventh century, and justify the opinion of these antiquaries who attribute the foundation of the one to William the Conqueror, and of the others to his son William Rufus. It was afterwards rebuilt by Henry II., and dedicated to the Virgin. The most remarkable portions of this immense edifice are the choir and the chapel of the Virgin. The great bell, celebrated by the name of Tom of Lincoln, was long famous for its deep and resonant tone, which was heard at a great distance. In 1827 it by some means got cracked, and in 1834 it was broken in pieces. It was refounded, and replaced in the central tower the year following. Its diameter in the widest part is eighteen feet and it contains five

earth and the trunks of trees placed with the branches outward. To defend themselves from the incursions of these barbarians, the Roman masters of the country surrounded the city with walls, and formed the Foss-dyke, a canal about ten miles in length, connecting the waters of the Witham with those of the Trent, and thus forming a complete internal navigation between the Wash and the Humber. Henry I. cleared out the Foss-dyke, and improved the navigation; and it is still used as a canal from Lincoln to the Trent. The city derives its name from occupying the site of the Roman military station called Lindum, and stands on the line of the great Roman road called Ermine-street. The fortifications were increased and improved by the Saxons, and at the time of the Domesday survey Lincoln was one of the richest and most populous cities in the kingdom.

The ruins of the bishop's palace, which was demolished during the civil war, stand a little to the south of the cathedral, and comprise a fine hall, a gateway, and part of the kitchen. In the neigh-



THE CITY OF LINCOLN.

tons and a half of metal. The weight of the old bell was only four tons and a half. The difficulty of swinging the enormous clapper is the reason why the bell is used only on rare occasions. Before the Reformation, the cathedral of Lincoln was one of the richest in the kingdom, but Henry VIII. appropriated the greatest part of its treasures, and during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the sumptuous tombs were mutilated, and this splendid religious edifice was used as a barrack by the soldiers of Cromwell.

The cathedral is not the only remarkable monument in Lincoln; the ruins of the castle erected by William the Conqueror, and the Newport gate, attract the attention of visitors, and prove the antiquity of the city. The latter is an imposing structure of Roman architecture, ten feet thick, and sixteen feet wide in the archway. When the country was under Roman domination, the district in which Lincoln is situated was inhabited by the Coritani, a warlike tribe of savages, who painted their bodies with blue pigment extracted from the woad plant, and wore rings of iron on their arms. Their towns were mere collections of huts, defended by ramparts of

bourhood of these ruins is a modern building, which the bishop occupies during his stay in the city. Besides a great number of monasteries and nunneries, and other religious edifices, Lincoln formerly contained upwards of fifty churches, of which only eleven remain, exclusive of the cathedral, and most of these are small and much dilapidated. One of these, St. Peter at Gowthas, is an old conventual church, and has a lofty square tower of Norman architecture. Some remains of the old castle are still standing on the hill, westward from the cathedral, and the site of the other portions is occupied by the county gaol and court-house, erected from the designs of Smirke. The gaol is constructed on the plan recommended by the philanthropist Howard, but is said to be too small for the purpose of classification. The Guildhall (an ancient Gothic edifice), the market-house, the assembly-room, and the theatre, are the only other public buildings. But if there is nothing remarkable in the modern edifices of Lincoln, the deficiency is amply made up by the number of ancient remains, of which few towns in England contain so many.

THE OLD ENGLISH HALL.

During the period when the nobles of England were engaged in the civil wars occasioned by the disputed right of succession between the houses of York and Lancaster, or vied with each other in the number of retainers which they supported, and the extravagance of their living, the merchants of London, by persevering industry and a steady increase of commerce, became a rich, and consequently an influential portion of the community.

John Thornbull could scarcely be termed a merchant. He had started in life with a sum of money not equal in value to twenty pounds of the present coinage. With this capital he furnished a stall in the Cheape, for the sale of woollen caps and hose, John was a man of thrift. He rose early and retired late; he never lost

The successor to Master John attained the civic rank of alderman, purchased an estate, and was called Squire Thornbull; for which he is falsely considered by his descendants to have been the founder of a very ancient family.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that, previously to the time of the first Tudor, land was held only by feudal tenure. The sovereign granted estates to his vassals, subject to certain conditions, as the reward of military service. Henry VII., however, resolved to weaken the power of the nobles, whose force, when united, had often proved so detrimental to the interests of the crown, and even fatal to the life of the sovereign. Moreover, as he knew the plodding traders of London had large stores of gold in their dusty chambers,



WOODLANDS HALL.

a customer, whose patronage could be secured by attention, civility, or persuasion; his own garments were usually cast off by the most respectable of his customers, before he appropriated them to his own use; and ere he laid them by, it would not have been by any means an easy matter to decide on their original colour. His diet was exceedingly simple, and it is doubtful if, during the whole course of his life, he was a dozen times within the walls of a tavern.

When John Thornbull died, he bequeathed a respectable inheritance to his son, who, having considerably enlarged the business of his late father, became in reality a merchant, and first assumed the honorary title of Master. Fortune favoured most of his schemes, and, though he did not practise such rigid economy as his parent, he became one of the richest men in the city.

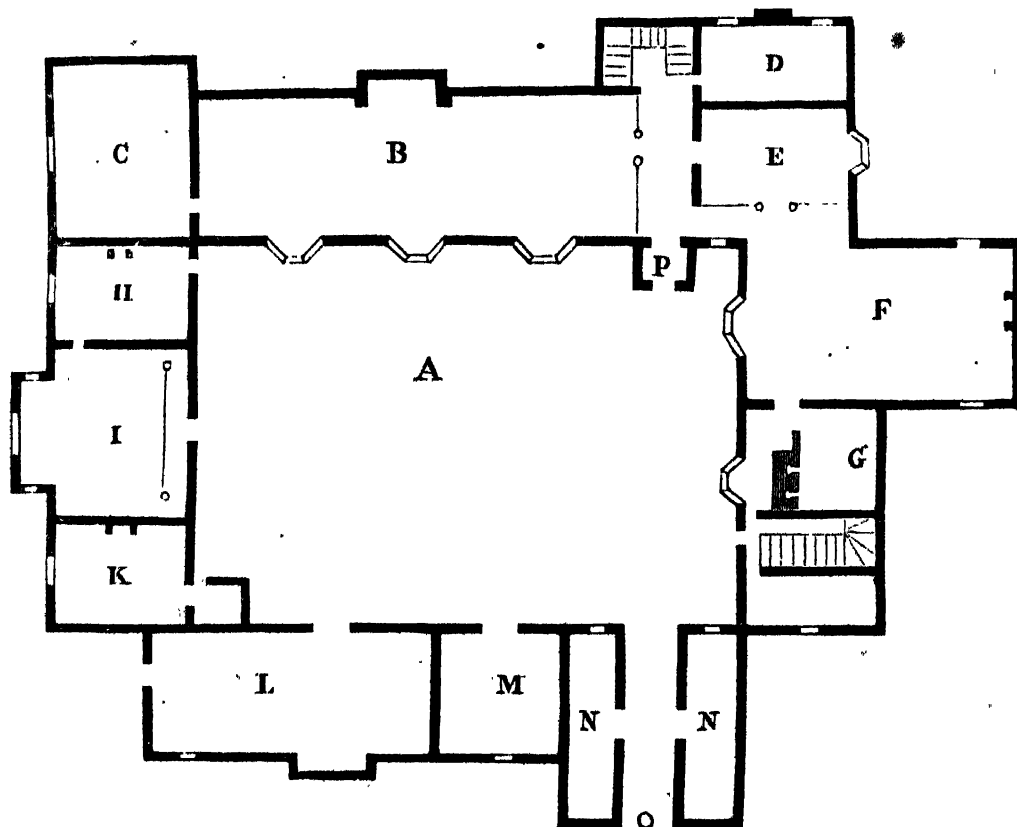
and being a keen-sighted man, he resolved that a portion of it should be transmitted to his own coffers. With this view, he invited the lord mayor and the principal citizens to pay a visit of state to Westminster Hall, to witness the games given in honour of the queen on Twelfth-night. On this memorable occasion, Alderman Thornbull was one of the party, but—what is of far greater importance—he was privately introduced to his Majesty, and given to understand that a certain officer of the royal household would be ready on the morrow to draw up a deed, by which an estate, lately ceded to the crown by confiscation, might become the freehold property of Alderman Thornbull and his heirs for ever.

Thus did the king enrich himself, at the expense of the ancient nobility, and create a new class of aristocracy, whose power was

far less dangerous to the interest of the throne : and thus did the grandson of a pedlar become the first of that famous community of "Landed Gentry," whose rank and influence have long since obliterated the distinction, once so clearly marked, between the nobility and the people. The first business of Squire Thornbull, upon becoming a landed proprietor, was to erect a hall upon his estate, of such extent as became the dignity of his new sphere. The situation which he selected was sheltered from the northern blasts by a range of hills, whilst gentle slopes of luxuriant woodlands on the east and west stretched far away into the opening valley. A noble river slowly wound its way along the plain, forming, with the surrounding objects, a scene of remarkable beauty and grandeur, of which the inmates of the hall might command a perfect view.

The building itself enclosed a quadrangular court-yard, was surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge. A covered gateway in the southern range of the building, which in time of danger could be entirely closed, was the only entrance to the court.

as will be seen by a glance at the ground plan, was occupied by various domestic offices. The frame-work of the whole building was of oak ; numerous beams and joists being fastened together by means of cross-bolts, and the interstices filled up with lath and plaster. Externally there was no appearance of order ; the roof was of various heights, and the upper apartments invariably overhung the lower. Gables formed the principal architectural feature, and the windows extended across the whole range of apartments. In the interior, the great hall was, of course, the principal part of the mansion. Its walls were lined with oak wainscot, and the floor was strewn with rushes. The principal articles of furniture were the oak dining-table, forty feet in length, with benches to match. Within a fire-place, almost as spacious as a modern parlour, a huge pile of wood was constantly burning on the hearth. During the winter season, the doors were covered with loose arras, which the imperfect workmanship of the joiners rendered absolutely necessary to the comfort of the inmates. The buttery, divided from the kitchen only by means of a pannelled



PLAN OF WOODLANDS HALL.

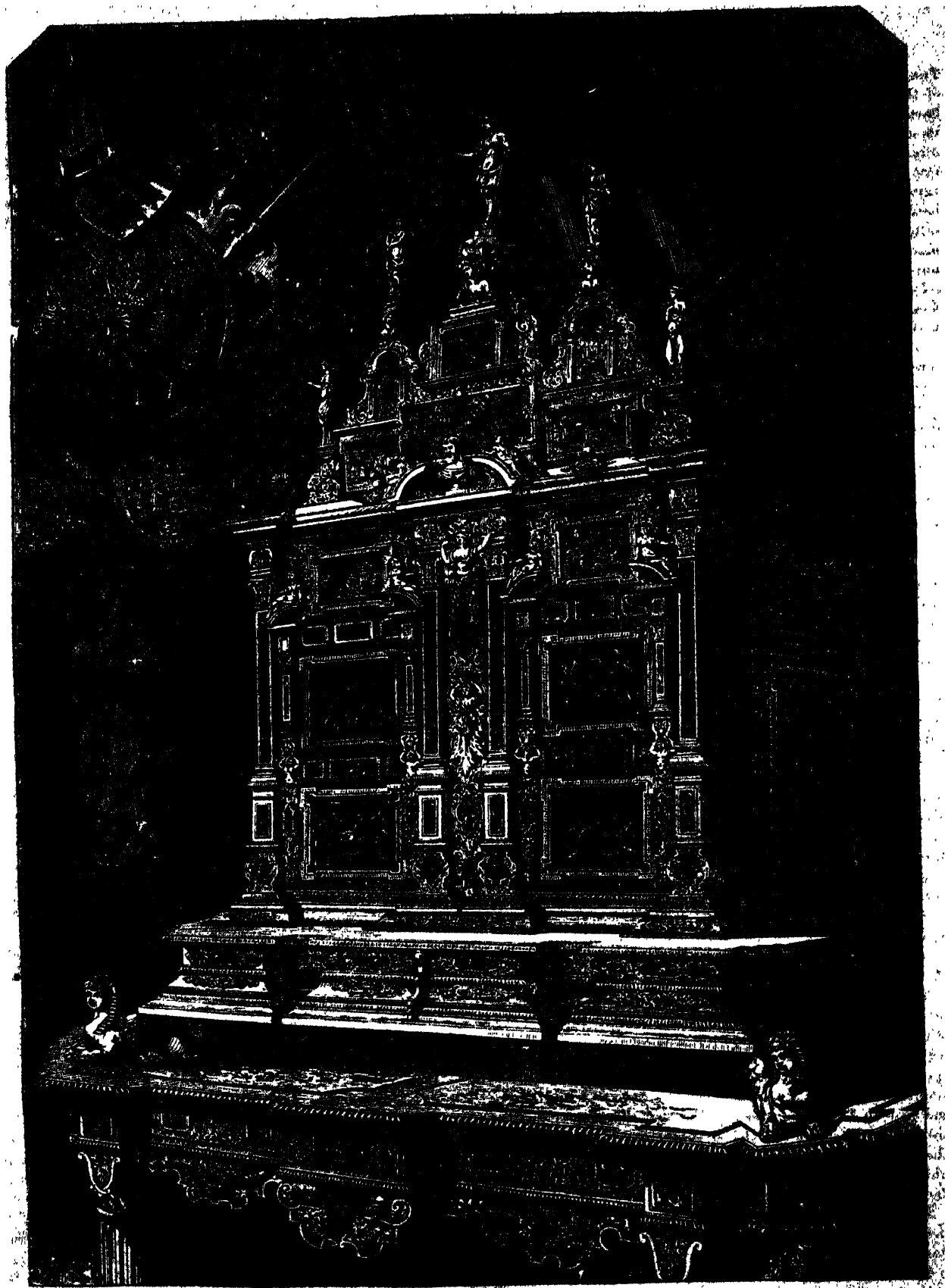
A. Court-yard. B. Great Hall. C. Bed-room. D. Cellar. E. Buttery. F. Kitchen. G. Bakehouse. H. Chaplain's Room. I. Chapel. K. Steward's Room. L. Barn. M. Dairy. N. Stables. O. Entrance to the Court-yard. P. Hall Porch.

The ceiling of this passage was machicolated, or pierced with holes like a cullender, so that persons in the room above might, in the time of siege, pour hot water, oil, or melted tallow on the heads of the assailants below. Exactly opposite, in the northern range of the building, was the principal entrance, which led to a spacious lobby communicating with the great hall, the buttery, and the cellar. Over the two latter apartments was "my lady's chamber," which occupied a middle station between the upper and lower stories, and resembled in appearance a housekeeper's room in a modern mansion. From this apartment Dame Thornbull could look into the kitchen, which stood on the eastern side of the court, by means of a half door, such as are sometimes still seen in old shops ; and thus she could watch the domestic arrangements of the household, scold her maids, and be satisfied that everything went on in proper order. In the western range was the family chapel, with apartments for the priest and steward. The remaining side,

screen, was furnished with a dining service of highly-polished pewter, and a large quantity of wooden platters and trenchers for ordinary use. Here the visitor always found a plentiful supply of substantial fare ; and, during the proper season, a dish of trout or a haunch of venison was never wanting. The cellar was stored with ale and cider only ; the family stock of wines being more safely deposited in the lady's own room. Such was Squire Thornbull's residence at the Woodlands.

When, however, he had established himself as a country gentleman, it must be confessed that he soon felt somewhat disappointed with his new sphere of life. In London, he had been a member of an influential corporation, daily associated with men of his own rank, and frequently dined in the presence of distinguished guests at the Guildhall. But at the Woodlands, he enjoyed no more society than a modern emigrant might expect in the back woods of a rising colony. For country sports he had neither taste

THE NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES



FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

THE city of Florence, which, with Rome and Venice, was long one of the most distinguished seats of Italian art, is remarkable for having produced a beautiful kind of ornamental work which bears its name. It is a species of mosaic in costly materials, based upon directly opposite principles to those recognised by ancient artists. One of the chief of these consists of an intelligent selection of the various shades of colour presented by agates, jaspers, and other hard stones, cut into forms adapted to a settled plan, and artistically arranged with a view to one predominant effect. This ingenious combination produces a kind of painting, in which the varied hues of these beautiful productions are employed to imitate the true colours of nature, as well as the effects of light and shade. Leaves, flowers, butterflies, birds, and even varied landscapes, are cut out with the chisel and polished with the file. The artist contrives to give them the richness of tone which is found in nature, and at the same time the harmony of that great model by bringing together objects which there usually appear together.

In the churches of Florence masterpieces of this kind of work may be seen, either decorating altars or forming part of the architecture of these edifices. The palaces and museums of Europe also contain specimens, more or less remarkable, of this work applied to the ornamentation of furniture of various kinds. The most ancient Florentine mosaic work is plane, like that which the artists of antiquity produced with small cubes of various colours, and which those of modern Rome imitate; but in later times the Florentines sought to give some kind of relief to their mosaic pictures, by inlaying upon the surface hard stones and other costly materials, which they modelled after nature, at one time to represent a fruit, at another a leaf, and at another a flower. Fine pearls, and even diamonds, also found a place in these bas-reliefs. At the present day there are artists in France who produce works of this class.

In the Museum of Cluny there is a remarkable specimen of Florentine art at the commencement of the seventeenth century, of which an engraving is given on the opposite page. It is a rich cabinet, partly covered with mosaic work representing landscapes, birds, fruits, and butterflies. Small bas-reliefs in precious materials are mingled with the lively colours of the mosaic, and form a magnificent ensemble by means of the variety of framing in lapis-lazuli, cornelian, and silver. Numerous figures, seated or standing, caryatides in silver, give a brilliant effect to the whole, and present a luxurious richness of materials, which can be but imperfectly represented in any drawing or engraving. The upper portion, which exhibits a beautiful contour in its forms, is, like the body of the work, enriched with mosaics and bas-reliefs surrounding carved work, and projecting ornaments in silver and gilt bronze. Five statues in gilt bronze surmount the whole, giving it somewhat the form of an elegant pyramid.

This piece of furniture, supported by four sphinxes, rests upon a table enriched with squares of jasper, covered with inlaid mother-of-pearl, and having for supports four columns, the capitals of which are adorned with beautiful carving and gilding. The cabinet opens in front by the separation of the two doors, which meet in the middle, and the inner sides of which are decorated with landscapes and birds in Florentine mosaic. The interior compartments, which are divided into recesses and drawers, underwent great changes about the time of Louis XV. Most of the Florentine mosaics, which ought to have been here, have been replaced by miniatures in the style of the eighteenth century.

This valuable article of furniture was first removed to Poland, and afterwards to France, under the empire of Napoleon I. It now stands, as we have already stated, in the Museum of Cluny, a town in France, formerly more celebrated than at present for an abbey of the Benedictine order, founded in A.D. 910 by William I., duke of Aquitaine and count of Auvergne. In the course of about three centuries from its foundation, the establishment had become extensive enough to accommodate within its walls Pope Innocent IV., twelve cardinals, three archbishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, besides St. Louis, the king of France, with his three sons, the queen mother, and a host of attendant lords and ladies, amounting altogether to four hundred.

THE BRIBE OF ROMANOFF.—II.

BY SILVERPEN.

THAT day Olga wonders why her beloved mademoiselle is so pale and silent, but gains no information. There are topics concerning fathers that daughters may not learn.

Olga, though so young, is an *habitué* of the opera, and prepares to go this evening, accompanied, as usual, by Miss Temple. The latter hastens her toilet, for an attendant informs her that his excellency's daughter awaits her in a certain room; she descends, enters, the door is heavily closed—she is again alone with the mareschal. The light is but imperfect, but she can see that passion has passed like a tempest over his soul.

"Ida," he says firmly, yet with a show of sincerity as well as a respect which seems genuine, "I love you still more profoundly for what passed this morning; forget it—do—be my wife!—the wife of the proud mareschal, if you wish. I must have you at any risk, come what may; I have loved you too long and profoundly to be gainsayed. Come, it is settled—let there be the peace of love between us." His manner is all entreaty, all respect; he is subdued to the humility of a child.

"My lord," is the firm, unhesitating answer, "under no circumstances can any tie exist between us, even under the sanction of the proposal with which you have just honoured me. I love another man, and I am an Englishwoman."

It is wonderful to see the change a few words can effect; no greater than this was ever instantly beget. It is like the change said to take place in Eastern seas: one instant the waves lie in a summer's calm, the next heave as in a winter's tempest. There is no mistake now to what race this man belongs—the ruthless eye, the clenched lips, the freezing words, are true to the pictures De Custine, Golovin, and others, have given to the world.

"Go!" says that iron voice; "this is Russia, not England. Go! I am unmoved from my purpose; what love cannot effect power shall. Go!—but you will not escape me."

Perhaps not, for despotism, as I have said, is Argus-eyed; but purity can be strategic as well as baseness, and eternal justice attends the first.

Unattended, except by Prince Romanoff, the grandfather of Olga, and the usual retinue of servants, mademoiselle and her beloved charge pass on to the opera. Good angels are propitious. Here, round the stalks of a bouquet delivered to her by a pretended servant, are full instructions from the excellent captain of the embassy. Miss Temple contrives to conceal the paper, and bears it safely home. In this she reads, as soon as her attendants are dismissed for the night, that Nova, the Servian shipwright's daughter, and an assistant in the palace kitchen, will be ready to assist in her escape, as well as be prepared with a dress; that Golovitz, one of the groomers of the chamber, will let her pass, as will also Karl, the porter; and that outside the palace walls the shipwright will await her, whose wife she must affect to be.

Losing no time, but changing her dress for the one she finds ready in an appointed place, securing her jewellery and money carefully about her person, packing up in the smallest possible compass such few articles as she will need, Miss Temple awaits the appointed signal from Nova. Sitting down, she writes a brief letter to the mareschal and a longer one to her beloved Olga, entreating the latter to bear her in recollection, to write to her, and, if ever opportunity admit, to visit her in England. She then takes this last letter into Olga's chamber, kisses her sleeping face, and retires with a hushed step and sorrowing heart. All the rest of her property Ida has to abandon; but she hopes that, with Olga to plead for her, the mareschal, when his anger is less, will be just enough to let it be packed and sent to England.

At the given time, she escapes from the palace without observation, and joins the good shipwright. Her dress is that of a peasant woman, and she passes through the street unrecognised, though keenly regarded by several of the police on duty. The palace lies at a considerable distance from the port, but the letter is at length

reached in safety. The ship by which she is to sail is laden with corn, and bound to Carlscrona; but it has yet to lift its anchor and make some other preparations. As it would never do to run the risk of applying for a passport, arrangements have to be made that mademoiselle be concealed in the corn till Cronstadt be passed, and whilst these are effected she rests in the shipwright's little wooden house, and refreshes herself with food.

At length all is ready; she takes leave of these kind though humble friends, who, in spite of poverty, have shown themselves superior to Russian venality, and going on board the little ship, is hidden in the hold amidst corn that has been entwined upon the planks of Finland. The captain, a stalwart Finn, though somewhat lecherous, is honest, and his ship takes its course to the Baltic. But it has not been long under weigh before he sees a sail in pursuit, and its purpose being suspected, the fugitive Englishwoman is still more closely hidden; for punishment will be his and his ship's crew's, if found conniving at the escape of one marked out for official vengeance. The captain's surmise is correct; his ship is overtaken by a swift government corvette, is boarded, and is strictly examined; but the Englishwoman's hiding-place escapes detection, and the whip is permitted to pass, with an official document, which will secure it freedom from a second inspection in the port of Cronstadt. But too wary to be lulled asleep, the captain bids the fugitive keep still hidden till they are out in the Baltic—a wise precaution, as, in spite of the charm of the official pass, there is a second search, though with result like the preceding.

At length, out amongst the sun-wasted icebergs of the Baltic, the poor lady may come forth for rest and air. She has suffered immensely from sickness and intense anxiety; but the quiet of the captain's little cabin, which he generously gives up to her unconditional use, in conjunction with pure air and the power to take food, soon restores her.

Trammelled by adverse winds and the low pitching waves of the froward sea, the corn-laden vessel makes but slow progress towards Carlscrona. On the tenth day the captain descries sail ahead; and towards night they are borne down upon by a ship wearing the English ensign. The Finnish captain and his Russian sailors have no means of resistance, and none wisely is attempted. Their ship is boarded—captured; but otherwise they meet with that generous treatment habitual to Englishmen when conquerors.

It is now that Miss Temple meets her countrymen—tells the tale of her escape from St. Petersburg—and receives in return the most noble offers of protection. It is sufficient that she is an Englishwoman—an educated Englishwoman—an Englishwoman with youth and beauty. But whither would she go? The fleet has left the Sound; but a corvette going thither would land her in Copenhagen, where she would get ship to England. As it often is, one important question is answered by another.

"Is the Amphion with the fleet?"

"Yes."

"How far a-head?"

"Not many leagues. The prize will be taken thither."

"Let me go there with it. I have a friend on board the Amphion who will best advise me. It is Lieutenant Eliot."

The boarding officer bows. Lieutenant Eliot is a friend of his. Every facility shall be afforded her.

A haze springs up; and some four-and-twenty hours elapse before the fleet is sighted, or the prize towed into it, amidst deafening cheers. The captain of the boarding-ship proceeds at once to make report to the admiral; his second lieutenant gaining leave at the same time, puts off with a crew of sailors for the Amphion. He is the bearer of no long message—simply a name. It is broad morning; and the bulwarks of the Amphion can be distinctly seen from the Russian vessel. In no length of time the lieutenant reaches his boat, in company with another officer, as appears by his gold-banded cap which glitters in the sun. As though the sailors knew their errand, they row gallantly across the pitching waves, and bring the two officers to the Russian ship's side. The one readily ascends—is met on the gangway by one who has fled from despair to safety for his and his country's sake. The recognition is mutual, and so profound, though too intense for one to bear; the woman falls senseless in the lover's arms. Human nature is the same, no difference, the world round. Finnish sluggishness

is aroused, and Russian boorishness interested. She is borne down to the cabin: once there, she soon recovers.

There is little time for lovers' words or lovers' dalliance; time is as brief as duty is stern. As concisely as he can, Lieutenant Eliot says what he has to say. He proposes, if permission be granted, as there is a chaplain with the fleet, that they be married; as a matter of safety and future good. They must be separated immediately after; that is no matter; for the corvette that will bear her to Copenhagen sails that night; but the brave and the true can yield to the necessity of duty when time austere needs.

"Under the sanction of my name, your position—even through the brief transit to Copenhagen—will be more satisfactory. Once there, it will lead to an official care for your further safety and your passage to England. If I fail, it will not only secure you a permanent provision, as well as add to it what property is mine—but to bear it even for its own sake will not, perhaps, be the weakest or least tender argument."

Thus the lover pleads; nor, happily, in vain. In a few minutes after this decision, the officers' boat is again occupied; this time by a lady, in addition to the seamen and their officer, and it shoots off from the side of the Russian brig amidst the cheers of its rough-limbed crew. They are sorry to part with their beautiful guest; it is a trouble on far more accounts than the fact that they are prisoners of the enemy.

The Amphion is reached; and all on board are astonished that an English lady should have formed part of the Russian prize. But she is treated with great honour, and a chief cabin is at once assigned to her brief use. After retiring to consult with his captain, Lieutenant Eliot again quits the ship in the officers' gig, and is rowed to that of the admiral. He soon returns; this time not in his own gig, but in that of the admiral, who is on board, by the sign of the flying pennon. There is another stranger—a grave, elderly man, of clerical aspect.

No time is or can be lost. The gig, reaching the ship, the admiral descends to say a few brief words to the English lady; then he ascends with her to the chief deck; the fleet's chaplain has on his gown—has his open book; the lieutenant of the Amphion and the English lady are ranged on either hand; the admiral stands to give her away; and so, amidst the listening silence of the mighty crew—amidst bristling cannon, and howitzer, and pyramids of cannon-balls—amidst all the stern appliances of slaughter and conquest—amidst the low catch of the sounding waves, with the glory of the sun trailing its golden length across the waves—with God above—with stern brave hearts around, the seaman and the unbribed with, Russian gold are made one. Human officers, that carry their echoes across the sea, give the Amen of the celebration.

After taking some refreshment, the young wife has to bid a weeping farewell to her husband; the admiral's gig awaits her, for this is a time for only the tenderer human duties.

In half-an-hour more she is on board the corvette; in an hour it has set sail, and the fleet, in the haze of evening, is lost to sight.

For two days Ida Eliot is in Copenhagen, under the kind care of the consul and his wife.

As soon as she is sufficiently recovered from the effects of fatigue and anxiety, she sets out for her home amidst the hills of northern England, where a beloved father waits to grow glad in his return.

Here now she waits the issues of peace and war—issues pregnant with the fate of man—issues which she and others must leave to God and his never-failing justice. Amongst other things she waits may there be the return of that beloved husband?

I am no advocate of war—it is hateful to civilization—it grades the advance of Christian religion and Christian morals; yet imperfect as is human civilization, there seem to be moments when it is the only power that can crush the armies of Satan and give peace to nations. This present time is one. May He who has entrusted in justice give victory to the allied forces, and make them givers of a blessed and a lasting peace to all who fear of Him, under the fairest dispensation that ever adorned man himself in the image of their Maker!

THE KORAN.

In order to understand this remarkable book, which for more than twelve centuries has been the bode of law for many millions of the human race, and to estimate its influence upon the character of those who acknowledge it as the repository of religious truth, it is necessary to be acquainted with the circumstances under which it was produced. In the latter part of the sixth century, religion had almost disappeared in the thick gloom of ignorance and superstition. This was particularly the case in Arabia, where the descendants of Ishmael were idolaters, worshipping hideous images, with rites as senseless as they were barbarous, including even human sacrifices. The tribe of the Kendites buried female children alive, and by other obscure clans they were sacrificed upon their altars. The morality of such a people must have been very low, as, indeed, we know it to have been; for slavery and polygamy were recognized institutions; and some authors have accused them even of cannibalism. They do not appear to have had any notion of the immortality of the soul and of a future state; for the supposed transformation of the dead into owls, which haunted their graves, can scarcely be regarded as such.

The foreigners settled in Arabia were very numerous. Some families of fire-worshippers were scattered along the Persian Gulf, and in the south were the Sabseans, descendants of colonists from India, and image-worshippers. The Jews had emigrated to Arabia in great numbers after the destruction of Jerusalem, but the purity of their religion was lost amid the fanciful legends of the Talmud. Christianity had been established in several parts of Arabia, but so obscured was it with the worship of images and relics, and the wild and incredible legends of the saints, that it was little better than paganism. The sects into which the Christians were divided regarded each other with the most rancorous hatred; and, instead of cultivating the truth, frittered their mental energies away in discussing the questions of the digestion of the sacramental bread, and the number of angels who could stand on the point of a needle. The Gollipidians deified the mother of Jesus, and made her the third person in the Trinity; and the Manichseans and Marcionites rejected the doctrine of the resurrection, taught the transmigration of the souls of evil-doers, and mingled with this spurious Christianity the Persian allegory of Ormuzd and Ahrimanes, or the conflict of the principles of good and evil.

To illuminate this gross spiritual darkness—whether among polytheists, Jews, or Christians—to extirpate the worship of images, and lead men back to the knowledge of the one True God, the author of the Koran conceived to be his especial mission. Hence he repeatedly declares that there is but one God, eternal and omnipotent, to whom alone obedience and adoration are due; that all idolatry is sinful, and displeasing to God; that the soul is immortal; and that, at the resurrection and the final judgment, every one shall receive the reward of his good deeds or the punishment of his evil ones. To this day, the muamin's call to prayer is the declaration that Allah is great, and there is no other god but him; and wherever the Moslems have established their power, the objects of idolatrous worship—whether from pagans or Christians—have been cast down. Indeed, his followers have carried their hostility to idolatry so far as to abstain, not only from the pictorial representation of the Deity, but from portraying the human form, because we are told in the book of Genesis that God made man in His own image. It was not until the accession of the present Sultan that the rigour of this abstinence was departed from, Abdul Medjid having set his throne, set in diamonds, as a present to Queen Victoria. But when the Greek churches fell into the power of the conquering Moslems, the representations of saints and martyrs on their walls were made to disappear beneath a coat of limewash.

Wishing to operate upon the entire religious world—dreaming, perhaps, of a universal pontificate—Mohammed addressed himself to the Jews and Christians, as well as to the idolaters; and the Koran contains abundant evidence of a wish to reconcile doctrinal differences, and make the Bible harmonious with the new dispensation. He was particularly desirous to make peace among the Jews, and frequently appeals to the Old Testament for collateral

evidence of the truth of his divine mission. With both the Bible and the Talmud he was well acquainted; for, during his journey into Syria, previously to the proclamation of his mission as the chief and last prophet of Allah, he is said to have conversed familiarly on religious subjects with several Jews and Christians of learning and repute, among whom Abulfeda particularly mentions a famous rabbi, Abdollah Ibn Salaam, and Waraka, the nephew of his wife Khadijah, who, after deserting both the native polytheism and the Jewish creed, had embraced Christianity, and was well acquainted with both the Old and New Testaments. In order to conciliate the Jews, he directed his first disciples to pray with their faces towards Jerusalem; but when he found his advances rejected with contempt, and his pretensions derided, he instructed them to make their pious genuflexions towards Mecca.

Mohammed admitted the divine inspiration of the Old Testament, but accused the Jews of having falsified certain passages which did not agree well with his own pretensions. According to the views of divine revelation promulgated in the Koran, the will of God had been made known in succession by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus—their respective missions rising in importance as the altered circumstances of society required a fuller revelation. Thus the authority of Abraham is greater than that of Noah, and so on in regular gradation; but Abraham was the special prototype of a true believer. "The patriarch," he says, in the second chapter of the Koran, "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, for he believed in the unity of God: he was a religious Moslem, and the friend of God; for Islamism is nothing more than the faith of Abraham." Islamism signifies entire dependance on God; and this high order of faith, which was so remarkably exemplified by Abraham, is the leading characteristic of the Moslem faith. But it was Ishmael—the father of the Arab race—who, according to the Koran, was the beloved son of the patriarch, and the chosen of God for the sacrifice; and from him Mohammed claimed descent in a direct line.

As Moses was a greater prophet, and promulgated a fuller revelation of the divine will than Abraham, so was Jesus a prophet of a higher order than Moses, and the Christian dispensation a more complete one than the Jewish. "Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, was truly the apostle of God," says the Koran; "and his words which he conveyed unto Mary, and a spirit proceeding from him, honourable in this world and in the world to come; and one of those who approach near to the presence of God. Yet Jesus was a mere mortal, and not the Son of God; his enemies crucified him against his life, but a phantom was substituted for him on the cross, while he was translated to heaven." The heresies of the Eastern churches led Mohammed to charge the Christians with atheism; and he seems to have expected their conversion, regarding the unity of God a purer doctrine than that which they held. During his lifetime they were treated with decency and moderation, their persons and property protected, and their worship tolerated; and this wise and humane course—so different from his treatment of the Arabian pagans—was strictly in accordance with the precepts of the Koran, which says that "the prophet is nothing but a teacher and admonisher of the people, who shall not be governed by violence; the believers shall leave those who do not believe to the punishment of God, for he is the only arbiter, and will reward every one as he deserves."

Having thus briefly pointed out the extent to which Judaism and Christianity enter into the composition of Islamism, it is now necessary to notice those doctrines which are peculiar to the Moslem dispensation. As the last of the series of prophets and teachers, Mohammed takes precedence of Jesus; he is the seal of the prophets; and with him the divine missions have ceased. The Koran is, therefore, the last revelation of God's will to man, confirming and verifying the Old and New Testaments, and setting forth the means by which salvation is to be obtained under the new dispensation. Faith and works are both necessary to insure admission into the highest heaven; but there are inferior degrees of blessedness, which may be reached by all who believe in God and have lived a life of virtue and benevolence. For idolaters there is

no hope; their portion is the lowest pit of Jehanum—the Moslem hell. Wicked Jews and Christians, dying impenitent, are condemned to portions of the burning pit where the heat is a degree less intolerable; and Mohammedans, of the same class, receive a little more favour as the reward of their faith. The heaven of the Moslems is eminently sensual—a paradise of odoriferous groves and pellucid streams, where the faithful enjoy the society of the dark-eyed Houris—celestial females, whose more than earthly beauty is described in the Koran in the most glowing language.

The practical duties enjoined in the Koran are: prayers at five appointed times each day, the face of the worshipper being turned towards Mecca; frequent ablutions, Mohammed well understanding the near relation of physical and moral purity; attendance at divine service in the mosques every Friday; fasting during the month of Ramadan; alms, to which the fortieth part of each person's income must be devoted; and a pilgrimage to Mecca, if pos-

plished, and the system which he founded to have done all the good that it can do. It has outlived the time when it had a great purpose to serve, and now only exists as a protest against idolatry. The fatalism which so strongly pervades the Moslem theology, and the strictness with which the powers and duties of the Sultan are prescribed by the Koran, form an insuperable barrier to the attainment of a high degree of civilisation and the development of free institutions. Absolute predestination leads directly to individual apathy and social stagnation. The recognition of the precepts of the Koran as the only foundation of Moslem law, though it has in many instances given a check to oppression by the restrictions which it imposes on the exercise of arbitrary power, has now become an evil by fettering rulers in their efforts to promote the advance of civilisation and effect desirable reforms. This is the great difficulty which Mahmoud had to contend with, and which now clogs the progressive tendencies of his son. Reform and infi-



READING THE KORAN.

sible, once in the course of a person's life. Good works are much dwelt upon; without them, prayer and fasting, though they may advance the worshipper to the portals of paradise, will not obtain him admission. Circumcision was an Arabian custom, which Mohammed retained, probably because it was also practised by the Jews. Polygamy had existed in the East from time immemorial; the prophet merely regulated it, restricting the number of wives which a Moslem may legally have to four. Murder, adultery, perjury, and false witness, are enumerated in the Koran as deadly sins; and usury, gaming, and the use of wine and pork, are prohibited in strict terms. Creditors are also forbidden to imprison their debtors or make slaves of them.

We have now to examine the influence of these doctrines and precepts on the character of the people among whom they have for centuries been received. Looking at its effects from the lofty point of view occupied by the Christian and the friend of social progress, the mission of Mohammed appears to be second-

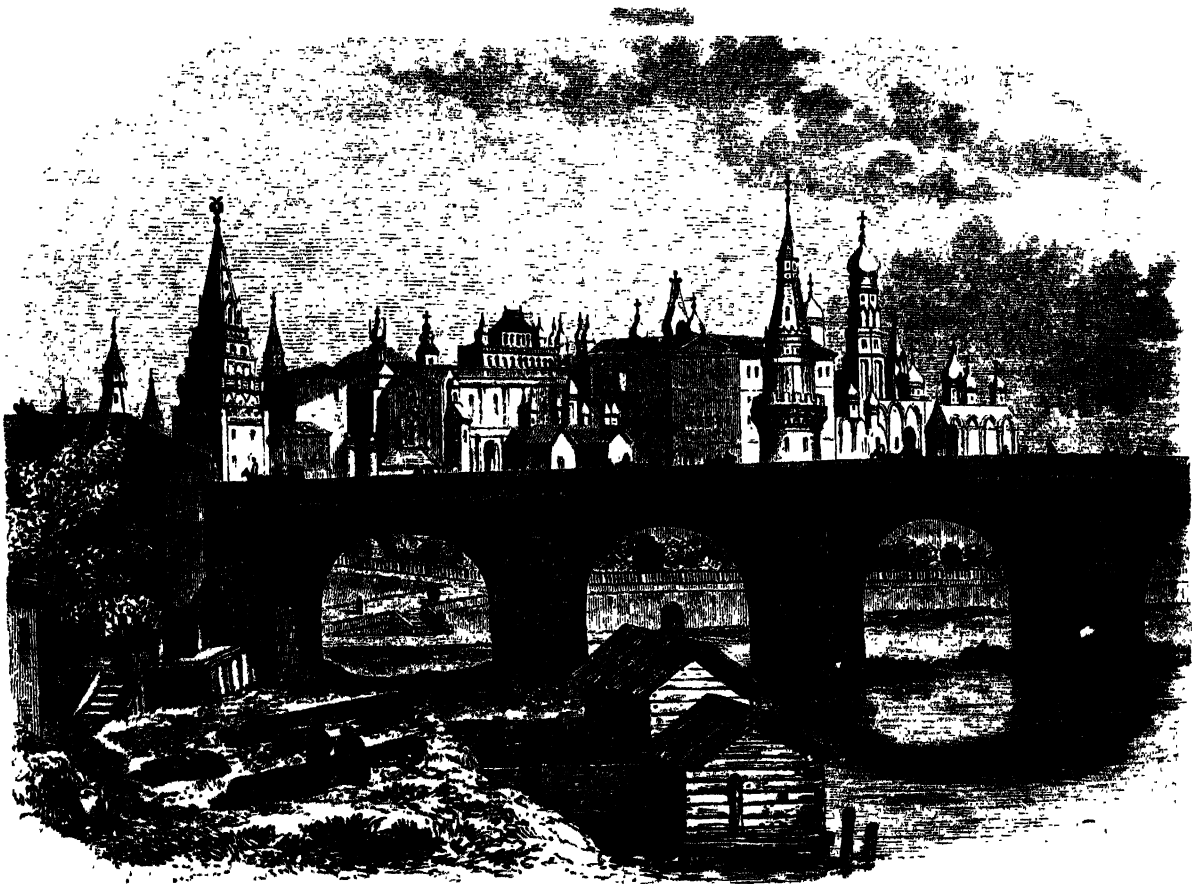
delity are synonymous terms with conservative Mohammedans, and a reforming Sultan runs the risk of being dethroned as an apostate from the faith of Islam.

Without a change in the national faith, the progress of the Mohammedan nations must be very slow, leaving them always very far behind those of Western Europe. If, however, religious reformation is possible, would be an interesting subject for investigation. To external influences they have hitherto been inaccessible, and the experience of our missionaries seems to show that the first change must come from within; that some point must be found in the Moslem creed itself whereon to plant the lever of progress. Islam is not without its sects; the Shiites, one of the two great divisions, reject the traditions, and are more tolerant and liberal than the Sunnites, or orthodox believers. Among these it is possible that some Moslem Luther may arise to reform the Mohammedan church, and give a new reading to the Koran; after which it would be more susceptible to the influence of Christianity.

M O S C O W.

Moscow, the holy city of Russia, and ancient capital of her czars, is one of the most considerable cities in Europe; for, though its population is less than that of St. Petersburg, its superficial extent is much greater. Its circumference is generally stated at twenty-five and a half English miles; but a large portion of this space is occupied by gardens, parks, promenades, and open fields for military exercises and fairs. The gardens belonging to the mansions of the aristocracy are very beautiful, and laid out with much taste; in summer, these and the parks and the public gardens add much to the pleasantness of the city, but in winter their aspect is cheerless in the extreme. Moscow presents a fine and somewhat oriental appearance from a little distance, especially in the summer, when the gilded cupolas of the numerous churches are relieved by the masses of green trees among which they rise. The cupolas are of a bulbous form, like those of the Pavilion at Brighton, and are

The Kremlin, the ancient palace and citadel of the Russian emperors, gives its name to the central quarter of the city, which is surrounded by immense stone walls, with battlements, towers, and gates. Besides the old and new palaces, this quarter contains the imperial museum, the arsenal, the treasury, the palace of the patriarch, and thirty-two churches. The old palace was built in 1567, but only a portion remains, which the present emperor has had completely repaired and re-decorated, and furnished in the style of the period when it was first erected. The new palace was first built in 1743; and having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1812, it was rebuilt four years later by the Emperor Alexander. This building, however, was pulled down by order of Nicholas, who has had a new palace of remarkable extent and magnificence built opposite the old palace, which is to be incorporated with it. The treasury, which is attached to the Voznesen-



THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

covered with tin, which, when not gilded, is painted green; it is the form of these cupolas, and the numerous towers and minarets, which give the city its peculiar appearance.

The tremendous conflagration of 1812, with the subsequent renovation and improvement of the city, has so altered its appearance, that the descriptions published previously to that epoch are no longer correct. "The extraordinary mixture and contrast of magnificent palaces and petty huts, so often noticed by foreigners," says Dr. Lyall, "though still occurring in a few places, no longer strikes the eye as formerly; Moscow is daily losing its Asiatic features, and assuming the appearance of the capitals of Western Europe. Happily for the lover of venerable antiquity, the Kremlin, which suffered comparatively little, notwithstanding the attempts of the French to blow it up, retains unimpaired its ancient irregularity and grandeur."

skoi Convent, contains the crowns, sceptres, arms, and drinking vessels, of the grand dukes and emperors, the value of which is said to exceed that of the collection in the Jewel Office of the Tower of London. In the church of the same convent a great number of empresses and grand duchesses are interred. The principal churches of the Kremlin quarter are that of the Assumption, where the emperors are crowned and anointed, esteemed the most splendid in Moscow; St. Michael's, which contains the tombs of the grand dukes and czars from the time when Moscow became the capital of the empire till the death of Peter the Great; that of the Annunciation, which is considered by some to excel all the rest in architectural beauty, though smaller than the preceding; and that of the Transfiguration, remarkable only for its antiquity, having been built in 1328. After the palaces and churches, the most striking object in the Kremlin quarter is the Ivanovskaya belfry, at the bottom of

which is the great bell, said to be the largest in the world, containing the enormous quantity of 360,000 lbs. of metal. This tower was destroyed by an explosion in 1812, but has been rebuilt in the same style, and is much admired for its height and architectural beauty.

The Khitai-gorod, also surrounded by a wall, with towers and gates, is the trading quarter of Moscow, and contains the bazaars and principal shops, besides linen, cotton, and woollen manufactories, iron and brass foundries, distilleries, paper mills, etc., most of which are under the superintendence of foreigners, chiefly English, Germans, and French. The chief public buildings in this quarter are the municipal hall, a very handsome edifice, and the printing-office of the holy synod, which contains thirty presses for printing theological works in Slavonian, and educational books in Greek, Latin, French, and German, for the schools under the control of the synod. In the Khitai-gorod is the monument erected by order of the Emperor Alexander in honour of Minin and Pogliarski, who delivered Russia from foreign domination in the seventeenth century, and placed Michael Romanoff, the first monarch of the reigning dynasty, on the throne. It consists of bronze statues of the two patriots, fourteen feet high, on a pedestal of red granite, adorned with bas-reliefs, and was executed by Martos, an eminent Russian artist.

The Beloi-gorod, the third great division of the city, surrounds the Kremlin and the Khitai-gorod, except on the south, on which side the river Moskwa flows; and contains the principal public offices, the university, the governor's palace, a number of churches and monasteries, and the palaces of many of the nobility, who make Moscow their winter residence. None of the public offices are remarkable for architectural beauty; but the palace of the governor is a magnificent edifice, and occupies a fine elevated situation. The palace of General Apraxin exceeds in length every other private edifice in Moscow; but that of Pashkoff is considered the finest specimen of architecture. Surrounding the three quarters described, and extending to the opposite side of the river, is the Zemlianoi-gorod, containing the depôts of the commissariat and the imperial distilleries, the Imperial Philanthropic Society, the Medico-Chirurgical Academy, which has a good anatomical museum, and a fine collection of stuffed animals, fossils, and minerals; and the church and monastery of St. Anne, a handsome Gothic edifice, with a very splendid interior. This quarter was formerly surrounded by a rampart of earth, which no longer exists, the space being now planted with trees, so as to form a promenade entirely round the city, like the Boulevards of Paris.

The suburbs of Moscow form an irregular polygon, completely surrounding the Zemlianoi-gorod, on both sides of the Moskwa. Some parts consist of streets and lanes, in which superb mansions alternate with wretched hovels, while others are like villages, separated from each other by market-gardens, meadows, and even corn-fields. In the suburbs are the noble hospital, founded at the end of the last century by Prince Galitzin, and named after him; the extensive and magnificent hospital, in the Grecian style of architecture, founded in 1810 by Count Sheremetoff; the military hospital, founded by Peter the Great; the splendid barracks, built for a palace by Catherine II., and converted to its present purpose by the Emperor Paul; and a number of churches and monasteries, some of which are worthy the attention of travellers. The asparagus, grown in the suburban gardens, is celebrated all over Russia for its size and superior flavour.

The manufactures of Moscow have made considerable progress during the last fifty years. In 1808, the number of large manufactories of linen, woollen, cotton, silk, and leather goods, hats, paper, porcelain, and earthenware in the province, most of them in the capital, was 394, which, in 1830, had increased to 730. It is also a place of great trade, and, indeed, may be called the centre of the inland trade of the empire, as St. Petersburg is of the maritime trade. The annual value of the imports is estimated at five millions of roubles, or about £750,000. The population of Moscow is stated in the most recent accounts at 360,000.

The amusements of Moscow are not numerous. The principal theatre is a vast edifice, but very inferior, both in internal decoration and the character of the performances, to the imperial theatre at St. Petersburg. A tenth of the proceeds is appropriated to the support of the Foundling Hospital, founded by Catherine II. in the

year 1762. Concerts are given occasionally, but the chief resort of the aristocracy in the winter is the Assembly Rooms, where balls are given every Tuesday evening, from October to May, in a fine saloon, with an alcoved ceiling, supported by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars, of white scagliola. Only members of the nobility have the *entrée*, the annual subscription being for gentlemen fifty roubles, married ladies twenty-five roubles, and unmarried ladies ten roubles. Fêtes are sometimes given at the Prunja Gardens, with music, and an illumination at night. For the humbler classes, there are low places of amusement, where the entertainments consist of singing and dancing, the performers being generally of the gipsy race.

According to Russian tradition, Moscow derives its name from Meshech, the son of Japheth, and grandson of the antediluvian patriarch, Noah, who settled on the spot shortly after the deluge. Until within a comparatively recent period, this idea was countenanced by the best biblical commentators; and a Jewish rabbi, about half a century ago, made this application of the passage:—"Woe is me, that I sojourn in Meshech!" In consequence of this, it is said that the prayer for the emperor, which, up to that period, had been read in the synagogue, has been omitted, except when some Christian, supposed to be acquainted with Hebrew, has happened to be present. According to more reliable accounts, the city was founded by the Grand Duke George in 1147, and enlarged and improved by his son Andrew. It did not become the capital, however, until 1328, when the Grand Duke Ivan transferred the seat of government from Vladimir to the rising city of the Moskwa. At this time, however, and long afterwards, the city did not extend beyond the Kremlin quarter, which became as much an object of veneration to the Muscovites as Mecca to the followers of Mahomed. The capital has always been regarded with this mingled admiration and reverence: "Who can resist God and the great Novgorod?" was a common saying when that city was the capital; and when the seat of government was transferred to Kiev, that place was regarded as "the holy city," and the "mother of all the Russian cities." Hence Moscow has also been called "The Holy City," and more familiarly, "Mother Moscow," or sometimes "Stone Moscow," because the principal buildings are of that material, which is rarely the case in Russia, where, except in the large towns, even the churches are built of wood.

The history of Moscow embraces the usual series of fires, pestilences, famines, and tumults, common to most of the great cities of Europe. In the reign of Boris it was desolated by a famine so severe, that the inhabitants were reduced to cannibalism; and no city, except Constantinople, has been so often devastated by fire. These have been mainly owing, as in the case of the Turkish capital, to the general use of wood in the construction of dwelling-houses, great numbers of which are still built of that material. The tremendous conflagration of 1812, the effects of which have been already noticed, constitutes an important epoch in the history of Moscow, and is so used by the inhabitants in their calculations. With the importance of that event the Russians are so fully impressed, that the 25th of December has been made a day of thanksgiving for "the deliverance of the Church and the Russian empire from the invasion of the French and twenty other nations who came with them."

Out of Russia, the belief is general that the conflagration, which destroyed two-thirds of the city, was the work of the Russians themselves, and that it was ordered by Count Rostopchin, the governor of Moscow, in order to deprive the invaders of winter quarters, and compel them to retreat in that inclement season. The disastrous consequences to the French are too well known to need relating here; and it is absurd to suppose that they would have destroyed a city, upon their possession of which all their hopes of success depended. But in Russia the belief is general that the destruction of the city was the work of the invaders; and much indignation is manifested on the expression of a contrary opinion. That it is still attributed to the French is probably owing to the fact, that Alexander charged them with it at the time as a means of exciting the passions of the army and people against them; and to avow the truth now would be hardly decent. Count Rostopchin would never acknowledge that he was the author of the fire, and published a pamphlet in 1823, in which he positively

denies that it was the result of his orders. The truth, however, must be known to many of the upper classes, though policy has dictated its concealment; and, indeed, there are allusions in the works of Russian authors which leave little room for doubt. Karamzin, the historian and poet, has a tolerably plain avowal of the fact in a poem which has been thus translated by Dr. Bowring, in his "Russian Anthology":—

"Proud city! Sovereign Mother thou
Of all Slavonian cities now;
Work of seven ages!—beauty once
And glory were around thee spread;

Toil-gathered riches blessed thy sons,
And splendid temples crowned thy head;
Our monarchs in thy bosom lie,
With sainted dust that cannot die.

Farewell! farewell! Thy children's hands
Have seized the all-destroying brands,
To whelm in ashes all thy pride.
Blaze! blaze! thy guilt in flames be lost,
And heaven and earth be satisfied
With thee, the nation's holocaust!
The foe of peace shall find in thee
The ruined tomb of victory."

SEALS.

With the exception of the whales and their allies, the seals, perhaps, at first sight exhibit a greater departure from our ordinary idea of *Lacætes* than any other mammalia. Although still undoubtedly quadrupeds, their legs are so completely inclosed within the skin of the body, that nothing but the feet project, and of these, the toes are united by skin, so as to form fins or paddles, adapted almost solely for the propulsion of the animal through the water. The position of the hind legs, too, is very singular: they are turned completely backwards, so as to form a sort of broad double-tail fin, very similar, both in appearance and action, to the tail fin of the whale. But in those, as in the fore feet, all the parts existing in the most perfect quadrupeds are to be recognised; whilst the tail of the whale is really a fin, and has nothing whatever to do with the hinder extremities. As might be supposed from the form of the limbs, the seals are by no means at home on dry land; when out of the water they flounder about in rather an awkward manner, by a wriggling action of the belly assisted by the fore paws. But in the water the fish-like form of their bodies and their powerful paddles render them very active; and in this, their native element, they swim and dive with great rapidity, in pursuit of the fishes and other marine animals which constitute their general food.

The common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is found in most seas, but is especially plentiful on the Arctic coasts, is of a yellowish-gray colour, usually covered with dusky or blackish spots. Its usual length is about three feet, but it sometimes measures as much as five or six. It has a rounded head, somewhat resembling that of a dog, whence it has obtained the name of "the sea-dog." The eyes are very large, soft, and black, giving it a most intelligent expression of countenance; it has no external ears, but the orifices are furnished with a valve, which the animal can close when under water, so as to prevent the ingress of that fluid. These animals are common on some parts of the British coast, but on the coast of Greenland they exist in innumerable herds, in spite of the destructive warfare that has been waged against them for ages, both by the native Esquimaux and by Europeans. To the latter the seal-fishery, as it is termed, furnishes only two products, oil and fur; but so indispensable is the seal to the very existence of the Greenlanders, that it has been said that the sea is his field and the seal-fishery his harvest. The skin of the seal, when deprived of the long and rather coarse hair which forms its outer coat, furnishes a soft downy fur of a light brown or fawn colour, which was formerly in considerable repute in England for making caps, great-coat collars, waistcoats, slippers, and similar articles of winter comfort; but it provides the Greenlanders with the whole of his clothing; and to a people who depend so much on a seafaring life for their subsistence, its capability of resisting water is not one of its least desirable qualities. The oil, which is used in Europe only for burning in lamps, not merely serves this purpose amongst the Esquimaux of Greenland, but is also employed by them for heating their winter dwellings, and, strange as it may appear to European tastes, it likewise forms one of their favourite beverages. Mr. McCulloch, however, in speaking of the oil, says, that "when extracted before putrefaction has commenced, it is beautifully transparent, free from smell, and not unpleasant in its taste."

But every part of the seal is of importance to these people. The skin not only furnishes them with the warm clothing so necessary in their climate, but provides their boats and tents with a water-proof covering, and when tanned forms a strong and servicable

leather for their shoes. The intestines are used to form windows, curtains for the front of their tents, summer clothing, shirts, and a number of other articles; the sinews furnish them with threads to sew them together; the bones are used as tools and for the heads of spears; and the flesh forms their most important article of food. This is said to be far more palatable than that of the whale, and the fried liver is said by Scoresby to be esteemed even by Europeans "as an agreeable dish."

In fine weather the seals are very fond of basking in the sun; and vast herds of them are often seen thus engaged upon the field-ice. In these situations, which are called "seal meadows," the hunters endeavour to surprise them while sleeping, so as to intercept their attempted retreat into the water, to which, as an asylum, they always direct their course when alarmed. They are generally destroyed by knocking them on the nose with clubs, a single blow being sufficient to dispatch them. The European seal-fishery has been carried on almost entirely by ships sent out every spring from Hamburg and Bremen; and some of these have captured as many as four or five thousand in one voyage. The whalers, also, frequently take to sealing, probably to make up for bad success in their regular occupation.

In their character seals exhibit many amiable points. They are affectionate to their young; and the latter, in return, are said to be most dutifully obedient to their parents; and the males fight valorously in defence of their wives and families. In confinement, especially when taken young, they are easily tamed, and then exhibit much of the attachment of a dog for their master.

There are many other species of seals, all inhabiting the seas of different parts of the world, but delighting principally in the coasts of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Some, indeed, are found in hotter climates; and one, the Monk Seal (*Phoca monachus*), represented in our illustration, is tolerably numerous in the Mediterranean. It bears a considerable resemblance in form to the common seal; but the toes of the hind feet are destitute of claws, and the animal sometimes attains a length of from ten to twelve feet. This seal is often carried about the continent of Europe in shows, and some extraordinary accounts are given of its docility; thus it has been said to pronounce words; and Aldrovand describes a specimen, probably of this species, which had been taught to utter a cry of pleasure whenever the name of a Christian prince was mentioned, but to remain perfectly still when the Grand Turk, then the terror of Europe, was named.

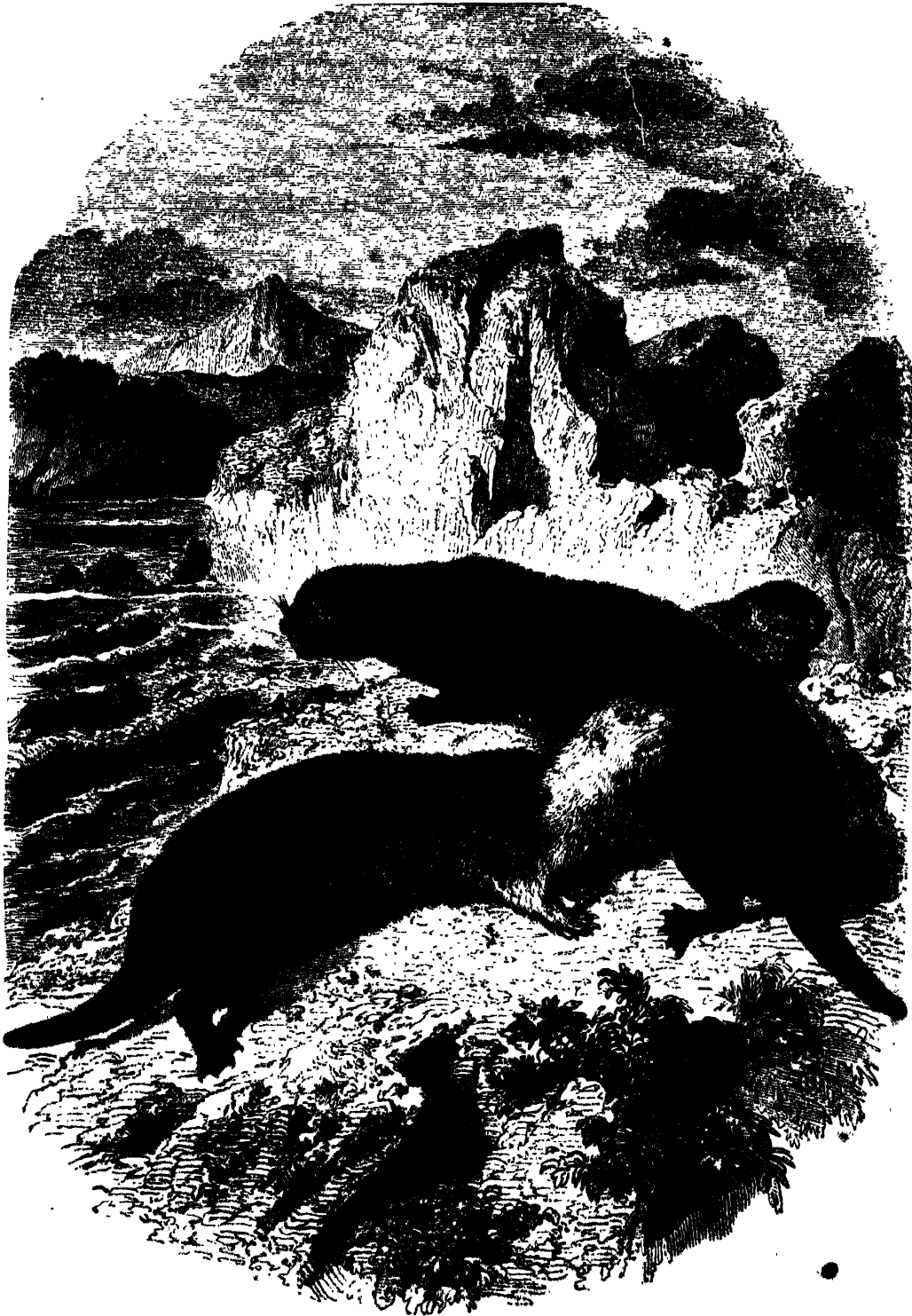
The largest of the northern species is the Morse or Walrus (*Trichechus rosmarus*), which is sometimes as much as twenty feet in length, and as thick in the body as an ox. The most striking peculiarity of this animal consists in a pair of formidable tusks, which hang down from the angles of the upper jaw, and are of great service to him in raising his unwieldy body out of the water, when he wishes to rest upon the ice or rocks of his Arctic abode. The walrus appears to feed, at all events in part, upon seaweeds; and a specimen, which lived for some time at St. Petersburg, was nourished on a sort of vegetable broth, of which carrots and other succulent roots formed an important part. The tusks of this animal furnish excellent ivory; and the subcutaneous fat or blubber yields a large quantity of oil; but the qualities of the meat are not so well ascertained, some voyagers describing it as excellent eating, when the prejudice arising from its dark colour had been overcome, while others have declared it to be so bad that even the dogs reject it with disgust. The walrus, which is also called the

Sea-horse, occasionally wanders to a considerable distance from its accustomed haunts; and, according to Dr. Fleming, a specimen was shot in December, 1817, on the coast of Harris, in the Hebrides.

One of the southern seals, called the Fur Seal, *par excellence* (*Arctocephalus Falklandicus*), furnishes by far the greater portion

mas-acre was so indiscriminate—the mothers being killed before the young were able to shift for themselves—that the animals became nearly extinct.

Of the other species inhabiting the Southern Ocean, several attain a considerable size. One of the most singular is the Leonine Seal



THE MONK SEAL (*PHOCA MONACHUS*).

of the article known in Europe as seal's-skin. This species was formerly very common on the shores of the islands of the Southern Ocean, especially about the Falkland Islands, from which its name is derived. But in the course of a year or two, the avarice of Europeans destroyed as many as three hundred and twenty thousand of these animals; thus defeating its own object: for the

or Sea Elephant (*Morunga elephantina*), the male of which has a curious appendage to the nose, resembling a proboscis, of about a foot in length. This seal, which lives in large herds on the shores of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, is often five-and-twenty or thirty feet long; and as its fat furnishes a large quantity of most excellent oil, its pursuit has become of great importance.

FRANCOIS ARAGO.

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ARAGO, the eminent astronomer, was born on the 26th February, 1786, at Estagel, at the foot of the Pyrennees. His father was a small proprietor, owning some vineyards and olive groves in that commune, the proceeds of which scarcely sufficed to maintain his numerous family. But removing to Perpignan at the Revolution, he distinguished himself by his public spirit, and was enabled to place his son in a good school at

On leaving the Polytechnic, he received an appointment at the observatory of Paris, and was shortly afterwards associated with M. Biot, in the operation of measuring an arc of the meridian in Spain. The operation was one of toil and difficulty, for he had to travel on foot through the mountains which divide the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia from that of Arragon; but youth and a robust constitution enabled him to surmount every obstacle. While



Toulouse. The youth had already given evidence of superior abilities, and on presenting himself as a candidate for pupilage at the Polytechnic School, his first answer so astonished the examiner that he sent him to Paris at once, with a complimentary recommendation. At the Polytechnic he made rapid progress in his studies, and gave the first public evidence of his republican tendencies by refusing to subscribe his adhesion to the constitution of the empire.

engaged in his measurements, war commenced between France and Spain, and the mountaineers, whose ignorance incapacitated them from appreciating young Arago's scientific labours, attempted to seize him, alleging that he made fires in the mountains to direct the movements of the French troops. He found means, however, to reach the coast in disguise, but being unable to get away, he retraced his steps, and placed himself under the protection of the

authorities, who put him in prison for safety, but not till he had been wounded and narrowly escaped death at the hands of a furious mob. By the connivance of the captain-general of the province, he escaped from prison after a brief incarceration, and embarked in a fishing-boat for Algiers, where he hoped to find a vessel bound for **Marseilles**. In this hope he was not disappointed, and was within sight of that port, when the vessel in which he had embarked was captured by a Spanish privateer and taken into Rosas. The authorities there seem to have desired some pretext for confiscating the vessel, and confined Arago in a dark and dirty cell, alleging that he was a refugee Spaniard; for the vessel in which he had embarked was an Algerine one, in which the Dey had sent two lions as presents for the emperor. One of these had died on the voyage, and Arago found means to forward a letter to the Dey, informing him of the seizure of the vessel, and that the animal in question had been starved by the Spaniards. The Dey was terribly enraged, and addressed an angry letter to the Spanish government, demanding compensation for the seizure of the vessel, and threatening war in the case of refusal. This led to the surrender of the ship and the liberation of Arago, who proceeded on his voyage in her; but the crew were incompetent to the navigation, and losing their reckoning, landed him at Bougie, on the Algerian coast. From thence he travelled on foot to Algiers, disguised as an Arab, and on his arrival found the Dey dead, and the city in an uproar, occasioned by a conflict between two claimants to the succession. One of these was killed, and his victorious rival demanded payment from France of a pretended debt, imprisoning as a guarantee every Frenchman in Algeria.

After enduring many hardships, Arago obtained his liberation; and having narrowly escaped capture by a British cruiser, at length reached Marseilles. He immediately repaired to Paris, where he was elected a member of the Institute. Now commenced his long and glorious career of scientific discovery. To mention all that he has done in this way would far exceed our limits. His determination of the diameters of planets, afterwards adopted by Laplace; the discovery of coloured polarisation, and that of magnetism by rotation, which gained for him the Copley medal of the Royal Society, would alone suffice to place him in the first rank among the scientific geniuses of the age. In a few years he became a member of every great scientific society in Europe. He visited England, and received the honorary citizenship of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and in his own country he won the esteem and respect of all classes, and of men of all shades of political belief. His lectures on astronomy were invariably attended by crowded audiences; and the *éloges* which, after his elevation to the post of secretary to the Academy of Sciences, it became his duty to compose on the decease of any of its members, were superior to any that had appeared before.

The political opinions of which the eminent academician had given evidence in his youth underwent no modification in mature years, though he never took so active a part in politics as his brother Miéness. His sympathies were always with the people; and when the revolution of 1830 broke out, and the streets of Paris were red with blood, he went to Marshal Marmont, with whom he was on intimate terms, and besought him to seize the opportunity of redeeming his reputation from the stains of 1814, by resigning the command of the army, and thus staying the further effusion of blood. The marshal was deeply affected, but seemed to feel that such a step would subject him to the stigma of a double treason; his position was a painful one, he said, but he must do his duty to the king. Arago left his presence with regret; but the firmness of the marshal only retarded, without preventing, the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. In the elections which followed the revolution, Arago was chosen to represent the department of the Pyrénées Orientales in the Chamber of Deputies, and joined the party of the extreme left, that of the ultra-liberals and republicans.

Two years later, when the barricades were again raised by the Parisians, he was one of those leaders of the opposition who assembled at the house of Lafayette, and, believing the insurrection triumphant, appointed a deputation to wait upon Louis Philippe, to dictate to him the terms on which he would be allowed to retain the sovereignty of France. But by the time the deputation reached

the royal presence, the insurgents had been driven back upon the Faubourg St. Antoine; and they judged it prudent to confine their mission to urging upon the king the policy of making some concessions to the people, and extending his clemency to those who had risen against his government. The insurrection being suppressed, and no hope remaining of a speedy subversion of the monarchy, Arago turned his attention to the best means of conserving the freedom which still existed, and, in conjunction with Lafayette, Armand Carrel, Garnier-Pages, Armand Marrast, Cormenin, and others of the republican party, established the Association for the Defence of the Liberty of the Press.

Though his republican opinions and his connexion with the men we have named rendered him ineligible for office under Louis Philippe in a political capacity, his reputation as an astronomer and mathematician was so high that he received the appointment of chief of the Royal Observatory at Paris, which he retained till his death. The active part which he took in politics during the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe did not diminish the ardour of his scientific pursuits; and the distinction which the Paris Observatory has gained in the annals of astronomical science was mainly owing to his genius and assiduity. Among the subjects upon which his powerful intellect threw additional light at this time was the scintillation of the stars, which he ascribes to the circumstance of their rays passing through atmospheric strata having various degrees of heat, density, and humidity, and combining in the focus of the telescopic lens, where they produce images of varying colour and intensity.

During the session of 1847, a union of the various sections of the left was effected on the question of a reform of the electoral law. Thiers and Dupin, unable any longer to endure their exclusion from office, tendered their support to Odillon-Barrot, who had long been known as an advocate for an extension of the suffrage, and who readily accepted the aid of such distinguished converts. Arago cordially joined and promoted the fusion, as he would have done any measure which tended to further the greater end which he and his party had in view. The nation received the project with unbounded enthusiasm; but, in the agitation which then commenced, the republican leaders kept in the background, permitting Odillon-Barrot, Thiers, and Dupin, to receive all the honour of the movement, while they secretly prepared the people for the struggle which they saw impending.

The result proved the soundness of their judgment, as well as the hold which they had upon the public mind. When the republicans were armed and successful, when every street had its barricade, and the blood of the people crimsoned the pavement, it was too late to talk either of a reformed ministry or a regency. The republic was established with the assistance of Odillon-Barrot and his colleagues, but very much to their disappointment and regret. The prominent part which the venerable academician had taken in politics for so many years, and the steadiness and consistency with which he had voted with the ultra-liberal party, obtained him nomination as a member of the provisional government, and the ministry of marine was assigned him. He had now an opportunity of assisting in the application of the principles for which he had contended from his youth, and he succeeded in obtaining for the republic the adhesion of the whole of the marine service. During the brief administration of the provisional government, he discharged the duties of his office with honesty and ability; and when the republic merged in the empire, he retired from the arena of political strife, and applied himself with undiminished ardour to those scientific pursuits, which had already obtained him such high and honourable celebrity.

When all persons holding appointments under the imperial government were required to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III., Arago remained true to his principles, and refused. The emperor paid him the high but deserved compliment of dispensing with the oath, at the same time allowing him to retain his appointment at the Observatory. Having lived nearly sixty-eight years, seen the first republic and the first empire, the restored monarchy, the second republic, and the restored empire, and enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day, the illustrious astronomer died on the 2nd of October, 1853, regretted by all who knew his worth or admired his gifts.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

AN American schooner not long since sailed from New York to the west coast of Africa with salt buffalo on board to exchange for ivory, which was to be taken to St. Helena for sale. Having landed, one evening, near Delagoa Bay, they wished to set sail on the following morning, but such was the violence of the sea and contrary winds that they could not possibly get out. In this trying position the captain and the second steersman resolved to go to Delagoa Bay by land and get more men, as all the sailors, with the exception of two or three, were attacked with fever. The undertaking was a venturesome one, even to rashness, considering the danger of falling a prey to fever or the treachery of the natives. They took no weapons with them, thinking it of no use to burden themselves with them, and accomplished a journey of from twenty to five-and-twenty miles without any inconvenience. At length, however, they were joined by three natives, one of whom retired after a while on the pretence of fetching water, while the other two kindled a fire and began to roast some kind of corn, which they offered to the Americans. Meanwhile the one who had gone away came back with seven other natives.

The captain, anxious to save time, determined to proceed on his journey, though the sun was only just going down. To relieve themselves of the burden of their bundle of clothes, they entrusted it to the natives who followed. When they came to the foot of a steep hill, which afforded a fine prospect over a picturesque valley, they halted for the night and lighted a large fire. As might be expected, the curiosity, if not traitorous intentions, of the natives prompted them to look into the bundle to see what it contained. This the captain would not endure, and such was his violent indignation that a quarrel ensued, which was just what the natives wanted. Their object might have been easily conjectured when one of the three went professedly to fetch water and came back with seven comrades. Although a natural dread of the whites restrained them from open attack till night came on, their wild passions now suddenly burst forth with tremendous fury. They rose as one man, collected together in a body, and hurled their spears at the two unfortunate whites. The captain advanced boldly to meet them. Soon, however, having received several wounds, he was compelled to seek safety in flight. Exhausted by loss of blood, he was almost immediately overtaken and struck to the earth—to all appearance dead, though it is not certain that he really was so.

The steersman, who had turned aside when the first spear was hurled, was pierced by two in the right arm, and hit near the right eye. Yet he snatched up a spear and hurled it with dreadful violence at those who were standing nearest, two of whom immediately fell dead. But against such a disparity of numbers it was impossible for the most desperate courage to prevail, and he was at last struck down by a blow on the head from a club. As he lay in a state of perfect unconsciousness and without the slightest motion, they thought he was dead. They dragged him to the fire, and afterwards found, and stripped him of all his clothes, inflicting various injuries upon his person. When he came to himself again, he found he was lying naked upon the sand in a state of such utter exhaustion that he could neither speak nor move. By degrees his strength began to return, and he was able to look round at intervals without being noticed by the natives. At length he was horrified to see the body of the poor captain, which was lying near the fire, while some of the natives were engaged in cutting long strips from the fleshy parts of the body, and others were roasting them at the fire—all expressing by their looks a greediness to partake.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more horrible situation than that of the unfortunate wounded man. As if his own sufferings and fears were not enough, he had to bear in addition the distress and disgust of seeing his poor comrade, whose fate was even worse than his own, thus brutally mangled by cannibals. If he gave the least sign of the life which still lingered in him, he was sure to be instantly despatched by a more effectual blow of a club than the last. On the other hand, if he remained motionless and apparently lifeless, it was not too probable that as soon as they had partially satisfied the cravings of their unnatural appetite with the

flesh of the ill-fated captain, they would lay murderous hands upon him to finish their horrid meal. The very thought of what he must have endured all this time is enough to make one shudder. There he lay, as minute after minute passed by without bringing any prospect of escape, in speechless agitation, an involuntary witness of the most revolting barbarity.

At last, after the wretches had gorged themselves till they could eat no more, they lay down overpowered with drowsiness, and soon fell fast asleep. The poor steersman no sooner observed this, than he made a desperate attempt to rouse himself from his deathlike dreamy state, that he might avoid his apparently inevitable fate by flight; but how, or where he could flee, he had not the least idea. He tried to get up, but could not stand; still less could he walk. Every time he made the attempt he fell down from sheer exhaustion and debility. All he could do was to crawl along upon his hands and knees to some bushes that were near, and there hide himself. Happily, he managed to accomplish this without disturbing the slumbers of any of the inhuman monsters who were snoring away most lustily. In this retreat he lay in a state of utter helplessness the whole of the night, trembling every moment lest he should fall a prey to wild beasts, even if he escaped the fury of the natives, which seemed scarcely possible, and dreading the still more horrible death from starvation if he survived the other two dangers. But scarcely had the morning light arrived, when the savages, having now slept off their last night's gluttony, woke up, and looking round, quickly perceived that their prey was no longer within sight. They at once commenced a diligent search, and discovered the poor fellow in his place of concealment. He made signs to them for some water to drink, but not only was this denied him, but he was plainly given to understand that they looked forward with delight to the gratification of feasting upon his flesh in the evening, and they showed him a rough table upon which they intended to butcher him after an approved method of their own. They then left him to himself to dwell upon his miserable fate. Afterwards, when he cried with moans for a draught of water, they brought him something to eat instead, and forced him to swallow it in spite of all his efforts to resist. As may be conjectured, it was positively a part of the poor captain's body which was left from last night's meal.

When the shades of evening began to come on, the unhappy creature, who was by this time somewhat recovered from his wounds, made a second desperate effort to escape. He could now walk, and slowly and cautiously he pursued his way with a security which nothing but courage and despair could impart. The darkness of the night favoured his design, and sometimes stooping down among the bushes of the wood, and sometimes rearing in the open air when it was too dark for him to be seen, he gradually gained fresh strength to continue his course with an alacrity which increased with every step, as the prospect of deliverance became more and more distinct. At length he found he was getting near the shore, off which his companions were waiting his return. Forgetting his fatigues, and for a moment unconscious of his weakness and his wounds, he quickened his pace, and was soon safely out of reach of the murderous wretches who had pursued him for a considerable distance. His companions at once took him on board the schooner in a state of complete exhaustion, from which it seemed scarcely possible for him ever to recover. Happily, however, rest of body and peace of mind, together with the unremitting attention of his mates, at last restored him to his usual health.

During his short absence the fever had raged frightfully on board. Many of his comrades had fallen a prey to its ravages, others were still in a dangerous state, and even those who were recovering were too feeble to be of much service in managing the vessel. After a time the first steersman and two other sailors went in a boat along the coast to Delagoa Bay, to see if they could meet with any friendly assistance. Happily their little expedition was attended with success. They found a Portuguese vessel, in company with which they all sailed away as soon as the wind had become more favourable, and the violence of the waves had sufficiently abated to allow of their departure.

For the above particulars of an actual occurrence, we are indebted to the steersman, who afterwards served on board an English vessel, and made a voyage round the world.

FIELD SPORTS OF ASSYRIA.

THE excavation of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Babylon, and Khorsabad, has presented us with glimpses of the every-day life of their former inhabitants, their amusements, their religious rites, and their domestic customs, which would have remained lost to us had the accumulated sand and rubbish of ages continued to cover their ruins. In baring to the daylight and the curious eye of the visitor the long-buried towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, we come upon the villas, the temples, and the theatres of the luxurious patricians of Rome, and acquire a knowledge of their manners and customs which renders intelligible many an otherwise obscure passage in Ovid, or Horace, or Juvenal; but in exploring the ruins of Nineveh, we survey the monuments of periods, in comparison with which that of the towns buried by the lava of Vesuvius is modern. We stand on the site of the oldest city in the world, dating from the epoch of Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," and walk through the chambers of the palace which Sennacherib raised and Sardanapalus destroyed.

and on a slab found in the same mound were sculptured a hind and fawn, and a wild sow with her young ones among tall reeds.

Other indications of the nature of the chase in that remote epoch were afforded by the designs traced on the bronze and iron utensils discovered in the excavations of Nimroud. Among these was a bronze plate, the rim embossed with figures of greyhounds pursuing a hare, and the centre representing encounters between men and lions. Another bore figures of stags, wild goats, bears, and leopards, with a rim of trees and deer. A third had figures of deer, hares, and lions, represented upon it. A large bowl has a hunting-scene represented in bold relief on its sides. The hunter stands in a chariot drawn by two horses, and driven by a charioteer, and turning round, discharges an arrow at a lion, which is already wounded; while another hunter pierces the animal with a spear. Above the second hunter a hawk is hovering. All these animals are still denizens of the woods and plains bordering the Tigris, though probably in diminished numbers. Speaking of the patches



ASSYRIAN CHASE IN THE FOREST.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

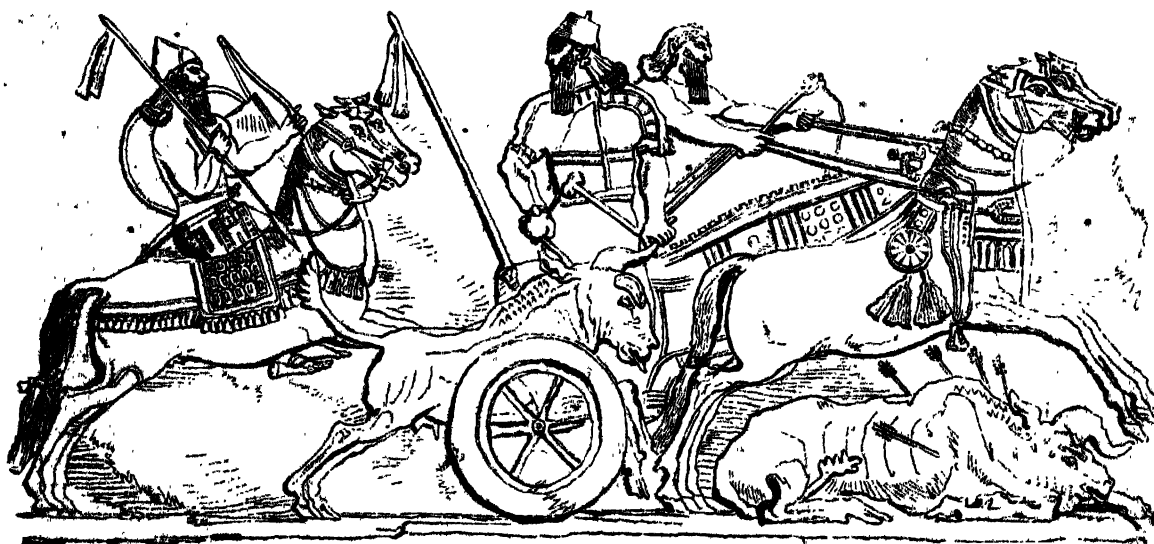
Notwithstanding the thousands of years that have glided down the resistless stream of time into the ocean of eternity since the palaces of Nineveh and Khorsabad were raised, the sculptures on their walls afford as much information on Assyrian life and manners at that remote epoch, as the vessels and ornaments, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, do of the days of Pliny. In the present article we propose to notice the field sports of the Assyrians, as illustrated by the bas-reliefs now in the British Museum. In clearing away some rubbish at Khorsabad, one of Mr. Layard's overseers discovered two bas-reliefs sculptured in black stone. On one of these slabs, from a restoration of which the above engraving is taken, a fowler is represented discharging an arrow at a bird on the wing, apparently a partridge, or perhaps a wild pigeon. Behind the sportsman are two others; one carrying a bow and arrows, the other a hare in his hand, and a gazelle over his shoulder. Among the seals, also, which Mr. Layard discovered at Kouyunjik, was one representing a horseman in pursuit of a stag;

of bush which form green oases in the arid plain of Sinjar, Mr. Layard says: "Among them lurked game of various kinds. Troops of gazelles sprang from the low cover, and bounded over the plain. The greyhounds coursed hares; the horsemen followed a wild boar of enormous size, and nearly white from age; and the doctor, who was the sportsman of the party, shot a bustard, with beautiful speckled plumage and a ruff of long feathers round his neck. This bird was larger than the common small bustard, but apparently of the same species. Other bustards, besides many birds of the plover kind, rose from these tufts, which seemed to afford food and shelter to a variety of living creatures." The lion, too, is not uncommon in the jungles of the Khabour, and the Bedouins frequently find their cubs in the spring. The footprints of these animals were also discovered by Mr. Layard and his party about the mound of Niffer; and in the jungles bordering on the Tigris, leopards, hyenas, jackals, deer, antelopes, and wild boars are frequently met with.

The chase of the more formidable animals, as the lion and the wild bull, appears to have been pursued in chariots, as that of the tiger is in India on the backs of elephants. One of the bas-reliefs from Kenyankir, now in the British Museum, and engraved below, represents a hunting scene very similar to that of the lion already described, but the object of the chase in this instance is the wild bull. The chariot is driven by a charioteer, and drawn by two horses; the hunter holds by the horns a wounded bull, who is plunging over the wheels, and his spear is fixed in a socket made in the back of the chariot to receive it. A horseman, leading another horse, and carrying a spear in his right hand, is riding behind, and the hunter in the chariot is looking back towards him, as if invoking his assistance. Another bull, pierced with several arrows, and apparently in the agony of death, is lying upon the ground, under the feet of the chariot-horses.

Probably the chase of the lion and wild bull was reserved for the kings and chief men, similar reservations having existed in most countries, while passing through what may be called the hunting

stage in the history of society. As the animals of the chase became scarce, the idea of their domestication would suggest itself, and society would gradually pass into the pastoral stage. In the arid plains of south-western Asia, the adoption of the new mode of obtaining subsistence would necessitate a wandering life, such as the Arabs and Tartarians have continued to lead to the present day; but, in time, fertile spots would be found where agriculture could be pursued, and there villages would spring up, to become cities as the population increased, and the mechanical arts began to be acquired and practised. Still, as in all semi-barbarous communities war and the chase are the only honourable occupations, the laws of the hunting epoch would be preserved, and enforced with the more strictness in proportion as the objects of royal and princely sport became scarce. The lion and the wild bull, from the character of savage majesty associated with them, would be regarded as appertaining to the amusements of royalty, while any one would be allowed to chase the deer, the gazelle, or the wild goat.



ASSYRIANS HUNTING THE WILD BULL.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

Nothing, however, is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of states from their birth; who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double-frats; who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead and unfaltering voice from one end of a dinner-table to the other; who on all occasions have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about, no sooner rise in the house than their spell deserts them. All their effrontery vanishes. Common-place ideas are rendered more uninteresting by commonplace delivery; and keenly alive as even boobies are in these sacred walls to the ridiculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and icy hand, suppressing his breath, lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not so completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no manner; who blush when you speak to them, and blunder when they speak to you, suddenly jump up in the house with a self-confidence which is only equalled by their commonplace ability.

Another thing very remarkable in the House of Commons is the decline of oratory there. It is common to talk of the decline of oratory. We are all of us apt to look at the men and times of earlier days as more grand and spirit-stirring than our own. It is true, as Campbell sings,

" 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view ; "

but still the fact is clear, that men do not talk of the orators of our times as our fathers talked of the orators of theirs. One reason may be, that oratory—the power of making a neat and appropriate speech—is much more common than it was. The average debating power is greater, and therefore particular stars shine less. But we are inclined to believe that the standard of excellence in the old House of Commons was higher than it has been since it has become reformed. The speeches of Chatham, Pitt, Sheridan, Fox, Grey, Plunkett, and the earlier speeches of Brougham, were delivered to an assembly, the *élite* of whom were the choice spirits of the age. The greater part of the members of those parliaments were men to whom politics were a profession—with too many a trade. A man could not then so readily ride into office on the shoulders of the multitude. To sway the House of Commons was then much more essential than it is now. A great proportion of the members were undergoing their training for parliamentary speaking, to whom a rigid observation of those who were to form their models was a part of their duty, as being a part of their political education. The majority of the remainder were men of education and long political experience, grown old in the habit of weighing the relative value of

different speakers. Another reason may also be given for the change. Mr. Francis, in his "Orators of the Age," says: "Another and a more influential cause of the altered tone of contemporary eloquence is the altered character of the House of Commons. The extension of the elective principle, which dates from the Reform Bill, has much augmented the numbers and increased the importance of a class of members for whom orators half a century ago would have entertained the most profound contempt—the *bond fide* representatives of borough constituencies. Public men find it necessary to conciliate them, and a particular style of speaking has grown into favour in consequence. Parliamentary orators now find it necessary to do something more than merely display their own talents. The commercial, calculating spirit of the *bourgeoisie*—though these borough-members will very likely reject the term—jeers at fine speaking. It comes to transact business, not to be amused; for that it has the theatre, or the last new novel. It has railway bills, local government bills, and free-trade dogmas to uphold or oppose; and its time is too precious to be wasted on prepared perorations or magnificent exordiums. It requires something practical, prefers figures of arithmetic to figures of rhetoric, and pounds, shillings, and pence to poetry. Still, however, there are some excellent debaters in the house. A few of them we will briefly refer to here.

Lord John Russell, of course, stands first on our list. Though the son of a duke, he is a man of decided views, of extensive information, and of high knowledge of parliamentary warfare. To gain his position has been the labour of his life. As he tells us in "Don Carlos:"—

"It was my aim,
And I obtained it; not for empty glory;
For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,
One still remained, and grew till its tall plant
Struck root in every fibre of my heart:
It was ambition—not the mean desire
Of rank or title, but great glorious sway
O'er multitudes of minds."

Yet Lord John has much to contend with. His outward form is frail and weakly; his countenance sicklied over with the effects of ill health and solitary communing; his figure shrunk below the ordinary dimensions of humanity; his general air that of a meditative invalid. But within that feeble body is a spirit that knows not how to cower, an undaunted heart, an aspiring soul. His voice is weak, his accent mincing with affectation, his elocution broken, stammering, and uncertain, save in a few lucky moments, when his tongue seems unloosed, when he becomes logical, eloquent, and terse. Then is his right hand convulsively clenched, his head proudly thrown back, the outline of his face becomes rigid, and his dwarfed figure expands as if he were a giant. Lord John is sometimes very happy, as when, in his letter to the electors of Stroud, he declared that "the whisper of a faction shall not prevail against the voice of a nation," or when, in answer to Sir Francis Burdett, who charged him with the cant of patriotism, he told the baronet there was also such a thing as the *recant* of patriotism. One of Lord John's most celebrated speeches is that known as the Aladdin Lamp Speech, delivered by his lordship in 1819, and which Sir Robert Peel read to the house during the debate on the Reform Bill, in 1831. "Old Sarum," said Lord John, "existed when Romes and the great men of the revolution established our government. Rutland sent as many members as Yorkshire, when Hampden lost his life in defence of the constitution. If we should change the principles of our constitution, we should commit the folly of the servant in the story of Aladdin, who was deceived by the cry of 'New lamps for old!' Our lamp is covered with dust and rubbish, but it has a magical power; it has raised up a smiling land, not bestrewn with overgrown palaces, but covered with modest dwellings, every one of which contains a freeman enjoying equal protection with the proudest subject in the land. It has called into life all the busy creations of commercial prosperity. Nor, when men were wanted to defend and illustrate their country, have such men been deficient. When the fate of the nation depended on the line of policy which she should adopt, there were orators of the highest degree placing in the strongest light the arguments for peace or war. When we decided upon war, we had nerves to gain us laurels in the field, and wield our thunders on the sea. When again

we returned to peace—the questions of internal policy, of education of the poor, of criminal law, found men ready to devote the most splendid of abilities to the well-being of the community. And shall we change an instrument, that has produced effects so wonderful, for a tarnished and tinsel toy of modern manufacture? No; small as the remaining treasure of the constitution is, I cannot consent to throw it into the wheel for the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of revolution." Amongst leaders of the Commons, Lord John has been signally successful. The post is one of prodigious difficulty. Its duties must be discharged in the face of a watchful opposition. It demands readiness in debate, and resolution in confronting adversaries. There must be courtesy, and good temper, and firmness. Character is indispensable, as Lord John wrote with significance: "It is the habit of party in England to ask the alliance of a man of genius, but to follow the guidance of a man of character." "It is a curious fact," observes a writer in "The Athenæum," "that a Dutchman has never yet led the British House of Commons. Only two Scotchmen, the Earls of Bute and Aberdeen, have been prime ministers of England. Two Irishmen, Castlereagh and Canning, have led the Commons; and amongst prime ministers Ireland counts three—the first Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Canning. As successful leaders, Sir Robert Walpole and the younger Pitt are unrivalled in the duration of their power."

Lord Palmerston stands next in our list. In office under ten administrations, he is indeed the hero of a hundred fights. As a great member of parliament, his political power is very formidable. He is one of those of whom it is truly said: "On his policy Europe has two opinions; on his energy and eloquence the world has but one." Mr. Francis, who has painted a better portrait of him than any one else, says: "The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home thrust, is only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. Lord Palmerston, besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, can work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles, and can do it so well that it really requires considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of a party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practised debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score; but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds the argument of his opponent unanswerable, or that it can only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion." Lord Palmerston's most remarkable speeches have been on the Catholic question in 1829, on Spanish affairs in 1837, and in the Pacifico debate, when he defended the whole course of his foreign policy with extraordinary ability. His manner on this occasion lost its tone of jauntiness and levity, his occasional haw-hawing passed, and for nearly five hours he poured forth a stream of political argument—

"Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without overflowing full."

A conservative member, walking home that night, said to a literary member of parliament: "I have heard Canning and Brougham and Brougham in their best days, and I never heard anything so good as that speech." Sir Robert Peel's testimony, delivered in his last and ever-memorable speech, could not be surpassed. When alluding to it, he said: "We are all proud of the man who made it." During the whole time, the attention of a crowded house was maintained unflinching. The details of his policy, which in other hands would have been dull and uninteresting, were with him as the vehicle of lofty sentiment, of brilliant repartee, of broad and irrefragable

humour. It was universally admitted to be one of the greatest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence in our age.

*William Ewart Gladstone is, perhaps, the most successful man in the house, and is another instance of what oratory can accomplish in the British Senate. Mr. Gladstone took his seat, in the first reformed parliament, which met in the spring of 1833, as member for Newark, and took his place on the Conservative benches, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. He entered public life deeply and conscientiously attached to the then great conservative parties of the day—the conservatives in politics and the conservatives in theology. But Sir Robert Peel, who had an eye for talent, saw the young member possessed the requisites of a first-rate parliamentary debater, and in 1834 appointed him a Lord of the Treasury—an office usually considered as the first step in official life. In his twenty-sixth year he had succeeded in establishing for himself a commanding position in the house. After the great chiefs of the party—after Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham—there was no conservative orator that could command more attention—no one, the announcement of whose name would more quickly empty Bell-alley, or the smoking-room, or the library, and fill the benches of the house with eager listeners—than Mr. Gladstone. His voice is clear and musical; his expression ready and fluent; his patience and resources—as evinced during the tedious progress of his budget—inexhaustible. There is a *stetson* and *now* in his periods which is seldom heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. He is sure, also, to take the question out of the beaten path of debate—to present it in some new and unexpected light—and to invest it, without any trace of pedantry, with historical and classical allusions, rich and rare. The author of the "British Chronicle" says of Mr. Gladstone: "It is impossible to listen to him without admiring the beauty of his language—the stately march of his measured tones—and the perfect mastery he possesses of our language, and which never allows him to be at a loss for a word. His chief defect is an occasional obscurity of meaning, arising from the subtle and penetrating intellect of the man, which seems constantly suggesting doubts and modifications of the principle he is advancing; so that there seems to be carried on at the same time throughout his speech, not only the main proposition he is concerned to prove, but, in addition, a sort of under-current of thought, which insensibly modifies its sharpness and blunts its edge. It ought to be added, however, that his later speeches have been singularly free from this defect; that he has shown himself more of the practical statesman and less of the theorist. As a model of eloquence, he is undoubtedly, next to Macaulay, the most finished orator in the House of Commons."

Sir James Graham has exercised more influence than most men in the House of Commons. Big and bony—with a large body and a large head—he would tower in himself. Mr. Roebuck, in an unfavourable comparison, thus describes him:—"To a clear and logical understanding he added great industry; and all his expostulations were distinguished by an exceedingly neat and appropriate diction; a subdued and grave sarcasm lent interest to his argumentations; and while an accurate arrangement made his statements clear and effective, a subtle and collected manner gave weight and a certain sort of dignity to his discourse. As an administrator he shone afterwards without a rival among his Whig associates, and seemed by his abilities destined soon to lead his friends amid the stormy conflicts of party warfare. The result has not hitherto justified this last anticipation. Timid and fastidious, he needs the robust hardihood of mind requisite for a political chief. As a second, none can surpass him in usefulness and ability. The responsibilities of a chief, however, seem to oppress his courage and paralyse the power of his intellect. To the reputation of an orator he has no claim: he is, nevertheless, an admirable speaker, and ready and effective in debate; but that inspiration which passion gives, he never knows, and, unmoved himself, he is unable to win his way to the hearts of others. His speaking, indeed, is almost without a fault; simple, clear, grave, often earnest; it always wins attention, and is never despising it. He, nevertheless, leaves his hearers *impressed*; and is more apt, by his own tall denunciation, to reject and *condemn* the measures than by his high argumentation and accurate argumentation, to convince and *lead* them." While parliament meets, you may see him as Mr. Graham so graphically

describes him:—"He looks like some red-tape minister of the Tadpole school, or some pompous placeman conceited of his acres. But, by-and-by, you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from the odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superciliousness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill-nature in his face; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. Meanwhile, he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half-past four to half-past five."

Such are the orators of the cabinet. Sir W. Molesworth, now he is in office, rarely speaks. Sir Charles Wood has not yet attained the rank of much more than a second-rate debater; and Messrs. Cardwell and Herbert are fluent, and nothing more. Undoubtedly, apart from the cabinet and their supporters, the first place is due to the late ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has won for himself his present position by his oratory alone. When you enter the house, you see on your right—facing Her Majesty's Ministers in general and Lord John Russell in particular—a Jewish-looking individual, generally particularly well-dressed, with a waistcoat which renders him the observed of all observers. You are looking at the leader of what was once the great Protectionist party, whose battles he has fought—whose counsels he has guided—whose chiefs at one time he placed upon the Treasury benches. Up in the gallery no one is watched so anxiously as he. Lord Palmerston is the next best-stared-at man in the house, and then the diminutive Lord John. But all like to look at the man whose talents exalted him to the leadership of the proudest aristocracy on the face of the earth. So far as the opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till Disraeli rises to speak. His custom is to sit motionless as a statue, all night, with his chin buried in his bosom, and his hands in his pockets, except when he takes them out to lift or to examine the state of his nails—a nervous action which he seems unconsciously to perform. His speeches are fine displays. His celebrated speeches on his budget, when, alone and single-handed, he bravely combated his parliamentary opponents, were pre-eminently such. But that part of them which is generally the best is the personal; as when he taunted Roebuck with his "Sedler's Wells sarcasm" and "melodramatic malignity," or charged Sir Robert Peel with casting the Whigs bathing and stealing their clothes. Disraeli's speeches will not be read as Burke's are read. They are happy—telling—eminently adapted for the party purposes of the passing hour—never sophistical; but not widely-reasoned, to last when the exigencies of the hour have passed away. Yet Disraeli's first speech was a failure. His subsequent success has, however, proved him to be a true prophet: "A time will come when you shall hear me," said the discomfited Disraeli, as he sat down blushing and confused, after his maiden speech had been greeted with universal laughter; and time has proved him correct. He has a fine rich voice, which you can hear in every part of the house; and he has an unrivalled power of mixing up business details with general principles and with a happy variety of graceful phrases. There is a daring, saucy look in his face, which at once excites your interest. He is not a large man; but he looks well put together, with his head in the right place. But he never seems in earnest, or to have a great principle, or to extend his views beyond party objects; yet he is an admirable actor, and blends together the necessary business talk with the ornamental and personal as no other man in the house can. Generally he looks glum, and sits by himself—"a thing apart; amongst them but not of them." At times, however, he looks more cheerful. On that memorable December morning, when he was ousted from place and power—when the prize, the labour of a life, was rudely torn from the hand that had but just grasped it—the ex-Chancellor came out of the lobby gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him; not against him. There was an unwonted liveliness in his step and sparkle in his eye; but the excitement of the contest was hardly over. The reaction had not yet commenced. The swell of the storm was still there; still rang in his ears the thunders of applause—audible to us in the lobby—which greeted his daring reports and audacious personalities.

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

It is a strange thing to call up the appearance of an old city, to think, amid the ruins of the Colosseum, of the imperial glory of the world's mistress; to picture to ourselves what London was in the golden days when the Roses fought, and "every knight was true as his sword, and every lady fair as the dawn;" and strange to walk the crowded Boulevards of Paris on some high holiday, and think of what wonderful changes have occurred since grim walls occupied their site and were named Boulevards.

The pencil of M. Saint Aubin has furnished some very interesting sketches of the aspect which old Paris bore, and from one of his designs our engraving is taken. The picture is full of life and animation, and the utmost attention has been bestowed on the details of the drawing; so that the costume, the decorations, the employments, the houses, the trees, everything, from the rough garb of the water-carrier to the gorgeously bedizened figures, made glorious with hoop and stomacher, of my ladies proudly walking with the cocked-hat nobles, and looking as if the water-carrier, and the market-woman, and the carter, and the rest, were made of other clay than themselves—all indicate the spirit of the times.

they fear is a revolution in costume; and one of those titled beaux, brilliant in scarlet and gold lace, whispers to the belle upon his arm that the flood-gates of society are in danger, for M. — has actually come to court in shoe-strings instead of buckles!

If those gay groups are thinking at all of the murmurs of the people—murmurs very soft and far away, like the murmuring in a sea-shell—they take courage in referring to the days of old, and calling to mind the masterly statesmanship of Louis Quatorze. They think of him who said, "I am the State;" and when the ambassadors of foreign countries begged to know who was prime minister, said, "I am my own prime minister;" and thinking of him, and how he always hushed popular murmurs with the strong hand—made stronger by an iron glove—they take courage.

But the murmuring people look further back than the days of Louis XIV. They think of the good King Henry, and how the effort of that prince's life was the good of his subjects, and the wish of his heart that every peasant might have a fowl in the pot on Sundays; and if ever comparisons were odious, they are odious there. Henry IV. and Louis XIV! Recent events have set the



THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS IN 1789.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ST. AUBIN.

There is something in the picture peculiar to those buckram days in the stiff, formal look of the scene, and still more so in the gay groups that throng the avenue and lounge at the tables. There they are, those butterfly flutters, basking in the sunshine of their high and privileged condition. They have no fear of the coming storm; they see no cloud, as a man's hand, to darken their horizon; they are forgetful that the flood of light upon them is that of a setting sun—blood-red. They have heard, perhaps, that the people are complaining; that the people—a many-headed monster—are crying aloud for bread—only bread; that poverty and utter destitution have set the people thinking about whether the things that are, are the things that should be; whether the right is all on the side of might; and whether it would not be possible to break down a few barriers that separate high and low, titled and untitled, and effect thereby a change for the better. They, who are strolling in all their gaiety and splendour, whose cabs and carriages and quiet sedans have brought them hither, and are waiting for them now—they suspect no evil; they rest in perfect security. The only sort of revolution

people thinking of Liberty. They have heard the strain borne from the other side of the Atlantic, and are beginning to learn the tune. Though overawed by bayonets, they dare not sing it loudly—*as yet*.

But things are ripe for a change. The sun will soon be set, and the red glow of its declining glory pass away; then night will come—black night, and with it nightmare-horrors. The murmuring in the sea-shell is growing louder and louder, and will soon swell into a roar, a shout of angry defiance and long pent-up fury, which shall echo from every side of Paris, be heard all over Europe, and plunge the world in war.

Sport away, Messieurs, while the day endures, display your peacock plumes, and feast and rejoice while the light lasts—*night is coming!*

Previous to the Revolution, the Promenade of the Boulevards exhibited the clear distinction of rank, and the better and commoner sort of people—the delf and the porcelain—walked on different parts of the road. After the Revolution things were changed, and my lord's broadcloth brushed the brows of the mechanic.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

ALL who have travelled in Spain concur in admiring the beauty of the women; and we were once in company with a gentleman, who pronounced those of Barcelona to be the most superbly beautiful, whether in face or figure, that he had ever beheld. Those of Alicant, represented in the annexed engraving, are scarcely inferior; and the loveliness of the Andalusian women has long been the theme of admiration among travellers. In form, the Spanish women seldom exceed the middle height, and are often below it; but they are admirably moulded, and all their movements are characterised by a mingled voluptuousness and grace which is as

"Black eyes and brown
You may every day see;
But blue, like my love's,
The gods made for me."

Spanish women invariably dress in a becoming and picturesque manner, though the latter quality is exhibited in the highest degree among the peasantry, the costume of the higher classes, particularly in Madrid, being more susceptible to the influences from Paris. In manners, their listlessness contrasts strongly with the vivacity



COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF XIXONA AND ALICANT.

attractive as it is inimitable. Their hair is generally dark, often black, worn in smooth bands in front, and plaited or twisted and tied with ribbons behind. The tint of their complexion varies in different parts of the country; in Navarre and Biscay fair complexions are not at all uncommon, but in the South the usual tint is a clear light brown, sometimes inclining to olive. Their eyes are invariably full, bright, and expressive, generally dark-brown or black; but whatever the attraction these may possess for foreigners from a more northern latitude, they are less admired in Spain than blue eyes, perhaps because the latter are rarer there; for, as a stanza of a song popular in the southern provinces says:

of their fair neighbours on the other side of the Pyrenees; devotion and love-making occupy much of their time, and in both the senses are concerned more than the heart. The *siesta* in the afternoon, and the promenade in the evening, are indulged in by all. *Tertulias*, or evening parties, are very frequent in the towns; but the theatre is not so much patronised as in France and Italy. Music and dancing are, next to bull-fights, their favourite amusements; the guitar is in universal use, and all classes are passionately fond of dancing. The *bolero* and the *fandango* are the chief national dances, and the graceful movements of the former are much admired; the other is rather of a licentious character, and is

seldom seen in what is called good society, though Spain is not a country in which the standard of morality is very high.

But the bull-fights are the most popular amusement of the Spaniards, whether men or women; and no mode of displaying gallantry is so much approved, especially among women of inferior condition, as *treading* to a bull-fight. There they go, in their holiday attire, and none applaud more energetically the courage of the bull or the dexterity of his tormentors. It is, in fact, the national pastime, and seems a passion with them; but that its indulgence has an injurious effect on the national character, obliterating respect for human life and preventing the development of a more refined taste, no one can doubt. It is to the Spaniards what the brutal sports of the amphitheatre were to the ancient Romans, and the moral and social effects are much the same.

SELF-DENIAL; OR, PASSAGES OF A LIFE. BY A WAYFARER. I.

I ALWAYS thought our village the prettiest spot on earth. There was the house of the rector, buried in foliage and surrounded by grounds kept with scrupulous care, and yet half wild with their growths of trees, with the tiny stream that flowed behind the kitchen-garden, and the little pond, where we as children used to float our boats and fish. It was an ancient house, too, with memories of the past clinging to it with as much tenacity as the ivy that clothed its aged walls. It had been the scene of tragedies, that were darkly whispered still, but which had occurred when the Parliamentarians and Royalists of past times held our village in turns.

The talk of Pemberton-Lee was, however, now of much more positive things—of the railway which was to come near soon—of the new houses being erected on the London road—of the age and prospects of its inhabitants—and, doubtless, on the occasion to which I am about to refer—of my own humble self.

It was scarcely dawn of day, when a window of the rectory was cautiously raised and a head protruded. It was the head of a youth about nineteen, not unintelligent, I believe, but much sunburnt, as if its owner were fond of rambling in the fields in sunny places, and utterly careless of his complexion. This youth looked around observantly, and then cast a bundle on the greensward. Next came a double-knotted sheet, which served as a rope-ladder, and the youth was down.

I had fled from my father's house, and was alone in the world, with nothing but a few clothes and little more than a shilling in my pocket.

We had had a conversation the night before about my future destiny. My father had wished one thing, I another. He had insisted; I had resisted, and raised my voice in passion. With a sternness which was his characteristic, and that made me quail at the moment, he had ordered me to bed. I had obeyed, as far as going to my room constituted obedience; but I had not even undressed. I heard him come to my door and listen about an hour later, and I thought I even heard a sob; but however this may be, I steeled my heart against every soft emotion, and buried my head in my hands.

At dawn of day I fled.

I had received a careful, even a polished education; and my father had given me the choice of the church, physic, or the law. I chose the army, to which my father had a most unconquerable aversion. I had an equal dislike to those professions offered to me; and thus it was we quarrelled. He painted the profession of arms in such odious colours that my anger got the better of my reason.

"At all events, it is better than the drudgery of physic and law, or the trade of religion!" I said, in a voice that raised the echoes of the house.

There was a look on my father's face that made me feel sorry for my harsh language; but I had no time to manifest my grief; for, with words stern and cold, he ordered me to bed.

But of what is past let me speak no more. I have made my choice. I have resolved to do battle with the world, and I have

commenced the strife, for I am on the highway to London, and alone. I had made up my mind to walk. It is true I could have travelled outside the coach easily, on the strength of my father's name; but I did not think this honest. I was wilful and obstinate; but I was proud in the right way also. I had selected my path; it was my business to find the means of subsistence for the future.

I walked slowly down a lane that led behind the house where I had been born, and where dwelt my parents, my sister, and a younger brother. I turned to gaze upon one window round which the honeysuckle crept; and as my eyes fell upon it, they were moistened;—for there, ignorant of all that was passing, slept my mother. Then an impulse came over me to turn back, and yield. But I pictured a cold smile on my father's face, and I turned firmly away and walked rapidly down the green lane—scene of many of my happiest hours of study and innocence.

I had avoided the village, because I feared the questions which might be put to me. Somebody would be surely up, and I should, I thought, betray myself. I lost nothing, I knew, by taking this cross lane. It only took me to another part of the great road that led to London. Like all outcasts, I rushed at once towards the great modern Babylon, which attracts and lures, with unexampled success, so many from the green fields and quiet nooks of England.

It was about an hour after sunrise when I halted, and sat down by the road-side. I had with me a good hunch of bread and cheese, and I was near a little brook that rattled clear and soft over the well-worn stones. I was rather faint, and tried to eat. I confess that I burst out crying. It was very weak; but I verily do believe that the thought of the neat breakfast-pailour, the warm coffee, the hissing urn, the fresh eggs, and delicious bread which usually formed our morning repast, had an influence over me which I was ashamed to acknowledge to myself.

If we honestly review our characters and inclinations, we shall often find that trifles have an influence over our acts and proceedings which, in general, we are too proud to acknowledge; for myself, could I have crept back unseen to my room at that moment, I think I should have done so; have breakfasted, begged my father's pardon, and become saw-bones, lawyer, or clergyman, just as he had decided. But I feared ridicule above all; and at that moment an occurrence took place which somewhat diverted my thoughts.

I was eating my hard crust and drinking water out of a broken glass, when I heard footsteps, and, raising my head, saw approaching me a youth about my own age—short, red-haired, merry-looking, a stick in his hand, a bundle on his back—to all appearance, by his clothes, a mechanic on tramp for work.

"Good morning," said he cavalierly. I suppose, having seen my slender provender, he allowed himself the more liberty of speech.

"Good morning," I replied, rather surlily.

"Going my way?" he continued with perfect good humour, at the same time sitting down on the opposite side of the little brook, which escaped across the road under a neat little wooden bridge.

"I am going to London," I said again surlily.

"Are you?" he resumed. "Then you've got a very bad taste in shoes. Those light things will never take you to London, and that suit of clothes will be spoilt with dust. What trade are you, mate?"

"I have no trade," I said fiercely. "I am going to London because it pleases me to go; and I have my own reasons for being dressed as I am."

With these words I rose, and snatching up my bundle, hurried away without once looking behind. I soon, however, heard my questioner, after indulging in a hearty laugh, come whistling up behind me. I, however, paid no attention to him, but trudged on wrapped in my own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable kind.

I felt an oppression and sinking at the heart which was of the most painful character. I could have sobbed and cried as I went, but kept down my rising emotions, because I was on a high-road, with people constantly passing, and also because every hour or so I came to a village, once to a town. I did not stop in any of them; the more because my persevering friend of the morning kept close behind me, never speaking, not even coming near me, but whistling

in a happy and merry way that was peculiarly annoying. About one o'clock he hailed me.

"Aren't you going to eat?" he said in his rough way. "This is the last house for ten miles to come."

I made no reply, but raising my head, saw before me a house of refreshment for the poorer class of travellers. I went in, for I was really hungry, and I dined with an appetite which I had rarely known before, not having often walked so many miles without halting. When I had paid for my dinner, I was penniless. I could not conceal the look of blank surprise which suffused my face when I made this discovery; I felt it, and I hurriedly rose and left the house.

"You won't do to travel," said my tormentor following me, and this time coming close up to my side; "if you spend many one-and-sevenpences for meat and bread and ale, you'll soon come to your last shilling."

"I have spent my last penny," replied I, turning round and facing him with a dogged manner that reminded me of my school-days; "but what is that to you? I ask you for nothing; leave me then in peace."

"Young gentleman," he said gently, touching his cap at the same time, "I see you aren't used to the road, and I only want to be civil. How are you going to travel six days without money?"

"I really do not know," I said, seating myself on a green bank, and yielding to the painful reflections evoked by this simple question.

"I expect you don't. You are green, I can see. But look at me—I'm only a boy; I've travelled three years. I work my way—you can't. Now you haven't started for pleasure, else you'd have money; you can't get your living, I can see; so you've run away from home. Never mind, Jack Prentice doesn't care; and if you want to go to London, why he's the lad to tell you how."

"Mr. Prentice," said I, without any of the pride and haughtiness I had hitherto assumed, "you are quite a stranger to me; but your manner seems kind. I shall be very happy to follow your advice."

"Do you value that watch and chain much?" he asked quickly.

"They are a present from my mother," I faltered.

"Then of course you do value them—very good. Well then, young gentleman, I won't advise you to sell them. But take my advice—borrow some money, and leave them as security. You can go to London comfortably, and get your watch again when you like."

I stared at him. I had not taken lessons in the ups and downs, and miseries of life, and I, as yet, knew nothing of the system he alluded to. My ignorance and surprise could have been seen in my face. But he left me no time for reflection.

"Well! worse and worse—you never heard of *that* before? I thought everybody had. I've been for father and pledged his trousers, when he used to drink in bed—he don't drink in bed now, so somehow he's lost the habit of paying. But it's useful, too, sometimes. It's useful to you now. So the first town we come to, that's L—, we'll do it."

He rose, and led the way, and I no longer hesitated to accompany him. I was brought, for the first time, into rude contact with the world. I began to see its asperities and difficulties, and I was thankful for a guide, however humble. I found him a droll, humorous, experienced lad. He was a tailor, and had with him all the needful materials for mending. He had his regular beat, and at the present season was on his way to London, where he even thought of settling.

His father had a large family, which he had originally brought up exceedingly well; but having taken to drinking, they had all got dispersed. One or two had done badly, and one or two (witness Jack) appeared getting on in the world. Jack had recently been down to visit his father, and found things much changed. Old Prentice had become a sober man, and was so comfortable in his home, that his son Jack was quite delighted. He told me some odd stories of his life which amused me very much, and made the journey seem not half so wearisome.

We soon reached L—, where, by some process which at the time I was at a loss to understand, I became possessed of £3, leaving my watch as security for the loan. I can't say I felt much

confidence in ever seeing it again. But I was utterly helpless without the money, and made the sacrifice. It was a painful one, but the alternative was also bad. I took off the guard, which was of braided hair, and placed it next my heart.

I thought, as I went along, of the many thousands who, like myself, had started from the quiet of the country in search of fortune. I almost shuddered as I remembered poor Oliver Goldsmith. I had no pretension to his talents, and I recollected his battle of life. There were many others whose names floated across my brain, and I felt sad. I had not the slightest conception of what I could do. I had a vague idea of trying to write for the press. I had read too much not to know how difficult it is for a mere tyro to succeed when so many men of experience and of talent are out of employment at times. Still, I intended to try.

Jack Prentice often asked me what I meant to do when I should have reached London. I did not think proper to reveal to him my hopes and flights of fancy. I said I did not know. The young workman smiled and shook his head. He had decidedly a very bad opinion of my prospects, to say nothing of my common sense. Still he stuck to me, gave me advice, and was both useful and agreeable to me on the road.

When we reached Kew we parted. He had business there for a day or two. He gave me his address in London, and I promised to see him soon. We shook hands heartily, and I went on my way. The road has become familiar to me since, but then it was all new. I was much struck by the noise, by the traffic, by the houses that increased as I went, that became continuous streets, a town, a wilderness, until, stunned, overwhelmed, and almost fainting, I reached Hyde-park Corner. Quite overcome by the novelty of all around me, I flew towards some green I saw to my left, and lay down upon the grass.

Nobody noticed me. That was what struck me with most force at first. Had I entered a hamlet, village, or small town, and fallen fainting on the green, I should have had many hands held out to raise me up. I thought the Londoners selfish, hard-hearted, and brutish. I made a mistake. The men of the great city are no worse than others. But the rapid and complex life of large towns is such that men must attend to their own business; while imposture is so rife, and wretchedness so common, that a tall lad in shabby genteel clothes, covered with dust and carrying a bundle, could not hope to arrest the notice of foot-passengers or riders.

After a few minutes, I rose and penetrated timidly into the great street which led deep into the heart of the city. I no longer walked—I strolled and gaped. The crowd, the palaces, the noise, the movement, overwhelmed me. I believe no intelligence, however great, has failed to feel crushed for a moment at the first contact with a great city.

But I was exhausted and hungry, and I did not know where to go. Suddenly an idea, luminous and rapid as a lightning flash, came across my aching brain. My friend, Charles Ogilvy, was in London, reading for the bar. We corresponded occasionally—indeed, very seldom—but we did write a long letter at times; and the last time he dated his letter from a street leading out of the Strand.

I saw a policeman, and asked him the way to the Strand. I was in it. I had walked right to it without knowing it. I slowly continued on my way, looking at all the names I saw written up. Suddenly my eye lighted upon the right one, and, at the same moment, I recollected the number. It was 13, — street.

I felt a load of care, sorrow, and misery taken off my shoulders as I knocked, very gently, at the door.

"What may you please to want?" said a shrill Irish voice from the area.

"Is Mr. Charles Ogilvy at home?" I asked, in rather a timid, nervous tone.

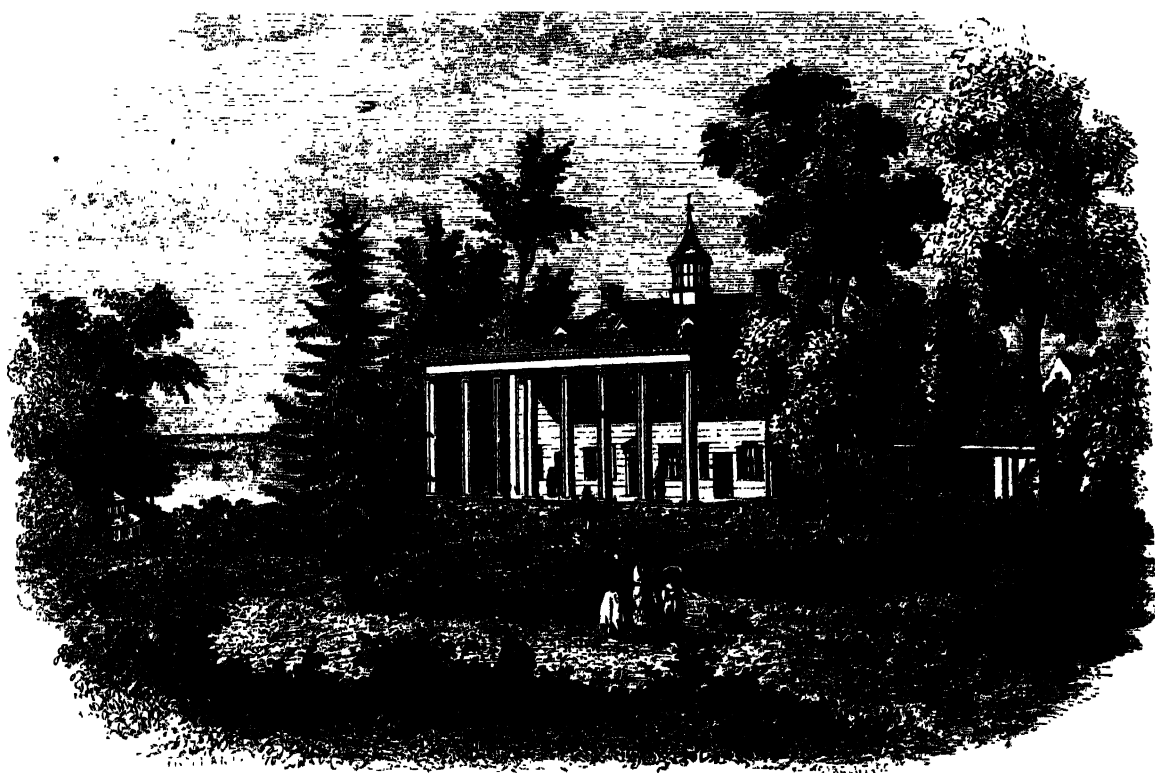
The girl lobbed down and disappeared with a startled cry; it appeared to me, quite astonished at any one asking for Mr. Ogilvy; and then I heard a movement in the passage, and the door was opened by a very pretty, but somewhat shrewish, young person, who begged me to walk in, not without a smile at my appearance. I repeated my question, and was told in a very sweet voice to go to the top of the house, and knock at the door which faced the stairs.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

THIS distinguished patriot was descended from an ancient English family which quitted this country in 1657, and settled on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia. His father, who possessed considerable property in that state and Maryland, divided it at his death in 1743 among his six sons, of whom George, the subject of our memoir, was the third. He was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, and consequently was only eleven years of age when death deprived him of his father. He received his education at one of the common schools of the province, but the course of instruction did not include any of the ancient or modern languages, though he seems to have attained to a considerable degree of proficiency in trigonometry and land-surveying. He was a diligent scholar, and at the same time took an active part in the sports of his schoolfellows, among whom the amiability of his disposition rendered him a general favourite. After leaving school, which he did in his sixteenth year, he applied himself to the study of mathematics; and while passing the winter at Mount Vernon, then the residence of his brother

essay in arms, encountering and defeating a French force under Colonel Jumonville, who fell in the engagement. Shortly afterwards, the chief command devolved upon him by the death of Colonel Fry, and he intrenched himself at the Great Meadows, expecting that a larger force would be sent against him as soon as the defeat of Jumonville became known. In this anticipation he was not deceived, but the strong force in which the French advanced obliged him to retreat, an operation which he performed so ably as to receive the thanks of the provincial legislature.

In 1755, he accompanied General Braddock on the ill-starred expedition which terminated in the death of that brave but rash officer. In marching through a forest they were suddenly assailed, flank and rear, by volleys of rifle-balls from unseen foes; officers and men were paralysed, Braddock was shot dead, and Washington with difficulty led the decimated band out of the ambuscade. Their assailants were the Indians in alliance with the French, who, having been informed of Braddock's march, had posted themselves behind



MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE.

Lawrence, he attracted the notice of Lord Fairfax, who employed him in surveying some extensive property on the banks of the southern branch of the Potomac. The ability which he displayed in the performance of this task led to his appointment as public surveyor, and the next three years were passed among the wilds of the Alleghany mountain, the hardships of exploring in the wilderness being relieved by surveying at intervals the settled districts in the valleys.

At the expiration of this period, the frontiers were threatened by the Indian tribes, and war with France was looming on the horizon. To meet the possible danger, Virginia was divided into military districts, and Washington was appointed to the command of one of them, with the rank of major. He entered upon his new duties with zeal and energy, applying himself indefatigably to the study of military exercises and tactics, and the promotion of discipline. In 1754 he was appointed second in command of the Virginian militia, and on the 27th of May in that year he made his first

the trees and in the thickets to receive him. After this defeat, Washington retired to Mount Vernon, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother Lawrence, in 1752, and the subsequent decease of Lawrence's daughter. The patrimonial mansion was an unpretending edifice of brick and wood, with a colonnade in front, supporting an open balcony, and pleasantly situated on an eminence near the Potomac. There he practised, on a large scale, the munificent hospitality characteristic of the southern planters, with the most reputable of whom he cultivated an intimate acquaintance. He was fond of the chase, and in this amusement and the supervision and improvement of his property he passed most of his time. In 1758 he resigned his commission as commander of the Virginian militia, and was elected a member of the provincial legislature, the sittings of which he regularly attended, though he seldom spoke.

At the commencement of the following year he entered the connubial state with Mrs. Custis, a young widow with two children, upon whom two-thirds of her extensive property were settled, she

holding the remainder in her own right. Washington's own estates were now of considerable extent and value; for, in addition to Mount Vernon, he held large tracts, of which he had obtained grants from the government. As he was his own surveyor, steward, and lawyer, the management of his wife's property and that of her children, in addition to his own, occupied much of his time; but he still attended the sessions of the legislature with the same regularity as before, and found leisure for the rational enjoyment of life and the amenities of society.

Fifteen years had been passed tranquilly and usefully, when the political horizon was clouded by the disputes between the American colonies and the parent state. Washington saw the impending struggle with regret, for he was far from being either an agitator by nature or a democrat by principle. In England he would probably have been a moderate Whig; that he was a republican was the result of a combination of circumstances peculiar to a colony. In fact, when the Americans had defeated the armies of the mother-country and declared their independence, no other form of govern-

beneficial to his family and his country. He improved his estates, promoted schemes of internal navigation, gave his countenance and assistance to plans for the advancement of education and the civilisation of the Indians, entertained the planters of Virginia with a hospitality more profuse than ever, and, amid all these multifarious occupations, found time to give his attention to the constitution that was being prepared for the young republic. He represented Virginia in the Constituent Convention, and in February, 1789, was elected first president of the United States.

His journey from Mount Vernon to New York, which was then the seat of government, was a continued triumph—so much and so generally was he beloved and respected. He supported the dignity of the presidential office in a manner as free from ostentation as possible, and realised the ancient ideal of a sage and legislator more fully than any other modern has done either before or since. His industry and application, and the methodical habits he had acquired in his youth, enabled him to get through a great amount of business, so that he was really the head of the government. Tuesday



THE TOMBS OF WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE AT MOUNT VERNON.

ment was practicable. Washington, then, was a republican from circumstances, a pure and ardent patriot, but not to be confounded with the republicans on principle, with whom democracy is a faith. He embraced republicanism as a necessity rather than as a choice.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here all the engagements in which Washington acted a brilliant part during the memorable war of independence. He was appointed to the chief command of the American forces in the summer of 1775, and resigned his commission into the hands of the president of congress at the close of 1783. By his exertions and achievements America had been freed, and henceforth was to take her place, and no mean one, among the nations of the earth. Between the period when he sheathed the sword that had liberated his country and that of his installation in the president's chair, there was an interval of five years, during which he resided at Mount Vernon. It is pleasant to contemplate the retirement of great men, and curious to note how the heroes of the sword occupy the leisure afforded them by peace. Washington was not one to suffer this period to pass idly, and without results

was his, reception day, when he was accessible to all; the rest of the week was devoted to the business of the republic. He never received company on Sunday; but regularly attended divine worship, and passed the remainder of the day in the privacy of the domestic circle.

In his inaugural address to congress, in January, 1790, he recommended the legislature to provide without delay for the public defence; to devise an effective system for the support of the national credit; to encourage agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; to promote science and literature; and to establish a uniform system of currency, weights, and measures. The funding of the domestic debt of the nation, proposed by Hamilton, secretary to the treasury, was adopted; and the measure received the decided approbation of Washington. This measure first brought into collision the two parties in the state, which had been invensibly formed during the discussion of the constitution. These were the Federalists, led by Hamilton and Adams; and the Democrats, headed by Jefferson. Washington, while inclining to the former,

endeavoured to reconcile the two parties, but naturally without success. Wisely refraining from identifying himself with either, he preserved the esteem of both; and when the time approached for him to surrender his trust to congress, Jefferson and Hamilton joined in the general wish that he would allow himself to be re-elected. He did not disappoint the desire of the nation, and resumed the duties of his high office for another term of four years.

The distance between the two great parties in the state continued to increase; and notwithstanding the position of dignified neutrality and independence which Washington usually maintained, he did not pass through his second presidency without evincing his real sympathy with the party of Hamilton and Adams in a manner which drew upon him the attacks of the democrats. The first occasion was when he expressed himself strongly against the democratic societies, which seem to have inspired him with groundless alarm; the second was the treaty which he initiated with Great Britain in 1795, and which was ultimately acknowledged by those to whom it gave offence, to have been justified by the exigency of the occasion. Men who occupy the high places in a state, invariably make some enemies; and it is a circumstance that speaks highly for Washington's benevolence and judgment that he made so few, and none whose enmity survived the occasion that called it forth.

In December, 1793, he delivered his last address to congress, recommending the gradual increase of the navy, a provision for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and the establishment of a national university and a military academy. He remained in the capital until the installation of his successor, Adams, at which ceremony he was present as a spectator; and then he retired to Mount Vernon, there to pass the brief remainder of his days. He died on the 14th of December, 1799, leaving behind him the reputation of an honest man, a pure patriot, a brave warrior, and an enlightened statesman; and was buried in the unpretending tomb represented in our second engraving, situated on a gentle eminence between his house at Mount Vernon and the river Potomac.

The character of this distinguished man can never be better drawn than by his countryman and contemporary, Jefferson, who, though opposed to him in politics, has done him ample justice. He says:—"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Bacon, Newton, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt; but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man." Posterity has confirmed this unprejudiced judgment, and so long as uprightness of character and genuine patriotism are held in esteem among men, the name of Washington will be venerated.

OCCASIONAL LEAVES FROM OLD BOOKS.

WHAT with black letter, quaint spelling, and odd wording, most old books are beyond the reach of the ordinary reading class, even when their expense and rarity are not such as to exclude from them all who have not access to great national libraries. And yet there is much in old black-letter books which is indeed well worthy of being remembered. Those who have travelled over the whole republic of letters could tell us of many more curiosities of literature than even Mr. Disraeli ever has recorded. We purpose, then, to perform this journey occasionally with our readers, and to introduce them to the lore which is locked up in dark places.

One of the favourite forms in which old writers clothed their ideas was romance, which Bishop Percy attributes, with Mallet, to the ancient Scandis, who "believed in the existence of giants and dwarfs, entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notions of fairies, were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and

enchancements, and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters." He, however, cannot be accepted here as a correct authority; for Eastern literature teems with fiction, and Solomon, by wide-world consent, was long before enthroned sovereign of the genii and lord of the talisman.

Among the most applauded productions of the middle ages was the "*Gesta Romanorum*." It was a kind of book of fables, written by the monks. It is compiled from old Latin chronicles of Roman, or, as Watton and Douce say, of German invention. It is made up of oriental, legendary, and classical fables, and many a great author has taken his plot from it. Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate and Ocellive, owed much to it. It is said to have been written by one Petrus Berchovius; but all the learned disputes on the subject have failed in proving anything authentic on this point.

It is interesting to know that out of this book Shakspeare took the plot of his "*King Lear*," and of the "*Merchant of Venice*," and Schiller of his "*Fridolin*." The peculiar style and manner of the work may be gathered by a few extracts.

OF HONOURING PARENTS.

In the reign of the emperor Dorotheus, a decree was passed that children should support their parents. There was at that time, in the kingdom, a certain soldier, who had espoused a very fair and virtuous woman, by whom he had a son. It happened that the soldier went upon a journey, was made prisoner, and very rigidly confined. Immediately he wrote to his wife and son for ransom. The intelligence communicated great uneasiness to the former, who wept so bitterly that she became blind. Whereupon the son said to his mother: "I will hasten to my father, and release him from prison." The mother answered: "Thou shalt not go, for thou art my only son, even the half of my soul, and it may happen to thee as it has done to him. Hadst thou rather ransom thy absent parent than protect her who is with thee, and presses thee to her affectionate arms? Is not the possession of one thing better than the expectation of two? Thou art my son as well as thy father's, and I am present while he is absent. I conclude, therefore, that you ought by no means to forsake me, though to redeem your father." The son very properly answered: "Although I am thy son, yet he is my father. He is abroad and surrounded by the merciless; but thou art at home, protected and cherished by loving friends. He is a captive, but thou art free—blind, indeed—but he perhaps sees not the light of heaven, and pours forth unheeded groans in the gloom of a loathsome dungeon, oppressed with chains, with wounds and misery. Therefore it is my determination to go to him and redeem him." The son did so, and every one applauded and honoured him for the indefatigable industry with which he achieved his father's liberation.

It will be seen that these tales are sufficiently simple, and very much in the style of fables. The following is another specimen of a more complete character. It has been worked out in more than one modern novel.

THE KING'S SON-IN-LAW.

In the reign of the emperor Conrad, there lived a certain count, called Leopold, who, for some cause fearing the indignation of his master, fled with his wife into the woods, and concealed himself in a miserable hovel. By chance the emperor hunted there, and being carried away by the heat of the chase, lost himself in the woods and was benighted. Wandering about in various directions, he came at length to the cottage where the count dwelt, and requested shelter. His hostess prepared him a meal, and the same night was born unto her a son. While the emperor slept, a voice broke upon his ear, which seemed to say, "Take, take, take." He immediately arose, and, with considerable alarm, said to himself, "What can that voice mean, 'Take! take! take!' What can I take?" He reflected on the singularity of this for a short space and then fell asleep. But a second time the voice addressed him, crying out, "Restore, restore, restore." He awoke in very great sorrow. "What is all this?" thought he. "First I was to 'Take, take, take;' and there is nothing for me to take. True, now, the same voice exclaimed, 'Restore! restore! restore!' and what can I restore, when I have taken nothing?" Unable to explain the mystery, he again slept; and the third time the voice spoke. "Fly! fly! fly!" it said; "for a child is born who shall

become thy son-in-law." These words created great perplexity in the emperor; and getting up very early in the morning he sought out two of his squires, and said, "Go, force that child away from its mother; cleave it in twain, and bring its heart to me." The squires obeyed, and snatched away the boy as it hung at its mother's breast. But, observing its very great beauty, they were moved to compassion, and placed it upon the branch of a tree, to secure it from the wild beasts; and then killing a hare, they conveyed its heart to the emperor. Soon after this, a duke, travelling in the forest, passed by, and hearing the cry of an infant, searched about, and discovering it, placed it, unknown to any one, in the folds of his garment. Having no child himself, he conveyed it to his wife, and bade her nourish it as her own. The lady, pleased to execute so charitable an office, became much attached to the little foundling, whom she called Henry. The boy grew up, handsome in person, and extremely eloquent; so that he became a general favourite. Now the emperor, remarking the extraordinary quickness of the youth, desired his foster-father to send him to court, where he resided a length of time. But the great estimation in which he was held by all ranks of people caused the emperor to repent of what he had done, and to fear lest he should aspire to the throne, or probably be the same,

whom as a child he had commanded the squire to destroy. Wishing to secure himself from every possible turn of fortune, he wrote a letter with his own hand to the queen to the following purport:—"I command you, on pain of death, as soon as this letter reaches you, to put the young man to death." When it was finished, he went by some accident into the Chapel Royal, and seating himself on a bench, fell asleep. The letter had been enclosed in a purse, which hung loosely from his girdle; and a certain priest of the place, impelled by an ungovernable curiosity, opened the purse and read the purposed wickedness. Filled with horror and indignation, he cunningly erased the passage commanding the youth's death, and wrote instead, "give him our daughter in marriage." The writing was conveyed to the queen, who, finding the emperor's signature, and the impression of the royal signet, called together the princes of the empire, and celebrated their nuptials with great pomp. When this was communicated to the emperor, who had quitted the palace, as well to give better opportunity for effecting his atrocious design, as to remove the stigma of its execution from himself, he was greatly afflicted; but when he heard the whole chain of miraculous interposition, he saw that he must resign himself to the dispensation of God. And therefore, sending for the young man, he confirmed his marriage, and appointed him to his kingdom.

THE ZEBRA.

Over the boundless plains and amongst the rocky mountains of Southern Africa, roam vast herds of two species of animals very nearly allied to the horse and ass, but distinguished at once from these by the beautiful striped markings of their skins. In their external form and internal structure, in the arrangement of their teeth, and single toes terminated by an undivided hoof, they agree very closely with the domestic animals above-mentioned, and form with these and one or two other species a small order of mammalia, called, from the structure of their feet, *Solidungula*. Like all the other hoofed mammalia, they are herbivorous, and feed together in herds, sometimes even mingling with some of the other inhabitants of their grazing grounds.

One species, the common zebra (*Equus zebra*), the first described by naturalists, and probably the first known to Europeans, is found in all parts of South Africa as far south as the Cape, but always in the mountainous districts; the other species, called Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchellii*), in honour of Dr. Burchell, who first pointed out the distinctions between the two animals, inhabits the plains, and is said never to be found to the south of the Orange river.

The former species, represented in our illustration (p. 144), is a little smaller in size than the ass. The ground colour of its body and limbs is white, with numerous glossy black stripes running from the back towards the belly, which, however, is of a pure white; the legs, in like manner, are covered with rings; the face is striped longitudinally with black; and the black bands of the neck being continued into the upright mane, cause that to be similarly variegated with black and white; the tail is shaped like that of the ass, and the tuft at its extremity is black.

These animals inhabit the wildest and most sequestered spots amongst the mountains, where their pursuit is a matter of no little difficulty; but even here, they do not rely solely upon the nature of their fastnesses for security, for whilst the herd is feeding upon its mountain pasture, a sentinel, posted upon some elevated spot, is ready to give the alarm the moment he suspects the approach of any danger, when the whole herd, with ears erect and tails in perpetual motion, dash off at once to some place of still greater safety.

The zebra has long been considered quite untameable, and this appears to be especially the case with respect to the mountain species. In captivity, he exhibits very little docility, and appears to retain a longing for the free air of his native hills, which renders him impatient of confinement, sullen, and often fierce. Mr. Blyth, however, informs us, that Duerow, some years since, broke in some individuals of this species, but the severe treatment necessary to effect this object completely destroyed all the spirit and liveliness which add so much grace to the creature's appear-

ance, and rendered them as meek and quiet as common donkeys. The zebra of the plains appears to be a much more docile animal, and it seems not improbable that this species might, in course of time, even become domesticated, although the attempts hitherto made in this direction have not been very successful.

This species, which is about equal to the ass in size, is, if anything, even more elegant in its appearance than the mountain zebra. The ground colour of its body is a delicate yellowish brown, becoming white upon the belly and limbs; the back, neck, head, and haunches, are covered, as in the species already described, with broad, black and deep brown stripes; but the whole of the legs, from the knees and shoulders downwards, are usually quite destitute of any such markings. In its general form, this species bears a closer resemblance to the horse than to the ass, the mountain zebra exhibiting a greater affinity to the latter animal.

Major Harris, in his "Tame and Wild Animals of South Africa," speaking of Burchell's zebra, says that it possesses "much of the graceful symmetry of the horse, with great bone and muscular power, united to easy and stylish action: thus, combining comeliness of figure with solidity of form, this species, if subjugated and domesticated, would assuredly make the best pony in the world. Although it admits of being tamed to a certain extent with considerable facility—a half-domesticated specimen, with a jockey on its bridled back, being occasionally exposed in Cape Town for sale—it has hitherto contrived to evade the yoke of servitude."

In a state of nature, according to Major Harris, who had many opportunities of studying the habits of these charming creatures, "the voice of this freeborn son of the desert has no analogy to the discordant braying of the ass, but consists of a shrill, abrupt neigh, which may be likened to the barking of a dog, as heard by a passer-by from the interior of a house. The senses of sight, hearing, and smell are extremely delicate; the slightest noise or motion, no less than the appearance of any object that is unfamiliar, at once rivets their gaze, and causes them to stop and listen with the utmost attention; any taint in the air equally attracting their olfactory organs. Instinct having taught these beautiful animals that in union consists their strength, they combine in a compact body when menaced by an attack either from man or beast; and if overtaken by the foe, they unite for mutual defence, with their heads together in a close circular band, presenting their heels to the enemy, and dealing out kicks in equal force and abundance. Beset on all sides, or partially crippled, they rear on their hinder legs, fly at the adversary with jaws distended, and use both teeth and hoofs with the greatest freedom."

A third species, nearly allied to the zebra, also inhabits the

same part of the world. It is rather smaller than the zebra; the fore part of its body is of a brownish colour, banded with white; the hinder quarters paler, or grayish, with very indistinct stripes and spots; down the back runs a black line, bordered on each side with white; the belly, legs, and tail are whitish. This, which is called the Quagga (*Equus quagga*), appears to be the most docile

other sojourners in the wilderness, some of the natives of South Africa regarding that of the quagga as preferable to any other. The Rev. Henry Methuen states that quagga-steaks are exceedingly good, although the appearance of the meat—which is coarse and marbled with yellow fat—is rather against it.

In confinement, the zebra has frequently produced mules both



THE ZEBRA (*EQUUS ZEBRA*).

of the zebra-like animals of South Africa; it is said to be occasionally broken-in and employed as a beast of draught in the Cape colony. Like the zebras, however, it is very courageous in defending itself from its enemies, fighting boldly with feet and teeth, and even sometimes compelling the hyena to beat a retreat.

The flesh of all these animals is frequently eaten by hunters and

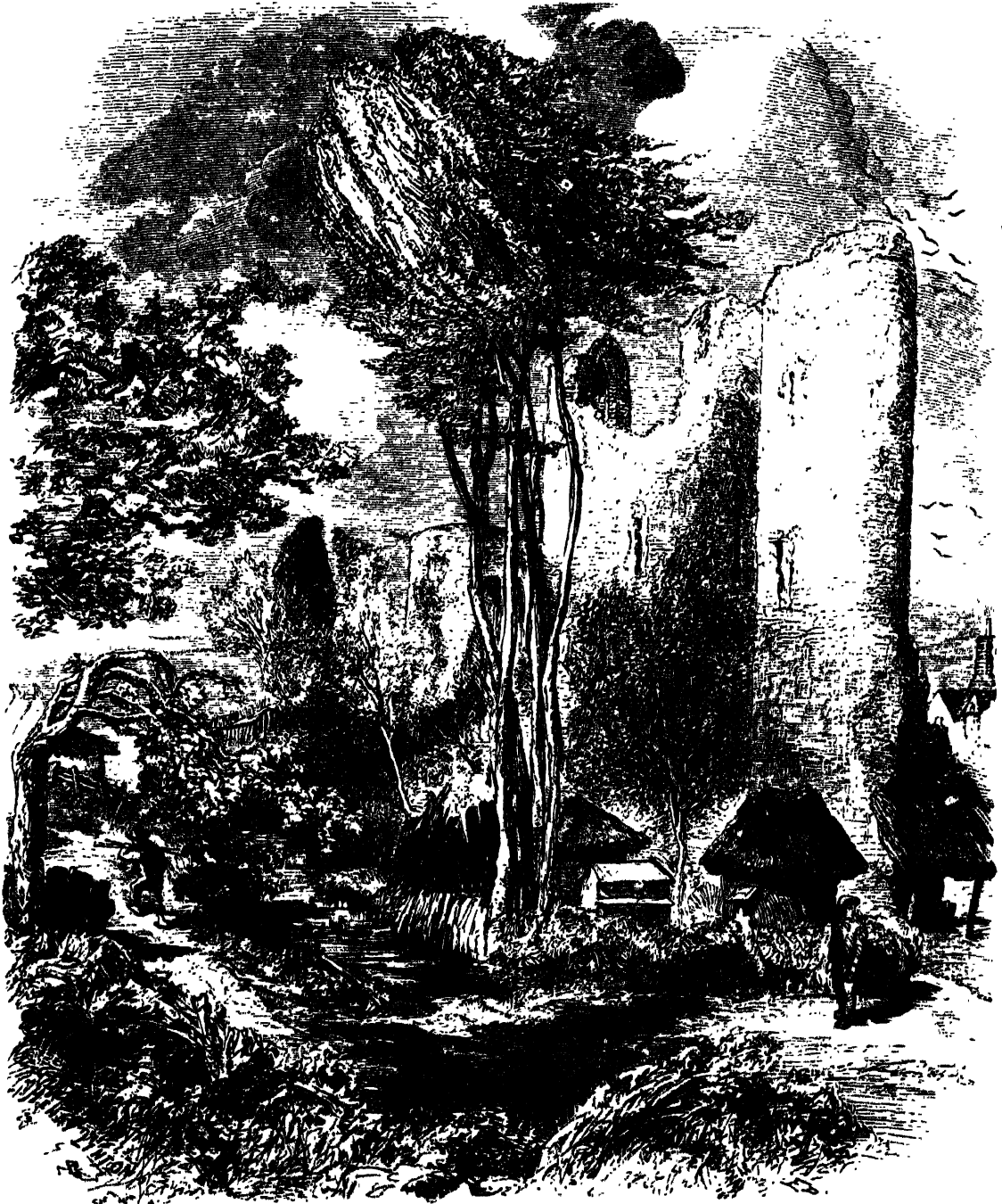
with the horse and the ass; but these, although still presenting distinct traces of stripes, are by no means so elegant in appearance as their African parent. They appear, however, to be more docile in their nature; and some of our readers will no doubt recollect a male of this description which used, a few years ago, to be driven as the leader of the Zoological Society's tandem.

ALLINGTON CASTLE.

THIS venerable ruin is romantically situated on the west bank of the river Medway, at the distance of a mile from the town of Maidstone. It is of great antiquity, a castle having occupied its site so early as the Anglo-Saxon era; but this edifice, called Medway Castle, was razed to the ground by the Danes, in one of their incursions into this part of the country. The estate was possessed subsequently by

and from this family both the castle and the parish received their name.

In the beginning of the reign of Henry III., when, as appears by the Tower records, there was an exact survey taken of all the castles in England, and a return made of the names of the proprietors or governors, one Columbaris was found in possession of the castle



ALLINGTON CASTLE.

Ulmeth, fourth son of Godwin, the powerful Earl of Kent; and after the Norman Conquest, became part of the domain of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. On the disgrace of that prelate, it was transferred by the Conqueror to his kinsman, the Earl of Warren, who rebuilt the castle, and from whose possession it passed into that of Lord Fitzbushes. By the union of the daughter and heiress of that nobleman with Sir Giles Allington it once more changed owners

and lord of the manor annexed to it; but in the latter part of that reign it came into the possession of Sir Stephen Penchester, who is supposed to have acquired it by purchase from one Osbert. It is probable that about this time it had very much fallen into decay, or else that it was merely a small building, not considerable enough to be termed a castle; for the Patent Rolls show that Penchester, who was then Constable of Dover Castle and Lord Warden of the

(cinque Ports, received the royal licence, in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I., to erect a castle there, and to fortify and embattle it. Sir Stephen dying without male issue, it became, by marriage with one of his daughters, the property of Stephen Cobham, in whose family it remained for several generations. In the beginning of the reign of Edward IV., we find the estate in the possession of the Brent family, by whom it was sold to Sir Henry Wyatt, who had been privy-councillor to Edward IV., but afterwards attached himself to the rising fortunes of Henry Tudor, for which he was imprisoned in the Tower by Richard III., and treated with great severity. He owed his liberation, and perhaps his life, to the issue of the battle of Bosworth; and being placed by Henry VII. in a situation of trust and emolument, was soon enabled to purchase Allington, of which he received possession in 1493.

His son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, a literary character of some celebrity, was born in this castle in the year 1503, and received his education in St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated at seventeen years of age. He appears to have married within a year or two afterwards, the object of his choice being a daughter of Lord Cobham. Introduced at court by his father, he was appointed a gentleman of the royal bedchamber, received the honour of knighthood, and was afterwards nominated sheriff of Kent. He was a man of handsome person and fascinating manners, an accomplished courtier and a profound politician, a skillful musician and a poet, besides speaking French, Italian, and Spanish with fluency, and being an adept in all the sports and exercises then in vogue. These qualifications rendered him a great favourite with Henry, who sent him on an embassy to the court of Charles V., and to his diplomacy is ascribed the unfavourable reception which that monarch accorded Cardinal Pole.

His father dying in 1538, he solicited his recall, in order to attend to his affairs, and in the following year, took up his abode at Allington Castle, which he put in a state of complete repair, and re-decorated in a very magnificent manner. Though much of his life was passed amid the gaieties and intrigues of courts, he seems to have seized with delight every opportunity of retiring to Allington, that he might indulge in study and contemplation, moralise on the felicities of retirement, and attack the vanities and vices of a court with the honest indignation of an independent philosopher, and the freedom and pleasantry of Horace. His retirement was soon disturbed by a summons from the king to join the Emperor of Germany at Blois, and attend him in his progress through France and Flanders. On his return to England, he was arrested on charges preferred against him some time before by Bishop Bonner, but was acquitted, and received from the king a grant of land in Lambeth, and the post of High Steward of the Royal Manor of Maidstone.

This narrow escape, however, seems to have warned him of the rudeness of withdrawing from public life; for though Henry appeared convinced of his loyalty, he knew that he had lost favour with him by advocating the policy of supporting the Protestant princes of the Empire, and that Cromwell's fall, which he saw approaching, would probably involve his own. He therefore passed the remainder of his days at Allington, where, as he informs us in a poetical epistle to one of his friends, he used to hunt and hawk when the season permitted, shoot with the bow in the depth of winter, and when the weather debarred him from these sports, read in his study or compose verses. His poems may be divided into two classes—amatory and satirical; of the former, the most polished is the one beginning, "Blame not my lute;" his satires are chiefly remarkable as containing the original, or at any rate the earliest, English version of the "Town and Country Mice." From this peaceful retirement he was called to attend the king, and in his eagerness to display his loyalty and zeal, he over-heated himself in the journey, and was seized with a fever, which terminated his existence.

His only son, commonly called Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger, who distinguished him from the father, was a wild and reckless young man, who was imprisoned for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones shot from a crossbow at night, in which disreputable frolic he was assisted by the Earl of Surrey; and seduced the daughter of Sir Edward Darnley, though he had been married, when only sixteen years of age, to the daughter of Sir William Brooke. He alienated the estate of Tarrant in Dorsetshire, in favour

of the offspring of this illicit connexion, soon after his succession to the property. After his release from the Tower, he raised a body of men at his own expense, and distinguished himself at the siege of Landrecies. This led to an appointment under Surrey, then Governor of Boulogne, which he held until the place was given up to the French in 1550. During the latter part of the reign of Edward VI. he lived chiefly at Allington, occupied with the sports of the field; but when the Duke of Suffolk raised his insurrection against Queen Mary, he was induced to take the command of the Kentish reiters, with whom he gained some considerable advantages over the loyalists. Advancing on the metropolis, he failed in an attempt to surprise the city, and was taken prisoner. His courage forsook him on being confined in the Tower, and he made a confession, implicating Elizabeth and several of his friends. He was tried and convicted, and executed on Tower-hill, on the 11th of April, 1554; by which the castle and manor of Allington, with the advowson of the church, became forfeited to the crown.

Queen Elizabeth, in the eleventh year of her reign, gave a lease of the estate to John Astley, master of the jewel-office; and on his death granted it in tail to his son and heir, Sir John Astley, to hold by knight's service, at the rental of £100 2s. 7d. per year. Dying in 1639, he bequeathed the manor and castle of Allington, with other estates in the neighbourhood, to his kinsman, Sir Jacob Astley, who distinguished himself by his courage and military skill in the early part of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, for which services he was created by that monarch Baron Astley of Reading, in Berkshire. He died in 1651, and the title became extinct on the death of his grandson, the third baron, in 1688; but the castle, manor, and advowson devolved to Sir Jacob Astley, of Melton, who was descended from Thomas, the elder brother of the first Baron Astley. In 1720 they were sold by Sir Jacob, with other estates in Kent, to Sir Robert Marham, father of the first Lord Romney, in the possession of whose family they long remained.

Allington Castle consists of two courts, one within the other, the outer being surrounded by a moat, and there are still some indications of the magnificence it boasted in the time of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Grose, in his "Antiquities of England," states that in 1760, when the view in that work was taken, the castle was in a very dilapidated condition, and the towers used as out-buildings to a farmhouse, which Hasted, the historian of Kent, supposes to have been built with the ruins of the mansion erected in the vicinity of the castle by Sir Henry Wyatt. There was formerly a park adjoining to the castle, but it was disparked soon after the attainder of Sir Henry, by which the estate became forfeited to the crown. Seventeen or eighteen years ago the old buildings underwent considerable repairs, and they are still used as farm-offices, one of the courts being used as a straw-yard for cattle.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

Next in importance in oratory, far superior to Disraeli, is Bulwer-Lytton. Like Disraeli, Macaulay is also an exception to one general system, which is always and essentially aristocratic. Nature has not been bountiful to Macaulay. She never intended him for an orator; there is little of form or comeliness in him. He is short and thick; seemingly more like an alderman than the beau ideal of an Edinburgh reviewer. His speeches are like Burke's, splendid essays, and will be read for many a coming age. They are thoroughly prepared, and display the utmost polish and research. They are listened to with delight, but fail in their effect. Macaulay's voice is harsh and bad, and his delivery is exceedingly rapid. He plunges at once into his subject, and never stops till his speech is done and he has no more to say. His speeches depend for their popularity solely upon their merits—upon the splendour of their language—the correctness of their argumentation—the variety of the historical illustrations with which they abound. They owe nothing to manner, in which Macaulay is remarkably deficient. Yet he has spoken to some purpose. His speeches have helped him to fame and to power; and when it is known that he is to speak, the house is crowded in every part; and the lobbies and the smoking-room are deserted for a time. He speaks but seldom now. Sickness, long-continued, has told

upon his frame, and has given him the appearance of premature old age. Yet his voice is still as potent a spell as ever. And when he rises, immediately behind the Treasury benches, and addresses the house, you see by the expression of the faces of the occupants of those benches, that ministers deem that in the member for Edinburgh they have still a tower of strength. In the very last session, Macaulay did what is very rare—decided the fate of a nation by his speech. It was generally thought that the majority for government, on the debate as to the Master of the Rolls retaining his seat in that house, was obtained solely by the brilliant speech of Macaulay; at any rate, that the majority was so large, is attributable alone to him. This is a rare fact in oratory. It is seldom a speaker in the British Senate attempts to convince any one, or succeeds in the attempt. Of the great orators—of the men who make speeches—posterity will care to read Macaulay as the best in the house; and we much question whether his voice will be heard much longer within its walls.

Descending to a lower scale of oratory, we come to Richard Cobden, the quondam hero of the Anti-corn-law League, and now the apostle of Peace. Cobden's appearance is anything but aristocratic. He is a man of middle size and middle age—with a considerable amount of shrewdness in his face—but, judged externally, by no means a formidable foe. He is the direct antipodes of Babington Macaulay. Cobden makes no show of learning, or of oratory—quite the reverse. His is that eloquence which Sir Robert Peel happily styled as unadorned. Its characteristics are appropriateness and clearness. When Cobden rises, there is generally some indecision exhibited; he hums and haws occasionally—he frequently repeats himself. But as he proceeds, his manner becomes firmer and his voice louder. No man in the house goes more directly to the subject. If there be a point, he hits it at once. If there be a difficulty, he grapples with it immediately. His speech is an animated conversation; he seems to hold you by some invisible button—to meet the difficulties as they rise in your mind, and to quell them at once. So admirable is his power in this respect, that we remember well in the infancy of the League, when free-trade was not so popular as it is now, Cobden went down to an agricultural constituency—right in the very heart of the enemy's camp—and so delighted all, that we were told by a farmer present, that if he had held up a white sheet of paper before the audience, and asserted it to be black, and asked them to do the same, they would have done so at once. Cobden is a remarkable illustration of the fairness of the House of Commons. When he first entered there, there was great prejudice against him. He was considered an agitator and a demagogue; but now, no man is listened to with more attention and respect. The truth is, the house is a good judge of character, and will always honour a sincere man who makes a good business speech in a business-like way, and Cobden never attempts anything more. He is pre-eminently a practical debater, and is precisely the man for the House of Commons. Next to business-like speakers, the house affects genteel joking; hence it is, Tom Duncombe and Lord Palmerston are such favourites. Hence it is, Henry Drummond and even Colonel Sibthorpe gain so readily the ear of the house. The house cares little for declamation—it would rather be without it; it considers it a waste of time. Figures of arithmetic are far more popular there than figures of speech. The latter are for schoolboys and youth in its teens—the former are for men. Business is one thing, and rhetoric another. Disraeli began his career as a rhetorician and failed. He wisely altered his plans. He learnt to keep accounts—to talk prose—to understand business; and he has been already Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for all that we wish he may be so again.

Our notice of parliamentary oratory as it is would be incomplete were we to omit the name of Bright. Hotspur told his uncle of the perfumed and emasculated fop who came to him amid the terrors of the battle-field, and told him, that were it not for the cannons, he would have been a soldier himself. To this class of mortals Bright does in no degree belong. If he had not been a Quaker, as Lord Bentinck told him, he would have been a prize-fighter—a more pugnacious man does not exist in the house. It may always be said of him, that

Like Cobden, he belongs to the Manchester school; but he is stronger, with a stouter frame, and a broader chest, and a more confident bearing than the member for the East Riding. At the same time there is not the easy good-nature which Cobden appears to possess. Their speeches are much of the same character—they are essentially business speeches; but Bright's are harder, colder, more antagonistic than Cobden's. Bright is a much more powerful man; when he speaks he seems to boil over with fury, to bear down all opposition, to tear everything that stands in his way to shreds and tatters. Entering the house amidst great prejudice, disliked as a Quaker, as a free-trader, as a cotton-spinner, as almost a Chartist, despised by the fine country gentlemen, who exclaim—

"Let learning, laws, and commerce die,
But give us back our old nobility,"

Bright has now come to be one of the most powerful men in the house. His speeches last session, on the India Bill, raised his character considerably in universal estimation. They displayed in a most favourable light his knowledge, his industry, and his talent. They lifted him out of the character of a class-advocate into that of a statesman; and, perhaps, were the most powerful speeches delivered that session. Men speak of Bright very differently to what they did; and whatever may be men's opinions as to his politics, all now confess that he is one of the most powerful and readiest debaters in the house.

Going late into the house, William Johnson Fox—the Norwich weaver-boy of the League, the Publicist of the *Dispatch*—has, however, maintained the reputation which his brilliant oratorical powers had won for him before he was returned M.P. for Oldham. Joseph Hume, the oldest member of the house, and apparently the youngest man in it, never was an orator, and never will be; yet no man speaks more often, and, on the whole, no man is better heard. Mr. Edward Miall has won a position out of doors as an orator, but he has not done much in it. Such men as Sir J. Pakington, Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Benjamin Hall, Lord Dudley Stuart, are useful, able men; ready debaters, fluent on their legs; but they are not the men whose words live after them, or whose speeches our children's children will care to read.

Our task is at length complete. We have exhausted our subject. Our country has been styled—

"A land of ancient precedent,"

and, therefore, have we gone back to the first rude beginnings of what we have now come so completely to understand and admire. At times there is a danger of underrating the service done to us by our Peers and M.P.'s. Familiarity breeds contempt, and at times we are near losing our hereditary reverence for representative institutions. In the easy, lounging way into which the house gets after sitting a few months, it is difficult to see anything heroic. It is not easy to remember what Parliament has done, or to realise what, in an emergency, it may yet do. Smith speaking to empty benches; Fitznoodle fast asleep in the gallery; Verisopht talking small beer in the lobby, do not give the stranger a high idea of representative wisdom; and, after all, it is true that the house can never be what it has been. Time works wonders. There is a destiny that shapes our ends. In the past, of what a noble display has the house been the theatre. No future can ever rival that. So long as England remains great, till the melancholy vision of Macaulay be realised, and the traveller from New Zealand shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge and view the hoary ruins of St. Paul's, undoubtedly the power of Parliament must be paramount in our midst. As the source of legislation, as the great motive power of government, as the final court of appeal, it must ever live; but party-warfare has toned down; the wall of partition has been taken away. The line of demarcation is fainter. Men have become more philosophical and less passionate. Outside the house, genius and talent can now find the distinction which, hitherto, was to be found in parliament alone; and we shall never see what our forefathers saw—rival factions plunging the country almost into civil war; the lame, the halt, the blind, brought down to vote; the livelong night consumed in listening to the passionate appeals of an oratory long departed from our midst. Side by side with Parliament has grown a power we term the fourth estate—the power of greater weight and more comprehensive view.

"His soul's in arms and eager for the fray!"

FELIX MANBY.

"Come on! come on, all!" cried a merry-looking boy in the playground of a suburban academy. "A basket and a letter for Felix Manby! Here, Felix! here is a letter from your aunt, and a basket of beautiful fruit."

Felix came running up, his countenance radiant with delight, and opening the letter, began to read:—"My dear Felix,"—

"Manby is well-named," said one of his schoolfellows, who had a happy facility in quoting passages from the Latin authors, and a knack of punning upon them. "Felix is a name of good omen; and the appellation shows that the old lady is pleased with him, and for that reason sends him this basket of fruit. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"

"Silence, Charley!" cried another boy. "Let us hear the letter."

"My dear Felix," resumed the happy recipient of the billet and

vine-leaves which covered the fruit, and began to dispense his favours. He felt himself a king for the moment, and consulted his preferences and indulged his caprices in regal style. To one he gave a delicious peach, to another a juicy pear, to the punning Latinist a fine bunch of grapes, accompanying each gift with some observation, sometimes jocular, sometimes sarcastic. All were so intent upon obtaining a portion of the contents of the basket that no notice was taken of his caprices; and when he threw a bunch of grapes in Charley's face, the young pedant quietly wiped his face, murmuring, as he ate the grapes, a quotation from Horace: "*Imparidum ferient ruinæ.*" Even the applause with which the rude act was greeted by his thoughtless playmates pleased him, and he continued the distribution of the fruit, each gift eliciting renewed flatteries.

"*Date lilia!*" said Charley, stretching forth his hands, when



FELIX IN PROSPERITY.

the present which accompanied it, "I am happy to apprise you that Mr. Westwood's report of your conduct and progress has given me so much pleasure, that I have sent you a basket of fruit to mark my sense of your endeavours. Continue to merit the same encouragements, and I will continue the same encouragements."

"Bravo!" cried his schoolfellows. "See what a basket of encouragements! Look at the peaches and the pears, the plums and the grapes! You can spare some, Felix! be a good fellow, and divide them."

And the joyous troop of boys surrounded the happy owner of the fruit, shouting in the exuberance of their glee, clapping their hands, and plying him with cajoleries. The vanity of Felix was inflated by the temporary importance which the possession of such a basket of fruit invested him with in the eyes of his fellow-pupils, and waving them from him with an air of majesty, he removed the

he had eaten the grapes; and when Felix responded to his appeal by throwing a pear, which struck him on the breast, he replied, in the sublime words of the wife of Pætus, "*Pæte, non dolet!*"

It was only when the basket was nearly empty that the sudden popularity of Felix Manby began to diminish. Then, murmurs against his partiality rose among those who had been less favoured than others; and those who had shared most largely the contents of the basket, but who conceived themselves injured by the humours which he had allowed himself, declared that his impertinence was insufferable. Charley kicked over the empty basket, repeating solemnly, "*Finis coronat opus.*"

Felix was thus made to expiate his vanity and presumption. Each insult that he received was only a retaliation. "The sugar with which we sweeten injuries leaves a bitter taste in the mouth," says a Chinese proverb; and these humiliations taught the boy—

though the lesson was a rude one—that there is a difference between prodigality and true generosity. But the first feeling which they produced was only resentment at what he regarded as the ingratitude of his schoolfellows, whom he reproached in no measured terms; his anger, however, produced only a laugh, and Charley chanted the first line of the *Iliad*, which alludes to the wrath of Achilles, to the air of “Rule Britannia.”

About a week after this incident, just as the boys had commenced their sports in the playground, another basket and another letter were brought, both addressed, as before, to Felix Manby. The boys gathered round him, and with an air of anticipated triumph, he broke the seal, and read as follows:—

“The basket of fruit which I now send was intended for you; but as I was about to send it off, I received a note of complaint from Mr. Westwood, who is dissatisfied with your late behaviour.

Latin pleasantries, “Felix is, like the Tityrus of Virgil, *recubans sub tegmine fagi*.”

When, however, all the rest had retired, each with his portion of fruit, regarding Felix as they passed him with a look of indifference or of mockery, Charley remained on the spot. He slowly approached the mortified and humiliated boy, and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

“Come,” said he, in a low voice, “hear what Ovid says.”

“Ah, would you mock me?” cried Felix, angrily.

“No,” replied the Latinist; “but I would have you be a philosopher. So long as your good aunt called you her dear Felix, and sent you fruit, you were courted; when she cooled towards you, and sent you nothing, you were abandoned; it is the way of the world, my dear fellow, and proves the truth of those beautiful lines—



FELIX IN ADVERSITY.

In consequence of this communication, I desire that the fruit may be divided among your schoolfellows, without including you in the distribution.”

Felix turned pale and red alternately, and the billet dropped from his hands; but the announcement was received by his schoolfellows with gleeful shouts and clapping of hands. The basket was opened, and two stewards were elected by universal suffrage, who were charged with the duty of making an equitable distribution of its contents. Some of the more generous of the boys turned with a look of compassion towards Felix, who was seated on a bench, with his back to them, shedding tears of mortification, and proposed that he should be included in the division; but the majority appealed to the letter, insisting that the injunction to exclude him was positive, and ought to be adhered to. The stewards had no alternative but to abide by this decision, and carry out the lesson which Manby's aunt was anxious that he should receive.

“In fact,” said Charley, who could not resist the temptation of a

“Douce crève, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.”

Felix shrugged his shoulders.

“Don't bring your Latin puns to me,” said he, sullenly.

“Perhaps you would like this better,” returned Charley, offering him a part of his own share of the fruit, which Felix accepted with a bad grace. “Eat it, and profit by the lesson. In this world, Manby, it is necessary to use our prosperity so as to retain the friendship which we may need in adversity. He who would meet kindness and forbearance, must show them towards others. *Par pari refertur*, says Phædrus. There is a delicacy in giving which enhances the value of the gift, and there is a manner which deprives it of half its worth, and obliterates the sentiment of gratitude.”

This lesson was not lost upon Felix, and his future conduct, shaped by his remembrance of it, brought him a degree of real happiness which proved the appropriateness of his name, as his punning friend had pointed out.

RUSSIAN FORTS IN CIRCASSIA.

THE progress and aggression of Russia have never been displayed in more marked colours than in the attempts made by that power to subdue the brave tribes of the Caucasus; those hardy mountaineers who, with their chief, Schamyl, have been indistinctly heard of for so many years, and who now, from peculiar circumstances, have come so prominently before us. The efforts of Russia to extend her territory have been for half a century unceasing. She has gone on working her way, despite mountains, hills, rivers, and valleys, and yet has been checked on her onward course, close to the frontiers of Persia, by the unceasing energy and courage of the Circassian tribes. Of late years, however, she was beginning to make much more impression, and the presence of fortified towns and forts, in the possession of Russian troops, seemed to ensure the ultimate conquest of the country.

The untiring general, who so long has kept the forces of the Czar at bay, did so by the exercise of the virtues of patience and self-denial. He never lost hope in the future destinies of his country, and even appeared to prefer death in battle to submission to the dead level of Muscovite civilisation, to the rule of "that good man the emperor," as the Rev. John Overton Choules calls him. Schamyl has, during the long contest of years past, proved himself a general and a statesman. Dr. Frederick Wagner says: "The organisation of the Circassian army is a masterpiece of acutely-meditated precision, for it is constituted in a way calculated and designed to render possible the utmost strictness of discipline, without damping the natural warlike feelings of his subjects. Every naib keeps 300 horsemen at the disposition of the state, and the conscription is so conducted that out of every ten families one horseman is drawn, and that family is free during life from all taxes, while the other nine have to furnish his outfit and sustenance. This is the staffing army."

Schamyl has taken a lesson from the customs of other nations besides his own: "In his military arrangements he has so far imitated the Russians as to institute orders, marks of honour, and distinctions of rank. The leaders of a hundred men who signalise themselves in action, receive round silver medals, bearing appropriate poetical inscriptions; the leaders of three hundred men receive three-cornered medals; and those of five hundred, silver epaulettes. Before 1842, sabres of honour, to be worn on the right side, were the only marks of distinction distributed. Now the leaders of a thousand men receive the rank of captain, and those of a larger number are generals."

It is this general and this people the Russians have sought to subdue, and to effect this purpose the more effectually, they have erected forts at different places. These forts are very interesting features in the scenery of the war, and we proceed to notice some of them.

Gagri was one fort. It stood at the entrance of a vast gorge, down which came rushing a mountain-stream, and from the peculiarity of its position it was the most healthy of all the Russian forts. The hills, which fall away into a steep slope down to the sea, are at the bottom clothed with magnificent foliage, here and there broken into wide, open, grassy spaces, which give the whole a park-like appearance; and these, says a British officer, writing in May, "are now decked in all the beauty of spring." Half-way up the mountains the trees were more bare, and a short distance above that they had no foliage at all. The following picturesque description of the scene is worthy of preservation. We see promise in such narratives of a deeply-interesting series of books, likely to extend our geographical knowledge when the war is over. "Then the species change from elm or oak to pine and larch, which at first runs up with a mixture of other foliage, and lights up the other trees beautifully, and afterwards in a thick black fringe have all the top to themselves. Mountains such as these occupy either side of the gorge, their tops a mixture of black pine and snow. Towering beyond, in the centre of the whole view, are huge peaks of unbroken and perpetual snow; the whole is a glorious combination of summer and winter—beauty and grandeur. The fort is a square, with bastions at the angles, and there is a black-house at some distance from it, up the valley, to command the passage."

Near this is the town of Pafuri, and the coast of Imerlia, a country

inhabited by Christians of the Greek church, favourable to Russia. Their chief is bought at the price of 25,000 dollars, paid annually. "Some people," says a recent traveller, "theorise that local scenery influences the minds of those who dwell amidst it. These people, then, should be the noblest on the face of the earth. The mountains have retired from the water's edge, and between them and the sea is a plain some miles across, upon which the trees and verdure are luxuriantly beautiful. Smoke arises here and there, as if agriculturalists were at work; and distant houses of wood are basked in the brightest sunlight. This is summer: winter approaches half-way up the mountains, its boundary again marked by firs and pines and stray snow-patches in the ravines; again there is a splendid black forest of firs, many miles in length, along the mountains; above this, fir-tops are seen struggling through the snow; above is winter, indeed, in all its dreariness and fierceness. The immense quantity of snow is perfectly dazzling. It lies in one thick, unbroken mass, extending high up into the heavens, except where abrupt precipices and rocks will not allow it to remain on their perpendicular surfaces; and peak upon peak, as fantastic as the most insane artist could desire, follow in rapid succession. A Russian monastery was seen embowered in trees; one monk alone had taken up his quarters there, as it had not been finished. It is now deserted. The circular green top, crowned by a gold cross, has a pretty effect."

Advancing towards Suchum-Kaleh, there is a fine view of snow and rock. The former, on the far-off mountains, appears to come down to the very base; but though ice and snow can be seen on all sides, the weather below is very hot. The scene is very picturesque. The snow-piles and drifts are partially lit up by the sun; elsewhere they are concealed by clouds. It is very difficult at times to define the limits of sky and hill, for they seem to melt into one another. One giant peak of porphyry, with a vast mass of perpendicular towards the sea, towers over the glaciers and snow-filled valleys.

A bay, of handsome proportions, forms the entrance to Suchum-Kaleh. In a part of it there are seventy fathoms of water. The place is very beautiful. Passing voyagers can smell the odours of delicious flowers wafted from the shore. Here the Russians and the Georgians lived together on terms of the greatest amity. It is a very populous district. Houses, homesteads, farms, are scattered all around. It has a red-hot shot battery on one flank, and the old Genoese castle on the other. This is surrounded by a strong wall, of great thickness and extent. Between these is a long street, with shops and houses of wood and stone. A spacious road leads to the country. It has walls on either side covered with trees, and behind them are cottages covered with roses and jessamine. There are botanical gardens in this place with whole hedges of roses. The place altogether seems to have been one which the Russians must have left with regret.

Beyond Suchum-Kaleh are the highest peaks of the Caucasus, which here runs inland. The highest peak is 8,000 feet, and forms one of the most splendid snow landscapes in the world. The next post of importance is Redout-Kaleh, which the Russians almost wholly destroyed previously to abandoning it. A personal observer says: "The place is entirely destroyed. Nothing remains of the main part of the town, but black beams strewed around. In the centre stand isolated the stone steps which formed the approach to the church. The chimneys and ovens of the houses alone mark their site, all the rest having been of wood. Apparently a handsome street had run parallel with the river; but its houses must have been very unhealthy, as both on the north and south sides stretches a marshy country, covered with brushwood and large lilies. The glass of the houses was seen in fused lumps; pottery strewed the ground; and occasionally were found cats and rats, from their position burnt to death in the act of running away."

This is a picture of war rather dark and desolate in its suggestions. There are several other stations, however, which have been recently visited. There is Wilhelmsky, occupying a beautiful position on a fertile slope, with excellent defences, beneath which the cliffs fall abruptly into the sea, with valleys between at intervals, filled by luxuriant foliage. The next little station, of Lazaroff, is picturesquely situated in the very centre of some

delightful scenery. This stood—for it is now destroyed, except the outer walls—in the centre of a little level clearing at the entrance of a vast gorge. On each side, and far away in the distance, over hill and dale, may be seen islands of trees in full foliage; and behind, closing up the gorge, is a lofty snow-and-pine-clad mountain. Several mountain-streams meet and collect near Lazaroff, and in these will now be seen Turkish and Circassian trading-boats. Indeed, should the Allied Powers secure the independence of Circassia, this country might easily now be opened up to civilisation and commerce. The nation has confidence in us, which, if we do not abuse, may make of it a useful ally.

The next station is Golorinsky, and then Point Bardan. This the Russians had hitherto failed in capturing, and hence, being the only Circassian outpost, it was the place whence the young ladies of Circassia were started to be eligibly settled in the harems of Stamboul. We will, previously to making any remark on this point, quote an extract from an intelligent officer's letter, to which we shall afterwards reply:—"As soon as we were landed, we were surrounded by a crowd of Circassians, who immediately led me by a path from the shore, through woods, brambles, and ditches, to a long field, surrounded by woods, among which several wooden dwellings showed their roofs. This was a beautiful spot, and the ground beneath us a mass of daisies and buttercups. A Circassian made me mount his horse. Crossing a stream, I gave it up again, and prepared, with a guide, to scale one of the mountain heights. We had a heavy pull up this hill, on a narrow pathway covered with briars and brambles. On our way we met two Circassian young ladies, rather moon-faced, but with beautiful complexions and pleasant expression. Our Circassian friend called to them to cover their faces—we had a dragomana with us—an order which they showed their good sense by neglecting. At the top we had a most noble view—a complete panorama of rich wood, overtopped with snow; several villages were dotted among the woods and upon the mountain sides, the dwellings being all of wood. We descended by another mountain-path to the sea; here we took another stroll, and entered the wood. We had been advised not to straggle far, as the Circassians of the mountains were ignorant of our arrival, and might take us for Russians. In the wood we met with a fine-looking old gentleman, mounted and proceeding slowly; with him were two Circassian girls—the daughters, as it appeared. Not knowing what to make of us, he drew his sword, or rather long knife, and looked fierce; but on nearing us, and seeing we were unarmed, returned it again, and was quite happy when he knew us to be 'Inghealoez.' Then his daughters came forward, and shook

hands with all. One was about twelve years old, the other fourteen; the latter with a fair skin, blue eyes, and light hair, and, we were told by the old gentleman, ready and happy to become a portion of the personal effects of any of us for 10,000 piastres (£30)."

This is an error which, from our knowledge of the East, and from the concurrent testimony of all travellers, we beg to correct. The Russians have industriously circulated the report that Circassia is a wholesale slave district, to excuse their own marauding. But no Christian would be allowed to buy a Circassian girl. The system of finding wives for the Turks is carried on in Circassia, but the young girls enter the harem as the legitimate wives of the Stamboulites, not as the slaves. They somewhat resemble our young ladies going out to India on matrimonial expeditions. It is right that our friends the Circassians should not be confounded with mere ordinary slave-dealers, or we should have to look upon them with considerable suspicion, and very properly. The officer above quoted did not understand the language, and hence the error. He continues:—"The Circassian girls look forward to this, as being settled in life; and going to Stamboul is a fulfilment of their best wishes and desires, just as a young lady in London makes an 'eligible' match. Our little friend with the blue eyes looked at us earnestly, in confirmation of papa's words, and made some of our party a present of shells she had just picked up, which she pantomimed would bear a fine polish. But a Circassian girl here and at Stamboul are two very different beings. At home she wanders about in plain and rough dress, only dreaming of the gold and decoration that may some day fall to her lot at Stamboul. They are generally educated in Turkish young lady-like accomplishments, music, etc., and imbibe by degrees the artificial life they must lead henceforth. No Turk can marry, unless he provide his wife or wives with all manner of ornaments and luxury, and hence a decrease in the population which would greatly gratify Mr. Malthus. As the Turks of the lower orders die at Stamboul, their place is mostly filled by fresh importations from Asia. A French officer told me that boats had arrived to export a freight of the same nature as the little blue-eyed girl I have told you of; and a ship would hold 200 of them. On descending the mountain we saw a number of Circassian women looking from the brushwood at the ships; directly we appeared they dipped among the brushwood like so many specimens of 'Jack in the box.' I cannot account for such excessive delicacy on their part, except, perhaps, by their being the wives of some of the warriors on the beach, who perhaps were very jealous fellows."

ROYAL TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IN walking through the old Gothic abbey of St. Peter, and surveying the tombs of departed kings and queens, the spectator cannot fail to observe the similarity which they bear to each other. There is little variety in the reliefs which ornament them, and the statues are always executed in a stiff and formal style, and laid flat on their backs, with their hands either crossed over the breast or joined in prayer. Previously to the accession of the Stuarts, most of the kings and queens of England were interred in Westminster Abbey, and their tombs are useful as records of the progress made in the ornamental arts during the period between its foundation and the death of Elizabeth.

The chapel of the founder, Edward the Confessor, is full of ancient remains, of which the chief is his own tomb, nearly in the middle. The original work, though very much dilapidated, is a curious monument of antiquity; but the wooden superstructure is of a later date and in a different style. This Anglo-Saxon saint and king was originally interred before the high altar; but on the erection of the shrine by Henry III., his remains were transferred to their present resting-place with much pomp and splendour. In the same chapel, a huge, rudely-shaped coffin, composed of large slabs of Purbeck stone, contains the remains of Edward I., which were exposed in 1774 by a deputation from the Society of Antiquaries. The royal corpse was found in a state of tolerable preservation, clad in two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the

other of crimson velvet; each shrunken hand held a sceptre, and a regal crown glittered on the head. The corpse measured six feet two inches. The monument of his queen, Eleanor of Castile, whose conjugal virtues tradition has so pleasingly recorded, is of gray Petworth stone, covered with a table of gilt copper, on which the statue of the queen lies in the usual recumbent position. It is a creditable performance for the age, and the amiability of the original is well expressed in the sweetness of the countenance.

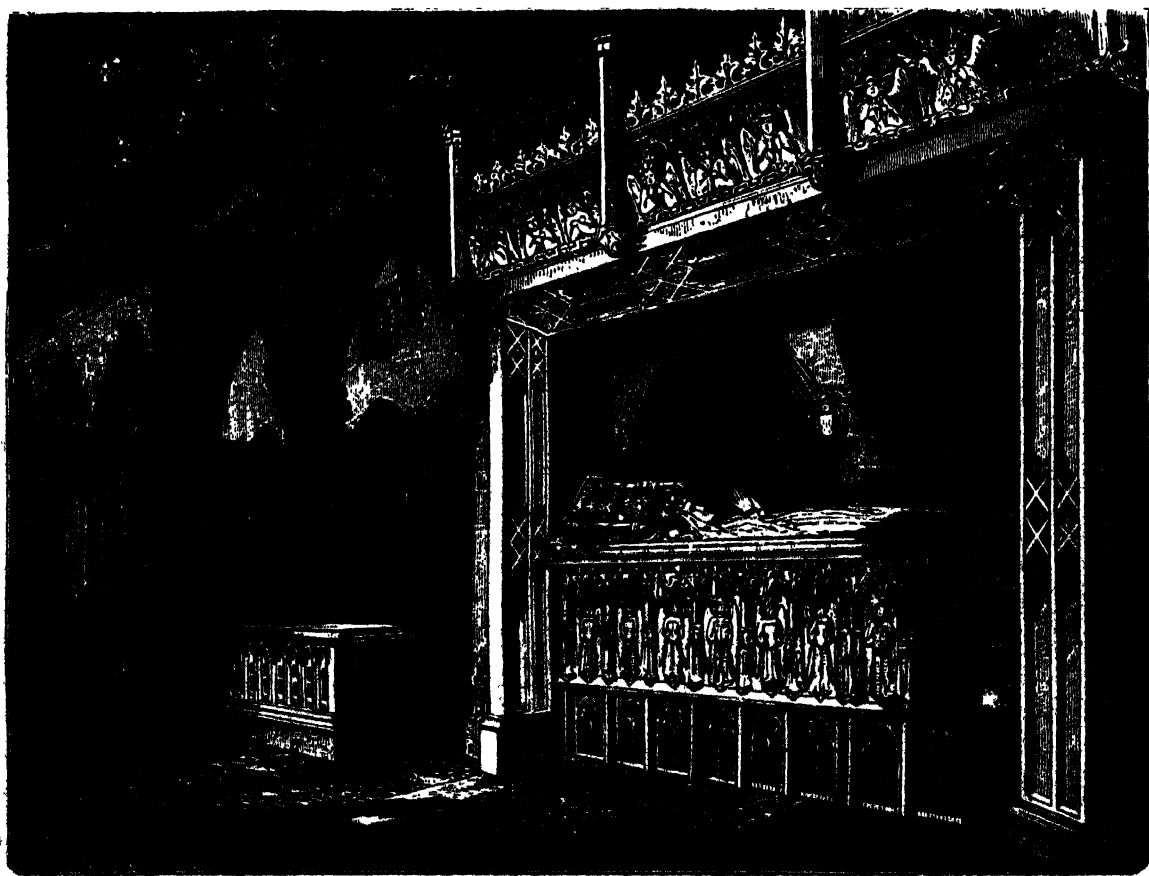
The lofty and somewhat imposing tomb of Henry III. is very similar, in materials and style of workmanship, to that of Edward the Confessor. The brass statue of the monarch, which lies upon the brazen table of the tomb, is the first specimen of casting executed in this country; both the statue and the table are richly gilt, but the gilding is concealed by a thick coat of indurated dust. The king is clad in a long mantle, reaching to the feet, and there is a dignified simplicity in its folds which has led to the supposition that Cavallini, the Italian artist who executed the tomb, may have also designed the statue, and perhaps superintended the casting. The tomb of Henry V. stands in an arched recess beneath the chantry, between two octagonal towers, ornamented with statues and tracery work. The helmet which he wore at the battle of Agincourt surmounts a wooden bar between these towers, on the sides of which hang his war-saddles and shield.

All these tombs and statues are much decayed and defaced, and

executed in a uniform style of stiff formality. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, a better style began to prevail, and though the statues were still laid on their backs, in rigid and ungraceful postures, an improvement is perceptible in the chiselling of the countenances, the folds of the drapery, and the ornamental accessories. The superb tomb of Henry VII., in the chapel called after that monarch, is a specimen of this improved style; it is the work of an Italian, however—Pietro Torrigiano, a fellow-student of Michael Angelo, whose nose he is said to have broken in a dispute respecting their comparative proficiency in the arts. The pedestal is of black marble, but the figures and pilasters are of gilt copper. The statues of Henry and his queen lie upon the tomb, side by side, with their hands raised in the attitude of prayer. Simplicity is the characteristic of the design, and there is an extremely natural expression in the countenances of the royal pair. The screen which surrounds the tomb is the work of English artists,

upon four marble pillars, of the Corinthian order. The cost of this sumptuous monument was £965, exclusive of the materials. The design was furnished by John de Critz, who also executed the painting and gilding. The monument of Queen Mary, of Scotland, is in better taste, and the statue of the beautiful, erring, and unfortunate queen, in white marble, has an air of delicacy which creates a far more pleasing impression than the glaring splendour lavished upon the tomb of her enemy.

We cannot more appropriately conclude this notice of the royal tombs, than with the reflections of Washington Irving, in reference to his own survey of them. "What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres, but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is indeed the empire of death;—his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monu-



A TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and is a most elaborate specimen of open-work founding in brass and copper in the pointed style of decoration. There is an octagonal tower at each angle, and an arched doorway, surmounted by a shield of arms, on each side. A projecting cornice and a parapet form the upper part, and on the transverse plates at the sides, between the divisions into which the upright compartments are divided, is a long inscription to the memory of the monarch who remains reposed beneath.

The later royal monuments are not superior to this, and by some are thought scarcely equal to it. That of Queen Elizabeth exhibits a considerable deviation from the designs of the sepulchral monuments of the preceding age; but the custom of representing the deceased lying stiffly on the tomb, face upward, is slavishly adhered to. An open arcade, with a richly-ornamented entablature, rises upon a large altar-tomb of marble, upon which lies the statue of the queen, painted and gilded in a style of gaudy and meretricious magnificence. Each side of the arcade is supported

by monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past, and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history becomes as a tale that is told, and his very monument a ruin."

RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

In the gallery of the Luxembourg palace, in Paris, is the magnificent picture by Horace Vernet, here engraved, representing one of the most memorable episodes of the quarrel between those master-geniuses of their period—Raffaello and Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. The responsibility of a quarrel so much to be deplored is said to rest with those artists of inferior genius, who, jealous of the reputation of Raffaello, and the favour in which he stood with

talent; and the universal esteem which he enjoyed, with the celebrity which he immediately acquired as a painter, excited the envy of the Roman artists—the gifted Buonarrotti being no exception. A rivalry sprang up between the two great painters, which increased with the fame of Raffaello. “Michael Angelo,” says Lanzi, “disdaining any secondary honours, came to the combat, as it were, attended by his shield-bearer; for he made drawings in his grand



RAFFAELLO AND MICHAEL ANGELO AT THE VATICAN.

the pontiffs, Julius II. and Leo X., availed themselves of every opportunity of fanning the flame of rivalry between the two great masters into enmity.

Raffaello had already acquired considerable celebrity at Florence, when he was summoned to Rome by the first-named pope to decorate the walls and ceilings of the Vatican. Arrived in the Eternal City, his attractive person and engaging manners obtained him the favour of the most illustrious men of the day, whether in rank or

style, and then gave them to F. Sebastiano, the scholar of Giorgione, to execute; and by these means he hoped that Raffaello would never be able to rival his productions either in design or colour. Raffaello stood alone; but aimed at producing works with a degree of perfection beyond the united efforts of Michael Angelo and Sebastiano. He combined in himself a fertile imagination, ideal beauty founded on a correct imitation of the Greek style, grace, ease, simplicity, and a universality of genius in every depart-

ment of the art. The noble determination of triumphing in such a powerful contest animated him night and day, and allowed him no respite. It also excited him to surpass both his rivals and himself in every new work. The subjects, too, chosen for these chambers, aided him, as they were in a great measure new, or required to be treated in a novel manner. They did not profess to represent bacchanalian or vulgar scenes, but the exalted symbols of science; the sacred functions of religion; military actions, which contributed to establish the peace of the world; important events of former days, under which were typified the reigns of the pontiffs Julius and Leo X.; the latter the most powerful protector, and one of the most accomplished judges of art. More favourable circumstances could not have transpired to stimulate a noble mind."

The excellence of Michael Angelo, as a painter, is chiefly in vigour of design; in composition and colouring he was far surpassed by his rival. It occurred to him, as Lanzi has stated, that if he supplied the design, and Sebastian del Piombo executed the picture, Raffaele would be unable to compete with them. In this manner was produced, in fresco, a "Transfiguration," in the chapel of St. Peter in Montorio. Raffaele, being subsequently employed to paint a picture for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., in his accustomed spirit of emulation, chose the same subject. "This is a picture," says Mengs, "which combines more excellences than any of the previous works of Raffaele. The expression in it is more exalted and more refined, the *chiaroscuro* more correct, the perspective better understood, the pencilling finer; and there is a greater variety in the drapery, more grace in the heads, and more grandeur in the style." The heads are considered the most perfect he ever painted, and the colouring is extolled as eminently beautiful.

Sebastian del Piombo, being engaged by the cardinal to paint a companion-picture to that of Raffaele at the same time, chose for his subject the "Raising of Lazarus," the design of which was made for him by Michael Angelo. The two pictures, when finished, were exhibited to the public; Sebastian produced a very fine painting,* which has been very much admired, but the palm of superiority was awarded to the magnificent picture of Raffaele. It was during this period of rivalry that the meeting took place between the rival painters, the memory of which has been preserved by Horace Vernet in the picture from which our engraving is taken. Michael Angelo was passing through a court of the Vatican, when he encountered Raffaele in the midst of a group of his pupils. "You have a suite as numerous as a general," he observed, in a tone which betrayed his envy, as he passed on. "And you," responded his rival, "go about alone, like the hangman." Buonrotti is descending the stairs, carrying before him his portfolio and brushes, a plaster cast and a sword; he looks back, with a glance of hatred and envy, towards his rival, whose handsome features wear an expression of calm disdain. A little apart from the group of students are several peasants, who come to serve them as models; the young woman in the centre, with a brunette complexion, downcast eyes, bare feet, and a naked child in her lap, is evidently a study for the *Madonnas* which the painters of Italy have produced in such numbers.

THE MEETING AT BOULOGNE.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

I CAN recollect nothing, since the great Field of the Cloth of Gold, to resemble the very grand affair we have had at Boulogne. My partiality for that old place as an autumn residence is well known; and as I arrived before such royal and imperial honours were decided on, I obtained lodgings at a reasonable rate. Most of those who came to see the pageant will tell a different story. Where they managed to put all the people, I really cannot say, unless they packed them on shelves. I fancied all England was coming; and what with the visits from friends, the awful cannonading and fighting, and the dust and general noise, I do not know when I shall be myself again. I had taken the trouble to go over with a friend, who is very learned in history, to the site of the old camp at

Boulogne, right away to Honvault and Wimereux, where so many thousands collected to capture old England, which only three days ago I actually saw shining far away with its white cliffs in the distance. I could say something pretty about the rainbow of liberty stretching from these heights to Dover cliffs; but then, as, according to the *Moniteur*, the emperor said nothing of the kind, I may as well drop the metaphor.

We learnt, I assure you with some surprise, that Prince Albert was coming. I will own that I was very incredulous on the point, even until the 2nd. I walked down with my boy towards the port to see the steamer come in. The well-informed said the Guards were on board, who were to be Prince Albert's escort. Well, the steamer came in, but no guards were to be seen. This made me smile. My triumph, however, was short-lived; for in a few minutes another steamer arrived, and on board this were a small party of five Life-guardsmen and two Blues, in charge of twenty fine horses belonging to Prince Albert. There were a great many French soldiers in the crowd; and no sooner were our men on shore, saddling their horses as coolly as in the barrack-yard, than the Gauls rushed up and insisted on drinking with them. You see they knew the way to an Englishman's heart. The women of Boulogne were much struck by the English soldiers, who certainly were very fine fellows. They will be lions for the rest of their days, and will talk to thousands with pride of their visit to Boulogne and the reception they met with there.

On Sunday we were surprised by the arrival of the king of the Belgians, who, however, only stayed a few hours, leaving the same evening. Next day came the king of Portugal and his suite, so that we had nothing but saluting and powder-burning all day. Boulogne never had such a harvest. The emperor drove out wearing the grand cordon of Portugal, while the king wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. It is generally believed that these two royal visits would have been much protracted, but for a question of etiquette. The emperor wished to pay almost exclusive attention to Prince Albert; but the two others being crowned heads, they would necessarily have had precedence over a king-consort, which, under the circumstances, the emperor would not allow.

Tuesday, the 5th of September, was really a glorious day. Overhead shone a bright and cloudless sky, illumined by a sun such as has done so much good to the harvest; the sea was not so placid as the waters of Leman's lake, but still was not rough. A fresh breeze braced the nerves of the masses, and all Boulogne was on foot—visitors and sight-seers to see, tradesmen and others to prepare for the golden harvest. A gay and delighted crowd, with a great preponderance of ladies, collected on the pier between seven and nine—some in straw hats, some with parasols, some with umbrellas, and not a few with telescopes. Meanwhile, in the town, busy preparations were making. Right away from the Hotel Brighton, round the railway station, all along the busy quay to the landing-place, there were flags and gaily-ornamented poles in great profusion—quite a change from the usual fishy and ill-favoured appearance of Boulogne streets.

It was a little after nine when the paddle-boxes of the "Victoria and Albert" came in sight, and the excitement of the masses began to know no bounds. The English were particularly moved from their usual phlegm and equilibrium. They thought their personal honour at stake that the display should go off well. A pilot was seen to go out in the gig of the captain of the fort, and then the squadron became visible to the naked eye. They approached at a very good speed. The French by this time were down in great numbers; hitherto the pier had been almost wholly tenanted by English. When the joint flags of England and France could be distinguished on the "Black Eagle" and "Vivid," and "Victoria and Albert," the cheering was immense. A burst of cannon at the same moment announced that the emperor had started to meet the representative of the royal family of England. He came in a carriage accompanied by the British ambassador, the foreign minister, and the minister of war.

The fine new body of the "Hundred Guards," which formed the escort, excited much attention. Their uniform is rich, especially with helmet and cuirass, though in undress they look too much in the style of Boulogne's guards. They have sky-blue frocks, gold

* The "Raising of Lazarus" was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Orleans; it was purchased by the late Mr. Angerstein for two thousand guineas, and is now in the National Gallery.

lace; red trousers, gold stripe; cocked hat; a waist fit for a girl; and sword. They are truly a pretorian guard, and their personal devotion is secured by their pay being double that of any other troops, while they are better fed, mounted, and cared for. They are the picked men of France. For myself, I prefer the *carabiniers*. The other military corps who turned out were of the very best regiments.

The emperor, as usual, wore a full suit of uniform, of no particular rank, with a profusion of stars and orders, which he has collected during his eventful life. He was surrounded by a staff very much resembling that of the emperor at Austerlitz, only more brilliant, as far as gold and lace could make them so. There was a body of civilians, too—the mayor and corporation of Boulogne, some of them once warm partisans of another Louis, now no more.

His majesty had resolved to be the first at the rendezvous; and so he was. Seven minutes elapsed between his arrival at the landing and the coming up of Prince Albert—seven minutes spent in apparently very lively conversation; for the staff laughed loudly and often. But now up came the royal yacht, and the prince, with the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Seaton by his side, was recognised by the English, than whom no people are more learned in public men. A lusty English cheer, in which my Henry joined, made my head ache. It was taken up by the French, who are becoming great proficient in bawling; and at twenty three minutes past ten the vessel was moored. The emperor and prince had already raised their hats and bowed. The prince now came ashore in a quick, almost anxious, manner, and advancing, raised his hat again; the emperor did the same, and then they shook hands.

Cannon roared, "God save the Queen!" burst from French bands, the vessels in the port were all manned, the crowd grew denser every minute, ladies in splendid dresses poured down in greater numbers than ever, and England and France seemed one. All felt, as I did, doubtless, that the present war was a fine thing for the emperor. To us the alliance is politically of vast importance, but to the Queen personally it is of no moment. To Louis Napoleon it is a kind of legitimisation. It has buried the past in oblivion, and raised the character of the empire.

The same afternoon began the sight-seeing and military parading for Prince Albert. He started for the camp at Honvault about four, escorted by his seven English soldiers, whose appearance excited immense interest—quite a sensation, in fact. The general reception by the French troops was very enthusiastic. There is no denying it, the French are in their element. They are at war; and the army is, to a man, eager for the fray. If the emperor wanted volunteers, I do believe the whole army would turn out. Nothing is thought of but battles and sieges. Louis Napoleon might, just now, lop off even the semblance of a constitution he has given the people, and not any murmurs would arise. I was never so convinced of the military character of the French nation before.

The camp commences at Honvault on the plateau above Boulogne. It is a kind of mud or clay city—a long line of huts, each containing twelve men. They are pretty comfortable. The kitchens are apart, and built of stone. It presents a very curious panorama to the eye, especially when the soldiers are lounging about in easy undress. High mass is performed every Sunday; and, weather permitting, there is dancing the same evening. The English crowd up to see the fun. A *café*, billiard tables, and cards afford amusement to the officers, who also walk of an evening over to the town, when their manoeuvres do not require their getting out before daybreak the next morning.

The view from Honvault is striking. Away for six miles along the coast, by Winereux and Ambleteuse, the white tents of the soldiers can be seen. It is a very remarkable congregation of soldiery, and reminds one of the days when a similar army was collected by another Napoleon, at the same place, for quite another purpose. The change of feeling since 1848 has been immense. From my knowledge of France, I must say that it has all taken place since then. Under Louis-Philippe the feeling was hostile in the extreme.

A great deal has been said about a banquet, a toast proposed by Louis Napoleon, and a speech made. The words have been given in the most authoritative manner; and one writer says: "I am

able to give you some details of the banquet at the Hotel Brighton." Where he got his details from I know not; but the whole is imaginary. No toast was proposed, and no speeches made. It was also said that Louis Napoleon took off his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and handed it to Prince Albert. This could not be, as Prince Albert has had the cordon some years already.

Wednesday was spent in military inspections, and on Thursday our beautiful yacht came in for a share of the honours. It was visited in the afternoon by the emperor, who went over it minutely and took refreshments in the splendid cabin. He much admired our tars, and certainly had a very good specimen before him, for they appeared to be about the best men in our navy for appearance. The yacht was visited by many others after the departure of the royal party.

A ball was announced in a large open place with trees, famous for festivals of the kind, called Tintelleries. It is an oblong space, railed in. The English were invited *en masse*. The illuminations were good, but an unlucky shower of rain kept a great many away. English and French national airs were played at intervals all the evening, and on each occasion excited immense applause. All this is very theatrical, and a great deal of it mere lip enthusiasm, but still there is much genuine feeling at bottom. The tremendous vows of friendship made between strange Englishmen and stray Frenchmen, lasted, even in their memories, only the evening; but the alliance of the two nations will not soon be forgotten.

I know nothing of military affairs, but Henry went on horseback to the great review, or battle, on Friday, and brought back a most enthusiastic report. It was like going to the Derby. Carriages, carts, horses, donkeys, and donkey-carts were all to be seen making for Marquise—celebrated for its legs of mutton—at an early hour. This was the head-quarters of the imperial army. Louis Napoleon commanded here in person. The sanguinary invaders, who were supposed to have landed at Calais, were led by General Schramm. The affair began on Friday morning. Henry says: "Having bivouacked at Marquise, the enemy showed themselves at early dawn. The emperor's right wing extended to Hoodient; his left to Lequent. At half-past seven the armies were *en presence*, and the roar of artillery commenced on both sides. I now began to understand what a battle was. A battery of heavy field-guns opened on Schramm. The Imperialists made a charge, supported by the whole right wing. A terrible engagement, as far as noise, dust, and confusion, made it so, now ensued, which ended in the retreat of Schramm—*comme de juste*."

"Schramm, however, tried it again. At Ingelvent he endeavoured to make up for the misfortune of the morning. A cannonading, beating everything I could have imagined, now ensued. At this moment I saw the emperor and the prince. They were gazing at the scene. The emperor's steed pawed the ground like an old war-horse, and was evidently warmed and delighted. I must say, the emperor himself joined with boyish fervour in the scene, just like his uncle in the battle of Brienne. Prince Albert, too, was quite enlivened by the novel spectacle, while I never saw any set of men more excited than our guardsmen. They were all in their element, which, when we add, that one had been in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, will be understood.

"Some fine cavalry charges here took place, which appeared to decide the battle, for Schramm again retreated, and retired to Caesar's camp at Wisnart."

There was to have been a great deal more of all this, but in my opinion there was quite enough. The military display lasted many days longer, but Prince Albert left the same evening. The sea was now, indeed, as calm as an inland water, with a silvery moon, making night beautiful. The crowd was immense, and cheered the prince lustily. The emperor escorted him to the quay, and saw him on board, when the yacht weighed anchor and departed, sending up a magnificent display of rockets.

The military manoeuvres were to end with the capture of the city of Boulogne, but this idea was abandoned for the present. The army was to have marched up from St. Omer and besieged and captured the city. An inspection of the army took place on the 14th. The force may be imagined when I mention that thirty-two squadrons of cavalry defiled. It was the finest military spectacle I ever beheld in my life.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

In former volumes* we gave numerous illustrations of Irish scenery, chiefly from the pencil, no less accurate than fanciful, of Mr. James Mahony, of Cork, a fellow-townsmen and schoolfellow of Maclise, and one whose native genius, like that of the great painter just named, has been disciplined and matured by study of the best continental masters, in Italy and elsewhere. The appearance of those sketches in our pages was the means, we believe, of attracting to the sister country a considerable number of visitors who might not otherwise have gone thither; and we are happy to think that the majority found the reality of the scenes more attractive than our description, or even Mr. Mahony's delineation, had led them to suppose. During the present year he has opened up a vast extent of new ground, richer, if possible, than what he had before depicted; and with his aid we purpose taking a rapid and cursory view of the more recent beauties he discloses. We shall begin with that delightful region of the south lying between Cork and Killarney; or rather that first and briefer portion of the route which the new line of railway between Cork and Bandon has

valley, through which winds the Currabeg road, thus avoiding much of the bleak and uninteresting track of the old mail-coach road in the western environs of the city, and reaches the Waterfall Station, six miles from Cork. From this point a magnificent view of the "beautiful city" and suburbs of Cork is obtained, and the distant mountains of Dunmanway, Kerry, and Kilworth are seen to great advantage. About a mile further on we reach the antiquated ruin of Mounse Abbey, adjoining which is to be seen the ruins of a Danish fort; here the highest point of the railway is reached, and we descend through a tunnel half a mile in length, arriving at the Ballinhassig Station, ten miles from Cork. From this point omnibuses in connexion with the company ply to and from the town of Kinsale, nine miles distant. Winding along the deep valley of the Owenbeg we arrive at the Upton Station, fifteen miles from Cork. Emerging from the deep cutting at Rockfort, where a vein of silver ore was discovered during the progress of the works, we now approach the most beautiful scenic attractions along the railway, namely, the Brinny and Bandon Valleys, at which



CORN EXCHANGE, CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY TERMINUS, AND RIVER EXCURSION BOAT. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

rendered accessible to travellers, instead of the old route either through Mallow, or by way of Dunmanway, Bantry, and Glengariff. Our opening sketch speaks for itself, and represents a party proceeding down the beautiful river Lee—a subject we introduce here for the purpose of acquainting the intending tourist that he may vary his trip in the district alluded to by a water excursion, which, for the brief time it takes and the small sum it costs, is probably without compare in the United Kingdom, as it presents the opportunity not only of becoming acquainted with one of the most lovely rivers in the world, but also of visiting the most attractive points of interest within Cork harbour, viz., Passage, Monkstown, Haulbowline Island, and Queenstown. The sketch represents one of these excursion parties embarking on board the steamer on arrival of the train at Cork.

Soon after leaving the Cork terminus, the train passes over the Chetwynd Viaduct, nobly raised on arches of 100 feet high, and 120 feet wide, spanning the deep glen that widens into the broad

point the rivers bearing those respective names unite, close to the picturesque ruins of Dundaniel Castle. Here, indeed, the lover of the picturesque may enjoy a delightful ramble through this rugged, yet luxuriantly-planted glen, which forms part of the extensive property of the Duke of Devonshire, about one mile distant from the pretty little town of Innoshannon. Diverging from the Brinny Valley, the train enters the Bandon Valley through a tunnel 170 yards in length, and crosses the river of the same name, over a handsome bridge, constructed of timber and iron, to the Innoshannon Station, eighteen miles from Cork, and two from Bandon. The scenery from this station to Bandon is indeed charming; the railway runs parallel with the river, which is sinuous in its course, the hills on each side of the vale being high and steep, and planted to their summit with varied and stately timber, while the numerous villas and gardens with which the whole is interspersed add to the beauty of the picture. Having passed through this "happy valley," we arrive at the terminus, twenty miles distant from Cork, at the "pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood," as Spencer called it, one of the largest, best built, and most respectably inhabited

* Vol. i. pp. 226, 284, 327 and 356; vol. ii. pp. 12, 67, and 152

district towns in the country. The river before alluded to flows through it, and is spanned by a bridge. It was represented for a short time, previously to the passing of the Reform Bill, by Lord John Russell. The western environs are singularly beautiful, and

open to the public (Sundays excepted), and great numbers of the Cork residents avail themselves of this permission, owing to the facility afforded by the opening of the railway.

The town of Bandon possesses several large breweries and distil-



THE CHETWYND VIADUCT, ON THE CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



MEETING OF THE WATERS, DUNDANIEL CASTLE, A SKETCH IN THE BRINNY VALLEY ON THE BANDON RIVER. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

hat immediate vicinity derives no small portion of its attractions from the demesne of Castle Bernard, the princely seat of the Earl of Bandon, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and father of Viscount Bernard, member of Parliament for the borough. The conservatories, gardens, and the demesne grounds are most kindly thrown

open to the public (Sundays excepted), and great numbers of the Cork residents avail themselves of this permission, owing to the facility afforded by the opening of the railway. The town of Bandon possesses several large breweries and distil-

roduction of the growth of flax into the south of Ireland, and there is little doubt that ere long the produce of this important article in the South will compete in honourable rivalry with the sister North, the trial crops having yielded very handsome profits.

An Act of Parliament has been obtained for extending the railway from Bandon to Bantry, with branches to Clonakilty and Skibbereen, which will materially facilitate the tourist in his movements, and open up an extent of valuable country, the mineral, fishing, and agricultural resources of which it is impossible to estimate; while at the same time little doubt exists of the line being eventually extended to the important harbour of Crookhaven, the nearest south-westerly point to the American continent, and where every probability exists of a transatlantic packet station and a depot for embarking and disembarking passengers, mails, etc. between the Old and New Worlds, in addition to the telegraph communication, being permanently established. Of this we shall give a sketch and some particulars on a future occasion.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

In the old cathedral city of Norwich—famed at Christmas for its splendid turkeys and tempting sausages in those days of glorious extravagance when George III. was king, threading his way along the intricate streets with which it abounds, might be seen a figure whose oddity of appearance would at once attract the eye. Possibly a few roguish school-boys, with the want of true insight into character incident to that age, might be seen following in his wake. From them the stranger might learn that the individual before him was known by the *soubriquet* of Old Horn-Button Jack. With a countenance much resembling the portraits of Erasmus, with gray hair hanging about his shoulders, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and his hands behind him, as if in deep meditation, he would be sure to excite the attention of the observer; especially when we add that this little bandy-legged individual arrayed his outer man in a short green jacket, a broad hat, large shoes, and short worsted stockings; and well might the observer stare, for in John Fransham he saw no ordinary man.

Norwich has the honour of his birth, which important event took place about the year 1740. At an early age he exhibited marks of genius, and appears to have been destined for the church. Unfortunately the want of funds compelled him to relinquish that idea and betake himself to a far different occupation. At Wyndham he was apprenticed to a cooper; three weeks, however, of this drudgery sickened him of trade. He was, consequently, compelled to do something for a livelihood. Amongst other things he wrote sermons and offered them to clergymen, some of whom, struck with the singularity of the application, with the peculiarity of his appearance, and his extent of knowledge, offered him what he conceived to be the worth of his productions—more than that he would never take.

But our hero found it difficult to procure a living by his pen, and his father having urged him to betake himself to some regular employment, stating that he could not continue to find him clothing, and gently hinting that the shoemaker's bill was more than the parental exchequer could meet, Fransham found himself in a bit of a dilemma. Could he whose soul had been attuned to celestial philosophy descend from his mount of inspiration and spend his life and powers in the dull routine of mechanic trade? Most certainly not. At the same time, honest John was compelled to admit that a want of money, in this depraved world of ours, is a most serious ill. It was evident that, to live and yet gratify his literary taste, he must live more simply than he had yet done. Fransham accordingly recollected that shoes were not absolutely necessary to his existence, much less to his literary progress. After reflection, therefore, he resolved to discard from his dress both shoes and stockings. This resolution, to which he adhered for three years, was, however, productive of some inconveniences. With some other eccentricities he betrayed, it induced his father to suspect that his intellect was affected. That a young man should walk about the streets without stockings, was a phenomenon which could not be accounted for by his parent and neighbours on any other supposition. They could not place themselves in his situation. They could not imagine it possible that, merely to gratify an

ardent thirst for knowledge, a youth would devote so widely to the established attire. To walk without shoes and stockings—though the constant custom on the other side the Irish Channel was considered insanity, and his father obtained medical advice on so delicate a subject. The doctor's advice was that he should live low and not be contradicted, to neither of which conditions did Fransham junior make any very strong opposition.

Some time after this he became clerk in an attorney's office; but law did not consort well with the pursuit of knowledge, and he gave it up. After this he put himself under the instruction of a weaver named Wright, with whom he remained two years. His instructor was a man after his own heart. Wright, Fransham used to say, was one who "could discourse well on the nature and fitness of things. He possessed a finely philosophical spirit, and a soul well purified from vulgar errors." Fransham placed his loom not only in the same room, but also in such a position that while at work they faced each other, by which means they could talk together, and thus weave a mingled yarn of philosophy and wool. The death of Wright again unsettled Fransham, and he started for Scotland, with a view to study at one or other of the universities there. He embarked for North Shields, with the intention of walking the rest of the way. Meeting, however, at Newcastle, with a regiment known as the Old Buffs, he enlisted for a soldier; but was soon discharged the service, as being too bandy-legged. Finding his pecuniary resources too much diminished to accomplish his proposed object, he walked back to Norwich, which place he at length reached, with only three half-pence and a plaid which he had bought on the way. Upon his return, he contrived to live as a tutor and writer for attorneys and authors. He then formed an intimacy with a veterinary surgeon. Fransham rode home the horses after they were shod; and, whilst the iron was heating, he and his friends used to be employed in Latin exercises and mathematical problems, worked upon a slate hung against the forge. His hatred of all cruelty to animals soon, however, excited the animosity of his companions, who took their revenge by throwing the hot horse-shoes about the shop, by which Fransham's naked feet were several times severely burnt.

About 1771 he lost a kind friend in a Mr. Clute, whose instructor he had been. This rendered his scanty income more scanty still. Finding that it was not equal to his expenditure, and reflecting that it might be less, Fransham resolved, by way of being prepared for the worst, to try with how little he could live. He therefore purchased daily a farthing's-worth of potatoes, and likewise having laid out the same amount in salt—which was then a far more costly luxury than now—he reserved one potato every day from those he purchased, as a compensation for the salt he ent with the remainder; nor would he buy any more salt till he had saved his farthing's-worth of potatoes. He thus contrived to exist for a farthing a day. That he might also be prepared for the most abject poverty, he resolved to try the effect of sleeping in the open air. A severe cold, caught in consequence, effectually prevented his repeating the experiment again. His amusements were singular; one of them was playing with cup and ball, a toy called the bilbo catch, which he learnt to use with such dexterity as to be able to catch the ball upon the small or spiked end two hundred times. As he never could get beyond this number, he was infinitely distressed. "What cause," he would ask, "can be assigned for my not being able to succeed beyond this number of times? It seems, from the almost infinite efforts which I have made, and made in vain, that this number constitutes a fixed and determinate limit, since I never can exceed it. Is there anything in the formation of my muscles which prevents the possibility of my holding the toy sufficiently steady to succeed after a certain number of times? Is there anything in the constitution of my mind that prevents me from continuing the requisite fixed attention to the subject?" These were questions, alas! to which poor honest Fransham never could get a satisfactory reply.

We have called him honest, for such most undoubtedly he was, as the following anecdote will prove. He had purchased at a book-stall of some poor old woman, a small edition of one of the classics for two shillings. On showing this book to a literary friend, he was informed that, from its scarcity, it was fairly worth seven shillings. "Do you think so?" said Fransham. "I am certainly



CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THIS church, which stands in the western part of the town of Troyes, in the department of the Aube, was consecrated to St. Pantaléon, in honour of Pope Urban IV., who was the son of a poor shoemaker in this town, named Jacques Pantaléon. St. Pantaléon, we may remark, suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia, in the reign of the emperor Galerius, about the year 305. The church dedicated to him is an edifice of small dimensions, constructed in the Renaissance style, on the ground occupied in more ancient times by an oratory. A Latin inscription, fitted into one of the pillars, records that it was erected in 1537. The front gateway, however, is of no more ancient date than the middle of the eighteenth century.

St. Pantaléon's is a succursal church—what in England we call a chapel of ease. The walls of the nave and the chapels are ornamented with a great number of sculptures and paintings. The twelve pillars which sustain the arches are ornamented with statues of the saints, twenty-one in number, under richly-carved canopies. The countenances of all the figures have an expression of pleasing *naïveté*. The cause of there being an odd number of these statues, while that of the pillars, in front of which they are placed in two rows, is even, is, that the place of one of them is filled by the pulpit, as will be seen by the engraving. The execution of these statues is generally attributed to an artist named François Gentil, who also sculptured the group of St. Joachim and St. Anne, which is seen in the chapel on the right of the altar. The first chapel on the right of the nave, called Calvary, contains several groups in the same style, among which may be distinguished: a figure of the Virgin, called the Mother of Pity, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gentil; Pilate showing Christ to the Jews, and the Virgin supported by the Magdalen and St. John, sometimes described as the "Three Mariæ." The altar-screen of the chapel is decorated with a group of figures, three feet high, representing St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, occupied the former in cutting a piece of leather, the latter in sewing the sole of a shoe, while two soldiers are about to seize them. Calm resignation is admirably expressed in the countenances of the two saints, and forms a striking contrast to the fierce joy depicted in those of the barbarous soldiers. The costumes are those of the reign of Henry II., an anachronism very frequently committed by the artists of the middle ages. The arcades of the nave and the choir are adorned with six pictures by Carré, the pupil of Le Brun, representing the principal events in the life of St. Pantaléon; and two by Herluison, which represent the Nativity and the Entombment of Christ.

All the churches of Troyes have painted windows. Those of St. Pantaléon are painted in black and white only, but in a good style of decoration: the subjects of these compositions are taken from the lives of the prophet Daniel and Jesus Christ. They were executed in the sixteenth century by Macé and Luteran. The columns of the screen before the principal altar are also worthy of notice.

The other religious edifices of Troyes are: the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter; the parish churches of St. John and the Magdalen; and four succursal churches—those of St. Nicholas, St. Renny, St. Urban, and St. Nisier. The cathedral is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but the exterior is much less handsome than the interior, the pavement of the choir and the beautifully painted windows being generally admired. The same remark will apply to the other churches of Troyes; that of St. John has a shrine finely sculptured by Girardon, and a good painting of the "Baptism of Christ," by Mignard; and in the church of St. Renny is a bronze figure of Christ by Girardon, which is considered one of that artist's finest works.

A VISIT TO HASLAR HOSPITAL, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

We paid a visit the other day to Haslar Hospital. This fine building, which is situated upon the Gosport side of Portsmouth Harbour, near Blockhouse Fort, was first projected in the year 1742, and was sixteen years in completing. It is devoted to the reception of invalid and wounded seamen and marines, and the officers of each service, with a separate space set apart for lunatic patients. The building stands four stories high, and consists of a main body 576 feet long, and two wings 533 feet each. It contains

114 roomy wards, each capable of accommodating twenty patients; and we were informed that, in the time of war, there have been as many as 1,700 patients at one time in the hospital. Enclosed within the walls of the establishment is an airing-ground for convalescent patients, measuring thirty-three acres, pleasantly laid out with walks, grass-plots, flower-beds, etc., and a small chapel, in which divine service is performed by a clergyman, who resides in the hospital.

By the courtesy of a gentleman connected with the establishment we were conducted over some of the lunatic wards. A painful sight—but, withal, interesting and instructive. It was a sight, too, not unaccompanied with a sort of melancholy pleasure, to witness how much care and kindness had done to recompense these poor creatures for their heavy loss—the heaviest, perhaps, of all—the loss of reason. All seemed happy. Groups of old weather-beaten sailors were everywhere to be seen recounting past scenes of perils on the deep, which in all probability had never been encountered, save in the visions of "the heat-oppressed brain" of the narrator. Here was a man who had formerly been a "boat-swain." He was still indulged by being allowed to carry his official whistle, and shrilly did he "pipe all hands a-hoy!" doubtless imagining himself still upon the deck, far out at sea.

One man approached us, in whose calm, pensive face, browned though it was with tropical sunshine, there seemed something so peaceful that we could not think him mad. Laying his hand upon our arm, he looked eagerly into our face, and said in a hurried whisper: "You have seen her?" We knew not what to answer him; but the friend who accompanied us came to the rescue. "Yes," he replied, "we saw her yesterday." "Well," exclaimed the lunatic, his eyes fairly flaming with excitement, "has she not written?" Our friend shook his head. "No, no; she dare not write—she knows they stop all her letters," was the rejoinder, in a sad desponding tone. Then hastily looking up again, and darting his eyes around (we can find no other word to express the lightning-like rapidity of the motion), the poor fellow lowered his voice to a scarcely audible whisper. "But she will come to me?" "Yes." Another change from anxiety to ecstasy. "Yes; she will—I knew it! When?" "To-morrow," said our friend. "To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!" he cried, with increased vehemence at every repetition of the word, until at last he fairly screamed "to-morrow!" and ran exultingly away. When he had gone, our friend informed us, that he fancied some great lady was in love with him, and every one he saw, he thought a messenger from her. And so for years had he been alternating between despair and happiness, when he thought first of her letters being stopped—and then, that she would come—and every day he felt she would come—"to-morrow." Poor fellow! the falsehoods of our friend were blissful truths to him. He knew that "she" was coming, and was happy. How cruel would the cold, stern truth have been, which told him "she" had no existence, and could never come. Truly, in cases such as this, there is a falsehood better far than truth. We went on through another of the wards, where we found a man sitting at a table, drawing pictures of ships—or, rather, of a ship—for every one he drew—and they were many—was the exact counterpart of every other. Whatever the size of the picture, there was exactly the same deep blue waves, with exactly the same quantity of white foam upon each, washing exactly the same pea-green coast, upon exactly the same spot on which stood exactly the same vermilion-coloured cottage. While, in the ship itself, every line of the complicated rigging was identically the same in every picture. And all these lines (so strongly was his one ship impressed upon the artist's brain) were perfectly correct. Not a rope in the whole ship was wrongly placed, nor was there one omitted; but all were carried out to such minute detail, that were it required to give a diagram illustrative of the uses of the various ropes on board a ship, perhaps no better one could possibly be had than this poor madman's drawing. At the same time, all the rest of the picture was as unlike anything on earth as it is possible to conceive. The bright-red cottage stood at an angle of

about forty-five degrees out from the pea-green shore, while this shore in its turn stood up perpendicular to the horizon, and the waves which washed the beach were rushing tumultuously up an amazingly steep hill. These drawings the artist sold to any visitors that happened to notice him; and there were few who passed him without laying out sixpence or a shilling in his strange productions. But what struck us most was that he had, in his odd wandering ideas, conceived the notion of *printing*! Whether he had ever seen the art practised, or whether it was a passing thought, which, flitting with other madman's fancies through his brain, had been arrested there by his one darling thought of painting ships, we know not. We are inclined to think, by the way in which he spoke of it, that the latter was the case; and that, in the retirement of Haslar Hospital, this poor old lunatic had (as far as any previous knowledge of his own was concerned) absolutely invented printing! We had stopped to watch him painting, and had purchased one of his very largest productions for the sum of one-and-sixpence. He had fixed prices for his pictures, and he seemed to estimate their value entirely by the number of square inches contained in them—much in the same way, by-the-by, as exhibitors of certain panoramas advertise them as covering so many thousand square yards of canvas. While we were standing watching him, he suddenly looked up from his work, exclaiming, "Do you live *outside*?" We did not understand the question, and he saw it; so he explained: "I mean," he said, "they don't keep you in here—do they?" We assured him they did not. "Then," said he, "I will tell you how you can make a deal of money. I would do it myself if I were *outside*, but I can't in here. Look now," he continued, taking in each hand a copy of the ship, the coast, and the cottage. I get sixpence for this size, and a shilling for this. It takes me a long while to do them. But if I were *outside*, I could make a stamp the same as the picture, and then put the paint on the stamp, and squeeze it on the paper so." And he pressed down an imaginary stamp upon the paper lying before him, with all his force. "I could do them very quick then, sir—couldn't I? Now, if I was *outside* like you, sir, I would do it." We thanked the poor fellow for the hint, and promised we would make a stamp at once and set about it; and then walked on, leaving the inventor of this great art still compelled to resort to the old process of hand-labour, simply because he was not *outside*.

We left the lunatic wards, after engaging in conversation with several other patients—some of whom assured us they were kings and princes; others were sorry to say they had no grog to offer us; and no end of them sent messages by us to be delivered in towns and villages of which we had never even heard the names. Promising everything, acquiescing in everything, and purchasing everything—for there were other producers besides our friend with the ships; one man spending his whole time in making stuffed balls, another in making black dolls (!), which were made and dressed in a style that would be the envy of any nursery in England—passing amongst all the varied songs, whistles, orations, dances, and other sounds and sights around us, the doors of the lunatic wards at last closed behind us.

We then proceeded to the Museum. This is a well-arranged and tolerably extensive collection of skeletons of human beings, manumalia, birds, fishes, reptiles, serpents, and other species; stuffed and preserved fishes; some stuffed animals, and a very good collection of birds; some strange-looking weapons—axes, knives, etc.—from various savage tribes; a Chinese shield, made of wicker-work—a curious material to ward off a blow, but bearing upon it a painting of a hideous face, to frighten the foe away; a few fossils; Captain Cook's speaking-trumpet, and some other relics; and various articles which our space will not allow us to print out. Altogether the Museum is an interesting collection; it has been formed principally by donations from naval officers and others, who "go down unto the sea in ships," and bring from foreign climes their varied curiosities.

However, it is time we left Haslar, and proceeded back to the town of Portsmouth. To do this, we go to Gosport, which is close by, and then cross the harbour by means of a mode of conveyance which is, we doubt not, new to many of our readers. This is the Floating Bridge. Though called a bridge, it might with equal, if not greater propriety, be called a steam-boat, for

though without either paddles or screw to work it, it is still a floating vessel, and propelled by steam. It consists of a large vessel made of wrought iron, about one hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth. It plies between Portsmouth and Gosport four times in the hour, and is capable, if necessary, of accommodating from twenty to thirty carriages, and about five hundred passengers at each journey. The manner in which it works is somewhat singular. Two very large chains are stretched right across the harbour from one beach to the other, the chains sinking to the bottom when not in use, so as not to interfere with the passage of vessels over them. Within the body of the Floating Bridge are two steam-engines of sixteen-horse power each; these engines give motion to two large wheels, the circumferences of which are grooved so, as to receive the large chains of which we have spoken. These chains passing over the wheels, it follows that, as the wheels revolve (the ends of the chains being fixed), the bridge itself must be drawn towards this fixed point, in the same manner as a man standing in a boat and pulling a rope, the other end of which is fixed to the shore, causes his boat to approach the shore. The chain is thus lifted out of the water as the bridge goes on, and after passing over the wheel, is allowed to sink again behind the bridge.

Arrived at Portsmouth, we disembark at "The Point," close by the Quebec Hotel—an excellent house, by the way, for the visitor to Portsmouth to take up his abode in—and then proceeding up through the town, we turn up on to Southsea Common for half-an-hour's walk before dinner. Southsea Common is a large, a very large open tract of land, one side of it being washed by the sea, the other bounded by handsome terraces and buildings forming the town of Southsea, the fashionable suburb of Portsmouth. The bathing at Southsea is said to be equal, if not superior, to any in England. A handsome carriage-drive and promenade, close by the water's edge, along the whole length of the common, and affording a beautiful view of Spithead and the opposite shores of the Isle of Wight, has recently been constructed by public subscription, aided by a grant from the Treasury of £387 10s. It is called the Clarence Esplanade; it consists of a fine carriage-road forty feet wide, and a foot-path of twelve feet, and is upwards of a mile in length.

At the end of the Esplanade nearest to the town have been erected two statues. Inscriptions affixed to these inform us that they are placed there "in honour of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, K.B., hero of the Nile and Trafalgar," and "in honour of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G., statesman, hero, conqueror." In honour! Heaven save the mark! What is the fatal destiny which hangs over every British hero? How is it that so few escape having their effigies stuck up in such form, that once a year at least, upon the 5th of November, any little boy in the kingdom would be completely justified in seizing them, and burning them for "Guys?" Poor Nelson! his celebrated exclamation, "England expects every man to do his duty," strikes reproachfully upon the heart when we behold his sculptured caricature. So long has England been "expecting," and yet no man has as yet done his duty by removing this. However, Wellington, poor man! is, perhaps, even worse. His statue baffles description, as does Nelson's also. Suffice it to say, the "statesman, hero, conqueror" has legs whose gigantic proportions, compared with the rest of his body, might well be supposed to typify the firm stand he always took against the enemies of his country; though why these tremendous limbs should be encased in Jack-in-the-water boots, which by no means fit him, or why he should be made to stand there all day upon some cannon-balls, which must be a very uncomfortable, not to say unsafe footing, we cannot discover. As to Nelson, he leans upon an anchor of most uselessly-diminutive size, especially when compared with the immense coil of cable to which it is attached. The intention of this strange want of proportion, we must say, puzzled us likewise; the only thing we can think of is, that the artist, conscious of the beauties of his work, was anxious to give the statue "rope enough," in hopes that the old proverb would be carried out. However, there he still stands, in an attitude which strongly suggests the idea of the hero of the Nile being about to do a little juggling with a telescope which he is balancing in his hand. These two statues, we are informed by the inscriptions, were pre-

sented to the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Portsmouth by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, in 1850.

From Southsea Common the fleet at Spithead forms a very pretty object in the landscape. A new regulation has recently been introduced with regard to ships coming into port. Formerly the ships were "paid off," and the crews sent ashore, their pockets full of money and their heads full of anticipated "sprees" on shore; and then, after having squandered all their wages and ruined their health by a continued course of debauchery, they were left helpless, friendless, to seek another ship or starve. Now, however, instead of being paid off and discharged, a fortnight's leave is given them to go ashore, and six months' wages kept back, both as a security for their returning to the ship, and as a fund for them to fall back upon when all the rest is gone. Some of the sailors like this alteration; but we fear the majority—reckless fellows as they nearly all are—have a very different idea. One man we spoke to seemed to think it a great hardship to be compelled to go back to the same ship again. He said: "You see, sir, after a three years' cruise or so with the same shipmates, we know too much of one another." A true sailor's longing for change! Another improvement—a far greater one, perhaps, than this—is the establishment of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, where they can live while on shore at a most reasonable rate, and have all their money and clothes taken care of for them, instead of their being driven to the frightful dens of infamy where so many of them, until now, passed all their time as long as a single shilling remained in their possession. This Home was established a few years back by charitable donations, and has been found to work admirably.

But to return to Southsea Common. One of the most general sights to be seen here is the exercising of the different regiments stationed in the town, who go through the various military manoeuvres on the common, accompanied by their full bands, some of which play very beautifully. Another sight, of a very different kind, but one not without its interest to the thinking mind, is also frequently to be seen here. We allude to the gangs of convicts who are employed in improving, levelling, and draining the common. We never see these wretched outcasts of society, led out in gangs like horses or oxen, no longer free agents, but taken to work whether they will or not—labouring, not to obtain a future good, but to extenuate a by-gone wrong committed;—we say we never see a gang of convicts, without an irresistible desire springing up within us to try to fathom the mind that lies below the fixed, sullen look that every face wears—to think what each man's feelings are. One pair of eyes meets ours, and is instantly cast down; we think we see almost a blush rise to the convict's face. He is a young man, and we feel that man may yet perhaps be reclaimed. He passes, and a second comes, whose fierce frowning

brow speaks plainly of defiance: 'every man's hand is against him—his hand shall be against every man. He hates society; for he has wronged it; and society has punished him. Another we fancy, a mere animal; he does not care. He gets his food and lodging—he got no more by stealing: what matters where he is? He doesn't care for people staring; let 'em stare—they don't hurt him. These, and a score more varieties, we are sure we have detected. But enough. Portsmouth is a great receptacle for convicts, several hulks being situated in the harbour. These, however, are now nearly empty, a new convict prison having recently been erected in the town, capable of containing a thousand convicts. To this prison convicts are now sent, instead of to the hulks. A large number of them are employed in the Dock-yard, the Gun-wharf, and other public places, attended, wherever they go, by sentinels with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, thus rendering escape impossible.

But we will leave the convicts to their labour, and pay a visit to one of the establishments we have just mentioned—the Gun-wharf. The Dock-yard would require an article to itself. The Gun-wharf, as its name implies, is a vast storehouse for artillery. From this place the guns are shipped off to all the vessels as they require them; and here, when ships are laid up in ordinary, their guns are brought and stored away until again required. Wherever the visitor turns his head, long rows of cannon, of all conceivable shapes and sizes, are arranged side by side, presenting a singular appearance as they gradually diminish in perspective. Immense pyramids of cannon-balls, shells, etc., piled upon each other, are to be seen ranged around, some of the piles containing upwards of 20,000 balls. The shots used in the naval service, to be seen at this establishment, are of all sizes, varying from 3lb., which is the smallest, to 96lb., the largest. Then there are Turkish cannon-balls (taken in battle), made of solid granite; Chinese shot of different kinds; French, Spanish, and Portuguese cannon; and various descriptions of guns and shot from other countries. But, perhaps, the most interesting object (not a pleasing one, for the whole atmosphere of the place seems redolent of slaughter) is the Small Armoury. Here are shown all the varied instruments employed by civilised humanity to knock each other's brains out, cut each other's throats, or blow each other into atoms by means of "villanous saltpetre." It is a distressing thought how much ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of instruments of destruction. Well, well, standing here, surrounded on every side by muskets, swords, and bayonets, it is not for us just now to moralise on war. An evil we know it to be—a hideous, unmitigated evil: whether a necessary one or not—that is the question. We will leave it unanswered for the present, and only say that, if it ever should come near our shores, here is ample preparation for it.

MOZART.

This eminent composer, one of the greatest musical geniuses of the last century, was born at Salzburg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756. His father was sub-director of the chapel of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who in those days was also a temporal prince of the empire. In the intervals of leisure afforded him by the duties of his office, he gave lessons on the violin, and taught the rules of musical composition to a select number of pupils. He was also the author of a work on the violin, which was held in much esteem in his day, and may still be referred to with advantage by students of the divine art. The musical taste and talent of the father were transmitted to the son, who, before he had attained his third year, evinced his aptitude for music by the delight which he took in the lessons on the harpsichord, which his sister, four years his senior, received from their father. His great pleasure was to find thirds on this instrument; and, when he succeeded, he expressed his joy in the most exuberant glee.

The sensitiveness which is the almost invariable accompaniment of genius, and which was very acute in the case of Mozart, was manifested at a very early age. "Do you love me?" was a question he frequently put to those about him, as soon as he began to talk; and, when ironically answered in the negative, tears filled

his eyes immediately. The ardour with which he applied himself to the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, and the interest which he took in his studies, were extraordinary for his age. "While learning the elements of arithmetic," says one of his biographers, "the tables, the chairs, even the walls, bore in chalk the marks of his calculations. And it may not be irrelevant to state, what we believe has never yet appeared in print, that his talent for the science of numbers was only inferior to that for music: had he not been distinguished by genius of a higher order, it is probable that his calculating powers would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice."

The powers of application and memory were possessed by the child in a remarkable degree. The easy minuets and single lessons which his father taught him at four years old, more to amuse him than with belief in his ability to master them, were each learnt in about half an hour. Soon after he had attained his sixth year, he astonished his father by composing a concerto for the harpsichord, methodically and correctly written; this was shown to several professors of the art, who pronounced the most favourable opinions, their only objection being that it contained too many difficult passages. He afterwards composed some short

pieces of music, which his father noted down; and it is to be regretted that none of these early productions have been preserved. The encomiums which these compositions elicited determined the elder Mozart to cultivate the musical talent of his son, and also to introduce him as a prodigy at the courts of the German princes. He first took him to Munich, and the favourable reception he met with there from the elector of Bavaria encouraged him to proceed from thence to Vienna, where the wonderful child performed before

to describe the progressive improvements of his son during the first stages of infancy. However, at eight years of age, I was frequently convinced of his great knowledge in composition by his writings; and that his invention, taste, modulation, and execution, in extemporary playing, were such as few professors are possessed of at forty years of age."

On taking their leave of the British public, the family returned to the continent; and while staying shortly afterwards at the Hague, six more sonatas were published. From the court of the Stadt-



BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.

the emperor Francis I., who was as much delighted with his vivacity as amazed by his proficiency in music.

In the year 1763, the family made an extensive European tour, and passed several months in Paris, where the child-musician performed on the organ in the chapel-royal, before the king of France and all the court, and gave several public concerts, which were well attended. From Paris the Mozarts proceeded, in the following year, to London, where they remained until the summer of 1765. Here also he exhibited his talent before the royal family, "and

holder the party proceeded to Paris, where the patronage young Mozart's talents received, induced them to make a long stay. In 1768 they returned to Salzburg, where Mozart, by desire of the emperor Joseph II., composed his first entire opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was highly commended by Metastasio, and also by Hasse, who was then in the zenith of his reputation. It was never publicly performed, however, and is now unknown; the modern standard of criticism cannot, therefore, be applied to it, but, in all probability, whatever merit it possessed was only of a relative

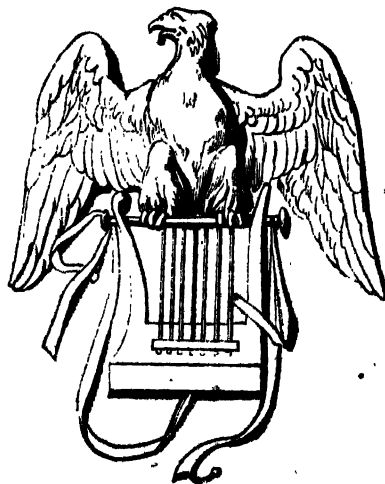


BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.

underwent," says the biographer quoted before, "more severe trials than any to which he had been before exposed, through which he passed in a most triumphant manner." During this residence in the British metropolis, he composed and published six sonatas, which he received permission to dedicate to Queen Charlotte. "Of Mozart's infant attempts at music," says Dr. Burney, "I was enabled to discover the traces from the conversation of his father, who, though an intelligent man, whose education and knowledge of the world did not seem confined to music, confessed himself unable

character. He was only thirteen years of age at the time, and nearly twelve years elapsed before he produced an opera which has survived his period.

In the following year the Archbishop of Salzburg appointed him director of his concerts; but shortly afterwards he accompanied his father to Italy, where he added largely to the laurels he had already won. The pope was so much pleased with him that he conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur; and while in Rome he gave a remarkable proof of his large concentrativeness and powers of



by noting down the whole of the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, after hearing it performed in the pontifical chapel. At Bologna he was introduced to the celebrated Martini, who expressed the warmest admiration of his talents; and he was elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica. His second opera, "Mitridate,"

1773. In 1775 he composed the cantata, "Il Re Pastore" for the archduke Maximilian of Austria, and in the course of the four succeeding years he produced several other works, none of which, however, though highly admired at the time, obtained the celebrity so deservedly acquired by his subsequent productions.



BRONZE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.—BY SCHWANTHALEN.

was written at Milan in 1770, and performed twenty nights consecutively in the opera-house of that city. "Lucio Silla," produced three years later, had twenty successive representations; but neither of these operas has been reproduced in more recent times. Two seasons for the chapel of the elector of Bavaria, an opera buffa, "La Finta Giardiniera," and some other works, were also produced in

In 1779 Mozart rested from his wanderings, and settled in Vienna. He had now attained his twenty-fourth year, and contrary to what has been usually observed of juvenile prodigies, his genius shone the brighter as it became more mature. The society of Vienna was very agreeable to him, and he had not resided there long when he became attached to Mademoiselle Constance Weber, a young actress of talents

and celebrity, who combined personal attractions of the highest order with the most enchanting amiability of disposition. Finding his attentions received in a manner flattering to his hopes, he made her a proposal of marriage, which was courteously declined by the young lady's parents, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Animated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the fascinating actress, Mozart directed all his powers to the production of a work which should surpass all his former efforts. He composed the opera of "Idomeneo," a work which he always regarded as his best, and the first in which he displayed those masterly powers that distinguish his later productions. There are parts of great originality and grandeur, but some of the airs are too much in the style of that period, which has since become obsolete; and on the whole, it is inferior to those masterpieces of operatic composition which he produced a few years later. His own estimation of it may have been considerably influenced by the circumstances under which it was composed.

When this opera was produced, the principal character was personated by Mademoiselle Weber, who was as much interested in its success as the author, and may be supposed to have exerted her talents to the utmost. The success of this work added so much to Mozart's reputation, that the parents of the young lady made no more objections, and his genius was rewarded by receiving her hand in marriage. The union was a most happy one, the young actress proving an affectionate and warm-hearted wife, and a zealous and useful counsellor.

Mozart's next operatic production was "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (*L'Enlèvement du Sérail*). It was at a rehearsal of this opera that Joseph II. said to the composer, "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears; it has too many notes." "I beg your majesty's pardon," returned Mozart, whom consciousness of genius had imbued with considerable independence of mind; "there are precisely as many notes as are necessary, and no more." The emperor made no rejoinder, but was evidently disconcerted by the reply; however, on the first public performance of the opera he applauded it in the most rapturous manner. "Le Nozze di Figaro," the *libretto* of which was abridged from the comedy of Beaumarchais, and which, at the present day, is one of the most popular of Mozart's productions, was brought out, by desire of the emperor, in 1786; and in the same year he produced a short opera called "Schauspiel Direktor," a work very inferior, and now scarcely known.

In the following year the *chef-d'œuvre* of this eminent composer, his celebrated opera of "Don Giovanni," the *libretto* of which was admirably made up from several dramas on the same subject, was produced at the Italian opera-house at Prague. "I have written this opera to please myself and my friends," said Mozart, who was conscious of its being a production of no ordinary merit, and above the comprehension of the bulk of the public. Indeed, though it created a great sensation at Prague, it was not appreciated when produced in Vienna, nor even in Paris, thirty years later. The honour of according it the reception it merited among the capitals of Europe, was reserved for London, where it was not produced till 1817, when it was put on the stage of the Italian opera in the most spirited and liberal manner. The enterprise of the lessee was rewarded by a degree of success which had attended no previous speculation; the profits amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds, and its production was regarded as constituting an epoch in our musical history. The comic opera, "Cosi fan tutte," was produced in 1790; "Die Zauberflöte," a still popular opera, in the following year, the strange *libretto* being furnished by M. Schikaneder, the proprietor of a theatre in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where it was first performed. "La Clemenza di Tito" was brought out the same year, on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II.

Of the symphonies, quintets, quartets, sonatas, masses, and numerous smaller vocal pieces of Mozart, we have not space for even an enumeration. His additions to Handel's "Messiah" would alone suffice to earn him a niche in the temple of fame, so refined and correct is the taste which dictated them, and so complete is the manner in which he has identified himself with the genius of the great composer. They were made for the Baron von Swieten, and the *aria* has since seldom, if ever, been performed without them.

Men of exalted genius are seldom blessed with that robustness of constitution which marks men of inferior powers. The man of learning may attain a vigorous old age, but the man of genius does so very seldom indeed. It is a remarkable fact, that many of these delicate and sensitive natures have dropped off at thirty-six: Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, are cases in point. Mozart was strikingly handsome, but he was small and slight in form, and fragile in constitution. His health began to decline a few years after his marriage, and the tender devotion of Madame Mozart was then shown in the patient and unwearied manner in which she nursed and watched over him. Though his imaginative powers remained in full vigour to the last, his health continued to decline; but his end was undoubtedly accelerated by an attack of a fever which prevailed in Vienna in the latter part of 1792, under which he sank on the 5th of December, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The last and most sublime composition of Mozart was his "Requiem," which he may be said to have composed on his death-bed. Concerning the origin of this famous mass, a strange story was told at the time of his death, and has been often repeated. It is said that, some years before that event, a stranger presented himself to Mozart, and, refusing to reveal his name, commissioned him to compose a funeral mass. Mozart undertook the commission; but as time passed on, and he saw no more of the mysterious stranger, he did not execute it, and at length ceased to think of it. A short time before his death, it is said that the unknown appeared to him again as he was setting out for Prague, and reminded him of the undertaking. Mozart again promised to execute the work, and on his return to Vienna he applied himself to the task. The rapid decline of his health warning him of his approaching death, he became impressed with the conviction that the stranger was a visitant from the world of spirits, and that he was composing the "Requiem" for his own funeral. The manner in which this idea wrought upon his imagination contributed to the sublimity of the work, which was scarcely finished when he died, some minor details being subsequently filled up by his pupil, Süssmayer. Such is the story, for which we cannot vouch; probably there is some truth in it, embellished from the imaginations of those by whom it has been related.

Had Mozart lived a year longer, he would have made a second visit to England, having made an agreement with the enterprising Salomon to write symphonies for his concerts, and superintend their performance in person. He left two sons, one of whom adopted his father's profession, but without having inherited his genius; the other was many years in the civil service of Austria.

The statue of Mozart, represented in our engraving, was cast in bronze at Munich by the inspector-royal Stieglmayer, from the model made by the sculptor Schwanthaler, and inaugurated at Salzburg, the birthplace of the composer, on the 5th of September, 1842. The homage to his genius was tardy; but we have shown that his finest productions were not fully appreciated until some years after his death. Moreover, for nearly a quarter of a century after his death, the whole of Germany was the scene of desolating warfare, in the turmoil of which music was only cultivated so far as it could be made subservient to patriotism, and the claims of its departed masters were forgotten. The *fête* of the inauguration was a splendid and imposing one, worthy of the man thus honoured. The occasion had drawn to Salzburg a great number of foreigners—princes and princesses, counts and countesses, composers, authors, and musicians—admirers of the genius of Mozart; and the musical academies of Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw, were each represented by some of their professors. More than fifty thousand persons were present. When the statue was uncovered, a salvo of twenty pieces of artillery was fired, all the bells in the city rang out a joyous peal, and an orchestra of six hundred performers filled the air with sweet sounds. At night, two thousand persons, professors and amateurs, assembled at the foot of the monument, which was illuminated by Bengal fires, and sang a hymn written for the occasion by Count Ladislaus de Serker, and set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. On the following day, at noon, two thousand eight hundred amateurs executed the "Requiem" of Mozart on the same spot.

ORIGIN AND INAUGURATION OF THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOUR.

NAPOLEON I. was as yet only First Consul, and was residing at the chateau of Malmaison with Josephine, while his victories were preparing for him the imperial crown, and his architects were restoring the palace at St. Cloud. One Monday evening in the month of February, 1802, the conqueror of Marengo reached Malmaison at about six o'clock. Dinner was soon on the table, and after dinner the company separated into two circles. Madame Bonaparte retired to the drawing-room with the ladies and several gentlemen, among whom was M. De Ségur, a veteran colonel of the dragoons of Noailles, at that time a senator, and afterwards master of the ceremonies, one of the most agreeable men of his day. The First Consul withdrew to the council hall, as it was called, with Monge, the Inspector of the Ecole Polytechnique, General Duroc, Didelot, Councillor of State, Denon, Director of the Museum, and Arnault, the tragic poet. They all stood before Bonaparte, and he conversed with them standing, as was his custom. In the course of the conversation, he said to Monge,—"I did not see you at the Tuilleries yesterday, at the grand reception of the ambassadors."

The inspector excused himself, on the score of his numerous engagements.

"I know your industry," replied the consul; "but you lost a magnificent spectacle. All the representatives of the Powers were there, adorned with ribands and crosses of the different orders of the world. How did you like it, Denon?"

"It was a glorious sight. Nothing sets off a man so much as those brilliant colours and enamelled crosses."

"That is only an artist's prejudice," said the republican Monge; "these decorations are mere playthings."

"Playthings, if you choose to call them so," said Bonaparte; "but mankind admire and like them. They are in their eyes real proofs of greatness. Let us fairly consider the point. Distinctions please all men; such has always been their character. Do you know by what means Louis XIV. managed to make head against all Europe? It was the cross of St. Louis."

The First Consul went on to develop and illustrate this thought—that ability and perfection of detail, which his exalted genius through knowledge of history rendered easy to him.

"Well, we must re-establish the cross of St. Louis," said Monge ironically, he having been a member of the commission which had abolished it in 1793.

Bonaparte said nothing in reply, but gave him a very significant look, at the same time no doubt saying to himself—"Instead of re-establishing an old one, I will establish a new one, and you shall be the first to be admitted to it." He then proposed that they should join the ladies, which they did.

Having now reached the point, he waited two months without saying anything more about it. At the end of that time, in a council at which, besides the three consuls, several distinguished politicians were present, he again insisted on the importance of decorations, and announced his intention to create an order like those which existed in Europe. Cambacérès and Regnaud strongly supported him, the latter refuting the objections of the republicans by saying that the most democratic states had recognised such institutions. On the 6th of May, Bonauder read to the Council of State the proposal for instituting the Legion of Honour. Bonaparte explained the reasons and objects of the proposal in an extemporaneous address which ended with these words:—"The Legion of Honour will be the emblem of the reorganisation of France." This amounted to a declaration that the work of reorganisation was as yet unaccomplished, and that the Legion of Honour would be the key-stone of the arch that was wanted to give it stability. General Matthew Dumas desired that the decoration might be exclusively military; but the conqueror of Marengo replied by insisting upon the importance of political, intellectual, and moral excellence with a degree of impressive force that silenced all objections. At the next meeting of the council he was still more eloquent and decisive. Yet the proposition narrowly escaped being adopted. It was, however, adopted by the Tribunate and Legislative Body in due course. Two years were to elapse before the complete organisation of the order, at the expiration of which

period it was hoped the finances of the state would be in a position to endow it with an ample income. During these two years the opponents of the plan had free scope for their objections and remarks. "Wait a little," said Bonaparte; "those who sneer at it to-day, will eagerly solicit it to-morrow. It will become the object of ambition to all Europe." Moreau, Madame De Staël, and others, were liberal of their sarcasm, and some had to undergo the penalty of exile for their freedom of speech.

At length the day arrived. Bonaparte was now no longer First Consul, but emperor and the master of the world. On the 14th of July, 1804, at the very hour when the old constitution had fallen with the walls of the Bastille, fifteen years before, the new one rose with the Legion of Honour. As the 14th fell on a Saturday, the ceremony was put off to the next day. It took place in the Chapel of the Invalides, where the ashes of the emperor now rest. After a grand review, the emperor arrived on horseback at the Invalides, coming through an innumerable crowd of eager observers. He ascended the throne in the choir. In a gallery opposite were the Empress Josephine and her daughter Hortense, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte. Besides these, there were eighteen marshals of the empire, only four being away on the field of battle. After mass had been performed by Cardinal Caprara, and the gospel read, M. de Lacépède, of the Institute, the Grand Chancellor of the Order, rose from his seat. Napoleon had resolved to honour intellect by placing him at the head of the Legion of Honour. Lacépède pronounced the inaugural discourse, and called over the names of the grand officers, who took the oath required by the statutes before the throne. Then the emperor delivered a speech such as none but he could deliver, and, reading the oath to the legionaries, asked them in a loud voice whether they would take it. All, with one voice, answered in the affirmative. Two large basins were brought, one of gold, containing the gold crosses for the officers, and the other of silver, containing the silver crosses for the simple members. The symbols and the device were the same for both classes: a number of standards collected together, the effigy of Napoleon, and the words "Honour and Country," borrowed from the old monarchy. M. de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, took a cross of each metal, and gave them to M. de Talleyrand Perigord, Grand Chamberlain; he passed them to Louis Bonaparte, Constable of the Empire, who placed them on the breast of Napoleon. At this moment, three rounds of applause re-echoed through the building. Then the distribution commenced. First came the members of the Institute, comprising all the most distinguished philosophers, literary men, and artists of the day, and headed by Monge, the very man who had previously ridiculed honorary distinctions as mere playthings. After these, the military officers of high rank received the new decorations at the hands of the emperor. A *Te Deum*, by Lesueur, followed the distribution of the crosses; and in the evening there was a concert at the Tuilleries, a general illumination of the city, and a grand display of fireworks on the Pont Neuf.

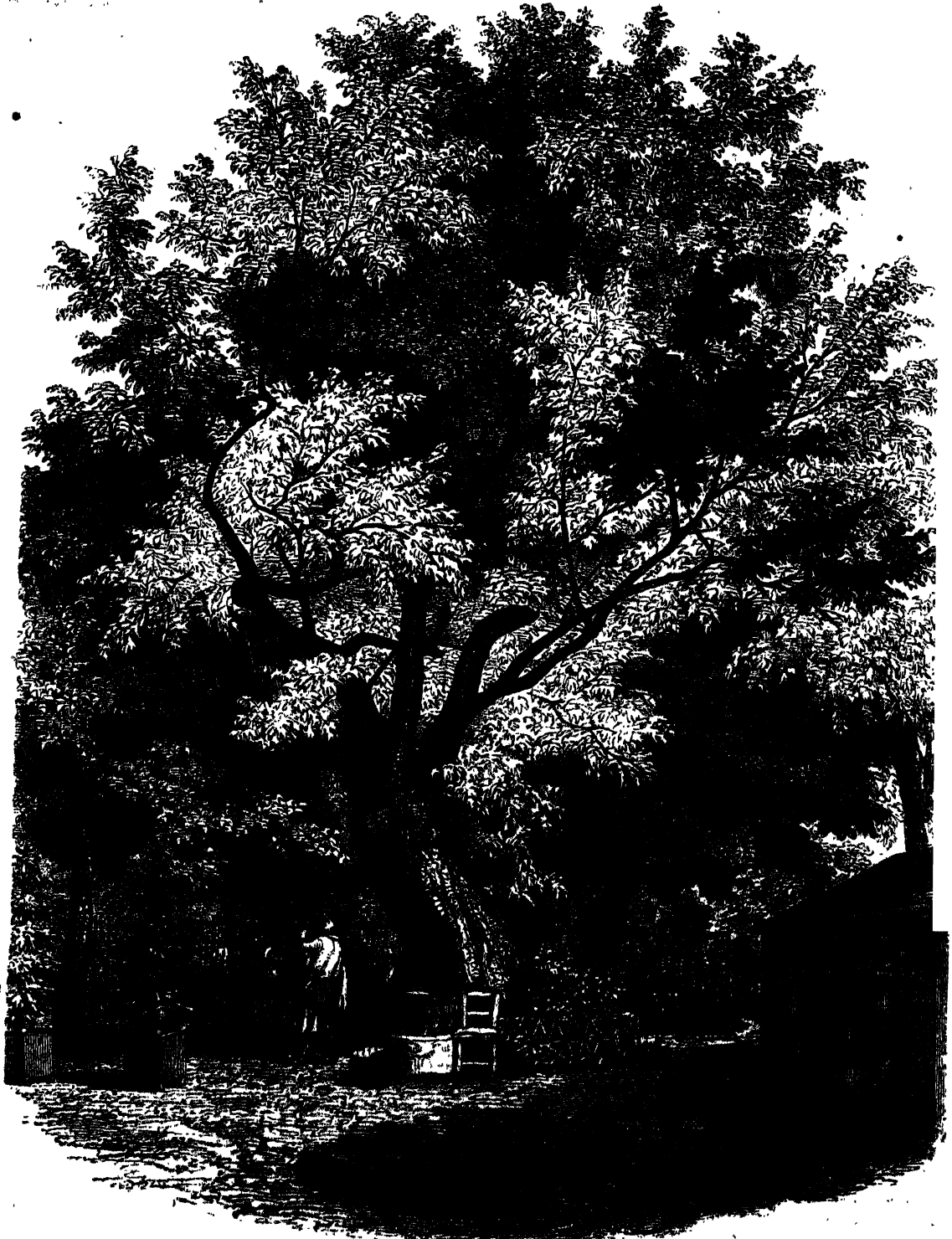
But the army not having been able to be present at the Invalides, Napoleon went to them at Boulogne, where a second *Te Deum*, equal in splendour to the first, was celebrated. On the 16th of August, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the emperor, in the simple uniform of the light horse, appeared in the camp on horseback, and took his seat in the bronze chair by Dagobert, which is still to be seen at the Museum of Sovereigns. From this elevated position he commanded a view of the harbour, the two camps, the batteries, the harbour of Vieux, and the coasts of England. Salvoes of artillery thundered forth, and the crosses were placed in helmets and cuirasses. At the sound of eighteen hundred drums, sixty thousand men began to march, and the legionaries, leaving their ranks, came one after the other to receive the cross from the hand of the emperor.

Such was the origin, and such the inauguration, of the Legion of Honour, an institution which no doubt contributed to the restoration of order, and is still attended with important advantages. The want of some such honorary distinction—suitable for political, literary, scientific, and artistic eminence, as well as military and naval exploits—has long been felt in this country, and was painfully evident at the close of the Great Exhibition, when the Royal Commissioners found it impossible to mark their sense of the value of services rendered by certain parties, in a way at once appropriate and acceptable.

THE ROBIN ACACIA.

Among the arboreal antiquities of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is a venerable acacia, the first that was ever brought to Europe. This acacia, known to botanists by the name of *Robinia pseudo-acacia*, was planted where it now grows by Vespasian Robin, son of

gardeners at that period. The following is the inscription on the label attached to this interesting memorial of the first establishment of the gardens:—"*Robinia pseudo-acacia* (North America). First acacia grown in Europe; planted by Vespasian Robin in 1635."



THE ROBIN ACACIA (*ROBINIA PSEUDO-ACACIA*).

John Robin, who obtained it from North America, the tree having been previously unknown in Europe. The planting of the tree was coincident with the definitive institution of the Royal Garden by an edict of Louis XIII., which was registered in parliament in May, 1635; and it is now the only survivor of the trees planted in the

It was Linnaeus who gave the genus *Robinia* the name under which the species composing it are known to all botanists of the present day, and which recalls the numerous services rendered to botany and gardening by John Robin, the celebrated author of the "*Jardin du Roi Henri IV.*"

THE WILD BOAR.

From the testimony of Fitz-Stephen, a monk of the time of Henry the Second, it appears that the wild boar was an inhabitant of the forest which in his day covered the whole northern part of the county of Middlesex, approaching within a few miles of the gates of London. But the forest has disappeared long since (the tract of

"stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls," the two last are not now to be met with in any part of the British Islands, if we except the few so-called wild bulls carefully preserved in Chillingham Park. The wild boar, like his enemy the wolf, has long been totally extinct in this country; for we are informed by Pennant, that though



THE WILD BOAR.

wooded country known as Enfield Chase is supposed to be the only village now remaining of it), and with it the game which no doubt afforded the nobles of those days many an opportunity of indulging in their favourite amusement of the chase. Of the wild animals enumerated by Fitz-Stephen as denizens of the forest of Middlesex,

Charles the First endeavoured to introduce the breed by turning some into the New Forest in Hampshire, they were destroyed during the civil wars. The occurrence of the wild boar in different parts of England is, however, proved by the laws made for his protection. Thus the laws of Howel the Good, Prince of Wales in the

tenth century, permitted his grand huntsman to chase this animal from the middle of November to the beginning of December; and William the Conqueror, whose memory should be held in the highest reverence by all preserving squires, took the wild boar, with the stag and the roebuck, under his especial protection, enacting that any one found guilty of destroying one of these animals should be punished with the loss of his eyes. Barbarous as this certainly is, the modern penalty for killing a pheasant or a hare is scarcely less hurtful to the individual, and decidedly more prejudicial to society.

On the continent of Europe, however, the case is very different: the wild boar still finds a home in the forests even of France and Germany, and his pursuit is still one of the most exciting sports of those countries. His formidable weapons render the chase of the wild boar rather a dangerous occupation both for the huntsman and his dogs; and the former is not unfrequently compelled by the boldness of his charge, which has obtained for him in Germany the appellation of "knight of the forest," to take refuge in the branches of the nearest tree.

The canine teeth of the boar, which grow to a considerable length in old animals, must be reckoned amongst the most dangerous weapons to be met with in the animal world. The upper canines spring from a singular projection of the sides of the upper jaw, and, instead of taking a downward direction, as in most animals, grow upwards on each side of the snout. The lower canines follow the same direction, and are applied to the sides of the upper pair; so that, by the constant friction of their surfaces, both pairs of teeth are worn to a sharp edge, and kept constantly in the best possible condition for inflicting a severe wound. This apparatus is applied with great force by a slight upward movement of the powerful head and neck of the animal when within reach of his foe; and when the boar is at bay, he will often, by taking a single step forwards, lay the foremost of the dogs dead at his feet. These weapons arrive at their full perfection when the animal is about three years old, and, before this period, they are said always to remain in the company of the old ones for protection. As the boar increases in age, his teeth gradually become more curved: in their form, so that the points are no longer available, and the weapons become far less formidable; and a boar of five or six years old is said to be by no means so dangerous as one of from three to five years.

In their native forests, these animals collect into flocks, and, when danger threatens, the well-armed boars press forward to face the enemy, often forming a circle, in the centre of which the females and young are placed, and in this position they defy the attacks of their foe. The domestic hog is observed to retain the same habit; and a curious instance of the exercise of this instinct, by some of the half-wild hogs of Jamaica, is given by Mr. Gosse, in his interesting book upon the natural history of that island. The account is from the pen of Mr. Hill, of Spanish Town. He says: "The best display of woodland instinct that I have witnessed was recently exhibited in some young pigs of the blue breed, brought from the commons and forest-runs of a mountain-farm, and domiciled in town. Three of these country pigs, a boar and two sows, had taken up with a black pig and some four young followers, evidently town-born and bred. In tramping home, after feeding out, for the night, some of the town dogs, of a good enough quality of the hound and terrier breed, set upon them. Instantly the country hogs turned round, and coolly taking up their position in the angle of a wall, put the black pig and four young ones within the corner in their rear, and threw themselves before them. . . . The dogs that came upon them, being reinforced by a troop from the several yards round about, became a pack of twelve or fourteen in an instant. Among these were some five small curs. The three blue pigs were undaunted. They stood their ground with their faces to their enemies, and though the dogs beset them with a determination to fight in earnest, they successfully kept off their assailants. The curs barked, and grabbed at them between the legs of the larger dogs; the larger dogs rushed at them six in a line together. The young boar, with well-developed tusks, stood in the centre, and springing every now and then one pace forward, made his upward rush at the dogs, and effectively struck them without receiving a single touch himself."

By means of his strong cartilaginous snout, the boar can readily turn up the ground in search of roots, and he also uses it in forming a hollow for his sleeping-place. This he lines with grass and dead leaves; and this habitation, if we may credit every statement we hear, sometimes presents a picture of conjugal comfort such as can hardly be credited in swinish life. It is said that when the boar has lain himself down for his night's repose, his partner covers him over carefully with litter, and then creeping in under the same shelter, the happy pair sleep cozily until morning. In some cases, several of them form a common sleeping-place, in which they lie with their heads all directed towards the centre.

The wild boar is of a black or blackish-gray colour, and thickly covered with stiff bristles. In the pine forests of Germany these, by continual rubbing against the stems of the trees, become so completely agglutinated together with resinous matter as to form a sort of shield, which is said to be hard enough to resist a bullet. In his form, the wild boar generally differs from his domesticated relatives only in being more gaunt and meagre, but his strength and ferocity are much greater. His flesh is in the best condition from October to the end of the year; and it is during this period that he is hunted. He is usually pursued with dogs; and as a well-tusked boar seldom exhibits any great fear of his enemies, but flies slowly, often turning round to threaten his assailants, the dogs employed in hunting him require more strength and courage than fineness of scent; in fact, independently of the danger to which they would be exposed, good hounds would soon be entirely spoilt for any other description of hunting if employed in this sport.

Wild swine occur in all parts of the earth; but the species appear to be different in different localities. The Indian wild boar appears to be a distinct species from the European, although very similar in habits and appearance; and the African species are distinguished by a singular bony protuberance on each cheek, which may be seen very distinctly in the fine boar of the Camaroon Warthog (*Potamochoerus ponicillatus*), now in the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park.

The wild hogs of America, like the wild horses and cattle of that continent, owe their origin to individuals of the domesticated European breeds, which have escaped from servitude, and resumed, with the independent forest life, most of the habits of their European ancestors. They are plentiful in the larger islands of the West Indian Archipelago, and an interesting account of their habits will be found in Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," from which we have already quoted.

THE EDDA.

About the year 1100, a native of Iceland, named Sæmund Sigfuson, animated by a zealous desire to preserve the mythological, heroic, and didactic poems which had been thus far handed down by oral tradition, made that collection of them which is known as the Edda. Most of these Eddic poems are believed to have originated in the period between the commencement of the sixth and the close of the eighth century; and the original language and rhyme were scrupulously preserved by the collector. The verses are short, in lines of six and eight syllables, and the style of all of them is rude and concise. The predominant subjects are the amours and rivalries of the gods; but the exploits of the heroes of ancient Germany and Scandinavia are also recounted, and held up to admiration. There exist two ancient manuscripts of this work, one of which is preserved at Copenhagen, and the other at Upsal.

About a century later, the Icelandic chronicler, Snorri Sturleson, composed a prose Edda, in which the Eddic myths were accompanied by a commentary relating the historical facts connected with them, explained the allegories, and developed the dogmas. To this work, so valuable to the elucidation of the Scandinavian mythology and traditions, are appended the Sagas, or biographies of celebrated warriors, composed at different epochs, and full of curious details of the marvellous adventures of the hardy and daring pirates of the North.

The subject of the first poem in the Edda of Sigfuson is "The Vision of Völva," an inspired priestess, who relates, in vigorous and stirring rhymes, the creation of the universe, and the manner of its destruction and renewal. It is interesting to note

the resemblance which exists between this Runic cosmogony and those of Hesiod and Zoroaster, as set forth in the Theogonia and the Zendavesta, and between all these and the Genesis of Moses. In the beginning, we are informed, there existed only chaos, typified by the giant Ymer: the gods created the earth, and seeing that it was sterile and desolate, spread over it the starry firmament, placing the sun in the centre, to shine above the mountains and warm the earth into verdure. Then they made Ask and Embla, the parents of the human race, and assembled in the plain of Ida to forge the metals, and fabricate therefrom implements for their use. We have also the allegory of the tree of life, above whose spreading branches a luminous cloud continually hung; and the appearance of the Nornes, three august virgins, the Fates of the Runic mythology, whose names are Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda.

A race of dwarfs appear on the scene, whose chiefs are Mod-sognir and Durin, the representatives of the active and passive principles in nature. These pigmies are the genii of the winds, the torrents, the cascades, the clouds, and the glaciers; they are also the forces which give verdure to the foliage of the forest and the herbage of the plain, and to the flowers their colour and perfume. The Greek imagination did not more completely people the earth and ocean with supernatural forms.

The peace of the infant world is broken by the murder of Balder, son of Odin, by his brother Hoder, whose sad fate causes the earth to mourn, and Freya (the moon) to withdraw her light. Vall avenges the death of Balder; and Lok, the evil genius of the world, the tempter to the crime, is bound upon a bed of fire. There, in the realms of torment, a dark flood rolls its fetid waters, to which are consigned perjurers, murderers, and adulterers. There the dog Garm howls frightful discord, and the untamed wolf Freki rattles his chain. But in the gardens of the blessed, the sound of the harp is heard, the woods are melodious with the song of birds, and the heroes are awakened by Finlar, the cock of the shining plumage, to their daily banquet and mimic fight.

The earth becomes filled with corruption and bloodshed; the brother falls by the hand of a brother; hostile armies crimson with blood the green of earth's carpet; cruelty and impurity are universally practised. Signs are seen which portend the end of the world: the branches of the tree of life are strangely agitated, and the luminous cloud disappears. The Iotes, the enemies of the gods, take courage; Lok is on their side, and with them comes the wolf Freki and the black dragon Nidhogre. Swords of fire are their weapons. The mountains tremble, and the genii of the earth retire into the recesses of their sacred caverns. After a terrific battle, the gods

are overcome by the giants; and then comes the triumph of evil and the destruction of the world. The lights of the firmament are extinguished, the earth sinks beneath the waves of the stormy ocean, and darkness and silence reign supreme over all. This state of things does not, however, continue always: a new earth rises from the sea, the heavenly bodies again shine forth from the darkness, the gods return to life, and the reign of peace and virtue commences, under the laws of Forsete, the god of justice, and son of Balder.

The religious system of the Scandinavian nations of antiquity is abundantly displayed in the various ballads of the poetic Edda which follow the remarkable Vision of Vals. In the song or poem of Vafthrudner we have a trial of knowledge between Odinn and a giant, each striving to give the best explanation of the marvels of creation. The song of Grimner is a description of the twelve celestial abodes. In that of Alvis a wise dwarf enumerates to Thor the various orders of beings, in the language of the gods and the Iotes, the dwarfs and mankind; the enumeration is supposed to typify the different nations that succeeded each other on the Scandinavian soil. These are followed by three poems on the exploits of Thor, two on the death of Balder, one on the amours of Freya, and two on the genealogy of the kings. The series is closed by the remarkable poem called the Banquet of Rgir, the deity who presides over the ocean, in which Lok, who is the impersonation of irony and malice, rallies the assembled gods, and holds up to ridicule the sacred mysteries.

From these ancient Runic poems has been gathered all that is known of the Scandinavian mythology, which may be thus summed up. An invisible and eternal spirit, called Alfader, the universal parent, ruled from the beginning the principles which, in combination, produced the world. A pestilential vapour, first condensed by the cold of Nefelheim (the North Pole) into an enormous mass of ice, was afterwards thawed by the heat of Muspelheim (the South Pole), and became the giant Ymer, who, during a profound sleep, gave birth to Hrym, the demon of frost and progenitor of the Iotes, and Surtur, the demon of fire. One of the gigantic race of the Iotes, named Bor, by his marriage with the giants Belsta, became the father of Odin (life), Henir (light), and Loder (heat), who attacked Ymer and destroyed him. His dismembered body produced the elements: his flesh became the earth, his blood the water, his bones the mountains, his hair the plants, his brains the clouds, and his eyes the celestial luminaries. In the centre of the earth rose Ygdrasil, the tree of life, whose topmost boughs reached the heavens.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

RESUMING our rambles at the point from which we took leave of the reader in our last article, namely, at Crookhaven, we now present him with a sketch of that most picturesquely situated little town, the focus, or at least the future focus, of what promises to be the scene of vast mining industrial enterprise in this part of Ireland, as it would have been long before this, but for untoward circumstances, now happily fast passing away, which have hitherto retarded the prosperity of the interesting portion of the empire we are at present speaking of.

Reverting again to the main road, on the way to Killarney, and between Crookstown and Gougane Barra, we come to the spot indicated in the first of the annexed smaller illustrations.

Inchigeela is about twenty-four miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police-barrack, an inn, and several neat whitewashed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the Lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three contiguous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds round the northern margin of the shore, from which, but the best view is Gougane.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of

the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and after a few miles' ride arrive at the village of Ballingearry, or "the Place of the Wilderness," thirty miles distant from Bandon, and within four miles of the source of the river Lee. A spacious chapel, a national school-house, a road-side inn, and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is seen a wild moory glen through which flows the Ballingearry stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles further on we approach Gougane, through a narrow road, situated at the base of a steep mountain, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Kilmanshagh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, situated at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of the scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view; and a more complete picture of wild desolation or majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its sacredness, is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the hermitage of Saint Finnibar of the Silver Loosa, before he

journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated; and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of the water to

Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and



CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR. --DRAWN BY MAHONY.

cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers five hundred acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding

difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a druid's altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glengariff, and Bere-



INCHIGEELA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BANTRY BY GOUGANE BARRA. --DRAWN BY MAHONY.

along a highway, we are brought to the little verdant islet, where numerous small fountains gush out in tiny streams, the source of the "Silver Lee."

haven mountains are also seen to great advantage; while underneath, the Pass of Keilmansigh, and the surrounding country of Gougane, form a glorious landscape. Returning from this lovely

we re-enter the main road; and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment-room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, thirty-four miles from Bandon. Mr. John Windels, in his "South of Ireland," speaking of Keimaneigh Pass,

paring realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy nothings."

On arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us; and presently we approach the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this



LAKES OF INCHIGERLA. — DRAWN BY MAHONY.

observes: "Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute

splendid harbour by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Glengariff, fifty-three miles from Bandon.

It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims—

"Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic,



PASS OF KEIMANEIGH. — DRAWN BY MAHONY.

offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and com-

English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate-enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the

fact of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him."

Not long since there existed at Glengarriff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that her most gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengarriff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravan-sary on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivalling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor of Eccles' most admirable hotel. By boat Glengarriff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengarriff river.

SELF-DENIAL; OR, PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

II.

THE place was a regular London lodging-house, and not of a very high character. There were several bell-handles outside, and inside there was no carpet on the stairs, while all had a dingy appearance that spoke of poor owners and poor lodgers. I was surprised. I had expected to find Charles almost in affluence, and had been half ashamed to present myself before him. I feared to excite his pity, and my pride revolted at the very thought. Now I knew not what to think.

I knocked. A quiet, almost timid voice bade me enter. I opened the door and found myself in a garret. It was very scantily furnished. There was a bed of very unpromising appearance, a rickety chest of drawers, a small table covered with books near the window, at which sat a tall, pale, almost cadaverous-looking youth.

"Ogilvy," said I hurriedly, "can this be you?"

"Ted," he replied, rising, and a faint blush crossing his handsome face, "I may ask you the same question—jolly Edward Markham, dust-worn and weary, why?"

"Charles," I cried, shaking his hand heartily "I have run away from home. Let me sit down."

"Run away from home!" he cried, almost with a shriek.

"Edward, my dear boy, you must be mad!"

"Hush," I replied; "hear my story first. But I am hungry and thirsty."

A burning blush suffused his features, and he covered his face with his hands. I heard him sob. I was alarmed, though the true reason did not strike me.

"Charles, what is the matter?" I cried, seizing his hand; "speak to me. Are you ill?"

"Edward," he replied, in a faint and choking voice, "I am a wretch. You come to me hungry and thirsty, and I cannot even offer you a crust of bread. *I have not taken food for two days.*"

I thrust my hand into my pocket and pulled out a sovereign, with which I was about frantically to leave the room.

"Stop," said Charles, firmly; "I cannot be exposed here. Listen to me quietly. I have been out to dinner both to-day and yesterday, at least so they think. I would die rather than they should suspect, especially Edith. Let me manage. I will order tea, and request that cold meat may be provided, as you have come off a long journey. Don't be alarmed. An hour more or less will do me no harm."

In his quiet, gentle way, he took the sovereign from me and rang his bell. I thought it was answered with an alacrity which was scarcely to be expected under the circumstances. The young person who had opened the door appeared, as if by magic, and asked if we wanted anything.

"My dear Miss Ellis," said Charles, gently rising with a respect

and tenderness of manner which struck me more afterwards than at the moment, "this is a schoolfellow and friend; he has just come off a long journey, and is very hungry. If you will be kind enough to let him have some tea and ham and eggs, or something, I should feel very much obliged."

As he finished, he held the sovereign out to the young person, who looked extremely surprised and then blushed violently.

"Tea, ham and eggs for two, I suppose," she said in a half-timid, half-cheerful tone.

"Edith," said a shrill voice from below, "what are you doing all this time up stairs, there? Johnny has fallen down, and first floor want their tea."

"Johnny must pick himself up, and first floor must wait for their tea," replied the young lady, rather pertly. I speak of the impressions of the moment. Charles meanwhile stammered out something about having just dined, to which Miss Edith paid no attention.

"Is she not an angel?" he said, when she left the room.

"Very charming person, but slovenly in her dress," I said, but unfortunately before she had quite shut the door. Poor Edith! I had no intention to hurt her feelings.

"My dear Edward," exclaimed Charles, "that girl's a perfect slave. Her father and mother have no pity on her. They presume on her good nature, and though she is far above them, yet has to do half the work of the house. They are not bad people, but they are poor and unhappy. The husband drinks, and the wife scolds. But now, Edward, for your story." I told it in a few brief words, and then asked for his.

"You are in a very false and difficult position, my dear Edward," he said; "but mine is worse at present. You know that my mother has been left a widow, with two girls and one son. To give that son an education, my mother has gone to Wales to live. Out of £200 a-year she allows me £80: it is enough for a student. I have been six months in London. I had the £80 in a lump. I spent it madly, wickedly, in the first four months; since then I have starved. I owe two months' rent, and six weeks' breakfasts and teas—on these meals I lived for that time. That is refused me now; and but for Edith I should be expelled. She has stood my friend, and when the father—a gentleman when he likes—wished to turn me out, indignantly remonstrated. They have now agreed, after inquiry, to wait six months for their rent—three shillings a-week. But living is another question: for six months I shall not have a penny."

I listened with perfect awe; I could not restrain a shudder. I saw before me a dark and gloomy vista. For some minutes I was silent.

"Could you not get five pounds of your mother?" I said timidly.

"No; it would tell the truth. I would rather die than expose my weakness. I must work; I am promised some copying. Half the day I must study—half the day slave for a law stationer."

"But, Charles, I have another sovereign," I said, producing it. "I could sleep capitally close against the wall." Take it."

"Edward," exclaimed my old schoolfellow, taking my hand, "for the present I accept your offer; it will enable me to do a heavy job of copying; that finished, I can pay you. But let me decide the fate of this coin. We had better pay Mrs. Ellis four weeks' rent; otherwise she may object to your sleeping here."

"Just as you like," said I; "and now, Charles, I am installed here, and must work for my living. You know my hand: you continue your studies—I will do the copying."

After some hesitation, he consented. It was lucky he did; his hand was totally unfit for the work, while mine was admirably suited. I was so delighted at this arrangement that I became quite jovial. Suddenly I rose.

"Bravo!" I said, opening the door—I had while talking brushed my clothes and hair, and otherwise adorned my person—"here comes the tea."

Miss Ellis entered, preceding the Irish girl, who carried the tray. I almost started as I noticed how neat, almost elegant, was her appearance. I had caught her hard at work. She smiled, I thought, maliciously, and I then guessed that my observation had been overheard. I had no time, however, to think much of the matter, so eager was I to attack the smoking viands.

The cloth was laid, the tea was placed on the table, the tempting

food was ready, a couple of plates and knives and forks were on each side, ready for appetites as ravenous as those of any of Homer's heroes; and yet Miss Ellis did not go. She allowed the girl to retire before she said a word.

"Here is your change, Mr. Ogilvy," she began. "Shall I make tea for you—you men are so very helpless?" she continued, with a smile of such exceeding sweetness I was quite angry with myself.

Charles stammered and blushed, and handed a chair, which Miss Ellis took, and began quietly to pour out the tea. Luckily for Ogilvy, it was necessary for him to eat slowly, so that the nature of his appetite was not apparent. I kept assisting him to more, however, and could see a change come visibly over his face. There crept a faint colour over his pallid countenance, his eyes looked less wildly bright, and when the warm and genial tea followed, he seemed an altered being. His voice became more natural, his spirits rose buoyant and glad, and he talked with extreme animation.

I noticed the difference between us before half an hour. He was poetical in his conversation; his sentences flowed from the heart, as from a well-digested book. There was a brilliant flood of eloquence about him, but at times he was a little mystical. I was more ordinary in my talk, told a good story, made Miss Ellis laugh, and was always plain and comprehensible. Miss Edith said little, but listened attentively. She gave her undivided attention to the one speaking. At last we spoke of business. Then the young lady was indeed eloquent. She accepted me as a lodger without hesitation, and undertook, with the twelve shillings in her hand, to secure the consent of her parents.

And thus it was I became an inmate of the house in — street, Strand. The work came in the next day, and I sat down to it with energy and courage. I was delighted to be able to do something useful. We lived, after the famous tea, which was a well-remembered date, most economically. We got a few necessities, and nothing more. All our meals were taken at home, and, as no one but Miss Edith ever came to our room, the secret of our poverty was pretty well concealed.

For a month I contrived, through Ogilvy, to earn ten shillings a week, and then the supply of writing stopped, and in a few days we were reduced to our last shilling. We spent it in oatmeal and made porridge. I was now at work on a tale intended for a popular periodical. Charles approved of it. I read it him page by page as it was written, and he believed it certain of acceptance. I sent it with the usual polite note, and intimated my intention of calling for a reply. I did so at the end of a week. The editor was out of town.

I wandered slowly along the Strand after my visit to — street, and scarcely durst go home. I knew not what to do. Charles had gone out, I believe having bent his proud spirit to ask a favour of an acquaintance. If he failed, our position was desperate. At last, however, becoming faint and exhausted, I went home. The door was opened by Mrs. Ellis, once a pretty woman, sadly altered by care and trouble. She left the door half open and went away muttering something. I closed the door behind me and walked up stairs. Charles was at home, and I saw by his face that something extraordinary had happened.

"Edward," he exclaimed, "I have a letter from your mother."

"My mother," I faltered.

"She writes to me, begging for news. She is sure I must have heard of you. Your father is very angry, but she sends you five pounds!"

I sank on a chair. She would never have done that without my father's consent. I almost felt angry, but soon recovered myself. I then bade Charles write and say he had seen me, that I was at work, hoped all were well, and promised to see them when my position was more defined and settled. Charles shook his head and agreed.

"I hoped you would relent and go home," he said; "so I kept some other news back. I called on S——, but had not courage to ask him for money; so I spoke of you. S—— edits a paper of no great circulation or influence. They have no books sent to them for review. But they must have criticisms. If you like to get a new book or two from the library, S—— will give you ten shillings a-week for a couple of columns."

I accepted readily, and rang the bell. Miss Edith appeared as usual. I begged her to let us have dinner at home for once, and to give her mother one pound. The kind-hearted girl smiled, and at that moment Charles stammered out something about a ticket for Drury-lane, if we liked to go. I am sure he would have given the five pounds that constituted our worldly wealth, to have gone himself with her. At least I knew so since, but he was so diffident, and at the same time so generous, he could not say so. We accordingly accepted, and Edith having gained her mother's consent, the more readily that the one pound was an unexpected pleasure, we started. My costume was not very brilliant, but my young friend appeared not to know the fact. She herself was as charming as innocence, youth, and beauty could make her. I have not the slightest recollection of what we saw. I only know that we talked much and pleasantly, that Edith was delightful, full of spirits and animation, and showed a singular good sense, which quite warmed me into admiration.

I felt it, I was certain of it; that night, as I lay down upon my pillow, I knew that I was in love with Edith Ellis, and that I would sacrifice everything to win her for my wife. And yet, though the discovery came upon me like an electric shock, I kept it to myself. I did not say a word about it to Charles. I was necessarily timid over this my first love affair. But, dear Charles, my friend and benefactor, was there no dim suspicion of the truth, to keep my lips so still?

Next day I began my new editorial duties. I was not very well "up" in my subject, but I borrowed a weekly review of high character, and studied its columns with assiduity. I had received too good an education not to write correctly, and thus began my career as an author. I gave satisfaction, and supplying an occasional article had my salary raised to fifteen shillings a-week. This continued for about two months, when an event occurred of immense importance to me. I was in the habit, the first week in every month, of going to a coffee-house, and there perusing the magazines; after which I served up to the readers of the "Weekly Slander," a couple of columns of comment. Imagine my surprise and delight when, turning over the pages of the "—— Magazine," I found my own tale in print.

A young mother, gazing on her first child, a penniless vagabond coming into a rich estate, a reprieved criminal, have all their own peculiar sensations; but the young author who sees himself in print for the first time, is elated beyond all power of description. Pride, surprise, a long and brilliant future, fame, a rosy dream of rapture, fill his heart. He would fain rush upon a stranger, show him the awful page, and cry, in tones of exultation, "That is mine—my article—my tale!" I thought everybody was looking at me in the coffee-house, and I could not remain there. I rushed out, bought a —— magazine, and flew home. I was in a state of mind bordering on madness.

Charles was not at home, but Edith was setting the room to-rights. I know not what possessed me—I kissed that angelic girl. Miss Ellis pushed me away, half angry, half laughing. She saw that something had happened. I showed her the tale; it had my name to it. Have I not said, "What mighty causes spring from trifles!"

"Miss Edith," said I boldly, "I am certain to succeed now. I have an opening; the thin end of the wedge is in. I may now speak frankly. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have only, by-the-by, the home of a poor and struggling author to offer you. But nothing can stop me. If you, dearest Edith, will cheer my path with your bright smile, I shall shrink from no labour, no amount of work—I must prosper. Say, Edith, will you be mine?"

She made no reply. I fell on my knees; I talked nonsense—I talked sensibly; I was cool—I was calm: still no reply. I became incoherent.

"Edward," said she, sobbing, "you are an excellent young man, industrious, and full of self-denial. When you can give me a home, and Charles is comfortable, I will be your wife."

Before I had time to reply, I caught sight of Charles Ogilvy. He was leaning against the door-post; his face was deadly pale; his eyes were wild. We started like two guilty creatures.

"And have I nursed a serpent in my bosom?" he said, in a tone of agony and reproach I never shall forget.

PAPIER MACHÉ CHAIR.

Our French neighbours claim the honour of being the original inventors of the papier maché. In Paris the manufacture of the article is carried on very extensively; but far beyond the articles produced at Paris—articles both of utility and ornament—stand those of our own Birmingham manufacturers.

The old method of manufacturing papier maché is as follows—The paper for use is gray in colour, but similar in texture to

formed article is taken from the mould, the several parts are planed, filed, and trimmed, so as to be quite correct and level. The process of stoving then follows; after which the varnish is laid on, and brought to a smooth, hard, brilliant surface. The article is then coated with several layers of shell-lac varnish, coloured, which, after being hardened, are scraped quite level. The different varnishings and smoothings are carried on for a period varying from twelve to eighteen



PAPIER MACHÉ CHAIR.

ordinary blotting paper. Prior to using it, the paper is well saturated with flour and glue mixed with water, in about equal proportions, and is then laid on the mould of the article intended to be produced. These moulds are of iron, brass, or copper. The mould, coated with the first layer of paper, is then dried for twelve hours. A careful smoothing by a file follows, after which another deposit of paper is made. The processes of drying and smoothing are successively repeated with each additional layer of paper, until the article assumes the required strength and thickness. When the newly-

days, according to the purpose for which the article is required. The exquisite surface is produced by manual polishing with rotten stone and oil; but the finish is obtained by the process of handling alone.

Various alterations and improvements have been made from time to time in the manufacture of papier maché; and sometimes the paper is reduced to pulp, cast into the form required, and then rendered compact and solid.

The specimen which we present is of a chair in papier maché; the grace and elegance of the design deserve especial attention.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

In the last year of the fifteenth century, in the city of Florence, was born one of the most talented and skillful artists in metal which that or any subsequent age has produced. We allude to Benvenuto Cellini, the son of a citizen of the Florentine republic, who was himself an admirable carver in ivory, a maker of musical instruments, and a good musician. So much was he attached to music, that he

both to leave Florence. Benvenuto repaired to Sienna, where he worked for some months with a goldsmith named Castoro; and afterwards went to Bologna, where he got employment from a Jew, and earned a great deal of money, as he tells us himself in his autobiography. Six months afterwards he obtained permission to return to Florence, but having an altercation with his father, he once



STATUE OF PERSEUS, AND OTHER WORKS OF CELLINI.

neglected his vocation, and would have made Benvenuto a fute-player; but the youth manifested an early taste for the art of design, and at the age of fifteen placed himself, contrary to his father's wish, with a goldsmith named Sandro.

Benvenuto already became a skillful workman, when an affray in which he met his brother, a youth of fourteen, who was in the military school of Giovanni de Medici, were engaged, compelled them

more left home, and proceeded to Pisa. There he made great progress in the goldsmith's art, and remained nearly a year, at the expiration of which he returned to Florence, and was laid up two months with fever. Having recovered his health, he worked under Sandro again, and made the acquaintance of Torrigiano, the designer of Henry VIII's church in Westminster Abbey, who offered him employment, but he was unwilling to leave Italy. At this time

says he, "I produced a piece of basso-relievo in silver, about as big as the hand of a little child; it served for the clasp of a man's belt, clasp of that size being then in use. Upon it was carved a group of foliage, made in the antique taste, with several figures of youths and other beautiful grotesques. This piece of work I made in the shop of a person named Francesco Salimbeni; and, upon its coming under the inspection of the Goldsmith's Company, I acquired the reputation of the most expert young man in the trade."

In his nineteenth year he again left home privately, accompanied by a youth of his own age, and proceeded to Rome, where he obtained employment under a goldsmith named Fironzuola, immediately after his arrival in the city. At the expiration of two years, he returned to Florence, at the request of his father, and again worked under Salimbeni, with whom he gained a genteel subsistence, taking great pains to become perfect in his art. It is evident from his actions and his own admissions, that Cellini was a man of a very hot temper, vain of his acquisitions, and of a restless disposition.

In doing honour to the skill of the artist, we must not conceal the failings of the man. He had at this time a quarrel with a young man named Guasconti, whom he stunned with a blow of his fist, and was sentenced by the Council of Eight to give four bushels of meal to a community of poor monks. Irritated more than ever, he made a furious attack on Guasconti and his relations, slightly wounded the former with a dagger, and with difficulty made his escape from the city, in the disguise of a friar.

He proceeded to Rome, where he at first worked for a goldsmith named Santi, but having gained a high reputation for talent and skill by setting some valuable diamonds for a lady, and making a large silver vase for the Bishop of Salamanca, he established himself in business, and was patronised by Pope Clement and several of the cardinals. He passed his leisure in making drawings after Raffaello and Michael Angelo, and also of the antiquities of the city; and during the prevalence of the plague in Rome, he passed much of his time in shooting wild pigeons among the ruins of the Coliseum and the Forum, and sometimes made excursions into the country.

After the disappearance of the plague, he seems to have lived a rather gay and dissolute kind of life, and the candour with which he records his immoralities shows how lax were the morals and manners of the age.

When Rome was menaced by the Imperialists in 1527, Cellini raised a band of fifty men for the defence of the city, and went with three of them to the Campo Santo, where the Duke of Bourbon was leading the enemy to the assault. He thus relates the incident which has made his name famous in history:—"Levelling my arquebuse where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest; but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then, turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bade them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest." Cellini and his brave companions regained the walls with some difficulty; and the former, having reached the ramparts of St. Angelo, found the gunners deserting their posts; "which vexed me to such a degree," he says, "that I took one of the matches, and getting some people to assist me, I directed the fire of the artillery where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy." The Imperialists were now entering the city, through which they spread terror and desolation. Cellini defended the castle by his own exertions until the evening, when Santa Croce was appointed to the command by Pope Clement, and posted him with five guns on the highest part of the fortress.

The castle was besieged from the 6th of May to the 5th of June, which time slaughter and desolation, with every frightful devastation attended the city. During all this time, Cellini was a constant fire on the Imperialists, and contributed to the prolongation of the siege. When submission became

few days afterwards the castle was surrendered, and the artist returned to Florence. Though he succeeded in compromising with the magistrates the affair which had caused him to fly from his native city, he remained there only a short time, and then set out for Mantua. There he only remained four months, during which time he made a silver ornament for the duke and a signet ring for Cardinal Gonzaga. His restlessness led him to return to Florence, where his father had died of the plague during his absence; and in that city he now resided some time, and was much employed by the Florentine aristocracy in setting jewels. At this time he made the acquaintance of Michael Angelo, of whom he speaks in terms of the highest praise.

Being informed that Pope Clement was desirous of employing him, Cellini again repaired to Rome, where he received a commission for a button for the pontifical cope; and executed it so much to the pope's satisfaction, that, besides being liberally remunerated, he was appointed to the lucrative post of stamp-master to the mint. His brother Francesco was killed about this time in an affray near Rome; and the incident affords a picture of the lawlessness of the times, and the ease with which crimes were compromised by those who had money or influence to protect them. Cellini ascertained the name of the soldier by whom his brother had been shot, and attacking him in the street, wounded him in two places, and left him for dead. Yet no judicial inquiry was made, and Cellini, after concealing himself for a few days, showed himself at the Vatican again without being rebuked, and went about his accustomed avocations.

In 1531 Cellini was appointed one of the papal money-bearers, an office which he held four years, and which added above two hundred crowns to his annual income. His holiness had promised him more lucrative preferment, but was often displeased by Cellini's proud and independent bearing; and when the seal-office was vacant, he conferred it on Sebastian del Piombo, the eminent painter. Partly through annoyance at this preference, it seems, and partly on account of some rough treatment he experienced from Cardinal Salviati, whom the pope had appointed his legate during a visit he made in 1532 to Bologna, Cellini delayed finishing a gold chalice, for which he had made a beautiful design. The warmth with which the pope reprimanded him on his return still further irritated the artist, and the chalice remained unfinished, Cellini declaring that he could not proceed without more gold, and his holiness refusing to supply him with it. At this time a goldsmith named Tobbia, who had been condemned to death for coining, was reprieved by Cardinal Salviati, and recommended by him to the pope, who gave him a commission which Cellini had expected himself. Shortly afterwards, in consequence of the calumnies of a rival artist, Cellini was deprived of his office of stamp-master to the mint, and ordered to send the unfinished chalice to the papal palace. This, however, he firmly refused to do, alleging that it was his own property, and all that his holiness could demand of him was five hundred crowns which he had received on account. The pope endeavoured to frighten him, by first ordering his arrest, and afterwards requiring him to pay the five hundred crowns immediately; but, finding that threats had no effect upon the artist's unbending nature, and that the money was forthcoming, he was obliged to be content with ordering him to finish the chalice as soon as he could.

The impetuosity of Cellini's temper led him into an act, soon afterwards, which compelled him to seek safety in flight, as on a former occasion. In the course of an altercation between an ingenious workman whom he had taken into partnership, and a notary named Benedetto, the latter applied an abusive epithet to Cellini, who threw a stone at him, which, striking him on the head, caused such an effusion of blood that the bystanders thought him killed. Pompey, the jeweller who had before calumniated Cellini, happening to pass, saw what had taken place, and, hurrying to the palace, informed the pope that Cellini had slain Tobbia, the goldsmith. His holiness, in a great rage, ordered him to be arrested and hanged on the spot; but while the papal guards were looking for him, he was already on his way to Naples.

Pope Clement on sooner discovered that he had been misled, sent Cellini to Rome, took him into favour again, and made two medals, for which the artist had

already furnished the designs. Just as they were completed, however, his holiness died, and was succeeded by Paul III. This misfortune was followed by a fatal adventure, which we will let Cellini tell in his own words. He had learnt that Pompeo had employed some Neapolitan bravos to assassinate him, and on the evening of the adventure to which we allude, Pompeo had publicly insulted him.

"Pompeo," says he, "entered an apothecary's shop, at the corner of the Chiavone, about some business, and stayed there some time; I was told that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him. Just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravos, having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of him by the throat so quickly, and with such presence of mind, that not one of his friends could defend him. I pulled him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear: and upon repeating my blow he fell down dead."

We have in what followed another curious illustration of the state of society in Italy at that period. Cardinal Cornaro sent sixty soldiers to protect the homicide, who tells us that more than an equal number of young gentlemen added themselves to the escort; and the pope gave him a safe conduct to continue in Rome until he could be pardoned. Finding, however, that his life was not safe, through the enmity of Pompeo's relatives and friends, he proceeded to Florence, and from thence set out for Venice. He was engaged in two brawls at Ferrara, and the vindictiveness of his character was displayed when he stopped at Choggia, on his return to Florence, receiving an affront from his host, he cut up four beds in the

it, and decamped. Referring to these exploits, he says: "My fellow-traveller thought I had been a bad companion to him, because I had shown some resentment, and defended myself against those who would have used us ill; while I looked upon him in a worse light, for neglecting to assist me upon those occasions: let the impartial reader determine who was in the right."

On his return to Florence, he was appointed master of the mint by Duke Alessandro de Medici, who made him a present of a curious gun; but on receiving a promise of pardon from Pope Paul III., and an invitation to enter his service again, he returned to Rome. On the occasion of the visit of the emperor Charles V., he made a magnificent crucifix of gold, and a book-cover of the same rich material, chased and gemmed, which were presented by the pope to the emperor and empress. Charles made Cellini a present of five hundred crowns, and the artist was employed to set the valuable diamond which the emperor had given to the pontiff. Under the impression that he had been ill-remunerated for those works, Cellini resolved to leave Italy, and made a journey to France hoping to obtain employment from Francis I. He had an interview with that monarch at Fontainebleau, but, owing to the campaign which was then about to be commenced, it led to nothing, beyond obtaining for the artist the patronage of Cardinal d'Este.

He therefore returned immediately to Rome, and on his arrival there was accused of having robbed the castle of St. Angelo of a great treasure, when the city was sacked by the Imperial troops. He was arrested, and confined in the castle, where he underwent an examination before the governor of Rome and other magistrates. The king of France interposed in his behalf, but the Pope declared he would keep him in confinement all his life; and, finding there was no other help for it, Cellini resolved to make his escape. This he accomplished by forcing open the door of his cell, and lowering himself into the yard by means of the sheets off his bed, cut into strips, which were then knotted together. He had two other walls to pass by the same means, and in descending the second he fell, and broke his right leg, besides receiving other injuries. In this condition he was seen by a servant of Cardinal Cornaro, who, on being informed of the circumstance, had him taken into his palace, and attended by an eminent surgeon. The cardinal then went to the king to intercede for Cellini's pardon, and by a promise of immunity was induced to give him up; upon which he was again confined in the castle of St. Angelo, and treated with the utmost severity.

During this period of confinement and hardship, his liberation was

obtained by the intercession of Cardinal d'Este, with whom he journeyed to Paris, having received an invitation from Francis I. On the way he had an altercation with the postmaster of Cambrille, whom he shot dead with his carbine, which, according to his own account, was discharged by accident. At Ferrara he met with a very gracious reception from the duke; but a misunderstanding arose between him and the duke's servants, attended with many unpleasant circumstances; and, resuming his journey, he at length arrived safely at Fontainebleau, where the French monarch was then residing. Madame d'Etampes was present when Cellini waited on Francis, and having knelt down and kissed his knee, displayed the cup and basin of gold, richly chased, which his friend the cardinal had caused him to execute for presentation to the king. He accompanied Francis during a tour in Dauphiné; but he was anxious to be employed, and at length the king empowered the cardinal to make arrangements with him. The terms offered were so inconsiderable, however, that, in a moment of disgust, he set out upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The cardinal was so fearful of drawing the king's displeasure upon himself, that he sent a messenger in pursuit of Cellini, who returned to Fontainebleau, where Francis assigned him seven hundred crowns per annum, the same salary as had been received by Leonardo da Vinci, with five hundred for the expenses of his journey, a house in Paris, and an annual allowance of a hundred crowns for each of the two assistants the artist had brought with him from Italy. This munificence put him in high spirits; and he began to work immediately upon twelve high candlesticks of silver, which were to represent heathen deities. He took several journeymen into his employment, but was constantly changing them, probably through his hot and overbearing temper. Besides the candlesticks, he executed at this time a gold salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, a silver flagon, and a bronze head of Julius Caesar, from an antique model. Francis visited him several times, praising his workmanship, and conversing with him with much affability; but he had the misfortune to displease the royal favourite, Madame d'Etampes, by neglecting to submit his designs to her inspection, and she became his enemy. He intended to present her with a silver vase, in the hope of mollifying her; but she kept him waiting so long when he waited upon her with it, that he left the house in anger and disgust, and presented the vase to the Cardinal of Lorraine.

Shortly afterwards he involved himself in a law-suit with a person whom he had ejected from a tenement which formed part of the premises assigned him by the king, and complains bitterly in his memoirs of the chicanery of French courts of justice and the use of false witnesses. Finding the suit going against him, he gave way to the natural impetuosity of his temper, and attacking both the plaintiff and his attorney in the street, wounded them so severely that they abandoned the suit through fear of his vengeance. "For this and every other success," says he, "I returned thanks to the Supreme Being, and began to conceive hopes that I should be for some time unmolested."

His next vexation was a quarrel with a fellow-countryman and brother artist, named Primaticcio, who had undertaken, at the instigation of Madame d'Etampes, to execute some of Cellini's designs. He had some trouble in getting his salary, the blame of which he throws upon Cardinal d'Este; and the enmity of Madame d'Etampes still pursued him. She obtained leave from the king for a perfumer to take possession of a tennis-court within the premises of Cellini, who offered resistance, and obliged the man to remove. She used every means to prejudice the king against him; and on the occasion represented in our third illustration (p. 349), she accompanied Francis to the artist's house, where the monarch reprimanded him for having engaged in so many works, while he had only completed one of the twelve silver candlesticks, for which alone he had given him a commission. Cellini knelt down, and kissing his mantle, excused himself in the best manner he could, and requested permission to return to Italy. This the king refused, but made the artist rise, and expressed himself satisfied with what he had done, and much pleased with the design he had made for the gates of the palace at Fontainebleau.

Unable to obtain the regular payment of his salary, and

scolded by Madame d'Etampes and his rivals, Cellini at length made up his mind to quit France, and returned to Florence, where he was graciously received by Cosmo de' Medici, the grand duke. After some delay, a house to live in and a salary of 200 crowns per year were assigned him, and he immediately made the model for his admirable statue of Perseus (p. 345), which he afterwards cast in bronze. He relates that he met with great difficulty in carrying on the work, through the jealousy of the sculptor Bandinello; and at one time a conspiracy was formed to charge him with a horrible crime, which induced him to leave Florence for a time, and take

Perseus first. In this he at length succeeded; and, in order to prove that he could work in marble as well as in metal, he commenced statues of Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, which, however, he does not appear to have ever finished. He also executed a bronze bust of Altoviti, a merchant of Rome; and, while on a visit to that city to obtain payment, in which he was unsuccessful, he renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated Michael Angelo.

On his return to Florence from this visit, he experienced a cold reception from the duke, who had been prejudiced against him by his steward; and scarcely had he recovered the duke's favour when



CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO.

up his residence in Venice, where he passed most of his time in the society of the painter Titian and the sculptor and architect Sansovino.

After a short stay he returned to Florence. The Perseus progressed slowly, owing to various difficulties which were thrown in his way; and he complained to the duke, which for a time had the desired effect. He made some small silver vases, and set some jewels for the duchess, who wished to occupy him entirely in that kind of work; but he was so desirous to prove himself the equal of Bandinello in sculpture, that he chose to complete the statue of

Perseus first. In this he at length succeeded; and, in order to prove that he could work in marble as well as in metal, he commenced statues of Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, which, however, he does not appear to have ever finished. He also executed a bronze bust of Altoviti, a merchant of Rome; and, while on a visit to that city to obtain payment, in which he was unsuccessful, he renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated Michael Angelo. On his return to Florence from this visit, he experienced a cold reception from the duke, who had been prejudiced against him by his steward; and scarcely had he recovered the duke's favour when

regretted having left France. The *Persæus* was at length set up in the great square, and elicited universal admiration. The pleasure which this afforded him was embittered by disputes with the duke about the remuneration he was to receive for the statue and his ornaments; and though his demand of ten thousand ducats was reduced by arbitration to three thousand five hundred gold crowns, the sum was paid him by small instalments, and a balance of five hundred was never liquidated.

The next great work of Cellini was a figure of Christ in white marble, upon a crucifix of black marble, which was greatly admired, and which he originally intended to have placed above his own tomb; but receiving an offer of fifteen hundred crowns for it from the duchess, he was induced to part with it, and it was placed

On the 16th of March, 1563, Cellini had the melancholy honour of being deputed to attend the obsequies of his friend, the illustrious Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The sculptor Ammanati was associated with him in this honour, while the painters of Florence were represented on the solemn occasion by Giorgio Vasari and Agnolo di Cosimo, called Bronzino.

Previously to his marriage, Cellini had adopted one Antonio Sptasenni, the son of a man of profligate character, whose wife had served the artist as a model for his *Medusa*, and other female figures. The father being sentenced to imprisonment, his wife, with her infant, applied for assistance to Cellini, who not only maintained Sptasenni during his incarceration, but supported his family likewise; and at length adopted the child, intending, as he



CELLINI ON HIS KNEES BEFORE FRANCIS I.

in the Palazzo Pitti. It is now in the church of the Escorial, at Madrid, having been presented to Philip II. by the grand duke Francesco I.

About the year 1560, Cellini married a female who was in his service at the time of casting the *Persæus*, and whom he mentions as the kindest and most prudent of women. She had nursed him with great care during a long and dangerous illness, which he attributes to poison given him by the wife of a farmer, of whom he had purchased a life-interest in a farm, and he had made a vow to marry her if he recovered. By her he had six children, two of whom died in their infancy. His autobiography terminates in 1562, when he was sixty-two years of age, and he does not appear to have been engaged in any work of much importance afterwards.

had then no son of his own, to make him a skilful artist. But the boy turned out so idle, intractable, and stupid, that Cellini could do nothing with him, and he became a friar.

After Cellini's marriage, Sptasenni, who had long resided at Pisa, came to Florence, and, contrary to the artist's desire, took the youth away with him. Cellini, upon this, having then a son of his own, renounced all further connexion with the Sptasenni family, and considered himself discharged from all further responsibility with regard to the son. But, in 1570, Sptasenni commenced an action against Cellini, to compel him to provide for the young man, and to secure for him a share of Cellini's property after his decease. It seems that Cellini allowed judgment to issue by default; for a sentence was given against him, which was annulled.

however, upon petition to the duke, setting forth the real circumstances of the case.

The autobiography of the artist may be regarded as his latest production. He began to write them towards the end of the year 1558, and the greater part of them seems to have been submitted to the inspection of his friend Varchi, one of the Florentine literati, in less than six months afterwards. The manuscript, now in the Laurentian library at Florence, consists of 519 folio pages, numbered only in part; with a rough cover of parchment, and tied with bands of the same material. On the cover is written, "The book of Andrea de' Lorenzo Cavalcanti;" and on the first page, "This most precious book was ever held in the highest esteem by the good and, to me, always dear, Signor Andrea Cavalcanti, my father, who would permit no one to copy it; resisting even the repeated solicitations made to him by his most serene and reverend highness the Prince Cardinal Leopold of Tuscany, etc., because—

Lone in its happy realms one Phoenix dwells,
Lone to itself, parent and off-spring both,—
So the world is prized: rare worth is loth
To court applause; what's each one's rankly smells."

On the back of this is written, in Cellini's own hand, a memorandum respecting the manuscript, and a sonnet on his life. The autobiography commences on the second folio, and appears by the memorandum to have been written by the son of Signor de' Piero Vestri, as dictated by Cellini, as far as page 460. Then come three pages and a half in an unknown hand; the remainder being in the writing of Cellini himself. At the end are five blank pages, except the first, on which are the words, "I afterwards went to Pisa."

That this is the original manuscript which Cellini sent to Varchi for his revision, there seems no reason to doubt; for his handwriting appears in several places. Cavalcanti made a gift of the work to his friend Redi; and at the commencement of the present century it was found in a bookseller's shop in Florence, and subsequently bequeathed, with other MSS., to the Laurentian library.

Horace Walpole regarded the autobiography of Cellini as "more amusing than any novel;" and the Italian literati have carried their admiration of it to the highest pitch, describing it as the most entertaining book in the whole compass of their national literature. His intimacy with the great Italian painters and sculptors, and his intercourse with the king of France and the emperor, with the popes and the Medici, military commanders and dignified ecclesiastics, afforded him opportunities of making the most interesting observations; and, as a picture of society at the period in which he lived, the work is invaluable.

He died on the 15th of February, 1570, and was buried, by his own direction, in the chapter-house of the Nunziata, with a grand funeral ceremony, which was attended by all the members of the Academy of Drawing. Besides his life, he wrote a treatise on goldsmiths' work, and several poems, which, however, are not above mediocrity.

SELF-DENIAL;

OR,

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

III.

For a moment I felt all the shame and mortification of one detected in some disgraceful crime. I stood, wishing myself annihilated, while Edith sank into a chair. There was a moment of dead silence, of silence quite painful. I felt it could not last, and I was anxious to break it myself. Charles prevented me.

"Ever since I have been in this house, six months before you came here, Edward, I loved this girl. For her it is I have had courage, for her it is I have striven; and now that I come the herald of somewhat better news, I find my hopes dashed to the ground."

"Mr. Ogilvy," said Edith, rising, and though suffused with blushes, speaking in a firm and resolute tone, "I never had the least suspicion of this."

"Then why were you my friend, why did you defend me against your father, and keep me here though I was a pauper?"

"'Twas pity—pity for the poor starving student. Ha! ha! 'Tis mighty pleasant and consoling!"

"Mr. Ogilvy," again said the dear girl—her face showing all the pain she felt—"I always respected you as a friend. If I induce my mother to let your rent run on—it was because I knew you would honourably pay her. There was no occasion for pity."

"Edith," said Charles, taking her hand, and bursting into tears, "you are an angel. The past cannot be recalled. I should not have been the timid fool I have."

"I assure you, Mr. Ogilvy—I never thought—I never suspected—"

"And why should you?" resumed he, with one of his old laughs. "Dumb courtships, I see, my dear Edward, will not do. Be come, let us sit down and talk the matter over. You have settled the matter in a rapid way I never should have dreamt of. No excuses, no apologies. It is I who beg your pardon for my violence. But you see, Edward, for the dream of a whole year to vanish in one moment was, to say the least, trying. It is over now. You are a brave, good couple; may you be happy!"

"Generous and good always!" I cried.

"A truce to compliments. What I want to know is, how this came about. I suppose you have had some good news to elate you, eh?"

I told him the exact truth.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said, when I had finished—"very glad. Now for my news. My mother has had a legacy left her, quite unexpectedly. She has sent me fifty pounds of it. Now, young people, I am for marrying at once. Mr. Edward here, has about a pound a-week, he is clever, he has an opening, he will make his way. I suppose all you will want will be a couple of rooms. I will furnish them, and the author must pay when he can."

I would not hear of such a sacrifice. But Charles insisted so gravely and so earnestly, that we gave way; and then came the great question of the parents. I felt sick at heart as I reflected that I could not communicate with my father and mother. To this marriage I felt they would never give their consent. I was not sorry, therefore, to be spared the pain of being refused.

"I will undertake Mrs. Ellis," said Charles, smiling. "I am going to pay her in advance until Christmas. That will give me weight, I can tell you. Are you engaged this afternoon, Edith?"

"No," said the young girl, blushing.

"Here is a ticket to see the Panorama of London," he continued. "Go and get ready, and ask Mrs. Ellis to have her receipt ready up to Christmas."

Edith, glad to find herself free, escaped with the utmost rapidity. We were alone.

"Edward," said my earnest friend, "I love you more than ever. It was a bitter discovery to make; but she is a noble girl, and she has chosen well. Now, Edward, take my advice. Begin very humbly. The career of a literary man is one of the most difficult. It is a rough and tortuous one; and yet it has its pleasures and advantages. You will succeed, if you are not in a hurry."

"But already am I falling into debt, my dear Charles," I replied.

"There is no such thing as debt between real friends. You will do for me what I have done for you, when you can. Recollect that I shall be always to be found; and as you love me, Edward, never borrow half-a-crown of an acquaintance. Most men will lend; but a half-crown borrowed inconsiderately has cost many a man months of idleness. You cannot deny yourself to a man to whom you owe money. There is much truth in what Shakespeare makes old Polonius say to his son, Laertes:—

'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

"You speak warmly, Charles," I said.

"I speak from experience. Debt is the curse of the idle and improvident—a mill-stone about the neck of many a struggling sufferer, who has to pay all his life long the penalty of his youthful folly and extravagance."

"You don't think of yourself, Charles," I said; "your whole thoughts are on us. You will remain here!"

"Certainly. I shall continue to reside with your mother-in-law, who is a very excellent woman at heart, Edward. She is a lady born and bred; but letting lodgings would, I think, have spoilt even the best of us. Nobody should start in it but those who have had experience in childhood. To be continually on the watch for money, suspicious and exacting, often to be deceived, is terrible work."

"And Ellis himself?" I asked.

"He has been an officer and, I believe, a gentleman. He was shelled on half-pay, I fear from too great liking for the bottle. He was in a drinking regiment, and learnt the habit. He's not, mind you, a regular drunkard, but he wastes a small income at the tavern. He fancies himself at the mess-table. Besides, the house is all let but the kitchen, and the poor man is half driven out."

I looked very grave at this description. It was to many of the loose habits unfortunately contracted by too many on entering the army at an early age that my father had objected. He had painted the fatal weakness of young men in giving way in a manner that I thought exaggerated.

"Edward," he had said in conclusion, "my ambition is to see my son a good man and a Christian; therefore it is that I prefer a profession where there is less temptation."

All this made little or no impression on me at the time, but now the words rose in judgment against me. Here I saw a practical proof of the possibility of what my father feared. I knew that it was wrong to condemn a whole body for the faults of a few; still I could not deny that my father was right to keep me out of temptation.

Edith returned shortly, dressed in a plain white frock that came her much. She was rosy with blushes, and, as I thought, never had looked so beautiful. It was little then to be wondered at, that all regrets vanished as I descended the stairs with my dear little affianced wife.

It is hard to say which is the happiest day of our lives, when there are really so very many that are happy. But I believe we are generally right when we select that on which we first knew of the gentle affection of a woman, as at all events one of the happiest. It is one of those dates we never forget, and to look back upon it is always pleasant in the most arid and gloomy hour of existence.

I do not believe either of us saw much of the sight we went to see. For my part I recollected nothing about it the same evening. We wandered about, her arm leaning on mine, sometimes talking of the future, but oftener silent, unless when we joined to sing the praises of our friend and benefactor. At last we remembered that it was time to return.

Edith turned a little pale, and I could tell that her heart was beating violently as we came up to the door of No. 13. I cheered her up as well as I could, though, to say the truth, I did feel a little like a soldier going into his first engagement. But it was my duty to support and cheer her. I therefore assumed the virtue which of all others I had not at that moment.

"Courage, dearest," said I, with a very poor attempt at a confident smile. "All will be well. Charles is a good friend. I fear nothing."

He himself opened the door.

"All goes well," he exclaimed, as his eyes beamed with delight.

I pressed his hand, but could not find words. He said no more himself, but opened the door of the front parlour, at that moment unlet, and we were ushered into the presence of the parents. The father was a handsome man of about forty-seven, with a countenance which I appeared to have seen before. He was a little shabby; and a little flurried, but he was quite sober, though there was a bottle of brandy before him.

Mrs. Ellis was a little round, good-tempered woman, with, however, a look of care on her countenance, which was in part explained by her battle with the world. The poor woman had seven children, of whom Edith was the eldest. It was in order to keep them, and provide them with schooling, that Mrs. Ellis let lodgings.

"I am proud, sir, to make your acquaintance," said the captain, in a voice that would have been musical, had it not been husky from drink. "Mr. Ogilvy has apprized us of the honour you desire to confer upon us."

"Rather abrupt," thought I. But I supposed the captain had not improved his perceptions in the parlour of the "Lamb."

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, reproachfully, "this gentleman has come to take a quiet cup of tea with us."

"No, madam," I began. "I am very glad Mr. Ellis has put me at my ease. It is with a view to request the inestimable favour of becoming a member of your family, that I have claimed the honour—the—the—"

"Sit down," said Charles, with a laugh; "it's all settled. I have talked Mr. and Mrs. Ellis over, and all they require is, that you should make their child happy. I have given you an immense character—you have got to keep up to it!"

"You are both very young," put in Mrs. Ellis, so gently, so tenderly, I could not believe it was the same person who spoke so shrilly on the stairs to noisy lodgers and crying children; "and yet, if you have industry and courage, it is perhaps best so. Mr. Ogilvy talks of a month hence. You are very soon then to leave me, Edith."

"I never said I would marry in a month," began Edith, looking quite frightened.

"But," said Charles, rather gravely, "as a favour to me—"

Edith bowed her head, rosy with blushes—half smiles, half tears—and made no reply.

"I think it necessary," I began, as a sudden thought struck me, "to explain, that having run away from home, for private reasons, I have come to London under a feigned name. My real appellation is Edward Mildmay."

The husband and wife glanced at each other with a strange look, which, however, did not prevent my continuing:

"And I am the eldest son of the Reverend Edward Mildmay. At my mother's death, I am entitled to three hundred a-year."

There was a profound silence for a moment, and then Mr. and Mrs. Ellis left the room, taking Charles with them. Edith and I were left alone. The abruptness of her parents certainly surprised the dear girl, but I left her little time to think. My tongue was loosed at last, and I gave it full swing. I repeated a dozen times the same thing. I painted our happy little home. I built a thousand castles in the air, and so drew her attention by my words that she forgot all else.

Presently, after quite an hour's absence, they came back.

"Edward," said Charles, gravely, "Mr. and Mrs. Ellis consider it necessary to reciprocate your confidence. If Edith becomes your wife, it must be as Miss Farnham. Family reasons, principally pride about lodging letting, have induced them to take an assumed name. But Edith must, like yourself, be married in her real one."

I listened with considerable surprise, a faint glimmering of some strange fancy coming over me as I heard the words; but as Charles gave no further explanation, I did not give utterance to my thoughts, but sat down at the invitation of my new friends to tea. Edith made it, and blushed a good deal, too, at her father's sly looks. He joked her in the most quiet way possible about her matronly look at the tea-table; wondered what the world was come to, when children of sixteen thought of marriage, and kept the poor girl in a state of half-pleased, half-vexed confusion.

Charles, in one of his rambles, had found a quiet floor in a cottage at the foot of Hampstead Hill. I was quite sure he had looked at it with a view to taking it for himself and the same dear girl, who now was to be mine. But I never even hinted at anything of the kind. The poor fellow had so innocently believed the absorbing one idea of his soul was well known, that he had taken Edith's many kindnesses as acceptance of his suit.

I saw a deep blush suffuse his face, as Mrs. Brown asked when the wedding was to be. I turned away, not to hear his reply. I knew, however, that he had taken the lodging; and next time we went to see it, it was neatly, though plainly furnished.

I received £6 for my article, and I drew £5 from my paper, on account of extra articles. With this I paid the expenses of the wedding, and began housekeeping with my rent paid for a quarter in advance, my little home neatly furnished, and four sovereigns in my wife's little purse.

I was a married man, with another now dependent on my exertions.

ENAMEL PAINTING.

THE engraving which we now present to our readers, is taken from a beautiful specimen of enamel preserved in the Museum of the Louvre. It is a large rectangular plate, containing an oval medallion about twenty inches in length and sixteen in breadth. It is the work of the celebrated Bernard Palissy, and represents the destruction of the Israelites by fiery flying serpents. The flesh of the various figures introduced is of white enamel; the vestments are coloured either brown or green. The figure that lies upon the

a third with a lute, and a fourth with a pipe or flute. The figures in the lower corners of the piece are separated by a long medallion of an oval form. The variety of colours introduced presents a very pleasing appearance to the eye. The ground-work of the plate is blue. The reverse is not in enamel. The frame is of carved oak.

The style of the composition, and the general beauty both of the colouring and execution, render this work of the great Palissy particularly interesting; but, apart from the merit of the work itself,



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ISRAELITES BY THE FIERY SERPENTS.—FROM AN ENAMEL BY BERNARD PALISSY.

earth in the very front of the design, and whose form is half covered by a robe, is particularly well executed. The garment, which is yellow, contrasting well with the other tones of the colouring. The vestments of the female figure near the trees is blue. The whole composition is contained within an ornamental border; it is decorated with a variety of devices in yellow, here and there enriched with a fantastic head in yellow bistre. At the corners of the enamel are represented full-length figures playing on various musical instruments—one with a species of bass-viol, another with a guitar,

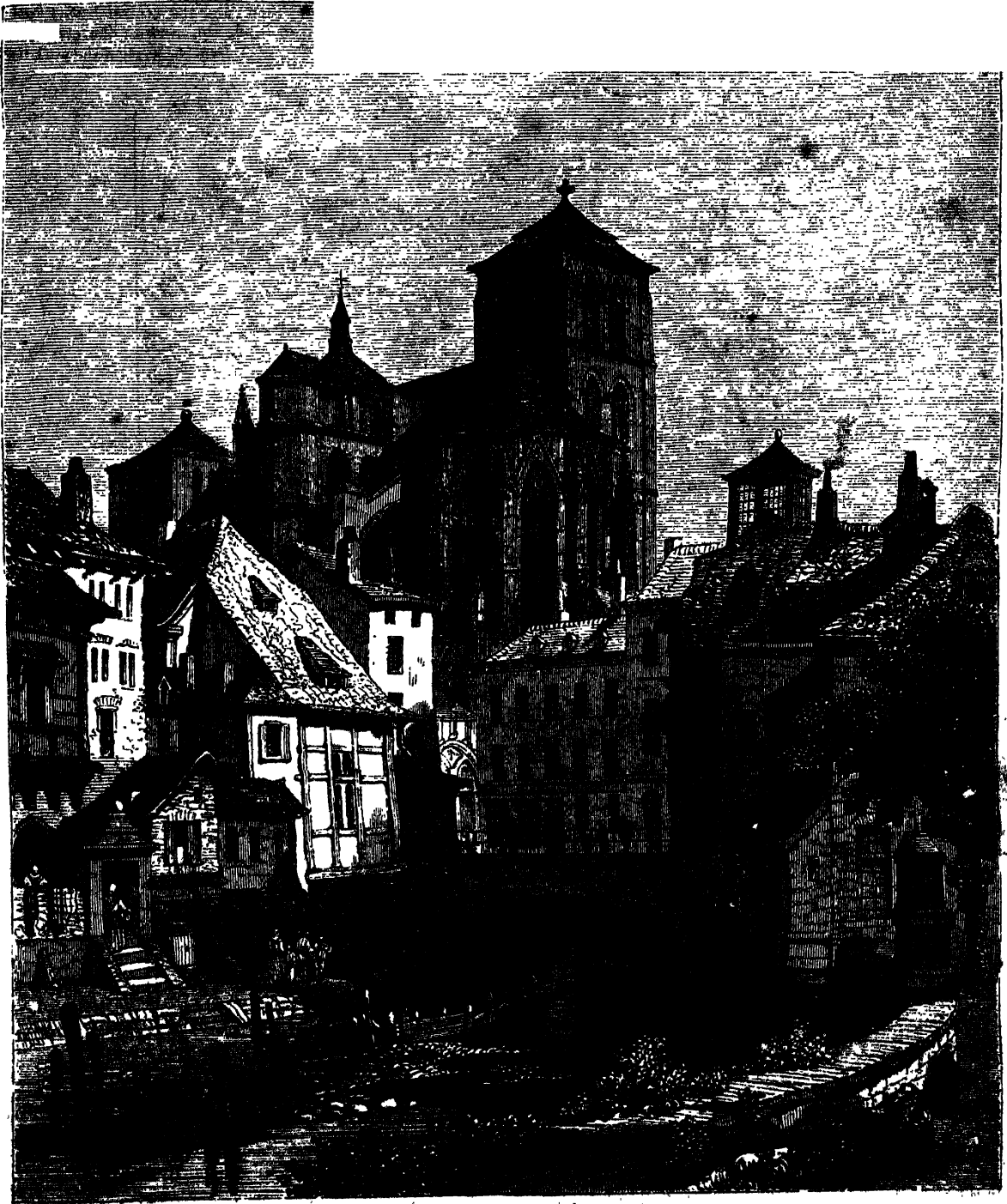
the fact of its being the production of the potter would be enough to render it valuable. The story of the life of "poor Master Bernard of the Taileries" is full of interest and instruction. The struggle of the good man to perfect his art, the troubles he endured to complete his experiments, and the sorrows which came upon Master Bernard for conscience sake, that sent him to the Bastille, and were nigh dragging him from thence to meet the guillotine—all these things have made Master Palissy a hero of the potter's kind.

THE TOWN OF HUY.

Huy, a town of Belgium, in the province of Liège, stands on the shore of the little river Hoyoux, from which it derives its name. The position of the town is remarkably picturesque, and the hills around are clothed with luxuriant vines. The quaint old houses,

picture not easily surpassed for beauty, and not readily forgotten when once seen.

The chroniclers of the middle ages, and writers of modern times as well, claim for the town of Huy a good old age; it was founded,



THE TOWN OF HUY, IN BELGIUM.

the heavy roofs, the casement windows, the small bridge with its light railing, the little stream, so clear and still, the trees and creeping plants that have overgrown the rustic wall, and, towering above everything else, the church of Notre Dame—a noble building that has stood there for more than seven centuries—present a

so they say, in the first century of the Christian era, but for this assertion they appear to have no very conclusive evidence; however, that it was known in the seventh century, there can be no doubt at all. It was a great place in the days of Charles the Simple, and the most important town in the Bishopric of Liège. But long ago

its glory has departed. Before the year 1795 it contained fourteen parishes, one collegiate church, two abbeys, and seventeen convents; now the number of parishes is reduced to five, and the population is estimated at eight thousand.

In the Church of the Crusaders is the tomb of Peter the Hermit, but the Church of Notre Dame is the principal ecclesiastical edifice. The castle, built upon a rock, commands the city and the river Meuse, which divides the town into two parts and is spanned by a stone bridge of seven arches. This castle is of very ancient origin, but a great part of the first building was destroyed by Henry II. of France.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

ALONG with our Saxon ancestors there came into England some of the strangest notions and oddest fancies that we can well conceive. Albion had, without doubt, plenty of wild, unearthly stories when her sons ranged the forest, before those forests echoed to the tramp of the Roman legions. And no doubt from the City of the Seven Hills there came new superstitions, more wild and terrible than the wood-coloured savages had ever heard of before. Druidical serpent-ogges, and the rest of the mistletoe mysteries, were followed by the nymphs of the fountains, at the very sight of whom sane men were driven mad. But with the Saxons came an entirely new class of superstitions, some of them full of horror, some light and cheerful, some terrible as was ever giant-goblin story to a child's fancy; others beautiful and gay as the fairies that slept in the bell-flowers and floated on the zephyr. The chief part of the fancies, however, being those we are about to mention here, were connected with the most ordinary affairs of life, and invested every little circumstance with a peculiar and awful meaning. They beset the daily life of every man, woman and child in the country; and many of them are still preserved amongst us. Of course these things are now slighted, and, except he be a very unlettered peasant indeed, a man does not turn back in dismay at the sight of three magpies; but once these things were received as positively true, and were regarded with as much certainty as we might count on a tide or a change of the moon.

Imagine a man believing that all these little circumstances—the falling of a stone, the ticking of a death-watch, a tingling in the ear, a shivering sensation in the back, or any other similar trivial occurrence—really betokened some good or evil fortune, what a strange sort of a life he must lead!

A stork settles on a gable of his house. Welcome. To kill the bird would be open sacrilege, for the stork is a harbinger of happiness. He receives the visit with a feeling of delight, and hails it as a promise of good luck. When he goes out, a strange dog follows him: here again is another sign of prosperous fortune. A strange dog never follows any person without good luck speedily coming on the favoured one. Welcome to the dog. When night sets in, the man looks up on the shining points in the heavens, the jewels of the night, and notices a shooting star. Good luck again. He forms a wish before the star has disappeared, and the wish is certain to be gratified. Moreover, our friend is lucky altogether: he was born with a caul, and this is certain to render him remarkably fortunate, besides having the extraordinary effect of preserving anybody who buys it from a watery grave. People now-a-days are short of faith, and prefer life-preservers of another sort—such, for instance, as cork jackets. But our lucky friend, besides being born with a caul, having a stork on his house, a strange dog at his heels, and wishing himself good fortune as a shooting star flits over the face of the heavens, has found, unawares, some four-leaved clover, and on this account, as well as all the rest, is entitled to the best of luck all his life long. Fortunately, too, he has been seated, inadvertently, between a married couple at a dinner table, and this ensures a

"Home, and in the cup of life
That honey drop, a pleasing wife."

and at no distant date—within the twelvemonth, as sure as the sun.

But our friend suffers from rheumatism. What is he to do?

"Go to the doctor!"—nothing of the sort. Let him steal a potato, or, if he objects to steal one, let him beg, but on no account buy, one. If he prefers a chestnut to a potato, a chestnut will answer just as well. As long as he retains either in his possession, he is a safe man. Still accidents may happen, and sitting next his dearest friend, our lucky man lets fall some grains of salt upon the table. Spilling salt betokens a strife between the person who spills it and the person next to whom he sits. What is our friend to do in order to avert the omen? He must lift up carefully, very carefully, not leaving a single grain, the salt that is spilt, with his knife, and throw it over his shoulder. Nothing else will avert disaster. But what if he upsets the salt-cellar altogether? This signifies a shipwreck, and our friend may look out for squalls; there is fine weather now, but a storm is brewing, and the gallant little "Triton," with a goodly cargo, will meet with accident—no doubt of that.

While our friend is thinking of these things, and trembling for his "Triton," bound to the bottom as sure as ever scuttled ship was doomed, he feels a tingling in his ear. This satisfies him that some are talking about him. But what can they be saying? Are they telling up his good deeds, numbering his excellent qualities, writing up his virtues—like tombstone grief; or are they pointing out his weaknesses, condemning his vices, ridiculing his absurdities, and writing him down an ass? Which ear is it tingles? The right: then are his excellencies exalted. A tingling in the right ear is always a good omen. But, unfortunately, it is in the left—there is no mistake about it; the most subtle casuist cannot make a left right, and right left. The talker talks with no respect of persons; he condemns our friend as a scoundrel, whispers all the idle gossip of the town, tells all the prattle—such prattle as people love to hear, though it be foul and dirty, and black as ink. All the stories that our friend would have kept secret are blazing forth, and he knows very well that the circle of listeners,

"Whatever they hear are sure to spread
East and west and north and south,
Like the bull which, according to Captain Z.,
Went in at his ear and came out at his mouth."

When the left ear tingles, people talk ill of us; if it be so, some people's left ears must never leave off tingling. But what is to be done? Charm for charm. Our friend must bite his little finger; the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. Don't spare the little finger.

Our friend has been relating a remarkable story, the visitors have been all listening anxiously. "Is it true, is he quite satisfied of its authenticity?" Quite. Up stands our friend, when his chair falls backward, and falls on the ground with a crash. There is an audible titter. Our friend colours "ruddier than the cherry." What does it mean? The falling of a chair is a sure sign that the person who sat in it has been guilty of untruth. Our friend is about to present a very choice knife to a fair acquaintance, but he knows very well that it may sever their friendship for ever. To give cold steel, scissors or knives, separates friendship between even the dearest friends. Therefore, some money, no matter how small a piece, must be paid—duly paid—and the affair be regarded as a purchase. Salt, also, must not be given; it must be bought, else unthought-of calamity is sure to follow. Our friend has plucked a water lily, that spread its broad leaves and white and yellow cups upon the water. No harm is done by this; but he has unfortunately slipped and fallen while he had it in his hand. What will be the result? Perhaps a bruise or two; nothing of the sort—but he will now be subject to fits. Moreover, he happens to have cut his finger rather deeply, and the manner which he takes to cure the wound is as simple as it is remarkable. He anoints the knife with oil, puts it into a drawer, and allows it to remain there for some days. Sympathetically the cut is cured. Our friend, likewise, entertains the notion that if he goes under a ladder he stands the chance of being hanged; that the consequence of such an imprudent act will in all probability be a long cord and a short skirt. Then, being twice or thrice detected talking to himself—like a modern Prince of Denmark—he is constrained in the end to "soliloquize" is the sure precursor of a violent death. And so our friend occasionally feels a cold shivering sensation in his back.

he begins to understand that his time is near, and that somebody is walking over his grave.

Such are a few of the odd fancies which our Saxon forefathers left us as an heirloom. Signs and omens, such as ancient Romans might have gathered from the flight of birds, and ancient Britons from the writhings of a sacrificial victim, our Saxon ancestors detected in every trifling circumstance of daily life. Such fancies still

retained in Holland and in Germany, and here, in England, are not forgotten. It seems strange, indeed, that at any time such

Trifles light as air "

should have affected the mind of man, but that they have done so is beyond all dispute, and such folk lore forms an extensive chapter in the delusions of the olden time.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

MUCH controversy has taken place among men of science as to the physical character of the ancient Egyptians. It may be thought that of a people so ancient abundant testimony would be found in the works of the Greek travellers and historians, but the difficulty has been created by the conflicting statements of those writers, rather than by their silence on the subject. Volney maintains that they were negroes, and founds his opinion on passages in the works of Herodotus, Æschylus, and Lucian. Ammianus Marcellinus says they were, for the most part, of a brownish colour; and in an old Egyptian document in the Berlin Museum, in which the contracting parties are described by their external appearance, one is called black or dark brown (the word may be rendered either way), and the other yellow or honey-coloured. Dr. Prichard infers from these accounts, that the ancient Egyptians were a dark-coloured people, and that, at the same time, great varieties of colour existed among them, as is the case with the modern Hindoos and Abyssinians.

Denon gives the following description, founded upon a personal examination of Egyptian statues, busts, and bas-reliefs: "Full, but delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances sedate and placid; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut, and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travellers has observed, the genuine African character, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation."

The figures which illustrate this article afford some specimens of the characters exhibited by Egyptian sculptures. The originals are in the Egyptian Gallery in the Louvre. Fig. 1 represents two unknown personages, probably husband and wife, as may be indicated by the figure of a child between them. There is nothing to indicate that these figures represent deities, royal personages, or indeed any persons of distinction; probably the man held some civil employment under the Pharaohs.

Fig. 2 is a statue in black granite, without a head, of which it has been deprived by accident. It was found on the site of the ancient Sais, and is considered a fine specimen of ancient Egyptian art. The attitude and the execution are superior to the majority of Egyptian statues; and we may here remark that the sculptors of ancient Egypt represented upright figures less often than those which are seated. There is an inscription on this statue, from which we learn that it represents Horus, the son of Psammetichus, and a military chief.

The ancient Egyptian artists sometimes represented men kneeling before a kind of altar on which their deities were represented in relief. We give two examples of this kind of sculpture. Fig. 3 is a statuette in stone, of heavy workmanship, representing a high functionary, called in the inscription, "Basiliscus Grammatas, chief of the cavalry of the lord of two worlds, and guardian of the royal legs," kneeling before an altar, in a niche of which is a figure in relief of the god Osiris. Fig. 4 is a kneeling figure in black granite, supporting before him a sort of bench, on which three divinities are seated. The inscription on the upright slab at the back of the kneeling figure intimates that it is that of Eusagor, the son of Anurion, who, among other titles, is called, "Chief of the gates of the meridional country."

Fig. 5 represents an individual called in the hieroglyphic inscription, Sops, a prophet and priest of the white bull. The prophets were not in the first rank of the sacerdotal class, but took rank after the arch-prophets and the grand-priests attached to the worship of deified kings. This statue, which is regarded as one of

the most precious *moreaux* of the Louvre collection, is in calcareous stone, and appears to have been executed in the earliest period of Egyptian art. The position is simple, and the style of execution rude. The head is round, the shoulders rather high; the body presents an appearance of strength; the articulation of the knees is robust. The somewhat remarkable head-dress is painted black, and a green band is drawn under the eyes.

Fig. 6 is a representation of a bas-relief in calcareous stone from the tomb of Seti I., founder of the nineteenth dynasty, and a famous warrior, who succeeded to the throne towards the end of the sixth century before the Christian era. The figures are those of Seti and the goddess Hathor, supposed by Champollion to have been the Egyptian Venus, but more probably another name for Isis. Though both figures are in profile, the eyes, as was usual with the ancient artists, are represented full. The king has a youthful appearance; he wears a kind of scarf, the fringe of which is ornamented with two serpents, and sandals terminating in a point. His head-dress is adorned in front with a serpent, and he wears bracelets on his wrists, and a collar of four rows about his neck. His right hand holds the left hand of the goddess, and his left receives the collar which she holds out to him. The head-dress of the goddess is of great richness, and is surmounted by a solar disc between two cow's horns, from which a serpent hangs. She wears a collar of similar form to the king's. Her arms are bare, and adorned with bracelets and armlets; her feet are also bare, and ornamented with anklets. Her robe fits very closely to her form, and is curiously ornamented with lozenges and inscribed characters in alternate rows; the latter may be thus translated:—"Establisher of justice! we accord to thee many years, and power like that of the sun. Offspring of the sun! friend of the gods! Seti, the friend of Phthas! live for ever! Lord of two worlds, establisher of justice, we give thee many years and thousands of panegyrics. Beloved offspring of the sun! lord of diadems! Seti, the friend of Phthas, eternal as the sun! lord of two worlds, beloved by Hathor, inhabit always the land of peace and truth."

Phthas means one by whom events are decreed, and was used by the ancient Egyptians to designate the power or principle by which the universe was originated and presided over. Sometimes it was called Cnephi, denoting a good genius; and it was represented symbolically by the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth—an emblem of eternity.

Figure 7 is a fragment of a bas-relief in calcareous stone, representing a funeral scene. The mother of the deceased lifts her hand to her head, with grief expressed in her countenance, perhaps to cover her hair with dust, according to ancient usage. A priest chants the funeral hymn, and behind him three persons utter exclamations of grief, or repeat the chorus of the hymn. In another compartment aquatic birds and plants are represented, and Charon's boat conveys the defunct across the sable waters of the lake of death. In a representation of a funeral on a tomb from the ruins of Thebes, the figures of the deceased and his sister are seated under a canopy, before a table covered with offerings; a priest pronounces their eulogy, and proclaims their right to be admitted into the realms of the blessed.

If we may form an idea of the complexion of the ancient Egyptians from the paintings found in their temples and tombs, the colouring of their statues and bas-reliefs, and of the *aycamore* cases in which their mummies are found enclosed, we must come to the conclusion that they were of a reddish-brown colour, like the existing Foulah and Kaffir tribes. The male figures are invariably painted with this colour, and the female figures sometimes of a lighter shade of the same colour, and sometimes yellow or yellowish.



FIG. 1.—EGYPTIAN FIGURES (UNKNOWN)



FIG. 3.—FIGURE BEFORE AN ALTAR (BASILICUS GRANNATUS).



FIG. 4.—SEATED FIGURE (UNKNOWN).

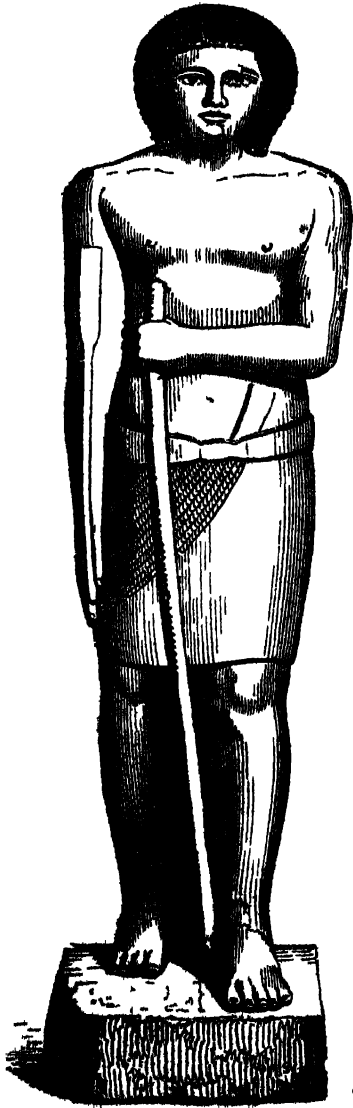


FIG. 5.—STATUE OF SETA.



FIG. 6.—BAS-RELIEF FROM THE TOMB OF SETA.



FIG. 7.—BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING A FUNERAL SCENE.

brown. "This red colour," says Dr. Prichard, "is evidently intended to represent the complexion of the people, and is not put on in the want of a lighter paint, or flesh colour; for when the figures of bodies are represented as seen through a thin veil, the tint most resembles the complexion of Europeans. The same shade might have been generally adopted if a darker one had not been preferred, as more truly representing the national complexion of the Egyptian race."

The Copts, who are well known to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, have yellowish-brown complexions, and features which bear considerable resemblance to those of mulattoes; and Denon says he was struck with the resemblance of the Copts to the old Egyptian sculptures. Mr. Ledyard, whose testimony is the more valuable as he had no theory to support, says: "I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race; the nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here, is curled, not like that of the negroes, but like the mulattoes." This description agrees with those of Volney, Barry, and Pagnet; and the preservation of their language shows that the Coptic race has undergone very little change since the days of the Pharaohs.

CELEBRATED SPRINGS.

Springs are interesting objects, whether we regard them as entering into the composition of picturesque scenery, in which character they appeal to the eye of the artist and the lover of the beautiful in nature, or as associated with classical and modern poetry, or with the bygone events chronicled by the historians of the olden time. Whether gushing forth from the rock, and sparkling in the sunlight as their waters fall into their natural basin—or murmuring in the seclusion of some deep glen, half concealed by feathery ferns—or rising in the arid desert, to slake the thirst of the camel and his tawny rider, to whom the palm which invariably grows beside it affords a welcome shade—a spring is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. No wonder, then, that the active and poetic imagination of the old Greeks placed the springs of their country under the guardianship of the Naiads, and that their feeling of the beautiful led them to believe that the nymphs were grieved and displeased by the pollution of the sparkling waters which the gods had placed under their protection. What reader of classical literature has not heard of the fountain to which Ulysses was directed to go, to find his herdsman, when he returned to his native country? This fountain,

"Where Arethusa's ample waters glide,"

is about six miles in the interior of the island, the road leading to it ascending all the way. The water is continually percolating through the superincumbent rock at the top of a ravine, and falls into a small basin. The sides of the ravine are covered with evergreens and odoriferous shrubs, and before the spring stands a broken and crumbling arch, through which may be seen the blue waters of the Ægean sea. The summit of the rock, above the spring, commands an extensive and beautiful view of the islands and distant mountains of Greece. The goat-herds of the islands quench their thirst at this spring, which flows as brightly now as in the days of Homer, three thousand years ago.

Dodwell, who visited this spot, describes its waters as clear and good, trickling gently from a small cave in the rock, which is covered with a smooth and downy moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall is built, to check its overflowing. After cooing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough, placed there for cattle. In the winter it overflows, and finds its way, in a thin stream, through the glen to the sea. The French had possession of Ithaca in 1798, and the rocks of the Ægean mountains are covered with republican inscriptions.

Who also has not heard of the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus, in which the priestess of Delphos laved her limbs, and from which she was supposed to derive her inspiration? Of the former magnificence of the city and temple which in ancient times stood on this site, not a vestige can now be discovered; but Parnassus still bears its rocky summit to the sky, and the Castalian spring

"The shrine hath shrunk! but thou—unchanged art thou!
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song! Their bright course seems
With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud, which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!"

A small shallow basin on the margin of the rill is pointed out as the bath of the Pythoness, which is fed by the cascade descending through a cleft of Parnassus, as the snow on its summit is dissolved. This probably accounts for the extreme coldness of the water. The poetic expression, "Castalian dew," refers to the spray of the cascade. In accordance with the common practice of erecting edifices for Christian worship on the spots consecrated by the traditions and myths of the elder creed, a chapel, dedicated to St. John, now rises by the side of the Castalian spring, the picturesqueness of which is further increased by a large fig-tree, which produces an agreeable shade, and a profusion of flowering shrubs and trailing or pendant ivy.

In the desert of Northern Arabia may still be observed some of the springs at which the Israelites halted in their long and toilsome journey from Egypt to Palestine, still shaded by a few palms, and objects of contention to the wild tribes who wander from oasis to oasis with their flocks and herds. Sometimes the water is bitter and brackish; and we read in the Mosaic narrative, that "when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter." The juice of a plant, however, rendered them palatable. There is reason for supposing the spot mentioned to be the spring Hawdrah, a small basin of brackish and rather bitter water, near which Dr. Robinson found several bushes of a low-growing, thorny plant, producing red berries of an acid flavour, which are found a corrective to the unpleasant qualities of the water. "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." This spot has been identified with Wady Gharandel, a slight depression in the wide desert, with a copious spring in the bottom, producing a small rivulet, and surrounded by date-palms, tamarisks, and acacias. Though twelve wells cannot be traced at present, the circumstance does not militate against the identification of Elim with Wady Gharandel, as wells are frequently filled up by the drifting of the sand.

In the upper part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is a spring dedicated to the Virgin, the waters of which flow through a subterranean channel cut in the solid rock into the Pool of Siloam, an artificial reservoir, fifty-three feet long by eighteen broad. From thence the water is led off to irrigate the gardens and orchards in the valley. The waters of this spring exhibit the remarkable phenomenon of flowing at intervals, in a manner analogous to the flux and reflux of the tides of the ocean. Some first called attention to the circumstance, towards the close of the fourth century; but most modern travellers have discredited the story. Among the inhabitants of Jerusalem, however, the belief in the ebb and flow of the water is universal; and Dr. Robinson was enabled, a few years ago, to verify it by his own observations.

"As we were preparing to measure the basin of the upper fountain," says he, "and explore the passage leading from it, my companion was standing on the lower step, with one foot on it, and the other on a loose stone lying in the basin. All at once he perceived the water running into his shoe; and, supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which, however, was also covered with water. This instantly excited our curiosity, and we now perceived the water rapidly bubbling up from under the lower step. In less than five minutes it had risen in the basin nearly or quite a foot, and we could hear it gurgling as it passed the interior passage. In ten minutes more it had ceased to flow, and the water in the basin was again reduced to its former level. Throwing my staff in under the lower step, whence the water appeared to come, I found that there was here a large hollow space; but no further examination could be made without removing the steps. Meanwhile a woman of an ancient race, who was accustomed to frequent the place

every day; and from her we learnt that the flowing of the water occurs at irregular intervals—sometimes two or three times a day, and sometimes, in summer, once in two or three days. She said, she had seen the fountain dry, and men and flocks, dependent upon it, gathered around and suffering from thirst; when all at once the water would begin to boil up from under the steps, and

(as she said) from the bottom in the interior part, and flow off in a copious stream.

The Pool of Silsum may therefore be classed among ebbing and flowing wells, of which some examples are found in England, though the phenomenon does not appear to have any regular periodicity.

THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR.

(*HELARCTOS MALAYANUS*.)

Not many years have elapsed since the appearance of a dancing bear, with the indispensable accompaniment of a monkey, was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the streets of London. But the march of progress has introduced new police acts, and before these many of the sights and sounds familiar to our childhood have either wholly disappeared, or become very unfrequent. None appear to have succumbed more completely to the strong hand of the law than our shaggy friend, Bruin. Punch occasionally gets an audience together at the corner of some side street, where the old jokes appear to have lost none of their piquancy; the Fantoccini, with its wonderful dancing skeleton that falls to pieces, and throws its head up to the top of the stage in such a surprising manner, is still to be seen now and then in our thoroughfares; the monkeys even have held their ground to a certain extent, but the bear and the camel, the most wonderful of our early street reminiscences, appear to have departed for ever.

Our children can only make the acquaintance of these animals in menageries and zoological gardens; but here we have abundance of evidence that the ursine race has not lost one particle of its popularity—the bear-pit is always surrounded by a delighted troop of youngsters, watching with the greatest interest the uncouth movements of the shaggy brutes, which often look like a burlesque upon human actions, and enticing them up to their uncomfortable position at the top of the pole by the irresistible temptation of half a bun. But if the rising generation have some just cause for regret that their street opportunities of picking up a knowledge of natural history are somewhat curtailed, this disadvantage is certainly more than compensated for by the facilities afforded by the zoological gardens of the present day. Here, instead of the wandering showman with his scanty troop of animals, they may visit a magnificent collection of the rarest and most interesting creatures from all quarters of the globe; and for a guide in their inspection, instead of the "History of Three Hundred Animals," which was almost the only attainable zoological reading of our younger days, there are innumerable handbooks, of various degrees of excellence, which furnish the reader with the most recent information on the natural history of the animal creation.

The common bear of Europe (*Ursus arctos*), like all his relatives in the northern regions of the earth, is clothed, as is well known, with a thick coat of long, shaggy hair, which serves to protect him from the severe cold to which he is so frequently exposed. But the bears inhabiting the countries lying between the tropics are usually destitute of this shaggy covering, and present a sleek and comfortable appearance, which contrasts favourably with the rough exterior of our northern species. This is, however, by no means universally the case, for some of the bears from hot climates are as shaggy as their northern brethren, but these appear generally to inhabit mountainous districts, where they are exposed to considerable cold.

Of the short-haired bears of the Eastern Archipelago, for which Dr. Horsfield has proposed the formation of a genus, which he calls *Helarctos*, or sun-bear, from its tropical habitation, two species are known. One of these, the Malayan sun-bear (*Helarctos Malayanus*), was first described by Sir Stamford Raffles, in the year 1821; and a specimen of it appears to have been brought to England about two years previously. This bear is found in the peninsula of Malacca, in the island of Sumatra, and in the islands of Java and Sumbatra. It is called *bayang* by the Malays, a name which has a singular resemblance to our English brute. The second species, the Bornean sun-bear (*Helarctos eurypus*), considered by some zoologists as more widely of the Malayan bear, is found in the great island of Borneo, and was described by Dr. Horsfield in 1825,

from a specimen then living in the Royal Menagerie in the Tower of London, of the habits of which he gives a most interesting account. Both these species present a very striking similarity in form and colouring; both are of a deep glossy black, with the muzzle yellowish brown, and both have a large pale mark on the chest; but this, in the Malayan bear is of a white colour, and usually takes the form of an irregular crescent, whilst in the Bornean species it is almost square and of deep orange colour.

From the northern bear, and especially from the great white bear of the arctic regions (*Thalassarctos maritimus*), which appears in its structure as in its habitation to present the greatest contrast with these tropical species, the Malayan and Bornean bears are especially distinguished by the great breadth of the skull, the portion occupied by the brain being almost globular, whilst in the northern species it is more oblong. In their manners and disposition, also, these animals contrast most favourably with their polar relative, and in a less degree with the intervening species. Dr. Horsfield has drawn a pleasing parallel between the two extremes. "The polar bear," he says, "lives in the most distant regions of the north, near the ocean, among ice and tempests. Its food is exclusively of an animal nature, and is supplied by fishes, seals, and the carcasses of whales. It passes more than half the year in a torpid state, and when it awakes exhibits an unconquerable ferocity of disposition. Although repeatedly taken in a young state, no individual has ever been even partially domesticated. The voyages to the northern regions abound with accounts of its courage and fierceness. It has often been found a dangerous and destructive enemy to man. The *Helarctos*, on the contrary, inhabits the most delightful and fertile regions of the globe. The range both of the Malayan and Bornean species appears to be limited to within a few degrees of the equator, and it is therefore with propriety designated as the equinoctial bear. Its food is almost exclusively vegetable, and it is often attracted to the society of man, by its fondness for the young protruding summits of the cocoa-nut trees. It appears therefore, not infrequently at the villages, and has in many instances been taken and made to submit to the confinements of a domestic life." It is to be observed, however, that the bears, although belonging to the order of carnivorous animals, generally subsist to a great extent upon vegetables, and that the polar bear is perhaps the only species confined exclusively to a flesh diet. The fondness of these animals for honey is proverbial, and the tropical species are not only endowed with the same taste, but appear to have many opportunities for indulging it. Several species of wild bees inhabit those favoured regions, and the bears will climb the highest trees with great agility in search of the sweet stores laid up by those industrious creatures, in devouring which their tongues, which are long, slender and flexible, appear to be of great service to them.

One remarkable peculiarity of these bears consists in the loose fleshy structure of the upper lip, which is capable of being protruded in the form of a short proboscis. When any article of food is held a little way beyond his reach, the animal will frequently extend this, as if to seize it, expanding his nostrils and moving his nose at the same time, in a manner which, as Dr. Horsfield observes, is very ludicrous. In this respect, however, the Malayan and Bornean bears are greatly surpassed by a species from the continent of India, called the Juggler's bear (*Prochilus laniatus*), from its being carried about for exhibition by the Indian jugglers. In the general structure this species very closely resembles its Indian relatives, but still presents sufficient differences to have caused the formation of a separate genus for its recognition, to which, from the great probability of the fact, the name of *Prochilus* has been given. Unlike the sun-bear, and

animal is covered with long shaggy hair, so that he bears a considerable resemblance, in external appearance, to the common European bear. This animal, on its first arrival in Europe, was the subject of a great deal of thunder. A specimen was exhibited in London in the year 1780, when it was examined by Pennant, and the other authorities in zoological matters in those days. The specimen had lost its front teeth, probably, as Baron Cuvier supposed, from age, and these gentlemen, struck with the circumstance, chose to overrule all its other characters, and immediately pronounced the animal to be a new species of sloth (in which the incisors are naturally deficient), which they described as the Ursine or Five-toed sloth (*Bradypus ursinus pentadactylus*). Shaw even goes so far as to tell his readers that "it is not otherwise related to the bear, than by its size and habit, or mere exterior outline;" and in accordance with the dictum of that distinguished compiler, the

do so; but it violently resents abuse and ill-treatment, and, having been irritated, refuses to be courted, while the offending person remains in sight." A bear does not seem likely to prove a very amiable domestic pet; but Sir Stamford Raffles' account of the behaviour of a tame specimen of the Malayan species which lived or about two years in his possession, may go a long way towards removing our objections to such an inmate. "He was brought up in the nursery with the children; and when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but champagne. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humour was when no champagne was forthcoming. He was naturally of a playful disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain-bird, or Lory of New Holland, to mess together and eat out of



THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR (*HELARCTOS MALAYANUS*).

animal appeared for some years as a sloth in all works on natural history; and in that delectable compilation, "The History of Three Hundred Animals," it figures under the more mysterious appellation of the "Anonymous Animal." Subsequent researches, however, showed that the absence of the front teeth in the first specimen was entirely an accidental circumstance, and that the creature was a genuine bear.

In captivity, all these tropical bears appear to be of a mild and playful disposition. The Bornean bear in the Tower exhibited, according to Dr. Horsfield, a great consciousness of the kind of treatment it received from its keeper. "On seeing him," says the Doctor, "it often places itself in a variety of attitudes, to court his attention, and, extended, extending its nose and anterior feet, or suddenly turning round, exposing the back, and waiting for several minutes in this attitude, with the head placed on the ground. It delights in being patted and rubbed, and even allows strangers to

the same dish. His favourite playfellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying was always borne and returned with the utmost good humour and playfulness. As he grew up he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden, he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots." With these qualities—grubbing, perhaps, the last-mentioned—we might almost expect the sun-bears to become fashionable pets; but their size, unfortunately, is rather against them. They measure some three or four feet in length, and when standing upon the hind legs, which they can do with ease, reach to a height of five or six feet. The natives of the country, which they inhabit, apply them to many useful purposes, and their skins in the formation of articles of dress. Their claws, also, which are very long, are frequently strung together into necklaces by these people, or attached to their clothes and weapons by way of ornament.

THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO, when political exigencies have again placed at the head of the Greek administration, was born at Constantinople, on the 15th of February, 1791, and is consequently in his sixty-fourth year. He is descended, in a direct line, from the Alexandre Mavrocordato who acquired some renown both in politics and the sciences towards the close of the seventeenth century, and received the title of count from the emperor Leopold II. for his co-operation in the deliverance of Vienna, when it was besieged by the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, in 1683. Nicholas, son of Count Mavrocordato, was made hospodar of Moldavia in 1709, in the place of the native prince, Rakovitz, and of Wallachia in 1716.

The education of Alexandre Mavrocordato was carefully attended to by his father, who was grand interpreter to the Ottoman Porte, and intended him for the diplomatic service. He pursued his

education formed with that view. When, at the close of 1813, Caradja abruptly quitted the principality, and was replaced by Alexandre Soutzo, Mavrocordato also left Bucharest, and after travelling over a considerable portion of Europe, fixed his residence at Pisa. There he was joined by Argyropoulos, the Archbishop Ignatius, and several other Greeks of distinction, all actuated by the same desire of liberating their country from the Ottoman yoke.

During his residence at Pisa, he received from the Emperor Alexander, whom he had met in Bessarabia in 1813, an advantageous offer of employment in the Russian service, which his ardour in the cause of his country's independence led him to decline. Alexandre Ipsilanti, the chief of the Hetairists, proposed an invasion of Moldavia, encouraged probably by hopes of support from Russia; but Mavrocordato conceived an unfavourable opinion



ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO, THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

of the enterprise, and refused to take any part in it. In his opinion, an insurrection would have no chance of success, either on the banks of the Danube or at Constantinople, and he recommended a descent on the coast of the Morea. His advice was followed. On the 10th of July, 1821, a Greek vessel, under Russian colours, entered the port of Marcellae, having on board Mavrocordato and his companions, and a quantity of arms and ammunition, destined for the cause of Greek independence. There they were joined by a number of their compatriots from the universities of France and Germany, and fifty French and Piedmontese sympathisers, mostly in the military services of their respective countries.

Eight days afterwards the vessel sailed for the Morea, and on leaving the port the national flag was substituted for that of Russia, amid the roar of a vibrant and enthusiastic cry of "Liberty for

over." On the 20th of August the patriots disembarked at Missolonghi, about six weeks after the arrival of Demetrios Ipsilanti in the Peloponnese. It is needless to enter here into the particulars of the war. The patriots were successful in expelling the Turks from the Morea, and on the 1st of January, 1822, Mavrocordato, who had been elected president of the executive council of the Greek nation, signed the famous proclamation of the National Assembly of Epidaureus. The constitution which provisionally regulated the organisation of Greece had just been promulgated. But differences of opinion were beginning at this time to distract the councils of the great chiefs, and Mavrocordato shortly afterwards resigned his authority, rather than divide the insurgent forces, which Colocotroni would certainly have done, but for this patriotic self-denial.

In July of the same year Mavrocordato met Lord Byron, for the first time, at Missolonghi. The political ability of Mavrocordato was not unknown to the noble poet, who generously offered a large sum of money for the equipment of the Greek fleet, on the condition that he should resume the direction of affairs. The friendship which thus sprang up between these two distinguished men was terminated shortly afterwards by the death of the poet, for whom the National Assembly decreed a general mourning. After the heroic defence of Sphacteria in 1825, Mavrocordato retired into private life, but he continued to correspond with the Philhellenic committees, and to keep up relations with the government.

Under the arbitrary government of Count Capo d'Istria he for some time kept aloof from public affairs; but when he thought he could serve his country by doing so, he accepted an important mission to the island of Candia, and organised, in concert with Toubasias, the increasing fleet of the infant state. During the minority of King Otho, and under the Bavarian regency, he held for short periods the ministry of finance and the presidency of the council, and afterwards received, under the colour of a voluntary retreat from office, the appointment of minister of legation to the court of Munich. He was subsequently accredited in the same capacity to the court of London; and when Otho, in July, 1840, found the difficulties of government thickening around him, he was sent for to form an administration. He took this opportunity to represent to his majesty the necessity of removing the Germans who filled all the offices of state, establishing the political institutions of the country on a sound basis, introducing certain desirable reforms into the administration, and giving the people some guarantee that their rights would be respected. Finding that his views did not agree with those of the king, he tendered his resignation. His immense popularity followed him in his retirement. This abnegation of office, when he could not hold it without a sacrifice of principle, commands our admiration, more especially as he was without fortune, having consecrated all his patrimony to the liberation of his country. The government offered him a pension of 7,200 drachmas, as a mark of their appreciation of the services he had rendered the nation; and his refusal, based on the scruples he felt at becoming a burden upon the people, increased the esteem in which his disinterested patriotism caused him to be held by all classes of his countrymen.

Two years afterwards, the revolution of the 15th of September, 1843, broke out, and compelled the king to convoke a National Assembly, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Mavrocordato was at that time Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople. Recalled to Athens by the revolution, and elected representative of Missolonghi, he presided for six months, with remarkable talent and dignity, over the most stormy assembly that had ever been convened in Greece. After the promulgation of the constitution, he was induced to accept office; but he did so with some reluctance, well knowing how precarious his tenure of power would be. In fact, the minorities, vanquished in the Assembly, soon coalesced against his administration, and offered a furious opposition to all his measures. In consequence of this fictitious opposition, he resigned his functions as president of the council, and resumed his place in the chamber, to which he was called by five electoral colleges. He now became the leader of the opposition, and resisted the arbitrary measures of Otho to the utmost of his power; but in 1848, fearing an anarchical reaction, as a consequence of the political excitement of the period, he abandoned his opposition to the government, though

without giving it his support. At the close of 1850, however, he accepted the appointment of minister of legation at Paris, but without any sacrifice of his opinions on the internal policy of the kingdom. The events of which Greece has lately been the scene, and particularly the temporary occupation of the Piræus by an Anglo-French division, have awakened King Otho to a more just appreciation than hitherto of the conditions on which he holds his throne; and the fact of his again placing Mavrocordato at the head of the government seems to indicate an intention to make his future policy more in accordance with the wants and wishes of the people.

THE YOUTH OF GOETHE.

THE great German poet and thinker, whose name appears at the head of our present article, makes in his autobiography the remark which must have occurred to very many persons before him—that "when we desire to recall what befel us in the earliest period of youth, it often happens that we confound what we have heard from others with that which we really possess from our own direct experience." There is great truth in this. Few men can look back and tell when they began to remember, what they know themselves of their own knowledge, and what has been told to them.

We fancy that Goethe is himself in the category of those who record much from the narratives of others, which they fancy they recollect from their own experience. He gives us a minute description of his house—the house in which he was born—and tells gravely, in the style of Rousseau, of little peccadilloes, which are almost too trivial to be worthy of record. But the world had made Goethe unconsciously vain; and he really felt that it was important to the world to know how, when scarcely more than a baby, he amused certain grave old men by smashing a basket full of crockery just bought; and how he was curious about the name of his street—"The Stag-ditch," and didn't like to go to bed in the dark, and so on. The apology for all this certainly is, the naïve style in which the childish adventures are told.

The event which, probably of all others, had an influence on the tone of the boy's mind, was his old grandmother's having a puppet-show exhibited to the children. We can fancy the impression made by the mimic drama on a boy who was naturally of a romantic disposition. The little stage was given over to him, and became his constant amusement and occupation, until a great change in the family induced other impressions. They lived in a queer old house, with every story projecting over the other; and when the grandmother died, their father determined to rebuild it. He tried to do this while the children were in it, until the water came into their very bed-rooms, and then he reluctantly allowed them to go to school.

The hero of this narrative now began to make acquaintance with his native town, to wander on the bridge over the Maine—it was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine—to get ferried over the river, and to watch the market-boats arriving. He used to avoid the market itself, and "always flew away from the meat-stalls, narrow and disgusting as they were, in perfect horror."

Frankfort is a quaint old town, with historic memories—its Hasengasse, its fortresses within the walls, its Nuremberg court, its Comportella, Braangels, and other strongholds, turned to the peaceful purposes of trade. There were gates, and towers, and walls, and bridges, and ramparts, and moats—remains of a past long since dead, but which affected the boy's mind with reverence for the antique, which he further studied closely in the ruins of Grave on the "Siege of Frankfort." Then he would lose himself in the lower vault-like halls of the old council-house.

"We obtained an entrance, too, into the large, very simple session-room of the council," says the old man writing his Boy-memories. "The walls, as well as the arched ceiling, were white, though wainscoted to a certain height, and the whole was without a trace of painting, or any carved work; only high up on the middle wall might be read this brief description:—

"One man's word is no man's word,
Justice needs that both be heard."

"After the most ancient fashion, benches were ranged around the wainscoting, and raised one step above the floor, for the accompaniment

dation of the members of the assembly. This readily suggested to us why the order of rank in our senate was distributed by benches. To the left of the door, in the opposite corner, sat the Schöffen; in the corner itself, the Schultheiss, who alone had a small table before him; those of the second bench sat in the space to the left, as far as the wall to where the windows were; while along the windows ran the third bench, occupied by the craftsmen. In the midst of the hall stood a table for the registrar."

Here he listened to the audiences and legends of Charlemagne, and heard that Maximilian would be the last German emperor; and then he wandered round the cathedral, and there heard stories of coronations, and all the long train of splendours connected with them. After this came the fairs twice a year, with all the old customs—customs that dated from the middle ages—to which the Germans, with their quaint love of antiquity, cling tenaciously, and still cling. One may be cited as a specimen of all the rest. The city of Worms brought an old felt hat to signify some tenure or other, which hat being always redeemed, again figured in the ceremonies of centuries. The boy used to be very proud when to the old Schnittheiss, his grandfather, the traders did homage of pepper. Then came festivities and rejoicings outside the city. On the right shore of the Maine, going down, about half an hour's walk from the gate, there rises a sulphur-spring, neatly enclosed, and surrounded by aged lindens. Not far from it stands the *Good People's Court*, formerly a hospital. On the commons around, the herds of cattle from the neighbourhood were collected on a certain day of the year; and the herdsmen, together with their sweethearts, celebrated a rural festival, with dancing and singing, and all sorts of pleasure and clownishness. On the other side of the city lay a similar but larger common, likewise graced with a spring, and still finer lindens.

But the new house was finished at last, despite delays, and was light and roomy and bright; and then began the delight of arranging it. The first thing which Goethe notices is the books, Dutch editions of the Latin classics, all in quarto, and the Italian poets, and travels; but, doubtless, the pictures that hung on the walls were much more noticed by him at the time. His father followed the principle that it was best to employ living artists. He said he was sure that pictures could be produced in any coming year, of just as excellent quality as in years passed. He would remark that many old pictures owed their excellence to their being dark and brown, in the eyes of amateurs; but he protested, says Goethe, in quite a Sterne-like sentence, that he had no fear that the new pictures would not also turn black in time; though whether they were likely to gain anything by this, he was not so positive.

Doubtless the gradual filling of the house with pictures influenced the youthful mind of the future poet. Early associations are all but irresistible, when they are pleasant; and all that awakens art love must be so.

There came, on the first of November, 1755, a fearful rumour over the earth. Lisbon had been destroyed by an earthquake, one of the most terrible in the history of the world. Sixty thousand people were killed. Alarm spread to the uttermost confines of civilisation. The end of the world was said to be at hand. Goethe was alarmed for the first time, and his religious ideas were puzzled between the alarmists and the hopeful. A fearful storm immediately after, which broke all the glass in the house, made a serious impression, which did not depart for some time.

Meanwhile the boy studied very hard, and learnt Latin, followed the usual course of instruction, and began to rhyme. There were, he complains, no children's books in those days. Boys had no resource but to pore over the "*Orbis Pictus*" of Amos Cömenius, and the "*Acerva Philologica*." At last he got "*Robinson Crusoe*," and "*The Island of Felsenberg*," and Anson's "*Voyage Round the World*." A little later he fell upon fairy tales, which the future poet devoured with avidity. Illness intervened, and the father, unfortunately, in times of convalescence, tried to make him fetch up lost time, which overstrained his mind.

After one of his illnesses, Goethe made an acquaintance which was to him important. He first became acquainted with Homer in a prose translation, which may be found in the seventh part of Herr von Loen's new collection of the most remarkable travels,

under the title of "*Homer's Description of the Conquest of the Kingdom of Troy*," ornamented with copper-plates in the theatrical French style.

His religious education was peculiar, or rather, was no education at all. He picked up stray notions on all sides, and thought himself a regular high-priest, building himself an altar, of which, however, he afterwards no doubt made more than fealty was due to the circumstances.

Then the war broke out which had so much influence on his life. He was seven years old. His family was divided. His father leaned towards Prussia. Other relatives took the other side. Quarrels, discord, and discontent, entered the quiet homes of the pacific citizens. The old Sunday-evening meetings were broken up. The nearest relatives could not meet in the street without quarrelling. The boy sided with the king of Prussia, and was horrified, when he dined with his grandfather and grandmother, to hear his hero slandered. These events acted on his mind with very great force, and awoke sentiments and feelings which never died. One was a general distrust of public opinion on every point. Goethe was in many things essentially a doubter.

About this time he began his career as a fictionist, by the children's tale of "*The New Paris*," which, with all its affected simplicity, owes much to the polish of after days. He dwells at great length on his youthful struggles.

The society of men of talent and learning, which was brought together by his father, doubtless had its influence on the dawning mind of the young German. He dwells with pleasure on John Michael von Loen, curiously on the Senkerbergs; but an author who came to him in his books, Klopstock, made most impression. His "*Messiah*" was almost learnt by heart.

But now came the French and billeted themselves in the town. and one Count Thorane was sent to their house. What a misfortune for a Prussian thus to entertain one of the opposite party! The father was miserable. The Frenchman was polite, artistic, a man of taste; but he was a Frenchman. This outweighed every consideration. He employed all the same artists as the old man; but it was in vain. The boy, however, was happy. He watched the artists at work for the count, he learnt French, he went to the French plays, and fell in love by way of a change.

Now came Good Friday, 1759, and a terrible battle at the gates of the city, in which, to the great delight of the mother, the French were victorious. The father was miserable; he insulted the French officer, who ordered him under arrest, and then let him go. A right good honest fellow was this Count Thorane. A thick-headed citizen, having a complaint to make one day, called him "*Excellency*," with a bow. The count returned the "*excellency*" and the bow. The astonished citizen, thinking he had not been humble enough, said "*Your highness*." "*Sir*," said the count gravely, "*we will go no further, or we shall come to 'majesty.'*"

The father allowed his son to frequent the theatre, because he advanced so rapidly in French. At last the count went away, and Goethe learnt music and English and Hebrew, and began to study theology and biblical history with great earnestness. Physical education was not neglected. Goethe learnt to fence and ride on horseback. The mode of teaching riding disgusted him, though he at last became a daring and fearless rider.

He tells, with great earnestness, how at this time he was present at the burning of a book, a French comic novel. "*The packages exploded in the fire, and were raked asunder by an oven fork, to be brought in closer contact with the flames. It was not long before the kindled sheets were wafted about in the air, and the crowd caught at them with eagerness. Nor could we rest until we had hunted up a copy; while not a few managed likewise to procure the forbidden pleasure. Nay, if it had been done to give the author publicity, he could not himself have made a more effectual provision.*"

Goethe shows his knowledge of human nature, for, the novel being against religion and morals, he does not give its name; as, if he had, it would have been continually in demand, because it had been read by Goethe. Here properly ends the early childhood of Goethe, whose life, it will be seen, begins very much as the life of a literary man should—amidst learning and art, and surrounded by historic associations.

THE 'COLONISATION' OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It has been observed that truth is a plant which thrives best in the soil of persecution. Imprison the preacher of a new creed, and his followers increase tenfold. Burn a book, and you make a fortune for its publisher and a reputation for its author. Opposition excites a man's combativeness into action, and often causes him to go further than he intended. The quiet thinker is converted into the propagandist by the necessity of defending himself and vindicating his opinions.

The inefficacy of force in matters of conscience was well exemplified in the case of the celebrated William Penn, whose name is better known in connexion with the propagation of Quakerism, than even that of its founder, George Fox. Imbibing the doctrines of the new sect while a youth of sixteen, at the university of Oxford, he was fined for non-conformity, and afterwards expelled the college. His father, Admiral Penn, who was high in the favour of Charles II. and the Duke of York, and anxious for his advancement at court, was deeply offended with him; and finding remonstrances and arguments ineffectual to wean his son from his

superintend the family estates, remaining there about twelve months. He returned to London just as the Conventicle Act had been passed, and the Friends expelled from their meeting-house. He had not been long in the metropolis when he was arrested on the charge of preaching to "a riotous and seditious assembly"—that is, an open-air gathering of the Friends—and committed to Newgate. He defended himself on his trial with great ability, and though the judge directed the jury to convict him, they had the honesty and courage to return a verdict of acquittal. The bench fined the jury, and ordered them to be imprisoned until the fines were paid; but the Court of Common Pleas pronounced the proceeding illegal and quashed it.

Admiral Penn died shortly afterwards, perfectly reconciled to his son, to whom he left a considerable estate; but he had scarcely succeeded to it, when he was again committed to Newgate for six months for preaching. On his liberation, he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, and the next five years were spent in the calm and felicity of rural retirement. In 1677, Penn made a sort



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

new opinions, he inflicted personal chastisement upon him, and turned him out of the house. Awakening, however, to a sense of either the impolicy or the injustice of this treatment, he provided him shortly afterwards with the means of passing two years in France and Italy; and on his return sent him to Ireland to manage his property there—a step which proves that he had confidence in his judgment and steadiness, for the future founder of Pennsylvania was then only in his twenty-second year. While at Cork, he attended a meeting of the Society of Friends, when the preacher, Thomas Lee, with whom he had become acquainted at Oxford, delivered so impressive a discourse on faith and spiritual-mindedness, that he became still more imbued with their doctrines.

Admiral Penn immediately sent for him to London, and again remonstrated and threatened, but without effect; ending, as before, by turning him out of doors. He now began to preach and write in support of his religious opinions, and his zeal in a short time led him to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained nearly seven months. On his liberation, his father once more received him into favour, and he again repaired to Ireland to

on religious tour through Holland and Germany, accompanied by the other two chiefs of the new sect, Fox and Barclay; and on his return to England exerted himself, though vainly, to procure the repeal of the acts under which his brethren were persecuted and oppressed, and the admission of their affirmation in the place of an oath.

He now began to look for a land in which he and his co-religionists might live in peace and security, unvexed by Episcopalian persecutions and the scoffs of the worldly-minded. America was then the haven in which all who were persecuted for conscience-sake sought refuge and rest. A sum of £16,000 was due to him from the crown, on account of money advanced by his father for the use of the navy; and Penn petitioned for a grant of a tract of land on the west bank of the Delaware, to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of his claim. Charles gave a ready assent to this arrangement, and the Duke of York ceded an adjoining tract, lower down the Delaware, in addition. The royal patent was dated March the 4th, 1681, constituting Penn absolute proprietor and governor of the province, which received from Charles, in honour of

the founder and his father, the name of Pennsylvania. Liberal terms of settlement were offered to those who wished to emigrate, and a friendly intercourse was opened with the Indian chiefs by letters and presents; for Penn's clear perception of the requirements of justice showed him that Charles Stuart had no right to dispose of the lands in the possession of the natives, and he resolved to purchase them.

A settlement had been made by the Swedes on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, in 1627, which, after being some time in the possession of the Dutch, had been ceded in 1664 to England. Several other small settlements were scattered along both sides of the bay. Three vessels sailed with emigrants, chiefly Quakers, as soon as the preliminary arrangements could be effected; and Penn followed in the autumn of 1682, leaving his wife and children in England. The voyage across the wide Atlantic was made in safety; and his first act was to assemble the colonists and the Indians under an immense elm near the spot where Philadelphia was afterwards founded, and arrange the treaty according to which he became proprietor of the territory, by what he rightly considered a better title than could be conferred by King Charles. The date of this

and on the undulating plains which stretch towards the Blue Mountains, leaving the country between the mountains and the valley of the Ohio in the possession of the Indians. The Swedes had already built a church at the confluence of the Schuylkill with the Delaware; and Penn thought the situation such a pleasant one, that it was determined to build there Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love. Eighty houses were built in the course of 1683, and in two years the population amounted to 2,500. In three years it had made greater progress than New York in half century.

In the summer of 1684, Penn returned to England, leaving the great seal in the hands of his friend Lloyd, one of the principal Quakers of the colony, and the executive power in those of a committee of the council. On board the vessel in which he sailed he wrote a farewell address to his brethren. "My love and my life are to you and with you," he said, "and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love; and you are beloved of me and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteous-



PENN TAKING LEAVE OF THE COLONISTS.

treaty has not been preserved; but the event is one of which the Quakers should be proud, and the memory of which should be treasured. Voltaire observes that it was the only treaty unratified by an oath, and the only one the provisions of which were not violated. For seventy years, or as long as the Quakers retained the administration of the affairs of the province, the friendship thus cemented between the colonists and the Indians remained uninterrupted.

The constitution which Penn had drawn up before leaving England was submitted to a general assembly of the colonists at Chester, in December, 1682, and received their approval and confirmation. So largely did it breathe the spirit of civil and religious liberty, and so humane and equitable were the laws founded upon it, that thousands were attracted to the new colony from most parts of Europe, but chiefly from Germany, descendants from natives of which country now constitute a fourth of the whole population of Pennsylvania. There were also many from Holland. No less than fifty vessels arrived with emigrants during the two years following Penn's arrival in the country. All of them settled in the south-eastern part of the province, along the banks of the Delaware,

ness, peace, and plenty, all the land over. You are come to a quiet land, and liberty and authority are in your hands. Rule for Him under whom the princes of this world will one day esteem it their honour to govern. And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, my soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayst stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed."

A dispute which had arisen between himself and Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, on the boundaries of their respective provinces, was referred to the Committee of Trade and Plantations on his arrival in England, and decided in his favour. He remained in England fifteen years, during which time he was four times arrested on charges of disaffection to the government of William III., arising out of his intimacy with the deposed monarch, James II., but always succeeded in vindicating himself before the council. In 1692 he was deprived of the government of Pennsylvania, which was annexed to that of New York; but it was restored to him two years afterwards. His wife died during this sojourn in England, and he married the daughter of a Bristol merchant named Collowhill.

Forney secured his return to Pennsylvania, which did not take place till 1799, when he was accompanied by his wife and children. He had not been more than eighteen months in America, when an attempt of the same government to convert the proprietary government into a royal one recalled him to England. The bill was abandoned, through the exertions of Penn and his friends, and the accession of Queen Anne restored him to favour at court. Before his departure from Pennsylvania, which he was never to revisit again, the constitution of the province underwent a revision, and continued in this improved form as long as the proprietary government lasted. The legislative power was vested in the governor and assembly, the latter being elected annually, and the people had the power of appointing sheriffs and coroners. "And now," says Bancroft, "having divested himself and his successors of any power to injure, he had founded a democracy. By the necessities of the time, he remained the feudal sovereign; for only as such could he grant or have maintained the charter of colonial liberties. But time and the people would remove the inconsistency. Having thus given freedom and popular power, to his provinces, no strifes remaining but strifes about property, happily for himself, he departed from the young country of his affections."

Pennsylvania does not appear to have been to its founder the source of pleasurable contemplation which he anticipated in the early days of its settlement. His liberality was met with selfishness; and the latter part of his life was embittered by disputes with the colonists about property—a state of things which, though much to be deplored, seems a natural result of the anomalies of the constitution. Feudality and democracy were brought into unnatural union, and hence incessant antagonism and discontent. His attempts to obtain the sanctity of marriage, the advantages of education, and the rights and comforts of domestic life for the negroes, were defeated; and his philanthropic wishes for the conversion and civilisation of the Indians were equally ineffectual. His liberality was abused, and he was compelled to mortgage the province, which he steadily refused to sell to the crown, because he knew such a proceeding would undo all the good he had been enabled to do. The proprietorship remained with his descendants till the Revolution, when they disposed of their claims to the federal government for £100,000.

It is one of those anomalies of human nature for which it is difficult to account, that Penn, with all his acknowledged virtues and ennobling qualities, should not have perceived the sin and injustice of slavery, and its antagonism to the spirit of the Gospel. It is true, he tried to ameliorate the condition of the slave; but he continued to hold slaves when his benevolent intentions had been defeated. But in this he was not singular, even among the Quakers, for they all did the same, except those from Germany, who held with George Fox, that it was unlawful for those who had the light of the Gospel to guide them, to hold their fellow-creatures in slavery. Thousands of professing Christians—including even ministers—hold slaves at the present day, so much does self-interest blind men to the requirements of religion and justice; but that Penn should have done so is a contradiction to every other trait in his character.

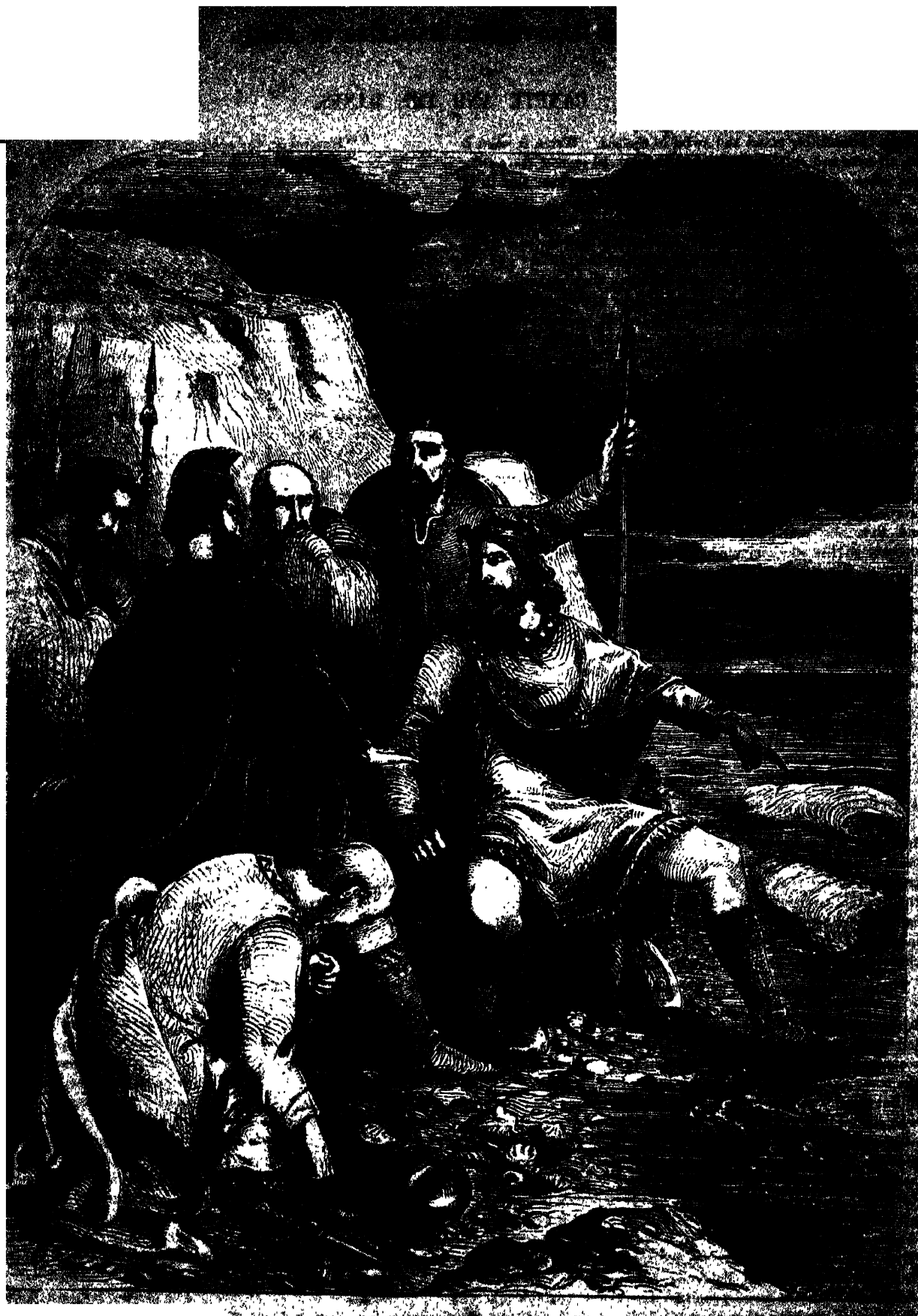
THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

WITHIN the last few years, and more particularly within the last twelve months, the explorations of European and American travellers—some with scientific, others with commercial object—have thrown a flood of light upon the geography and resources of the hitherto almost unknown region watered by the Amazon and its tributaries. By referring to a good map of South America, the reader will perceive that this river is the largest in the world, having its sources among the snow-capped Andes, and discharging its immense volume of water into the Atlantic, nearly under the equator. Its entire length exceeds 3,000 miles, and the volume of water which it pours every second through the Narrows of Oydoc is at 44,550,000 cubic feet. It has its source in the Lake of Titicaca, situated 14,000 feet above the sea-level, among the lower peaks of the Andes; and from thence it flows for 120 miles

through a ravine, in some places rushing like a mill-stream, and in others roaring and foaming as it tumbles over piles of rocks, which soars the condor—the great vulture of these mountain solitudes. Near Huay the ravine opens, and the river flows more quietly through a wooded valley for a distance of 380 miles. Its course is then interrupted by rapids, and it flows eastward for 180 miles, with such force and rapidity that the Indian dares not venture even in his light canoe upon its foaming waters. Leaving the mountain region by the rapids of Manseriche, seven miles long, it now receives in succession, from the pathless wilds beyond its northern bank, the rivers Morona, Pastaza, and Tigre, of which very little is known; while on the south it receives the waters of the Huallaga, made known to us by the recently-published work of Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States' navy, who has lately descended it from Tinga-Maria, the head of canoe navigation, to its junction with the present stream, four miles below the village of Lagana. The Huallaga flows through a fertile plain, watered by numerous rivulets, and dotted with villages; the climate, moreover, is healthy, there are no mosquitoes or sand-flies, and the Indian tribes are friendly—advantages which induce Mr. Herndon to recommend it as the most eligible portion of the valley of the Amazon for European or North American colonisation. Cotton, coffee, sugar, and cocoa are produced abundantly—indigo grows wild—and cinnamon, storax, and gums abound in the woods, and may be procured from the Indians at prices almost nominal.

Most of the towns and villages of the extensive regions watered by the Amazon and its tributaries are situated on the rivers, and very little is known of the greater portion of the interior, much of which is a dense forest, rendered almost impenetrable by prickly creepers, and trodden only by hostile Indians and beasts of prey. Snakes and lizards are numerous—birds of gorgeous plumage hover above the gigantic trees or nestle in their foliage—huge black monkeys swing themselves from branch to branch—and at night the forest is resonant with the growlings of the puma and the jaguar. The Indians who dwell near the settlements of the whites are milder in their manners than those of the woods, profess a degraded and superstitious kind of Christianity, engrafted upon pagan ideas and customs by the zeal of the Jesuits, and wear cotton drawers, or a piece of cotton folded round the middle; but the forest-dwelling tribes keep aloof from the settlements, hold negroes in abhorrence, have no other religion than a species of Fetishism, and go entirely naked, both men and women. M. Alphonse de Lincourt, who attended the Tapajos (one of the tributary rivers) a few years since, describes the hostile tribes who inhabit the extensive forests which stretch far away on both sides as being painted and tattooed, and wearing caps of parrots' feathers, and collars and bracelets of beads, shells, and jaguars' teeth.

Next in succession to the Huallaga, but on the opposite side, is the Napo, which, after a course of 700 miles from the north, falls into the Amazon a little below the village of Aran. The Iça is next reached, which has a similar length; and then comes the Yapura, flowing 900 miles from its source to its mouth, or rather mouths, for it has four, the two most distant of which are more than 200 miles apart. Both these rivers flow into the Amazon from the north. On the south it receives successively, after Nanta is passed, the Ucayali (which flows through forest solitudes producing sarsaparilla of the finest quality in great abundance), the Yavari, the Jutal, the Jurna, the Tefé, the Coavy, and the Purus, the plains and valleys traversed by which yet remain unexplored. In its course through the plain included between the mouths of these rivers the Amazon increases in width from half a mile to two miles, and between the mouth of the Madeira (its most considerable tributary, having a course of nearly 2,000 miles) and Oydoc it reaches three miles. The Madeira flows through a beautiful valley, clothed with verdure, and abounding in scenery the most striking and picturesque. Of this river we shall probably soon know more through the exploration of Lieutenant Gibben, who was sent out by the United States' government at the same time with Lieutenant Herndon, and started to descend the Madeira while his fellow-traveller was paddling down the Huallaga. They expected to meet at some point on the Amazon, but Mr. Herndon was killed without having seen or heard of his brother, and the time they parted.



THE SANITARY RECORD FOR THE COURTESY

This great monarch resolved to meet the enemy on the sea. Skilful himself in maritime affairs, he directed his attention to the improvement of his navy, and by inventing ships of an entirely new construction, he gained infinite advantages over a people continually practised in naval armaments. The spirit of this man survived in some degree in his successors, and not so easy as of old did the Sea Kings find it to stretch hundreds of their enemies beneath an English headland. But the Saxon race degenerated, the country was torn asunder by civil war, the ships rotted in the harbours. The Danes gradually regained their old position, they once more asserted their ascendancy on the ocean. "No sooner did Sweyn, king of Denmark," says the author of 'The Naval History of Great Britain,' "find himself superior at sea than he set up a title to the kingdom, which the Saxons were no longer able to resist. This is an early and strong proof, that this island is only safe while it remains the first in maritime power, hence the importance of keeping up our navy is too manifest to be denied, and we may be convinced, that as our freedom flows only from our constitution, so both must be defended by our fleets."

When the Danes established their supremacy in England, much of their bloodthirsty spirit passed away, identical as it was with the faith of Odin, and they became Christians. Knut, or Canute, who succeeded his father, offered up a sacrifice to No. 3, as he looked over the wide ocean that swept around his island home. He came with no magical staff, no mysterious raven to flap or drop its wings as victory or defeat attended in his arms. But he came imbued with the religion of the true and good virtues. In peace and in valor in war. By degrees he exhibited great humanity of disposition, he entertained views of government exalted as his age and his position allowed of to expect. He even evinced a spirit of impartiality in regard both to English and Danes. Without diminishing the very heavy tribute imposed upon the kingdom on the conquest of it by the Danes, he expended a portion of those revenues in a payment of compensation to some of his own countrymen on their consenting to return to Denmark, thus rendering less prominent the division of the inhabitants of England into two races inimical to each other, and possessing unequal privileges. Of all the Danish warriors who had accompanied him, he retained only a body of chosen men, amounting to a few thousands, for his body guard, thus came was named *Thengra*, and retainers of the palace. The son of an upstart from Christianity, he made himself appear a zealous Christian, rebuilding the churches which his father and he himself had burned, and munificently endowing the abbey and monasteries. Desirous of flattery, the national spirit of the Anglo-Saxons, he created a chagrin over the place of sepulture of Edmund, king of East Angles, who, during the preceding century and a half, had been venerated as a martyr for the faith and for patriotic zeal for his kingdom, by ideas which the same motive actuated Canute to erect at Canterbury monument to Archbishop Biscop, a victim, like king Edmund, to Danish cruelty. He wished to have the saint's remains transported thither, which had been entombed in London. But the inhabitants of that city having refused to be dispossessed of them, the Danish monarch suddenly, in the performance even of an act of piety assumed the manner of a pirate and a conqueror. He carried off, in military style, the coffin, which was borne betwixt two lines of soldiers, having their swords drawn to the Thames side, and embarked on board a ship of war, of which the prow was decorated with an enormous figure head of a dragon.

At the time when England was divided into independent sovereignties, several of the Anglo-Saxon kings, particularly those of Wessex and of Mercia, sent occasional contributions to the Church of Rome. The object of such gifts, purely gratuitous, was to secure a better reception for English pilgrims resorting to Rome, to provide pecuniary supplies to such of them as arrived in distress in that city, to pay for maintaining a school for youths from England sent thither for instruction, and towards supplying the lamps constantly burning at the sepulchres of St. Peter and St. Paul. The payment of these Rents—called in Anglo-Saxon *Roman gild*, and *Roman gild*, or *Rent*—was more or less regular according to the wealth and piety of the king and people; and was entirely suspended in the case of the king on the occurrence of the Danish invasions. William the Conqueror, as far as possible the wrong which his country-

men had done to the church, and to surpass in his munificence any of the Anglo-Saxon kings, Canute re-established the institution of a rent for Rome on a greater scale, and subjected all England to a perpetual tribute, which was denominated *St. Peter's pence*. This impost, rated at a penny of the money of that age on each inhabited house, was, thenceforward, to be annually levied, according to the expression used in the royal ordinances, "To the praise and glory of God the king, on the feast day of the chief of the Apostles."

So the courage, the wisdom, and the piety of Canute became proverbial. He was the hero of his age, the saint of his time. His love for the ocean did not deceive. He knew it had been for ages, one the empire of his forefathers and the scene of their triumphs, and he knew that it was still his strength and his defence. Everywhere was the ocean the proud defender of

"The jewel set in the silver sea."

And the courtiers knew it too, and knew that to the king the wide-stretching sea was as the face of a friend. But the courtiers of that age were not skilled in the art of adulation. The renner spoke with bated breath, there were no spots on the sun of the royal ornament, the one-eyed prince was always painted in profile, if royalty had vices, they were compensated by its graces, it was sacrilegious to criticise defects, "rank blasphemy" to talk about the sins and follies of royalty. The king was king everywhere and king over everything, the language of flattery was only to fall on the royal tympanum, wholesale praise, indiscriminating eulogy, stereotyped glifications took the place of honest truthful speaking. But the thing was evident, praise such as that was abutted away with the old Eastern salutation "O king, live in ever!"

Canute was a shrewd far-seeing man. The glittering praises of the courtiers were not all gold. They in admiration of his great and grandeur declared that all things were possible to him, that the sea knew its master, and would bow to his will. They talked to Canute of the man who scourged the ocean when it destroyed his brother's fleets, and Canute had no stomach for such fare. He did not a church to himself, and seated himself on the sea-shore when the tide was rising. As the waters approached, he said, in a commanding tone, "Thou shalt not run under my dominion, and the land which I sit upon is mine, I charge thee, approach no further, and dare not wet the feet of thy sovereign."

"Merrily sprang the foaming spray
To the sovereign's feet, it melted away,
And the waters deeper grew,
They tumbled and roared around his seat,
They reached his knees, 'twas time to retreat,
And Canute looked round his courtiers to greet—
"Ah! where were the courtiers true?"

As the sea advanced the courtiers retreated, and now the monarch turned upon them and observed, that every creature in the universe is feeble and impotent, and that power alone resides with One Being, in whose hands are the elements of nature, and who can say to the ocean, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

From this period Canute would never wear his crown, but ordered it to be placed on the head of a crucifix, in the cathedral church of Winchester.

The story has been told over and over again. It is one of those circumstances, real or fictitious, which stand out prominently from a great man's history. Like Alexander weeping for other worlds to conquer, like Nero playing the lute and singing of Troy's destruction as the flames consumed the Roman capital, like Alfred, disguised as a harper, entering the Danish camp, or in the shepherd's cottage forgetting to turn the cakes, and getting saved for his idleness, like James of Scotland going about as a beggarman to find out the real opinion of his subjects; or like King Peter in Deptford Dockyard, with a timber for a throne and an adze for a sceptre;—so this anecdote of Canute rebuking his courtiers, perhaps, more familiar than the far more important events of his reign.

The story is told by Henry of Huntingdon.

* Thierry's History of the British Monarchs.

THE WAHABEES.

THE Arab tribes known by the name of Wahabees occupy all the province of Nedjd, or central Arabia, a vast region almost unknown to Europeans, before the war undertaken by Mehemet Ali, for the subjugation of this people, whom a French writer has called the Protestants of Islamism. Many of the desert tribes are now united under this name, the principal, that of which the founder of the sect was the sheikh, being composed of the direct descendants of the Ommayyads, a body of intrepid and warlike warriors, who, in the same desert, and animated by the same spirit, became, under the Abbaside caliphs, the scourge of Islam and the terror of Arabia.

The corruptions of the Mahomedan religion, shown in the veneration of saints and the reception of traditions, the gross immorality which marked the lives of many Mussulmans and the tyranny and luxury of the pashas induced Abdul Wahab the sheikh of a powerful Bedouin tribe, to attempt reformation. He had studied theology in the schools of Bagdad, and during a subsequent residence at Damascus he mingled with such spirit and energy against the corruptions of Islamism, that he found himself in danger from the fanaticism of the Sunnites with the Moslems, and fled to Mecca. After some time, he returned to his native desert, and propagated his views with such earnestness that his followers soon formed numerous bands. He forbade the invocation of Mahomed and the saints, ordered them not to be destroyed and declared the law to be the sole source of religious knowledge. He forbade his followers the use of wine, pork, and tobacco, abolished the use of the sword in prayer and inveighed with stern and rude eloquence against the innovations which existed among the Turks.

The Bedouins, among whom corruption had made less progress than among the Turbans with town dwellings, Arabs, received little urging to enrol themselves under his standard, and Abdul Wahab and Mahomed bin Saood, a powerful sheikh, who was once a haughty convert, soon became the spiritual and temporal heads of the Nedjd. The former died in 1787, and was succeeded in authority by his son, under whom the Wahab system extended its power over the greater part of Arabia, and became a source of great uneasiness to the government at Constantinople. In 1797 the pasha of Bagdad led an army against them but was compelled to retreat; his own province was then overrun by the victorious Wahabees, who took the town of Imam Hussain, and plundered its fine mosque of the treasures deposited there by the pashas and sultans of the Ottoman sultans and the shahs of Persia. In 1801 another Turkish army invaded Nedjd, but was completely routed by the Wahabees who next marched against Mecca, which they took in 1803, having previously captured the towns of Tayef and Kintodah. The splendid mosque, to the decoration and enrichment of which every Moslem prince had contributed for centuries, was plundered of its treasures and rich furniture, and the tombs of the saints were despoiled and destroyed. In the following year they took Medina, where they rifled and destroyed the tomb of Mahomed.

The consternation and pious horror which seized the orthodox Moslems when they heard that the Kutba was in the hands of unbelievers, and the tomb of the prophet destroyed, may be conceived. It was as if John Bunyan, with an army of reformers, had taken Rome, cast down all the statues of the saints, and seated himself in the chair of St. Peter. Abdul Azir, the son of Wahab, was murdered by a Persian fanatic in 1801, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Saood, who forbade the public prayers to be said in the name of the sultan, who, from that moment, ceased, in the eyes of the people, to be the visible head of Islam. The pilgrimages to Mecca ceased for six years, during which Saood established his authority over the whole of Arabia, with the exception of the districts under the rule of the Imam of Muscat, in whom he found a powerful opponent. In 1809 the Wahabees turned their arms northward, overran Syria, and made an alliance with Yusuf, the pasha of Bagdad. The Porte now became seriously alarmed, and, in terror for its existence, invoked the aid of the British and the pasha of Egypt.

Preparations were immediately commenced for the invasion of Arabia, and towards the end of 1811, an Egyptian army, commanded

by Tusun Bey, the second son of the pasha, then only eighteen years of age, was disembarked on the eastern shores of the Red Sea. The invaders suffered a defeat, but in 1812 they captured Medina, mainly through the daring courage of Thomas Keith, a Scotch renegade, known as Ibrahim Aga, who led the storming party which entered the town. Mecca was taken by the Egyptians in 1813, and in the following year Saood died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Abdallah. In 1815 the invaders were defeated at Zehran, but they obtained a signal victory shortly afterwards at Bussel. Peace was then concluded, on conditions unfavourable to the Wahabees, but in the following year hostilities were recommenced, and Arabia was again invaded by an Egyptian army under the command of Ibrahim Pasha. After an obstinate contest the Wahabees retreated to Deraiyeh, where they were besieged in 1818. After a siege of several months Abdallah surrendered at discretion and he and several of his family were sent to Constantinople, where they were exposed to the gaze of the populace for three days, and then suffered death by decapitation.

It is not just that Arabia now fell under the dominion of Mehemet Ali, but that the power of the Wahabees was broken. It was not quite conquered. Some of the chiefs in the south-eastern parts of Nedjd refused submission and on the approach of the Egyptians retired into the hill and desert region south of that province. They were still powerful enough to give considerable uneasiness to Mehemet Ali in 1827, and they are believed to have considerably supplied the resistance which he encountered in the province of Yemen in 1847. Ten years later they began to show such dangerous symptoms of rebellion, that Mehemet Ali thought it necessary to send an army into Nedjd to coerce them. But just as they were at length forced to submission, the pasha recalled his troops to send them into Syria, where his rule was disputed by the Porte. The result of the campaign was the loss of Syria, and he would have lost the privilege of Arabia also, but for the difficulties which the Turkish government was at that time to encounter dealing with the Wahabees. The last political power does not seem to have weakened their enthusiasm or repressed their energy and it is not at all improbable that they are destined to yet play an important part in the affairs of the East.

Though the ascendancy of the Wahabees might for a time threaten the advancing civilization of Turkey, there can be no doubt that the spread of their principles would be conducive to the morality of the country, and hasten the triumph of Christianity. The fundamental doctrine of their belief is the rejection of all human authority but of the Supreme Being. They refuse Mahomed the character of a prophet, and deny that the Koran is the revelation of God, only adhering to its precepts because they believe it to be superior to all other books. Their mosques have neither cupolas nor minarets, and are entirely destitute of interior decorations. They hold the orthodox sectaries of the prophet here and display more intolerance towards them than toward Christians, or Jews. A tradition to the memory of departed sheikhs and imams is idolatry in their eyes, and as far as their power extended, they destroyed their tombs, that they might again be made place of resort for prayer. Islamism is not then divested of its traditions and all extraneous doctrines, and reduced to pure Deism.

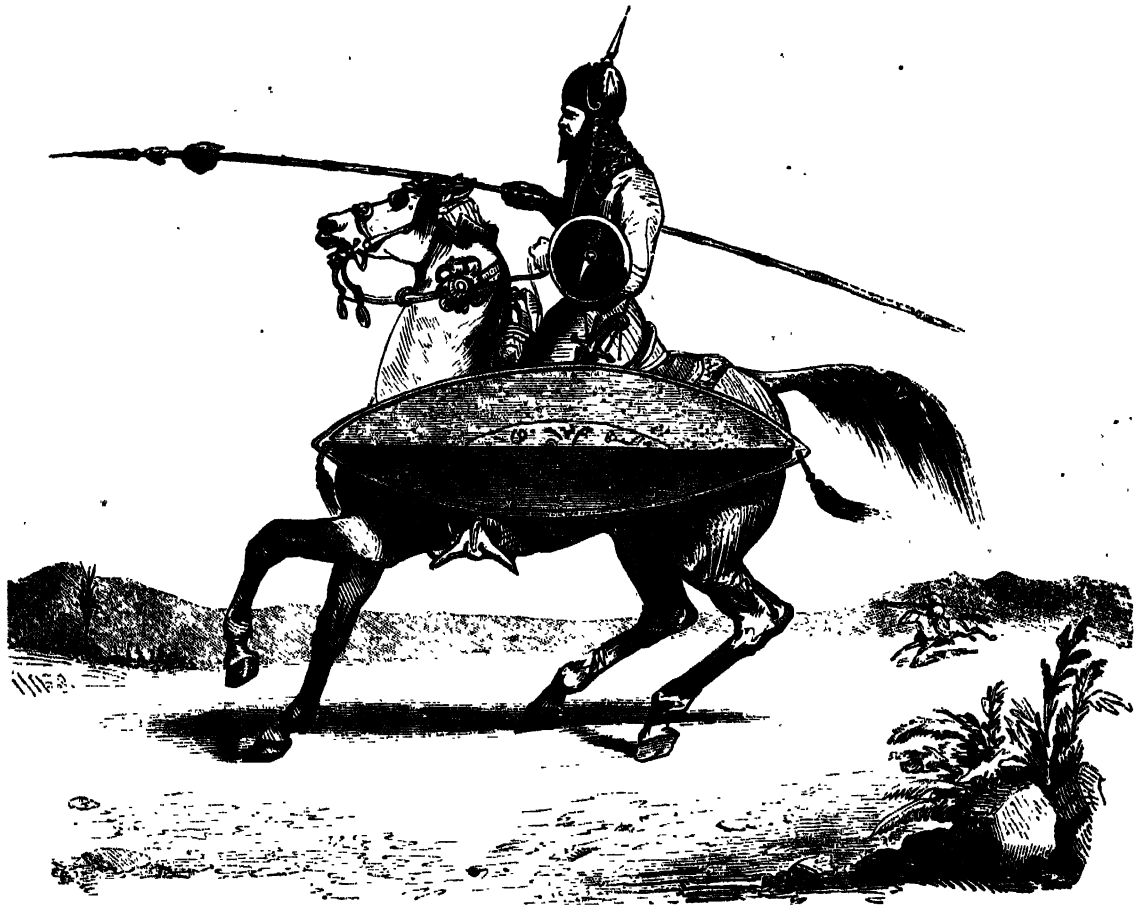
Their manners and customs are as simple as their worship; perfect equality reigns among them, and the only distinction is which separates the sheikh from his people. The system of government established by the founder of the sect was strictly conformable to the political prescriptions of the Koran, and much resembled of the early caliphs. The chief authority was in the hands of the sheikh, he was their leader in war, and their chief judge in the peace. The oulmas of Deraiyeh formed a council for religious and civil affairs, and in time of war the subordinate chiefs assembled there to concert the plan of the campaign. Except two or three hundred men, who formed the body-guard of the sheikh, no standing army was maintained, but the untamed warriors of the desert followed their standard with alacrity whenever it was displayed. One-fifth of the booty acquired in war constituted the prize

source of revenue, the remaining four-fifths being divided among the soldiers.

Trade and agriculture were protected, and the repugnance of the Bedouins to the latter seems to have been overcome among the Wahabees. They have cultivated the mechanical arts, also, and their linen and cotton fabrics, and even their manufactures of leather and iron, are not inferior to any produced in Arabia. In general, the frugality of the Wahabees is extreme; they live chiefly on barley-meal cakes, dates, and fish, sometimes, though rarely, substituting rice for the former, and mutton for the latter. It is only on the coast, moreover, that fish can be procured. Like all the Orientals, they take their meals seated on the ground, with their legs crossed under them, all the family sitting round the dish, and helping themselves with their fingers. Their chief beverages are milk and water; opium and tobacco, so universally used among other Moslems, whether Sunnites or Shiites, they never touch.

outer garments are of finer texture and brighter colours, their caps are adorned with long tassels, and their sandals are ornamented with figures cut out of leather of various colours. In time of war, the Wahabees wear a girdle, covered with ornaments of tin or silver, in which is carried a curved poniard, that they use with terrible effect in close encounters with the enemy. The leather bags in which they carry their ammunition are always ornamented with tin and coral. When bullets are scarce among them, they use round pebbles instead, wrapping them up in leather to make them fit the barrels of their muskets and pistols; and the wounds inflicted by these projectiles are more dangerous than those made by a leaden bullet.

The Wahabees usually fight on foot or on the backs of dromedaries; the sheikhs alone appear on horseback. Each dromedary carries two soldiers, one of whom is the active warrior, the other guiding the dromedary and loading the weapons of his companion.



A WAHABEE SHEIKH.

Their powers of endurance and extreme frugality were remarked in all the campaigns of the Turks and Egyptians against them; each man carried a supply of barley-meal on the back of his dromedary or horse, and when pressed by hunger, mixed a small quantity with water, and made a meal of it without any other preparation. Accustomed to endure all kinds of privations in their native deserts, they were able to pass several days entirely without food.

The costume of the Wahabees is very simple, and nearly the same as that of the Arabs of the environs of Mecca. It consists of a full shirt of yellowish linen, which covers nearly all the body, and over which they wear a garment of woollen. Their head-dress is a coloured cap, tied round with a string of camel's hair, or a girdle of wood, ornamented with pieces of tin or mother-of-pearl. The sheikhs display a little more luxury in their vestments, but are prohibited from wearing silk or ornaments of gold, which are prohibited by the Koran. Their shirts are embroidered, their

Their chief strength, however, is in infantry, the dromedary riders being seldom brought into action, but reserved for pursuing the enemy when put to flight, and for sudden attacks and plundering excursions.

The sheikhs, when equipped for war, wear a helmet surmounted with a steel spike, and having chain-mail falling from behind to protect the neck and shoulders; and are armed with a long and heavy two-edged sword of native manufacture, or a sabre of Turkish manufacture, a small buckler on the left arm, and a curved poniard in their girdle. Their saddles are ornamented with glass and coral beads, and with ostrich plumes, and are well adapted, by their form, to render their seat firm, so that they seem fixed to them. Their stirrups are usually simple rings of iron, and sometimes consist only of a cord of camel's hair. Two large rhomboidal shields, attached on each side to the flanks of their horses, protect them from the thrusts of lances and the strokes of sabres and poniards.

DRESDEN.

THIS beautiful city, sometimes called the German Florence, is situated in the centre of the wine district of Saxony, and occupies the finest portion of the fertile valley of the Elbe. It is divided into the Old and New Towns, connected by two bridges, the former lying on the right or south bank of the river, and the latter on the left bank. The elder of the two bridges is 1,420 feet long, and built of stone, with sixteen arches; the balustrades are of iron, and the central pier is adorned with a bronze crucifix, and an inscription commemorative of the destruction of a portion of the bridge by Marshal Davoust during the retreat of the French army in 1813, and its restoration by the Emperor Alexander, of Russia. The other bridge, over which is carried the railway from Leipsic to Prague, was constructed in 1850. The fortifications were demolished by order of Napoleon in 1810, which has greatly improved

stones, curiosities, and objects of *vertu*. The picture gallery contains the finest collection in Germany, including many of the best works of Correggio, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Claude, etc. In the apartments beneath the gallery is a fine collection of plaster casts of the most celebrated ancient and modern sculptures, made under the direction of Mengs. Augustus II. intended to build a new palace, but completed only a portion, which is now appropriated to the armoury, containing a collection second only to that at Vienna, a zoological and mineralogical museum, and a gallery of fine engravings, to the number of at least 200,000. The grand opera house adjoins one of the wings of this fine pile of buildings, and is capable of accommodating 8,000 persons. The churches most worthy of notice in this part of the city are that of Our Lady,



the city, the ground which they covered having been converted into public walks and gardens, which constitute one of the most frequented promenades of the inhabitants.

The streets of the Old Town are narrow, and the houses have a heavy appearance, often inclining considerably towards the street. Here, however, are the principal public edifices, including the royal palace, the palace of the princes, the far-famed picture-gallery, the grand opera-house, the palace of Prince Maximilian, the mint, the arsenal, the house of assembly, the town-hall, and the new post-office. The royal palace is externally a heavy and ancient-looking building, having been erected in an age when strength and security were regarded as essential characteristics of royal residences. The interior, however, is very splendid, and the state treasury contains a large and valuable collection of precious

in the new market, and the Catholic church, which occupies a prominent position between the royal palace and the bridge. The former is a beautiful stone edifice, with a cupola modelled after that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is shown in our engraving on the left of the bridge. The latter, which the reader will perceive near the foot of the bridge, is a large and profusely decorated building in the Italian style, containing a fine altarpiece by Mengs, and a splendid organ, the masterpiece of Silbermann, and celebrated throughout Germany for the sweetness of its tones.

In the New Town the streets are wider, and of more regular architecture, but the public buildings are not so numerous. The railing, represented in the foreground of the above engraving, bounds the beautiful gardens of the Japanese palace, constructed by Augustus II., and now called after its royal founder, the Augustus

town. The gardens form a delightful promenade for the citizens, and the palace contains a splendid collection of antiquities and sculpture, a cabinet of coins, an extensive library, and the celebrated porcelain cabinet, with sixty thousand of the choicest productions of the potter's art, from the manufactories of Meissen, Berlin, Italy, China, and Japan, altogether filling eighteen apartments. The gallery of sculpture contains, among other antiques, the torso of Minerva, the head of Niobe, a faun, three female figures from Herculaneum, and a fine series of Etruscan vases. The library contains 250,000 volumes, 100,000 pamphlets, 20,000 maps, and 4,000 manuscripts, including a "Treatise," by Albert Durer, on the proportions of the human body. All these apartments are accessible to the public. In the market-place of the New Town is an equestrian statue of Augustus II., who is represented in the ancient Roman costume, but with the singular addition of a full-bottomed wig. The only other public buildings worthy of notice on this side of the Elbe, are the town-hall, the church of the Holy Trinity, and the residence of the military commandant.

The inhabitants of Dresden are industrious and orderly, and concern themselves very little with politics; but a love of music and the fine arts generally is very highly developed among them. There are five newspapers, but none of them take a prominent or decided part in political agitations. A stroll through the picture-gallery, and afterwards a walk on the Brühl Terrace, or the beautiful gardens of the Augusteum, are the principal amusements of the people. In the environs of the city are several places to which they resort in fine weather to indulge their love of promenading and dancing—as the Zinkbad, a hotel on the right bank of the Elbe, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the tastefully-laid out gardens called Findlater's Vineyard, about three miles beyond the New Town. On Sunday afternoons these places are thronged with company, sitting under the trees, refreshing themselves and listening to the music of the excellent bands with which all these places of popular resort are provided. Dancing is a favourite amusement at these gardens, but is not prolonged to such a late hour as it commonly is in this country, as few people in Dresden are out of bed after half-past ten at night. The moderation that is displayed in the pursuit of these enjoyments, and their love of art and appreciation of intellectual pleasures, speak highly for the national character.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, afterwards Lord Collingwood, was born in the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 26th September, 1750. He was the eldest of three sons. His father, though descended from an ancient and once wealthy Northumberland family, was a man of narrow fortune. The Collingwoods had taken the side of *Royalty* during the memorable struggle for liberty with Charles the I., and again had taken the side of Legitimacy in the rising for the Stuart cause in 1715. This lost them their estates, and the father of the subject of this memoir with difficulty brought up, educated, and provided for a family of three sons and three daughters. The education which young Cuthbert Collingwood received was obtained under the Rev. Hugh Moises, the head master of the Endowed Grammar School of Newcastle, an establishment at that time in some repute. At this school, from which have issued various men more or less known to the world, he had four school fellows, the two sons of Mr. Scott, a coal-merchant, John and William, who with himself were destined in a few years to reach celebrity and a peerage, though by a path less heroic, and probably less pure, than that of their little playmate. It is a curious instance of the vicissitudes of life, that, in this ancient school of a remote town, should be, at work or at play, within a few yards of each other, the future Lords Collingwood, Eldon, and Stowell. The fortune of Collingwood's parent was, as we have said, not great; and hence, probably, he was early destined for the sea. His uncle by the mother's side, Captain Brathwaite, afterwards Admiral Brathwaite, who was then in active service, readily received his young kinsman; and in 1762, when Collingwood had turned his eleventh year, he was placed with Captain Brathwaite, and began soon after a sailor's life, as a young midshipman. In after days, Collingwood used to describe the pain which

this early separation from parents, friends, and home caused him to suffer; for of home, Collingwood through life was enthusiastically fond. The anecdote as he told it, is very characteristic of the feelings of a child so circumstanced. After coming on board, and seeing his captain and relative, he found himself so lonely that he sat down, and cried heartily—thinking of his home and kind parents. The first lieutenant observing this, and being a humane man, took his hand, and cheered him up by affecting to make a little companion of him. This kindness so won upon the heart of the poor boy that, taking the lieutenant down to his berth, he offered him, in gratitude, a large and doubtless nice plum-cake, which his careful mother had deposited in his sea-chest.

Collingwood's first ship was the *Shannon*, then commanded by his relative Captain Brathwaite. Here he served for some years of his youth; and afterwards sailed with another Northumbrian friend, Captain, afterwards Admiral Roddam, of Roddam in that county. The fatal American war, caused by the outrageous cupidity and tyranny of the English aristocracy, now broke out; and in 1774, young Collingwood, now in his twenty-fifth year, was sent to Boston, under Admiral Graves, to assist in carrying on that suicidal, and to England disgraceful and disastrous, conflict. In 1775, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and received his commission on the day of the memorable fight at Bunker's Hill, for the troops who fought at which he was employed in the conveyance of stores. In 1776, he was removed to the *Hornet* sloop; and afterwards to the *Lowestoffe*. Of this vessel, Nelson was then lieutenant; and the two officers, soon perceiving each other's value, became friends for life. This friendship was highly honourable to both. In some respects no two men could be more different than were Nelson and Collingwood. The latter had nothing of the rash ardour of the former; but was cool, calculating, and prudent to a high degree. Both, however, possessed an unbounded devotion to the service of their country, and a contempt of the corruptions then very prevalent in the navy, which they carried with them through life, but not with equal steadiness. The transactions in the Bay of Naples, many years after this, no doubt prompted by the profligate queen of Naples, and her equally profligate confidante, Lady Hamilton, cast a shade upon the character of Nelson, from which that of his comrade Collingwood is completely free. From those stern rules of honour and honesty, which were his pole-star through the whole of his career, Collingwood never for one instant swerved. He never was subservient to influence or official corruption. He was incapable of a mean action. His sense of honour was what is now termed "romantic." His sense of honesty was unchangeable and impenetrable. He had nothing of the showiness of Nelson, but he had more stability. Common sense, conjoined with a rare intrepidity, was the characteristic of Collingwood. During, joined to wonderful tact and splendour of conception, distinguished Nelson. Thus differing, as they did, their life-long friendship was honourable to both.

To Collingwood it was useful in many ways. His great modesty of character made him liable to be overlooked. He had no pretension, and, with superficial men, pretension is everything. Lieutenant Nelson, however, made his worth known to his own patron, Sir P. Parker; and whenever Nelson was advanced Collingwood succeeded him; and thus in early life he gained ground in his profession and kept it, though some of his very virtues stood sadly in his way towards promotion.

After Collingwood joined the *Lowestoffe*, his promotion was rapid; and he soon became master and commander, first of the *Badger* and next of the *Hinchinbroke*, a twenty-eight gun vessel, then on the West Indian station; and whilst on this service, he was made a post-captain. In the year 1780, towards the close of the great American conflict, the *Hinchinbroke* and her captain were sent on an expedition to Nicaragua. The object seems to have been to try to open a passage by water into the Pacific, through the river *San Juan*, and the *Nicaragua* and *Leon Lake*—precisely the line by which a ship-canal is now projected. The project failed. The ventilation of ships, and the mode of preserving the health of crews, were then little understood. The result was, that numbers of those who went on this ill-fated adventure died of fever, until, in some cases, hardly a man was left; and the expedition was, as a matter of necessity, abandoned.

From the *Hinchbrooke* Captain Collingwood was now, in 1780, removed to the *Pelican*, a small frigate, in which he was, in the midst of a tropical hurricane, wrecked upon some reefs called "the Morant Keys," and with difficulty saved his life and those of his crew. They were compelled to remain upon a sandy island, almost destitute of food, and still more of water, for ten days, until providentially taken off by the *Diamond* frigate. The American war now found its disastrous conclusion. The United States became an independent union of Federated Republics; and Collingwood, together with his friend Nelson, was employed in the unpleasant duty of stopping the trade between the States and the West India sugar islands of Great Britain, now illegal, but yet clandestinely carried on by the English colonists and their American friends. This difficult service Captain Collingwood executed with a gentlemanly urbanity but strictness of surveillance, that gained him great credit. In this disagreeable task he was ably assisted by his brother, now Captain Wilfrid Collingwood, whom, however, he lost shortly after, a victim to the climate.

About this time Captain Collingwood appears to have corresponded with a young connexion of his own, named Lane, who was about entering the navy. These letters are strongly characteristic of the good sense and correct notions for which this great man was, throughout his whole career, distinguished; as the following extracts will show:—

"I need not say more to you on the subject of sobriety, than to recommend to you the continuance of it as exactly as when you were with me. Were a man as wise as Solomon and as brave as Achilles, he would still be unworthy of trust, if he addicted himself to grog. He may make a drudge; but a respectable officer he can never be, for the doubt must always remain that the capacity which God has given him will be abused by intemperance. Young men are generally introduced to this vice by the company they keep; but do you guard against submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, dissipated men, and hold it as a maxim that you had better be alone than in low company. You don't find pigeons associate with hawks, nor lambs with bears; it is as unnatural for a good man to be the companion of blackguards. Read let me charge you to read. Study books that treat of your profession and of history. . . . Remember, Lane, before you are five and twenty, you must establish a character that will serve you all your life. — November 9th, 1787."

In this strain of sensible and high morality did Collingwood, himself still in the morning of life, write to his young friend. We shall afterwards see in what strain he wrote to his own children, when full of honours and at the head of his profession.

From 1786 to 1790, he was not on active service; and, of course, went down to Northumberland, to make himself acquainted with the branches of his own family to whom he was yet a stranger. During his sojourn in the neighbourhood of Newcastle—probably the happiest portion of his life—he became acquainted with Miss Sarah Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whom he afterwards married, and to whom he was devotedly attached through life. The marriage took place in 1790, and his wife, in due time, bore him two daughters; Sarah, born in May, 1792; and Mary Patience, born in 1793. This state of peaceful content, so congenial to the well-regulated mind of Collingwood, was not, however, fated to last. In 1789, the French Revolution began by the opening of the States General. As it proceeded the passions of both the royal and democratic parties became more and more inflamed. One excess brought on another. A

coalition against France was formed by the continental despots of Prussia and Austria. This led to the death of the unfortunate king; and England having now joined the League, war was proclaimed and Collingwood again in actual service. He was now captain of the *Prince*, Admiral Bowyer's flag-ship, and in her bore his share in the action of the 1st of June. His fondness for his family is beautifully, because unconsciously, evinced in his letter to his father-in-law, Mr. Blackett, written after the conflict. He thus expresses himself: "We cruised, like disappointed people, looking for what they could not find, until the morning of *little Sarah's birth-day*, between eight and nine, when the French fleet of twenty-five sail of the line was discovered to windward." With the enemy in sight and on the verge of a bloody conflict, he dwells on his little daughter's birth-day. The details of this memorable battle are known to all readers of history. That Collingwood did his duty nobly is beyond all doubt. Yet here the singular modesty and humility of his character seem to have stood in his way. He was not named in the despatch of the admiral, Lord Howe, nor did he receive the medal given for this victory until 1797. This omission astonished the whole fleet, as Collingwood's valour and skill were conspicuous; but it was afterwards amply atoned for. That he was deeply hurt on this occasion, he has put on record; but for that hurt he caused a balsam to be afterwards applied, which was potent to heal.

It would be useless to go into the details of the various services in which Collingwood was busily engaged, between the period of this victory and the equally memorable action, under Jervis, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797. Suffice it to say that, on this occasion, he commanded the Excellent, line-of-battle ship, and in activity and intrepidity was second only perhaps to his friend Nelson, who in this action commanded the Captain. On this last occasion, it is evident from all the narratives of the battle that the united intrepidity, devotion, and skill of Collingwood really caused the surrender of three of the prizes, if not four, although he only took possession of one formally. He first compelled the *Salvador del Mundo*, of 112 guns, to strike; but passing on to the next, the Spaniards again hoisted their colours, until attacked a second time by a succeeding vessel. He then took the *San Isidro*, seventy-four, and left her in charge of the *Lively* frigate. He next fell on board the *San Nicholas* of eighty, and the *San Joseph* of 112 guns, and silenced their fire, but left them to be boarded and taken by Nelson, whose ship they had terribly shattered. He lastly attacked and engaged for upwards of an hour the *Santhiazeima* Trinidad, a huge four-decker of 182 guns; but though he was assisted at last by other ships, this enormous ship escaped them all, being reserved for another fate. And now came Collingwood's triumph, and the *amende honorable* for the most unmerited and unworthy slight which he experienced after his services on the 1st of June. When the admiral—now Lord St. Vincent—informing Captain Collingwood that he was to receive one of the medals which were distributed after this victory, he refused to take it unless that of the 1st of June accompanied it. He at once avowed that he had been unjustly treated, and that he would not appear to ratify injury by receiving a medal now, whilst the other was withheld. "That is precisely the answer I expected from you, Collingwood," was the reply of Lord St. Vincent. Both medals were immediately sent, together with an apologetic letter from Earl Spencer, at that time at the head of the Admiralty.

We must reserve the conclusion of the gallant admiral's biography for a future occasion.

THE MERCHANT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The rise of commerce in Europe dates from the time of the Crusades. The vessels which conveyed the soldiers of the Cross to the shores of Syria, and the greater part of their military stores and provisions, were furnished by the Italian republics; and the towns on those coasts which were temporarily in the hands of the Christians became theemporiums of Italian commerce. The products of the Eastern East, which have since become the materials of a lucrative and extensive commerce, were thus first introduced into Europe;

and while the princes of the North had the floors of their palaces strewn with rushes, the merchants of Italy trod the soft carpets of Turkey.

The application of Giola's discovery of the polarity of the magnet to navigation, and the opening of the ocean route to India by Vasco di Gama, in the fifteenth century, transferred the commerce of Europe from the hands of the Italians to those of the Portuguese. The discovery of America opened a new world in

commercial enterprise, the benefits of which were shared by the English and French, while the countrymen of Pizarro and Cortez were absorbed in the search for gold.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the great commercial powers of Europe were Britain, France, Holland, and Spain. The war of the French Revolution established the naval superiority of Britain, and gave such an immense impetus to our foreign trade, that our manufactures and the produce of our colonies now find their way to all parts of the globe. Of the merchants of the early part of the last century we have some interesting glimpses in Scott's "Rob

The relations between the merchant, who was almost always a shipowner, and the crews of his ships, were much more durable than at the present day. Generally the sailors continued all their lives in the service of the same firm, and very often this relation was continued through two or three generations, the sons serving the same employers as their fathers and grandfathers. Partaking, under certain conditions, of the benefits of each voyage, they regarded the affairs of the firm they served as their own, and while acting with exemplary fidelity and honesty, often contrived to save sufficient money to engage in trade on their own account, or secured



THE MERCHANT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Roy," in the elder Osbaldistone, his honest old clerk Trisham, and worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Perhaps, as a class, the character of British merchants for probity, intelligence, and generosity was never better maintained than at that period. Heads of commercial houses were anxious to transmit the reputation they had acquired to their sons, as an heritage of honour. Death caused no interruption in their affairs; the business of the firm continued to be conducted on the same principles, and generally under the same name; as, in the old maxim, that "the king never dies," and the proclamation of the French heralds, "The king is dead! Long live the king," was as applicable to them as to more exalted personages.

an ample provision for their declining years. The master, generally honoured with the title of captain, was a sort of middleman between the merchant and the crew; and in the picture which we have engraved the artist has represented one of this class arranging the preliminaries of a voyage with the owner. The costume of the merchant and his clerk indicate the middle of the last century; the captain's is such as was worn at that period by the mariners of Disapp and Flushing. His attitude is free and independent, as characteristic of his class; and he holds in his right hand the pocket-book from which he has taken the charter-party which the merchant is perusing.

THE HARE AND THE RABBIT.

We presume that most of our readers are aware that the hare—when first caught and afterwards cooked in accordance with the well-known receipt of the celebrated Mrs. Glasse—constitutes a highly-esteemed article of food; and, taking this for granted, we shall not trouble ourselves with the consideration of the dietetical properties of the animal, although doubtless much might be written

present day, so much so, in fact, that Martial terms it “*inter quadrupedes gloria prima*,” with some other nations of antiquity it was a forbidden food; the prohibition in the Jewish law is well known, and our own Druidical ancestors even considered the use of hare’s flesh an act of impiety. The Koran also prohibits the followers of Mahomet from eating the flesh of this animal.



HARES AND RABBITS.

upon the precise degree of putrefaction at which its flesh acquires the finest flavour, the superiority of one mode of cooking over the other, or the origin of the custom of eating currant-jelly with it as a condiment. With reference to this important branch of the subject we may observe, however, that although the hare was as great a favourite with the ancient Romans as with the epicures of the

The appearance of the hare must also be pretty well known to our readers; but many of them are perhaps not so well acquainted with its natural history; and as this presents much that is interesting, we shall confine ourselves as far as possible to a sketch of its habits.

The Hare (*Lepus timidus*), with its well-known congener the

Rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*), belongs to the same order of quadrupeds as the rat and the squirrel,—an order distinguished by having a pair of strong chisel-shaped cutting-teeth in the front of each jaw, by means of which they are enabled to gnaw with facility into hard substances, such as wood, bark, &c.; from this peculiarity they are termed *Rodentia*, or gnawing animals. The construction of these teeth, and the provision for their constant maintenance in an effective condition, is very curious; the front of the tooth is covered with a thin coating of very hard enamel, so that the cutting-edge is kept sharp by the continual wearing away of the softer parts; and as this would in course of time gradually wear them down to useless stumps, they are furnished, instead of roots like those of other teeth, with a permanent pulp, which keeps the teeth continually growing, so as to make up for the wearing of the upper extremity. This circumstance is sometimes productive of a singular deformity, for if one of the teeth happens to be broken off, the corresponding one in the other jaw, having nothing to check its growth, goes on increasing in length, until so far from being of service to the animal it must become a positive nuisance to him, and in some cases may even cause him to starve to death. It is with these teeth that the hares often strip the bark from young trees—a proceeding which is by no means regarded with favour by the proprietors of plantations. In fact, like most game animals, hares are a great pest to the farmers in their neighbourhood, their fondness for succulent vegetable food leading them to make frequent incursions upon the young crops, to which they often do immense damage; and as they are completely nocturnal in their habits, it is by no means easy to prevent their depredations.

Fortunately for the husbandman, the numbers of these animals, whose great fecundity would otherwise soon render them one of the farmer's greatest enemies, are continually kept in check by their numerous natural foes. The numbers destroyed by men are certainly very great, but the human epidemic is not the only carnivorous animal endowed with a taste for hare's flesh; all our wild animals, from the fox downwards, appear to be equally fond of it; almost any dog will pursue a hare as soon as he sees it, although his success in the chase is rarely commensurate with his zeal. The domestic cat is not unfrequently a successful poacher; and birds of prey, and even snakes, often drive the hare from its resting place. Surrounded in this manner with inveterate enemies—seeing a foe in almost every animal it meet: the hare, as might be expected, is an excessively timid animal, and every part of its organisation is peculiarly adapted to enable it to perceive and avoid the dangers which environ it on every side. Its ears are very long, and adapted, like the tubes used by deaf persons, to collect and convey to the internal ear the very slightest sounds; the eye is large and prominent, giving the animal a great range of vision; and it is a popular belief that it always sleeps with the eyes open. It is singular that the same practice has also been attributed to the lion, probably with equal justice in both cases. There can be no doubt, however, that the hare is a very watchful animal; during the day it sleeps in its form, and only ventures forth when the shades of evening seem to promise it security. Then the hares come out of their resting-places and gambol about in the most sportive manner; but the slightest sound, the rustle of the wind in the bushes, or the fall of a leaf, is sufficient to interrupt their sport and scatter the whole troop in every direction.

When actual danger approaches, the hare flies with a swiftness which has become proverbial, always endeavouring to make for some rising ground, as its long and powerful hind legs give it a great advantage in running up hill. The instincts with which it is endowed then come into play; it endeavours by continual turnings and doublings to throw its pursuers off the scent, and sometimes, when hard pressed, it has been known to turn another hare out of its form. If water comes in its way, it will plunge in and swim across; sometimes it will run up one side of a hedge and down the other, and instances are related of a hare completely throwing off the dogs by getting on the top of a cart hedge, and running along for a considerable distance in this elevated position.

Notwithstanding this apparent league of all carnivorous animals, furred and quadruped, against the life of "juss," the continuance of the species is amply provided for by its prolific nature. They generally produce three or four young at a time, and breed several

times in the course of the year, so that, but for these numerous checks upon their increase, the country would speedily be overrun by these animals.

The fur of the hare, with that of the rabbit, was formerly much employed in the manufacture of beaver hats. Linnaeus tells us, that the hare being a favourite animal with the fleas, the inhabitants of Dalecarlia make a sort of cloth of the hair, which attracts the fleas, and thus saves the wearer from the attacks of those troublesome insects. We fear that the fleas would soon find out their mistake, and that the protection afforded by this hare-cloth would not be very lasting.

In confinement, the hare exhibits many entertaining and amiable qualities, loses much of its timidity, and adopts as play-fellows animals that would have been looked upon as sworn enemies in a state of nature. Cowper's account of his tame hares must be familiar to most of our readers, and although many will, perhaps, be inclined to laugh at the poet's attachment to his pets, few, we think, will read his description of their habits and the variety of character displayed by them without pleasure.

In its general structure and many of its habits the rabbit closely resembles the hare. Its enemies are equally numerous, and its timidity perhaps almost as great, although as it is not endowed with the same swiftness of foot as the hare, it rarely exhibits this in the same manner. To make up for its want of speed to fly from its enemies, the rabbit burrows in the earth, and disappears into its holes with the quickness of thought the moment it suspects the approach of danger. Like the hare, the rabbit feeds principally at night, remaining during the day in its burrows, which are often of great extent, and inhabited by an immense number of these creatures. This peculiarity in the habits of these animals enables their breeding to be carried on as a branch of rural industry, and, as both their flesh and skins are consumed to an enormous extent in most countries of Europe, a good rabbit-warren is by no means an unprofitable concern. Immense numbers of rabbit skins are imported into this country from the continent, to be worked up into cheap furs, and a considerable exportation of them also takes place, especially to China, where they are in great request. The particular skins preferred by the Chinese are those denominated "silver gray," and these will fetch from two to three shillings a piece in the home market.

It is generally supposed that the native country of the rabbit is Spain, and that the species has been introduced into this country. They are now, however, completely naturalised both here and in most parts of Europe, although they are said not to thrive in the cold northern countries.

THE SECRET TRIBUNALS OF WESTPHALIA.

No period in the history of Germany presents such a picture of social anarchy, of the operation of the law of might in all its uncontrolled fulness of power, as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The landed nobility were the universal disturbers of social order and the most reckless violators of the moral law; from the Rhine to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Alps, they set the written laws of the empire at defiance, filled their castles with banditti, and, according to the testimony of Arnold of Lubek, each followed the bent of his inclination. When a social evil becomes no longer endurable, circumstances invariably arise to counteract it, often such as at other times would be an evil in itself. The crimes of the barons led to the establishment of the *Vehm-gerichte* (holy tribunals), which the genius of Goethe and Scott has invested with so many circumstances of mystery and awe.

These remarkable tribunals had their origin in Westphalia, where the first traces of their operations are discovered in the latter part of the thirteenth century; but they soon existed all over Germany. Owing to the secrecy which surrounded them, and the awe with which they were regarded, for death was the penalty of revealing their secrets or becoming surreptitiously possessed of them, their history is involved in obscurity. The first writers who mention them—Henry of Heworden, a Dominican monk of the fourteenth century, and Anas Sylvius, secretary to the emperor Frederick III.—ascribe their institution to Charlemagne; but Heimart, the secretary and biographer of that monarch, and all other contem-

poetry writers say nothing of this circumstance, and there is no evidence whatever to support such an opinion. It is true that this opinion was always prevalent, for the members of the Vehm-gerichte were assiduous in disseminating it, to add importance to the institution and their decisions; but the most probable hypothesis is, that they owed their origin to a little band of bold and honest men, determined to put a period to the licentiousness and tyranny of the feudal nobility, and the outrages of the banditti with whom they were often leagued.

In dramas and romances, the black-robed judges of the Vehm tribunals have been represented as meeting, at the solemn hour of midnight, in the dungeon of some baronial castle, where, by the red light of flickering torches, revenge usurped the place of justice. But, in reality, the equity of their proceedings formed a striking contrast to those of the ordinary tribunals, and for almost a century they were the only check upon crime and oppression. The powerful baron who exercised jurisdiction over his own domains, and the knight who had at his disposal a hundred robbers in the nearest wood, could afford to treat with contempt and defiance the decisions of the ordinary tribunals; but the secret organisation of the Vehm-gerichte, their widely-extended ramifications, and the number and fidelity of their emissaries, were not so lightly to be set at naught. Their castles and their armed retainers might enable them to resist successfully the execution of the ordinary laws, but no strength of walls or depth of moat could protect them against the sworn servants of the Vehm tribunal dwelling unsuspected beneath the same roof.

No one was allowed to become a member of the Vehm-gerichte who was a foreigner, a serf, illegitimately born, under the ban of excommunication or outlawry, or a member of any religious order. The ceremony of initiation was a very solemn one; the oath of secrecy and adherence was administered, and the signs were communicated by which the initiated recognised each other. The clergy, women and children, Jews and heathens (as some of the natives of Prussia still were), were exempted by the regulations of the Vehm tribunals from their jurisdiction. When an offender had been denounced to the Vehm judges, and did not appear to the citation served upon him, he was outlawed, and every one of the initiated—one hundred thousand in number, according to Aeneas Sylvius—was empowered to take him, alive or dead. The chances of escape, in such a case, were small indeed; and brief was the period which usually intervened between the issue of the ban and the appearance of the offender before the dread tribunal.

The Vehm-gerichte had three methods of procedure—the summary, the secret, and the open. The summary course was only followed when an offender was caught in the act of commission, or in endeavouring to escape; and then only when three of the initiated happened to be present. Such cases, it must be evident, could very rarely occur; but when they did, the daggers of the initiated were the instruments of execution. The secret process was only adopted when the crime was of more than ordinary atrocity, and there was a fear of the offender's escape; the tribunal was then summoned in haste, and on proof of the crime being given, sentence of death was passed, and communicated to all the initiated, thousands of whom were immediately on the offender's trail. The more usual method was to cite the offender to appear before the tribunal of the district in which he resided, failing in which a fine of thirty shillings, a much larger sum in that day than at present, was recorded against him; if he did not appear to the second summons, the fine was doubled; and if the third was equally unsuccessful, the offender was outlawed. The plea of unavoidable absence was always admitted, the impediments recognised by the Vehm laws being sickness, imprisonment, pilgrimage, the public service, lawful absence from the country, and unavoidable delay upon the way to the tribunal.

In romances and dramas the Vehm tribunals are always represented as being held in gloomy vaults, but in reality only one instance is recorded of a Vehm tribunal being held underground, which was at Heimbürg; and in the majority of cases they were held in the open air, in imitation of the pagan Germans, as described by Tacitus. It is probable that they generally met in the glades of forests, where they would be secure from observation; but it is recorded that at Dortmund the tribunal was held in the market place, at Nordkirchen in the churchyard, and at Arensburg

in an orchard. No one was allowed to wear armour or carry arms in the tribunal, and the rules of the association required that the tribunal-lord, who was always of the rank of nobility, and the assessors, who formed the jury, should be sober and free from anger. The judge, or tribunal-lord, sat at the head of a table, on which were placed a halberd and a naked sword; and on his right and left stood the clerks, the assessors, and as many of the initiated as chose to be present, all bare-headed. The accusation having been read, witnesses were called in support of it, and the accused had the privilege of calling whom he chose for his vindication. The assessors appear to have decided by a majority of voices, and if the sentence was a capital one, the offender was hanged upon the spot, and his name, crime, and sentence recorded in what was called the "Blood Book." If he was one of the initiated, he was hanged seven feet higher than usual, as being the greater criminal. If the accused had not surrendered, all the initiated were set in pursuit of him, and when taken he was hanged on the nearest tree, without further ceremony or delay.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the jurisdiction of the Vehm tribunals extended over all Germany. But, like all similar institutions, they at length became corrupted, and were made subservient to private interests and passions. Various attempts were made in the sixteenth century to reform them, but without success; and having outlived the social state in which they had their rise, they became an evil and a nuisance. The civil reforms of the Emperor Maximilian did much to render them obsolete; and though they were never formally abolished, they gradually sank into insignificance and desuetude, and towards the end of the sixteenth century became a thing of the past. Their power and influence were at their zenith at the commencement of the fifteenth century; the middle period of their history, when the Emperor Rupert ordered the decisions which declared and defined the privileges of the emperor with respect to these tribunals to be collected; and this is the earliest accredited source from which a knowledge of the Vehm laws and methods of procedure can be derived.

The power and influence which the Vehm courts possessed in the fifteenth century is proved by the citation of powerful nobles, and even sovereign princes. In 1410, the Rhinegrave was summoned before the secret tribunal of Nordernau; in 1448, the Elector Palatine was cited to appear before a Vehm court, and with difficulty escaped condemnation; and in 1454, the Duke of Saxony was compelled to appear and defend himself before the tribunal of Limburg. The Duke of Bavaria also was cited to appear before the tribunal of Waldeck, on the charge of depriving one Gaspar of the office of chief huntsman, which was hereditary in his family; of having destroyed his castle of Törtingen, beaten his servants, and seized his hounds; and with having robbed the said Gaspar's wife of her jewels and other property. The duke appealed to the Emperor Sigismund, who declined to interfere; and finding it necessary to answer the charge, he had recourse to the artful expedient of causing himself to be initiated in some other Vehm court, and thereby acquiring the privileges of membership, which obtained him more lenient treatment than he would otherwise have received.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, we find the Vehm tribunals rising superior to the prejudices of the age, and boldly supporting the cause of a man accused of sorcery against the highest powers of the empire. The accused was a citizen of Görlitz, named Weller, and a member of the Vehm society; for the crime alleged against him he was expelled from the town, and his property confiscated. Having vainly appealed to the chancellor of the empire and to the pope, Weller resolved to bring the matter before a Vehm tribunal, and the magistrates of Görlitz were cited to appear before that of Bräukel. Görlitz having been exempted from foreign jurisdiction by the emperors, the magistrates appealed to the King of Bohemia, who attempted to mediate; but his interference was disregarded, and the burgomaster and town-council, failing to appear before the tribunal, were outlawed. The diet of Bohemia and the Landgrave of Hesse both offered their mediation, but the Vehm-gerichte would hear of nothing but the reversal of Weller's sentence. The emperor finally interfered for the protection of Görlitz, and Weller died in 1502, without obtaining his property, but in 1512 full compensation was made to his heirs.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

THAT portion of Ireland lying to the south and on either hand of the point at which our last article concluded having been described and illustrated in previous numbers of this periodical, we have now to invite the reader to commence with us a rapid glance at some of the more remarkable features of what may be called the Shannon district; beginning with the central point of tourist departure for such exploration, namely, Athlone, an important trading town and military station, on the Shannon, which here separates Leinster and Connaught, and the counties of Westmeath

Shannon at the place of the ancient ford, rendered famous by the desperate encounter upon it between the army of King James, under St. Ruth, and King William's soldiers, under Ginkell, in 1691, was pulled down a few years ago, and replaced by the present graceful structure. The barracks, adjoining the castle, can accommodate 267 artillery, 592 infantry, and 107 horse; and there is an armoury of 15,000 stand of arms. Of numerous monasteries, scarcely any remains exist; probably they were destroyed during some of the many sieges, the most memorable of which occurred in



BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



RANCINGAN CONVENT, GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

and Roscommon. The castle is of great antiquity, but in perfect repair, strengthened with additional fortifications, some very recent. Once Athlone was the chief pass from Leinster to Connaught; and soon after the settlement of the Anglo-Normans, became one of their strongholds. Of the ancient walls portions remain; and the gate, a square tower of Elizabeth's time, was pulled down long ago. Several relics are still preserved, one being of the species of the residence of General de Ginkell at the siege in 1691, which produced the bridge of Athlone, which spanned the

the Revolution, when in ten days Ginkell, in taking a portion of the town which held out for James, expended 12,000 cannon-balls, 800 shells, many tons of stone-shot, and fifty of powder; the loss of the defenders being 1,200. In 1697 the citadel was struck by lightning, when 260 barrels of powder, 10,000 charged hand-grenades, besides other combustibles, exploded, destroying nearly the whole of the town. Besides the church of the Establishment, and several Roman Catholic chapels, Athlone contains Baptist and Primitive and Wesleyan Methodist chapels. There are no modern

buildings worthy of particular notice. Immediately above the town, the Shannon expands into Lough Ree, on which a regatta is held in August, the landing-place on one of the islands being

a literary turn, in taking the Shannon route to the West, is the opportunity it affords of visiting the scenery of the ever-alluring "Deserted Village;" and we cannot now resist the desire of pre-



RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ATHLONE.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



SPANISH PLACE, GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



RUINS OF ATHENRY, COUNTY GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



LANDING-PLACE AT HARE ISLAND, LOUGH REE, ON THE SHANNON.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

greatly admired—how deservedly will be seen from the graceful sketch by Mr. Mahony.

One of the main attractions, however, to tourists, especially of

senting the reader with a fac-simile of the birthplace of the poet himself, and exactly as it is at this present moment, for it has been expressly sketched by the artist within the last twelvemonth.

On the direct line to Galway there are few things to arrest us between Athlone and Ballinasloe, except the fine viaduct over the Suck, across which the train passes. Ballinasloe is a town of considerable size, partly in County Roscommon, but chiefly in County Galway, containing some handsome buildings, and remarkable for the great fair held from the 5th to the 9th of October, the largest cattle mart in the kingdom, attended from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent. Garbally, seat of Lord Clancarty, in the immediate vicinity of the town (his lordship is proprietor), is beautifully laid out, and the house contains some fine pictures, and free access is generously granted to both. The ruins of a castle, of great strength in Elizabeth's time, are situated on the Roscommon side of the Suck, and the fosse and several flanking towers remain. Four miles from Ballinasloe is the village of Aughrim, remarkable from the battle on the adjoining fields of Killecommadan in 1691, between James and William, when the former was totally routed, and St. Ruth, his general, killed. However, the point from which the tourist should start for the scene of this great and decisive conflict is Athlone; and it has been the cause of much wonderment with some that Mr. Creasy did not give this hand-to-hand fight precedence to the battle of Creedy. A part of the ruins of Aughrim Castle can still be traced; and in the village are a church, chapel, and small Methodist meeting-house.

The next object of interest we met is KilleConnell, a village where a monastery for Franciscan friars was founded about 1460. Nearly the entire shell of this most beautiful structure remains. A little farther on we come to Athenry, a village also most remarkable for its ancient buildings, of which the castle, built in the thirteenth century by the De Bermingham family, is the most perfectly preserved. The Dominican Abbey is, perhaps, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the whole country.

Besides the castle and its religious houses, the whole town retains a great portion of its wall, and one of its ancient castellated gateways. The former, which is of considerable height and thickness, is defended at intervals by round towers of great strength.

We have now almost accomplished our journey to Galway, near the seventh mile-post from which we pass the ruined castle of Derrydonnell; and from about the twenty-first, we see Orammore Castle, built by the great Earl of Clancarty. The splendid swivel bridge at Lough Athalia, said to be the largest in the world, next arrests attention, when the tourist finds himself before the magnificent railway terminus and hotel of the ancient "city of the tribes," the proverbially Spanish aspect of which will be readily recognised from the two little sketches subjoined, with which we close our pencilings for the present.

SELF-DENIAL;

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

IV.

Scarcely did any one begin life with a smaller share of worldly goods, and at the same time richer blessings of hope, health, and a bright future than I did. I certainly did feel a kind of oppression come over me, as I reflected that I had taken this important step without consulting my mother and father; but that was a feeling that weighed on me only when I was alone, and my dear little wife did not leave me often.

I had a good deal of work to do at home. The Magazine used my articles occasionally, and the paper was regular in its payments and its requirements. When tea was cleared away, she would draw up her work-table near to me, or take a book. Sometimes I would read to her. I had much to do, to prepare myself for the career of a literary man. I had to study and read, my stock of knowledge being rather scanty on the whole. I saw at once that there was much to be learnt, and I set to work in earnest to supply my deficiencies.

It came the second Sunday after our marriage. Mr. Ellis,

as I at present must call him, was with him. Charles looked very pale and thin. The quiet sacrifice he had made had preyed upon him. He shook me warmly by the hand, and tried to look smiling, but it was too much of an effort. Presently, however, he was better, and when Edith chatted with him, and gave him his tea, and called him dear Charles, he was soon himself again, full of spirits, life, and talk. He made us laugh before he had done, and quizzed my wife because she was so shy of showing her affection for me before company.

Our way of life was humble, because we were poor and knew it. Luckily I fell into no bad habits in those days. My home was everything to me, and no sooner was my work done than I flew home to delight myself in the sunshine of Edith's smile. Things went on tolerably well for about a year. I lived abstemiously, but well enough for my taste. I even saved a little, because I knew it would be wanted.

At the end of our first year of love and happiness I became the father of a boy, and we called him Charles. When I showed the infant to his namesake for the first time, I saw his lip quiver.

"God bless you, child!" he said in a murmuring tone; "as long as I live, you shall never want a father."

His health was much injured by his severe study; and when he knew that all was right, and that Edith and her child were well, he bade us adieu, and went down to spend a month or so, during the long vacation, with his mother and sisters. We saw him depart with regret; but as we believed the journey necessary to his health, we were bound to be glad.

I had concealed from Charles, and I believe I was wrong to do so, that the expenses of this period had for the first time placed me in debt. Edith had restored my mother's watch to me, and already it had gone again to meet the demands made upon me. When Edith went out for her first walk with me, I had scarcely a penny left. I went down to the office that evening and obtained a small advance.

With this in my pocket I began work anew. I had a few good books, and I read hard. I had projected a work on a popular subject, which required, however, reference to many books, and I applied for admission to the British Museum. By the favour of the publisher of my magazine, I obtained it at once, and I made a point of going there three days a-week, collecting materials for my volume, which I firmly relied on selling.

Oh, those were happy days indeed. My dear little wife was so proud and joyous and light-hearted, especially when she could show her infant to her mother, who, like all grandmothers, we suppose from Dame Eve down, was in raptures with the child, well -- except that its mouth and eyes and nose were different -- and that it was a boy -- that it was the very image of Edith.

About this time I had an offer made me, which, promising an addition of ten or fifteen shillings a-week to my income, I gladly accepted. As few of my readers are among the initiated, I must explain my new duties rather clearly. All the leading Sunday papers copy the police reports from the morning journals, except on Saturday, when, in the competition for news, they pay for the reports to be made for them, thus forestalling the Monday morning publications. Now it appeared that the ----- had had a difference with the man who supplied the copy usually. There was only one reporter at this office, who had a monopoly of all the papers. The -----, however, declined his copy, and I was requested to attend on Saturday and supply the deficiencies.

I went. I found myself in quite a new and changed atmosphere. It was a tainted and unwholesome one. I associated at once with men of a different character from what I had been used to. To write my report I went to a public-house. I found myself among detectives, witnesses, officers of the court, from whom at this early stage of my career I was obliged to ask information. I wrote my report, and then drank without eating. I took down the copy to the office, but I spent more money than it could bring me in. Yes! I went home that night in a state which alarmed my wife. I must own it. But I was gentle as a lamb. I have heard of men beating and flouting their wives under such circumstances; but I am thankful to say I was never guilty of such disgraceful brutality.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Is there not a proverb that says a good story cannot be told too often? I thought so. Well, encouraged by that proverb we are about to tell a very old story here.

Once upon a time there lived in beautiful Thessaly a king and queen named Athamas and Nephele. They were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. After awhile Athamas grew weary

went the ram—his golden fleece glittering in the bright rays of the sun—and took his course towards the east; the boy, however, alone preserved, for, as they crossed the strait which divides Europe from Asia, poor Helle fell into the sea—an accident which needs no other confirmation than the fact of that strait ever afterwards being called the Hellespont. As for the youth Phryxus, he reached the



BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING PHRYXUS AND HELLE ON THE RAM WITH THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

of his spouse, put her away, and took another. Kings and emperors since that period have occasionally copied his example—

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never."

On account of their stepmother, poor hapless Nephele trembled for her children, and sought diligently for some means of effecting their escape. Mercury—like a true knight of chivalry, or rather like a truly classical divinity as he was—came to her help, gave her a ram with a golden fleece, on which she placed her darling children, trusting, with all the fond trustfulness of a woman's heart, that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. Off

kingdom of Colchis on the eastern shore of the Euxine, was hospitably received by Aetes, the king of the country, sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the skin to his new friend. So the golden fleece was placed in a consecrated grove, and a dragon, which was never known even to wink, kept watch and ward over the precious treasure. "Lies," says the Spanish proverb, "have short legs"—but truths have uncommonly long ones. The story of the golden fleece spread far and wide. People regarded it, some with doubt, some with strong belief, some as a dream of the poets, and some as the subtle enigma of the mystics—it was to them as the lost Atlantis, which puzzled the minds of philosophers in after years. What could any young man of spirit and daring do better to attest his zeal and courage than go in search of this golden treasure—this marvellous fleece? Who can wonder that the

chivalric Jason, Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor, the heroes and demigods of Greece, should flock together, and in adventurous brotherhood take water in the Argo, and with oars propel the vessel—for masts and sails were yet as things unknown—to Colchis? Who can feel surprise that the hero Jason should overcome every difficulty that was thrown in his way? should calm the braver-footed bulls, whose snort was like the heat of a furnace, should make them gentle as so many "sucking doves," and put the charmed yoke over their necks? Who can wonder that when the dragon's teeth were sown, and a goodly crop of armed men sprang up and rushed on Jason, he should dexterously fling a stone into their midst and set them fighting one another till there was not one left? Who but can readily suppose that with the certainty of chloroform he should send the ever-watchful dragon fast asleep, and seize upon the golden fleece, which had cost him so much trouble? Who can wonder at all this, when they recollect that the beautiful Medea, as potent in sorcery as she was beautiful in appearance, had aided him to gain the triumph? Nobody can wonder at it—not one—nor that Medea fled away with Jason to Thessaly the beautiful.

As to what the story means—it may be, that if stripped of all its glory, and seen in open daylight, this Argonautic expedition was nothing more than a piratical invasion, the rich spoils of which gave rise to the idea of the GOLDEN FLEECE; but, however this may be, certain it is, that a skilful artist has embodied the beautiful old story in as beautiful a bas-relief, of which we here present a spirited engraving.

* SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH GEMS.

It is curious to reflect, when gazing at the brilliant wares in a modern jeweller's shop window, that a time existed when such a display of varied coloured gems, of gold and silver ornaments, instead of conjuring up thoughts of fashion and festivity, of bridal morns, ball-nights and birth-day presents, would probably have aroused a host of perturbed associations, in which sorcery and sickness, poison and the evil-eye, would by turns predominate, and the liveliest fancy have been the choice of periapt or counter-charm.

Then—for every gem had its genii, every precious stone some occult power—instead of studying fashion or his taste, the purchaser would have had respect to secret tendencies—his hopes, his fears, the terror that came by night, the pestilence that walked abroad at noon-day, and would have bought his jewellery less as an ornament than as a spell.

Chronology throws no light on the birth of this belief in the magical properties of gems; research only deepens the idea of its antiquity, and shows it to have obtained from the earliest periods of human history of which we have any record.

That dusky father of the church Tertullian, unable to trace the origin of their use, or the discoverer of their presumed medical and mysterious qualities (of at least bestowing the meretricious charm of ornament on the fair wearers of them), boldly advances, not as an hypothesis, but as a fact, that in those days, when there were giants on the earth, and angels visited the daughters of men, these fallen spirits, in order to enhance and preserve the beauty that had captivated them, sought out all secret spells; and brought from mines and caves these glittering talismans for good or evil.

Pliny, referring to the legend of the Roman poets, makes men ignorant of even the existence of precious stones till the writhing hand of Prometheus, bound by an iron band to Caucasus, broke forth a crystal fragment of the rock, which gave the type of the ring, and the gem which afterwards adorned it.

Yet, long before the Roman poets sang the fable of Prometheus, in the days of the swarthy Pharaohs, we find evidence of idolatrous and forbidden superstitions in connexion with jewels. Why else, when Jacob purified his household from all the strange gods that were in their hands, did he also bury with them under the oak at Shechem the ear-rings that were in their ears?

It is true that the Israelites had not yet entered Egypt, where the eye of Osiris, the sacred Scarab, and other symbols or images of their gods, partly from religious, partly from superstitious motives, they had wandered through the border-

lands, and the incident only proves how wide-spread was the belief in these mystic agencies.

A little later there occurs a striking instance in the Hebrew annals of the oracular power attributed to precious stones, in the supernatural evidence of the *Urim and Thummim*, glowing in the bosom of the Jewish high-priest's pectoral, divination by means of which is frequently alluded to, and to which appeal was made under various solemn circumstances by kings and great men. Here we probably see the prototype of a belief existing era after era in human history, surviving in this country to comparatively modern times, in the magic crystal of Doctor Dee, and only fading out with the extending light of the liberal sciences, wherewith the soul of man is beautified.

Hereafter we shall come to the presumed virtues of some of the gems employed in adorning the miraculous breast-plate of the Jewish hierophant, and as these reputed properties were believed to be imbibed by the wearer, and to endow him with their secret influences, we may imagine how its resplendent glory, full of solemn associations, of occult power, and a divine mystery, graven with the names of their tribes, and flashing up to heaven, as it is expressly said, in memorial of them, must have added personal awe to priestly veneration, and have affected the deeply superstitious minds of the Jewish people.

We read that the Egyptians, Persians, Arabs, and Hindoos regarded precious stones "if not as spiritual creations, at least as abodes with which spiritual influences were associated, and gave to each its tutelary spirit or guardian genii. Hence the Arabs wore gems set in Afric gold bound on their arms to defend them from demons, and hence in more recent times the Asiatics had the blades of their scimitars engraved with a text from the Koran, with the figures wrought in gold or silver or in marquetry with small gems."

The Greeks and Romans, in like manner, found a presiding deity for every gem, and thus Proserpine claimed black agate, red Mars the blood-stone, Apollo the sapphire, and Bacchus the purple amethyst.

Gems were regarded as so precious by the Hindoos, that the very gods were accused of stealing them; and Christina in his childhood was said to have purloined one from Prasena. What wonder, therefore, that the exhibition of gems should have entered largely into the pharmacopœia of these mystic periods of human science, or that men should have hoped by contact with them to elicit their supposed healing virtues, or by their simple presence to escape contagion. In a learned treatise on Hindoo medicine, we find gold, silver, diamonds, and pearls playing a very important part in their prescriptions, but it is evident that these costly medicaments were only necessary to the constitutions of rich men, for the sage, after giving a prescription of gems for the diseases of a king, adds another of simples for those of people in general.

It has been suggested, that the primitive use of gems in medicine was probably as much with the view of propitiating the spiritual power associated with them as from any intrinsic healing properties, of their own. The Indians, however, laid great stress upon these properties in disposing of their pearls from the Persian gulf, and diamonds from Golconda; but as nearly all the precious stones were brought from India, commercial policy might have mingled slightly with professional zeal, and have tinged their representations to other eastern nations, who purchased gems, and used them medicinally, as remotely as the times of the Persian Magi.

The diamond, ruby, sapphire, coloured agates, onyx, crystals, jaspers, and cornelians, as well as the rare opalescent sapphire, with pearly-like reflections that Pliny speaks of, and which partook in itself of all the virtues of the rest, were brought from India. Upper Egypt had, it is said, its mountains of emeralds, the islands of Crete and Candia their sacred agates, and in Lombardy the poplars wept amber, which, though not of them, has ever kept in the company of gems, and has been used for the same purposes of health and ornament.

Gold, also, though not coming under the head of our subject, is yet so blended with it, that without much irregularity we may be allowed to observe, that it anciently claimed almost as large an amount of superstitious veneration as the gems for which it has always served as the setting. The belief of the ancient life-worshippers, that gold was the first production of the sacred

element, no doubt sanctified this metal in every land where the knee was bowed to Baal; hence, it was not only used for molten images, but served to enclose graven ones, and was itself supposed to be endowed with healing qualities, and with a protective power. This alone will account for its appearance in rings, chains, bracelets and earrings at a period when such things were regarded, not as ornaments, but as amulets, and symbols of rank and power; it was with this intention that it figured in the heart-shaped bulla of the Romans, and was suspended, as late as the childish days of Dr. Johnson, in the English coin called an "angel," round the necks of those patients who received the royal touch, the efficacy of which would have been very doubtful if unaccompanied by this sigel of pure gold!

In no one thing, perhaps, is the growth of human nature so distinctly marked as in the enlargement of the reasoning faculties. In those twilight-days of the world's history to which our subject refers, when men sat down like children in the dusk, and spite of the great side-lights slanting on them, frightened themselves with shadows—the powers of the imagination appear to have been in a state of the most intense activity, while the reasoning principles were only partially developed, and the few great heads in possession of them ruled the rest, not in the modern sense of intellectual superiority, but with an iron sceptre, as serfs and slaves. All things, therefore, that tended to enwrap the multitude in the thick darkness of ignorance, to mystify and terrify them, were so many veils between reality and the fables, which bowed them in the veriest slough of superstition, and rendered their numerical and physical strength timid and helpless in the hands of their intelligent tyrants, save as they led the way, in mystic pillars of fire, or clouds of smoke, with gorgeous ceremonies or solemn rites of magic. From the beginning there has been no such engine of power in this world as superstition, and no superstition so fatal to the intellectual and moral growth of mankind as that which hid its malignity, like the spear of Baccus, with the leaves and flowers of religion. Only the priests of Egypt were allowed to heal the sick; the knowledge of medicine, like all other knowledge, was in their hands; and in order to heighten the effect of their power over mind and body, magic made a part of their religion as well as of the mystery of legercraft. Even the wandering Arabs, who, it is said, had some skill in the application of plants and minerals to medicine, affected a knowledge of magic in their practice of it; and the same superstitions inoculated the Greeks, and subsequently the Romans.

When we remember the relation in which Greece stood to Egypt, it could scarcely have happened otherwise. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six years B.C., we find Inachus the Phœnician founding Argos. Three hundred years nearer the Christian era, Cærops had peopled Attica with Egyptians; and in 1493 B.C., Cadmus built Thebes upon the model of the Thebes of Egypt, and introduced, with the alphabet, her gods and superstitions. What wonder, then, that we find the amulets and talismans of the East—the ibis, the scarabæus, and sacred hieroglyphics, engraved on rings, or worn suspended from the neck, or fashioned into necklaces—in constant use amongst the early Greeks? The stones of which these amulets were formed, and on which these images were graven, were always chosen with reference to their own reputed virtues; and the fact that the majority of the fine engravings of antiquity are executed in cornelian, speaks to the lover of such lore of more than the aptitude of the stone for the art of the graver, and exhibits, in the frequency of its use, a pleasing trait of these antique people in their domestic relations, though shaded with the mask of superstition; for it was supposed to appease anger, and make peace and love reign in households that were unliappily the scene of strife and hatred.

The virtues of the scarab, worn as an amulet, were so numerous, that Moutet tells us we should scarcely believe them, if we could not put faith in what Pliny says: "Inasmuch as a scarabæus carved on an emerald is a certain remedy against all poisons;" nor is it only efficacious in such cases, but of infinite service worn in a ring, when any one wishes to obtain an audience of a king or a favour from a great man. But Pliny is not talking of the scarab, but of the emerald—one of those sea-green emeralds, growing amongst the rocks in that island of Upper Egypt that Plutarch tells us was for ever guarded by serpents, which in Egyptian

mythology represent the god Onoph, or good genius, though Christians regard them as the type of Aspidochelone; and he tells us that one of these precious stones, engraved with an eagle, or the flies named beetles, has not only the qualities Moutet has quoted, but that it also averts hail and bad weather, properties which Ambrosius also affirms of it.

The emerald made a part of the rich merchandise which the Syrians imported to the sea-bound Tyre, and glittered no doubt upon the finger, or in the bracelet, or lay secreted upon the breasts of many a merchant prince and sea captain, as well as amongst the talismans of the landowner—a spell to calm the tempest, and ward off the insect spoilers from the summer fruits and harvest.

Gerard Legh, in his "Accedens of Aemory: Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, within Temple Barre, at the Sign of the Hande and Starre, by Richard Tottle, A.D. 1568," remarks of the emerald (or scriptural smaragde) that "Ecclesiastes, in commendation thereof, maketh the comparison, that as the myrth of music comforteth the spirits, so the smaragide comforteth the sight, by which the heart receiveth joy"—a scriptural allusion to the eastern belief that this gem cleared the vision and helped against illusions. It was doubtless with this impression (insisted on when Pliny wrote) that we find the Emperor Nero, at the spectacles and theatres of old Rome, using a large emerald as the frequenters of the opera-house and theatres of our times do their lorgnettes; but the modern use of green glasses, to refresh the optic nerve and assist the sight, proves how much of fact lay hidden in the fable of its virtues. But its effect on the serpent tribe was exactly the reverse; for it was believed in the East, that if a snake or serpent fixed his eyes on the green lustre of this transparent stone, it immediately became blind; when we add to the former as good as proven quality, that it comforted the vital spirits—so wrote the natural historians of the times—increased riches, and made the wearer prevail in play, we think an excellent case has been made out to account for the popularity of the sea-green gem, which shone in the second row upon the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest, and remains to this day one of the most precious in the regalia of kings.

Yet in comparison with the potent diamond, which Pliny prettily thinks should grow nowhere but in a mine of gold, though he owns it is a miracle to find it there, the spells of the emerald become few and insignificant. Not even the wild legends of oriental superstition could have ascribed to this genii-guarded gem more various and mysterious influences than did the western nations of Europe through the long night of intellectual darkness that followed the destruction of the Roman empire, and continued till the dawn of the Reformation.

Precious above all other natural bodies, its value was further enhanced by the spiritual influences imputed to it, and which promised the fortunate possessor immunity from almost every ill that flesh is heir to. It insured the wearer long life, rendered him invincible, and drove away those vain imaginings that set men beside themselves, dispelled vain fears, resisted witchcraft, and tested conjugal fidelity; borne on the left shoulder, says Diacorides, "it hath virtue against chidings and strifes of enemies," and, better still, made peace in the domestic circle. At its touch, the magnet lost its power of attraction, and diseases, though they had baffled every other mode of treatment, vanished. It was an antidote to poison; though, on the other hand, Paracelsus tells us that the powder of the diamond was so fatal that no remedy could correct its venom! No wonder that the Persian kings wore gems upon their foreheads, when the very possession of them not only conveyed the knowledge of wealth and grandeur, but was supposed to endow the wearer with supernal power! The Storr and Mortimers, and Hunts and Roskells, of those days must have driven a pretty complex business; physics, astrology, magic, and a knowledge of icons, must have entered largely into the matters of their tradecraft. The matter, the mounting, the figure—not only for amulets, but the more potent talisman graven at some particular moment of time, and when a certain star was in the ascendant or certain planets in conjunction, and the whole finished with superstitious rites and ceremonies—must have given a mysterious air to their doings, sombre and fear-brooding as the laboratory of an alchemist of the middle ages.

THE TOWERS OF DUNKIRK AND SARAGOSSA.

The towers represented in the accompanying engravings are assuredly not of the same origin, for they were erected at different epochs, and their architecture is very dissimilar. They are connected, however, by a popular ceremony, which is celebrated in both places—the procession of the giants, which is represented in both illustrations. The sole difference consists in the costume of the effigies which figure as the heroes of the *fête*. At Dunkirk the giants are always three in number, supposed to represent father and sons, and wear helmets and coats of mail; at Saragossa

claimed for the Dunkirk *fête*, on the ground that a similar ceremony is observed at Douay, which is shown by documentary evidence still in existence to have been instituted in 1580, “in honour of God and all the celestial court, and of Monseigneur St. Morand (the patron saint of Douay), to whom thanks are to be given for the taking and keeping of this town by the French, on the 16th of June.” In 1670, however, the day of celebration was changed to the 6th of July, in commemoration of the capture of the town by the troops of Louis XIV. Some historians assert that all the



THE CLOCK TOWER AT DUNKIRK.

the number is also three, but they wear the turban and flowing robes of the Moslem. These gigantic effigies are formed, in both cases, of wickerwork, and are always carried, at Saragossa as well as at Dunkirk, past the great clock tower.

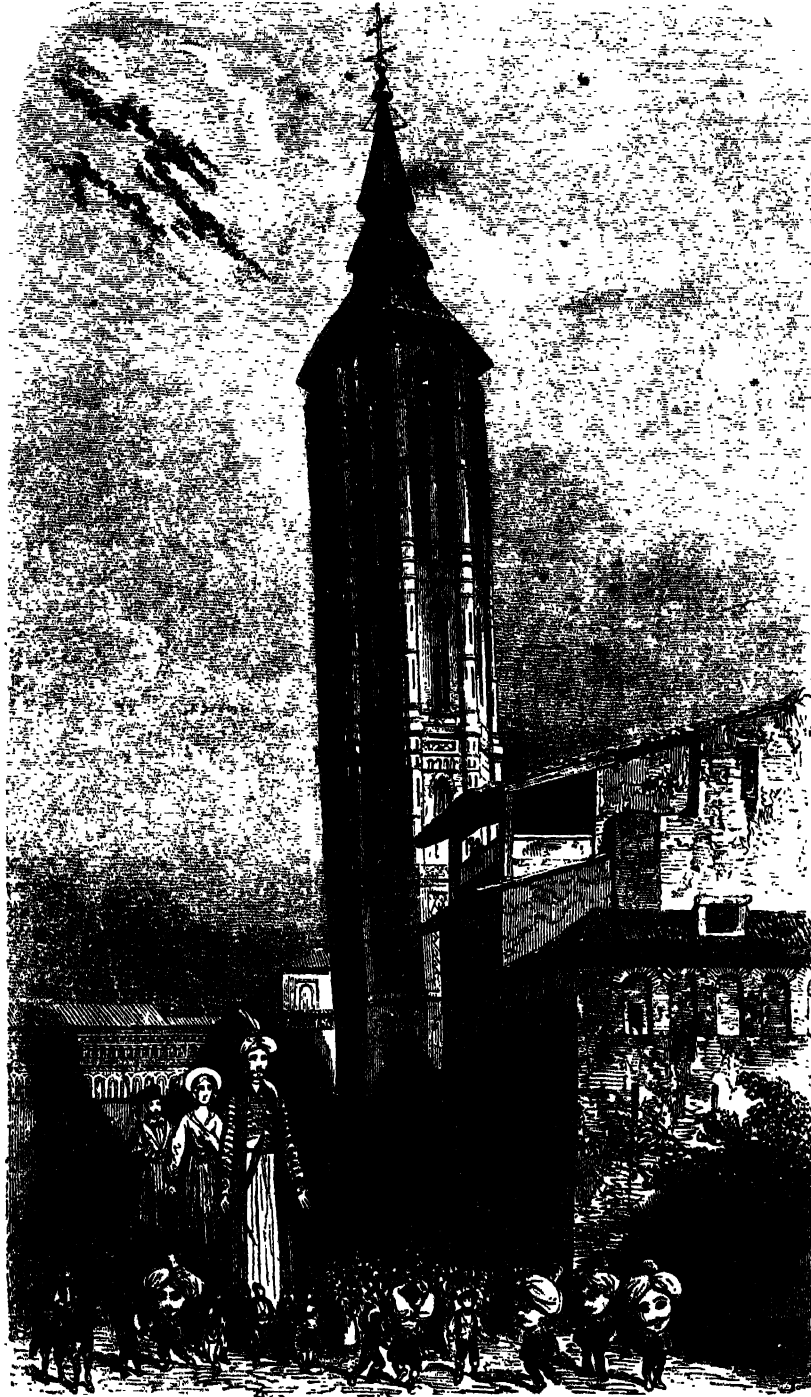
This singular procession seems to be of Spanish origin, and its introduction into Dunkirk probably took place while Flanders was subjected to Spanish domination. At Saragossa it was instituted after the expulsion of the Moors, of which event it appears to be a commemoration. A French origin has, however, been

Flemish *fêtes* were introduced by Charles V., who sought by this means to neutralise the dissatisfaction of the people by amusing them.

The clock tower at Dunkirk was erected previously to 1440, in which year it is recorded that the town possessed only one church, and that the inhabitants, being desirous of obtaining additional accommodation for worship, erected another, using the existing tower for the porch and for containing the clock. This church was destroyed by fire in 1556, but the tower was uninjured. A new

church was built subsequently, but at a little distance from the tower. This church, dedicated to St. Eloi, still exists. On the redemption of Dunkirk by Louis XIV., it was stipulated that all the towers and belfries should be pulled down to the level of the housetops, but the inhabitants of Dunkirk evaded the treaty as regarded the clock tower, by building a little house on it, which served as a temporary landmark to the mariners frequenting the

The clock tower of Saragossa is of later origin than that at Dunkirk, having been commenced in 1504, and finished in 1515. It inclines towards the street in a very remarkable manner, reminding the traveller of the singular leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna. The basement is constructed entirely of cut stone, and is perfectly perpendicular; it is the superstructure, which is built with bricks, that overhangs the street, and looks as if it were about to fall



THE CLOCK TOWER AT SARAGOSSA.

port, whom the treaty had deprived of the beacon which had hitherto been their guide.

It is asserted that on a clear day the towers of Dover Castle can be discerned from the roof of this tower, which was used by the astronomer Cassini for his observations, and served MM. Arago and Biot for the same purpose when they were determining the measurement of the earth.

into it. The bricks on that side appear as if crushed by the superincumbent mass, and in some places have lost half their thickness. The inhabitants entertain no fear of its fall, for it began to lean towards the street, as it is seen at present, very soon after it was completed, and has not yielded any further since. Indeed, during the siege of the city by the French, in 1809, a shell burst exactly over it, without at all impairing its solidity.

SELF-DENIAL;

V.

WHEN once I was in the street, I sat down upon a distant step and wept. Then I rose and walked along towards town. As I went, I bought a basket. I laid out every farthing I had, in articles of food. I bought meat, bread, tea, sugar, and other necessaries. I purchased a small joint for the next day, and some steak for supper. With all this I sallied home, as proud as if I had really done something very wonderful.

I reached the door, and, as I did so, looked up at my window. I saw a man's shadow on the blind. I almost fell with shame and sorrow. I could have fled and concealed myself for ever from their sight. I knew it must be the noble Charles Ogilvy. All the past flashed before me like a panorama. Would he have lowered her and made her suffer in this way? I was quite sure he would not. I felt it was not in his nature.

Never before or since have I felt such humiliation.

But I had repented of my sin, and I was ready to bear the punishment without flinching.

I knocked at the door. Mrs. Brown opened it to me.

"Goodness gracious," said she, "what a loud!"

"Hush!" I replied, "I don't want her to know. Have you got a fire?"

"A beautiful fire," she replied, in a half timid tone, as if she feared my acts were the freaks of intoxication.

Now, my good Mrs. Brown, I have been neglecting that dear little wife of mine, and making a fool of myself; but never mind, that's all over now. Just come along with me into the kitchen. The girl had left about a month, because we could not pay her.

"Well to be sure" said Mrs. Brown, as I displayed my riches, "this is a treat. The fact is, Mr. Mildmay, she has neglected herself lately. When you are not at home she never thinks about cooking."

I almost choked. I knew it was because there was nothing to cook. But on this point I said nothing, satisfied that my wife having kept her secret herself, would be pained indeed if I revealed it.

"Now, Mrs. Brown," said I, for I was rather diffident about appearing upstairs suddenly, myself. "Will you lay the cloth for supper up stairs. There is Mr. Ogilvy with my wife, and there is nothing he likes better than taking a little supper with us."

The old woman was about to move, when I heard Charles Ogilvy come out on the landing.

"I won't stop to-night," he said, with affected carelessness; "as he is out, I will come to-morrow morning. I am anxious to see him after three months of absence."

"I am sure he won't be long," replied my wife, who in reality was overwhelmed with sorrow; "he never stops out—very late."

"But it is late," said Charles, good humouredly, "and I must be off. Good night, Mrs. Mildmay. Good night, baby."

"Good night, Charles," replied Edith, slowly.

"Good night! no such thing," said I popping out of the kitchen. "Don't you smell the steaks? Here am I broiling away like a martyr, to get you a nice hot supper, as our Mary is gone, and you are running away. How do you do, old boy?"

"Why I thought you were out, Edward," said my wife, almost overwhelmed with surprise.

"So I have been out to market to be sure," I replied cheerfully, "I am coming. Only let me wash my hands, and I will join you."

They went into the room where Mrs. Brown was busy laying the cloth, and in a few minutes I followed. I shook Charles heartily by the hand.

"My dear fellow," said I, when we were alone, "you have come here on a very auspicious evening—auspicious, I mean, in comparison with all those of the last three months."

Charles looked bewildered. Edith made signs to me to hold my tongue. But I would not be checked. I was determined to speak the truth, to unburden my conscience to a friend, and thus have support even against myself. I told the whole story, of which Charles had no conception. I watched him narrowly as he listened to me. His lips were compressed once or twice convulsively, and his hands were clenched. He turned pale and red in turns. At last I ceased.

"Indeed," he said, warmly, "to say I am not grieved at

what has passed would be to assert that which is not true; and I have never soiled my lips with a falsehood. I heard at the office that there was something wrong, that you kept rather late hours, and I had a hint about Herbert having your place."

I groaned in reply, but said nothing articulate.

"Never mind," continued Charles, cheerfully, "you only stick to work, and all will be right. They say themselves they will try you another month, so that is all right. Nothing is wanting to place you where you were, but to keep your own excellent resolutions."

From that night I went no more to my old haunts. But I had a rude battle now to carry on against my difficulties. I had very little coming in, while for a week or two I was unable to commence my new work. I persevered, however, and the bright smiles of my wife were my best reward. We contrived as well as we could for some time. I worked very hard; my paper gave me a good deal of work, and I pushed on with my book with increased energy. It was impossible quite to conceal our position from Charles, and, not concealing it, we were compelled to receive assistance from him. We always, however, made light of our difficulties, and, above all, took care to be cheerful and happy. And we were happy. Edith had such a joy in her child that no other cares or sorrow could touch her while the babe was well.

At last my book was finished and I left it with a publisher. That was a proud day too; for it is something to have written a book, especially when one feels that it has been written with care and under the influence of high aspirations. I was now in a very great state of anxiety. I leave it to the imagination of my reader to tell all the dreams that now came to me by day and by night. I could scarcely sleep. I considered that on this work depended my whole future.

At the end of a fortnight I called on Messieurs ———. I sent in my name. I was requested to walk into a very neat, very elegant apartment, where a gentleman asked me to take a chair. He then quietly informed me that he could give me no answer just yet, he was very sorry—

"I hope you will excuse my anxiety," I said rising, and speaking with some little trepidation, for the man before me was one on whose will depended the fate of my whole future existence. He was a scholar and a gentleman; but he was that awful thing to an author's mind, a publisher.

"Quite natural, my dear sir," said the other blandly; "but we have so many manuscripts on hand just now, that the gentlemen who read for us are quite unable to keep pace with them."

I returned home, like a very weak personage as I was, with a very serious face. I was too young in my profession not to feel overwhelmed with disappointment at the very natural interview I had had with the world-renowned Mr. ———. Edith saw it at once.

"No success, Edward," she said, with a little sigh, for I had promised her so many things—not luxuries, but necessaries.

"Well, never mind; you must try some one else."

"But I have no answer of any kind," I said, with a mortified look.

"No news is good news," said the little woman, with a jocund laugh, tossing the baby into my arms; "there nurse that, papa, while I get the dinner."

I took the little one, and as I sat with it in my arms, very unreasonably wished authorship at the bottom of the sea, mused about the philosophy of sweeping a crossing, wondered whether I could get a clerk's place, and, in fact, thought the usual amount of nonsense which a disappointed man will think. In reality I ought to have been very thankful that, with my youth and inexperience, I was able to support a wife at all.

That evening I walked down to the Strand and called on Charles. I told him my day's adventure with a very solemn face. He laughed at me.

"You unreasonable dog, you," he said; "why, if I get a brief in five years after I am called I shall be satisfied."

"But you have an income," I replied.

"Not an income to enable me to fight my way at the bar," said he, with his gentle smile. "I know it well, and I am working hard at short-hand. The gallery is the place for a young and barrister."

"Indeed!" I cried; "have you made up your mind to it?"

SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

The scenes which we have chosen for illustration present America under two very different aspects: in one, asserting liberty—in the

harsh truths it uttered at Bunker's Hill—and, in the latter, proclaiming the sentiments which were almost universally held till



BACON ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL.



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

other, maintaining loyalty; in the first, denouncing the executive of kingly power—in the second, fighting nobly in defence of monarchy; in the former, speaking with a stern, strong voice, the same

American blood, shed by English soldiery, crimsoned the snow in the streets of Boston.

They are both of them grand subjects, picturing incidents worthy

of the country and the people. "We propose, as briefly as may be, to tell the stories that they illustrate.

Who is this, that stands so proudly in the presence of the Governor of Virginia, and compels—veritably compels—him to sign a commission, as truly as Cromwell swept away the Long Parliament, or Napoleon scattered the Council of Elders? It is Nathaniel Bacon, a young man scarcely thirty, who has studied law in London, but who, leaving the old country, has come to the colonies, and is "popularly inclined." He possessed all the "qualities which people want in a leader"—a complete man," singularly endowed with a persuasive eloquence and quickness of apprehension.

Virginia—the beautiful land of Sir Walter Raleigh, who first beheld it in all its pristine grandeur—was reduced to sore distress. A fatal change had taken place in the constitution of the state; and, betrayed by one in whom they had almost blindly trusted, the people felt the hard, pressing, crippling tendencies of a foreign policy. They had been free, as free as the elk in the valleys yet untrodden by the foot of man; they had rejoiced in that liberty, and with a brisk trade and increasing affluence had hailed with shouts of joy and blazing bonfires the restoration of King Charles II. But then a change came. The liberty they had loved was to be taken from them; the trade that had been brisk and thriving was stunted by the Navigation Laws; the democratic tendencies which some of their laws exhibited were carefully weeded out, as cockle from among the barley; the executive power was no longer dependent on the will of the people, laid on that of a million thousands of miles away; and the freedom of religious sentiment clean gone for ever. Canons, liturgy, and catechism took the place of the "old ways," and Virginia found too late that her people had shouted and lighted their bonfires to very little good; that the promises even of a king were not always redeemed; and that old Hebrew wisdom was as true and fresh in the seventeenth century of the Christian era as when Solomon sat on the throne of Israel, and that consequently it would have been far wiser not to have put their trust in princes.

In our enlightened age it seems almost incredible that any man in authority should express himself as follows:—"Thank God, there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have them for these hundred years: for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them, and libelled the best of governments. God keep us from both!" So spoke, however, the sage Sir William Berkeley, sapient governor of Virginia. Under such rule and authority the people became seriously alarmed; what were the beautiful succession of valleys on the other side of the Blue Mountains, what the rich vegetation of their plains to them, if every means was to be employed to impoverish the subject and enrich the ruler when, added to all the local and incidental tyranny of such government, the king bestowed one day in a merry humour upon his favourite, the Earl of Arlington, "all the dominion of land and water called Virginia, for the full term of thirty-one years, together with all quit-rents, escheats, the power to grant land, and all other powers of absolute sovereignty!"

The people of Virginia found their alarm to be turning rapidly into discontent, and discontent into a desire to resist the tyranny that so cruelly oppressed them. In the grand old forests, under the shade of night, they met and talked over their grievances. Glimmering, half-red embers, if laid together, get into the brightest white glow. Matters were coming to a crisis. At this time portentous omens were observed—a comet stretched its fiery tail across the black canopy of night—a fearful plague of flies settled on the land—the Indian war, which had slumbered so long, broke out again with tenfold violence; the war-whoop sounded—the signal of death to many a peaceful family; atrocities of the most frightful description were perpetrated. But the governor adopted no measures to put an end to the struggle; he disregarded all their appeals for defence, until, irritated by their wrongs, they determined to help themselves, and looked round for a leader. That leader was found. The hour had come, and the hour brought the man—Nathaniel Bacon stepped forward as the champion of the people.

The governor sternly forbade the people to arm, or to attack the Indians, who had an interest in the beaver trade, and it might have

interfered with that; but despite his commands they prepared for the fray, and young Bacon protested that if he was denied a commission, he would march against the Indians with no other commission than his sword. A white man was slain—scalped to the music of the war-whoop—the Red Skins fell upon some of Bacon's personal friends, and slew them with every aggravation of cruelty. He pursued them, and was himself pursued by the troops of the governor. Circumstances, however, prevented an encounter, Bacon was victorious over the Indians, returned in triumph, was elected a member of the council, confessed his error (so they termed it), in taking up arms without a commission, was promised a commission on the Monday—that being Saturday—so that the colony rang with applause, and Bacon was the hero of the hour.

When Monday came there was no commission for the self-made captain. With many idle words and a variety of pretexts, the granting of the commission was deferred from hour to hour, and from day to day. Worn out with such treatment, and suspecting treachery, Bacon withdrew from Jamestown. Writs were issued for his apprehension, and he came, not as a prisoner, not loaded with irons like the unhappy Drummond, but at the head of a considerable army, the sight of which made Governor Berkeley tremble with fear, under his robes of state, and rush forth in a sort of tragic excitement, baring his breast and crying:—

"Here, shoot me! For God, a fair mark! shoot."

"No, may't please your honour," Bacon answered, "we will not hurt a hair of your head, or of any other man's; we are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go."

The governor looked hopelessly around; there met his glance on every side the same waving crowd of stern determined faces, the same dense forest of spears, and the shout rang through the air, "We'll have it! we'll have it!" He turned and entered the State House, followed by Bacon, and as the shout of the people still arose, one of the council went to a window and harangued them into quietness, sending down soft and gentle promises as thick as snow flakes on a wintry day. While this man was speaking to the people, Bacon addressed the council, not confining himself to the Indian disturbances, but condemning the exorbitant taxes, the corruptions of the administration, and mourning over the grievances of the country. The commission was signed, the harbinger of a better legislation, on the 4th of July, 1676, one hundred years to a day before the signing of the final Declaration of Independence.

What followed need be told very briefly. Attempts were made to do away with the force of the commission, and Bacon was branded as a rebel; he and his people swore to defend themselves and the liberties of their country, not only against Governor Berkeley, but against England itself. Sarah Drummond lifted a small stick from the ground and broke it, saying, she feared the power of England no more than a broken straw. The civil war commenced. Jamestown was besieged by Bacon and his forces. Those within were unable to withstand those without. A tyrant is proverbially a coward. Berkeley was the first to fly. Next day Jamestown was in flames, and the ruins of the church tower and one or two grave-stones in the churchyard are the only remaining memorials of the place. The revolutionary spirit spread. The fire of enthusiasm caught, and far and near the people turned out against English rule. Bacon was the leader in that tremendous struggle, a prelude to the more tremendous struggle to be made a century later; but in the midst of his triumphs disease attacked him, and he who had faced death on the battle field unscathed, fell beneath the malaria of the Jamestown marshes. There was no one to finish his work; as is generally supposed, the people sank the body of their chief in the majestic waters of the York river, they buried their cause with him, and the rest was blood and murder, and rampant tyranny trampling down all honest zeal with its iron heels.

But now our second sketch. It is about eighty years later in American history. The French war was the one grand theme in America as well as in England. Virginia was in a state of perpetual alarm, for the Indians had joined with the French, and accomplished fearful and deadly work. Scalping parties advanced to the very centre of Massachusetts, and it became necessary that some earnest effort to repel these attacks should be made at once. The

address which Minister Pitt made to the colonies was cheerfully responded to. In one year Massachusetts advanced a sum of £250,000, and seven thousand men. Individual Boston merchants paid taxes to the amount of £500. Everything was in proportion. Into the details of the war we cannot enter here; the spirit of loyalty exhibited by the Americans, and their prompt and cheerful union with the English troops, is evident enough. There was neither trifling nor delay; stern work was to be done and they did it bravely. One man was conspicuous in that war; his heroic courage and persevering zeal will never be forgotten. This was General Wolfe. The fatigues which he underwent during the campaign brought on a fever, which, for a time, disabled him from action; but when unable to move, he still devised plans of attack and defence. The city to be won was Quebec. It rose up all its majesty and beauty on the north side of the St. Lawrence, as if "its stony strength would laugh a siege to scorn." Its defences were most formidable; and when the English commander approached its walls, they seemed indeed impregnable. But there was one chance of victory if the enemy could be induced to come to open action. Under the darkness of night the English sailed up the St. Lawrence, landed on the Quebec side, and gained the heights at the back of the city. When the morning came they displayed their serried ranks before the foe. There was a frightful battle, and, strangely, both commanders fell. The French general, Montcalm, who behaved with the utmost gallantry, was mortally wounded; and as Wolfe was advancing with his men, he received three wounds, the third—the fatal third—ending his life. When struck, he said to an officer near him, "Support me; do not let my brave fellows see me fall!" They carried him to the rear. As he lay upon the ground in the agonies of death, a shout was raised—"They run, they run!" He raised himself and asked, "Who runs?" "The enemy!" was the reply. "Then," said he, "I die happy!"

"After the battle, General Townshend conducted the English affairs with great discretion. The French, on their part, appear to have yielded at once to the suggestion of their terms. The capitulation of Quebec was signed five days after the battle. Favourable terms were granted to the garrison.

"General Townshend returning to England, General Murray was left in command, with a garrison of five thousand men. The French army retired to Montreal, and M. De Levi, who had succeeded Montcalm, being reinforced by Canadians and Indians, returned the following spring, 1760, with six thousand men to Quebec. General Murray left the fortress, and a second, still more bloody battle was fought on the heights of Abraham. Each army lost about one thousand men, but the French maintained their ground, and the English took refuge within the fortress. Here they were closely invested, until, having received reinforcements, M. De Levi abandoned all hope of regaining possession of Quebec, and returned to Montreal, where Vaudreuil, the governor, assembled all the force of Canada.

"Desirous of completing this great conquest, the northern colonies joyfully contributed their aid, and towards the close of the summer three armies were on their way to Montreal; Amherst, at the head of ten thousand men, together with a thousand Indians of the Six Nations, headed by Sir William Johnson; Murray, with four thousand men from Quebec; and Haviland, at the head of three thousand five hundred men, by way of Champlain. The force which was thus brought against Montreal was irresistible, but it was not needed; for Vaudreuil, the governor, surrendered without a struggle. The British flag floated on the city; and not alone was possession given of Montreal, but of Presque Isles, Detroit, Mackinaw, and all the other posts of western Canada. About four thousand regular troops were to be sent to France, and to the Canadians were guaranteed their property and liberty of worship."

The American colonists throughout this great warfare which dragged the nations to the verge of bankruptcy—fully sustained the claims of England, and fought nobly and successfully for the old country. But in fighting for England they defended America; and while engaged in that warfare learnt the use of arms, turned their land into a military college, and prepared themselves for that tremendous struggle which was yet to come.

THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS.

In breathless silence, so overcome are they by the expectancy of a startling revelation, a number of persons stand, amid profound darkness, in the subterranean hall of the famous temple of Eleusis. They have bathed in the sea, and put on white robes, symbolical of their repentance of all past misdeeds; they have sworn the initiatory oath of secrecy, and now they stand there, a crowd of the noblest and most virtuous men and women from all parts of Greece, waiting the moment when the veil which the hand of policy has drawn around the objects of the national worship shall be withdrawn, and the truth be declared to them. The philosophers are not there, for their own inquiries and deductions have left them nothing to learn which the hierophants of the Eleusinia can teach; the en-slaved helots and the rude and licentious mob are not there, for the rulers of the state fear that they might become dangerous were the shackles of a superstitious faith lifted from their minds. Nor are any notorious evil-doers, or persons suspected of great crimes there; none such are permitted to approach the mysteries, initiation in which constituted at once the baptism and communion of ancient paganism. Even a Roman emperor, at a period, too, when the power of Greece was gone, was refused admission until he had cleared himself by oath of the suspicion of a crime.

Not a sound disturbs the solemn stillness—not a glimmer of light irradiates the Cimmerian gloom. The silence and the darkness create a feeling of awe. All at once lightning flashes athwart the gloom, and thunder rolls heavily through the subterranean chamber. The awe of the assembled pilgrims increases to a vague terror. Again the lightning flashes, more vividly than before, and then all is dark again, seeming darker for the momentary illumination. A pause of awe-inspiring silence succeeds, and then a faint light is perceptible at the further end of the mystic chamber of initiation. Gradually that faint glimmer increases, until the wall seems a curtain of light, which evidently proceeds from behind it, for only a dim twilight fills the chamber, in which the spectators can scarcely see each other's features. The aspirants are relieved of their fears, but their curiosity is wound up to the highest pitch.

The hierophants now sing out of those hymns attributed to Orpheus, of which only a fragment of one has been preserved. There is seen that phantasmagorical procession of the fabled deities of the Greek era (which is alluded to by several ancient writers, and as all the *dæmonic powers* of Olympus and Tartarus pass slowly before the wondering spectators, the chant of the hierophants informs them that all these stories of the gods which constitute the vulgar belief are mere inventions of the poets, and proclaims the power and glory of the One True God. A revelation so startling, which demolishes at one blow all that fabric of poetic religion which had been built up in the mind, causes some to look sadder as they wend their way homeward, while others walk with a bolder step and a loftier brow, and smile as they glance towards the marble statues of the gods—now to them marble statues, and nothing more.

It is easy to understand, with this knowledge of what constituted the mysteries of Eleusis, the feelings with which Alcibiades, under the combined influence of wine and excitement, rushed from the banquet of his friends, and rounding through the streets of Athens, struck off the noses of the marble gods. For this he was accused of impiety, for every one was forbidden to reveal the secrets of the Eleusinia, and the old superstitions had to be kept up, as a means of ruling those who were not under the influence of virtue and religion. We can understand, also, why the philosophers were seldom among the initiated. The unity of God and the immortality of the soul, the secret doctrines revealed to the initiated of Eleusis, were those which were taught in the schools of Anaxagoras and Socrates. Nor must we suppose that it was for their theism that the former was banished, and the latter poisoned; the resentments of Cætion had much to do with the condemnation of both, but the charge of impiety concealed this, at the same time that it rendered the task of crushing them more easy, by arming their enemies with the influence of the priesthood, and the clamour of the ignorant and uninitiated mob.

BUCHAREST AND THE WALLACHIANS.

BUCHAREST is agreeably situated in a wide and fertile plain, on the eastern bank of the Dambovitzza. Its name signifies "the city of enjoyment," but beyond its agreeable situation, it has little claim to such an inviting appellation. Its first appearance creates ideas of beauty and magnificence, which are doomed to speedy disappointment. The towers and domes of sixty churches and the turrets of numerous convents, rising among gardens and promenades shaded by trees, give it an agreeable aspect as the traveller approaches it; but once within its streets the illusion ceases. Wooden cabins rise in the close vicinity of marble palaces, and a heap of ruins is seen next to a splendid hotel; while in some parts there are whole streets of wooden or mud huts, without either pavement or drainage.

The plan of the town is very irregular, as it consists of sixty-seven quarters, which are the property of as many boyards, on whose lands colonies of their serfs have gradually accumulated. The residences of the boyards are spacious, and built of stone. The palace of the hospodar is a large and irregular pile of buildings, used instead of the modern palace, which was destroyed by fire in

more modest of these edifices. There are also a Roman Catholic and a Lutheran church, and a synagogue for the Jews. Seven of the Greek churches, as well as the twenty monasteries, are surrounded by walls. The other principal edifices deserving of notice are, a large bazaar, several hospitals, and the residences of the foreign consuls, among which that of the Austrian consul is the most handsome.

Schools are numerous enough in Bucharest and the neighbourhood but it is only within the last twenty years that education has made much progress. French is taught almost universally, and is the pivot of the national system. The Lyceum for young Greeks is conducted by twelve professors, and the example set by the German portion of the population, mostly skilled operatives from Saxony, has led to the establishment of several other schools. There is also a society of the belles lettres, a public library, and several reading-rooms, supplied with the German and Russian newspapers.

In one respect, Bucharest well deserves the name of "the city of enjoyment." The people are extremely gay, fond of music and



GREEK CHURCH AT BUCHAREST.

1812. This building and the metropolitan church are both situated in the principal square, and in the centre of the town. The principal street, Sogonomokoi, is as crowded and lively in the afternoon as the Boulevards of Paris.

The boyards vie with each other in the splendour of their equipages, and frequently ruin themselves by their ostentation and extravagance. The magnificence of their costume, and the rich liveries of their numerous servants, contrast strangely with the rude and simple garb of the working classes, and still more with the slovenly and dirty appearance of the Jewish usurers.

There are sixty churches, none of which have fewer than three steeples or towers, and many no less than six; some even have as many as nine. A coat of brilliant stucco usually covers the fronts, and the roofs, as in Russia, are covered with tin, and painted green. A profusion of statues generally encumbers the peristyle, and the picture of some saint is often placed over the principal entrance. The nave is ornamented with statues and pictures, and separated from the choir by a handsome screen, which serves to conceal the altar, on certain occasions. Our illustration above will give an idea of the

dancing, and addicted to sensual pleasures generally. For such tastes and desires there is abundant provision. The city is full of taverns and coffee-houses, nearly every one of which has a room devoted to billiards, bagatelle or cards. Casinos and concert-rooms are as numerous as in Paris, and music is heard at night in every street. There is also a theatre, where French operas, dramas, and vaudevilles are represented by native performers. The saloon is crowded nightly with the beauties of the city, dressed in their gayest attire, and with the rich boyards and gay officers of the army. The white uniforms of the Austrians have now replaced the green jackets of the Russians, but the brilliant throng is as gay and sparkling as ever. The pit presents a curious *mélange* of all the Oriental types, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, etc.

But for observing these various types and national costumes and peculiarities, the traveller will not find a place better adapted than the annual fairs, particularly the great fair of St. Peter, held at Giurgevo, a town on the Danube, opposite Rustahuk. There the picturesque costumes of Wallachia may be seen in the greatest variety. Tall, robust men, with long black hair falling upon their

shoulders from beneath a fez of scarlet or blue cloth, and dark moustaches, hanging down like those of the Tartars; pelisses trimmed with fur, the cloak thrown over the left shoulder, breeches of remarkable amplitude, and high boots: such are the men of the middle class, who can command some of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. Mixed with these are seen peasants in their broad-rimmed hats, loose jackets and leather girdles, each carrying a staff that will serve for a stout weapon as well as for an assistant on the road; Jew pedlars, meanly dressed and excessively dirty, displaying their wares; and Bulgarian shepherds and herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, and stamped indelibly with an impression of servility and brutish degradation. The costumes of the women are even more picturesque than those of the men. The ladies of Bucharest, particularly among the resident aristocracy, adopt the Parisian fashions, though much less picturesque than the national costume of their countrywomen of the rural districts. This consists of a white veil, which covers the head and falls down behind over the shoulders; a dress full in the body, and coming close to the throat, with loose sleeves, and rather short in the skirt, which is sometimes embroidered a little above the hem; and over this a loose jacket, with sleeves nearly as long as those of the dress. The hair

states that, when Aurelian ceded Dacia to the Goths, he removed the Roman colonists into Moesia, and there is no trace of such a population in Dacia at any subsequent period. The Byzantine historians, on the other hand, frequently mention a people called Vlachs who lived chiefly in the country round Mount Pindus; and in the twelfth century a great number of these people, being oppressed by the Greek emperor, left Thrace, and settled north of the Danube. A fresh emigration took place in the thirteenth century, after the extermination of the original inhabitants of Dacia by the Tartars. That the Wallachians are descended from the Vlachs is most probable, especially as the same people are still found in Thrace and the neighbouring provinces. Moreover, there is no trace of the introduction of the Greek religion into Wallachia by missionaries, as was the case in Russia; for the Vlachs were already converted to Christianity, and carried their religion with them.

The basis of the language spoken in Wallachia is Latin, which contributes about half the words, the remainder being derived from the Greek, Albanian, and Slavonic languages. The alphabet resembles the Russian, and contains forty-two letters; it was invented by Bishop Cyrilus, about the year 870, and is called



FAIR OF ST. PETER, AT GIURGEVO.

is often ornamented with strings of gilt or mother-of-pearl beads, and falls down behind in two and sometimes three long plaits, which are tied at the end with ribbon. Women of the humbler classes wear a very loose garment, with long, loose sleeves, and over this a petticoat of a darker colour, open down the right side, and confined at the waist with a girdle. The under-garment scarcely reaches the ankles, and about six inches of the skirt is shown below the petticoat. Very often their feet are bare, and their long black hair, instead of being plaited, falls loosely over their shoulders, and waves in the breeze as they walk.

Gipsies, of whom there are said to be 90,000 in Wallachia, also attend this and other fairs in great numbers, some offering wooden bowls and spoons for sale, or telling the fortunes of the credulous; while others attend the lower sort of taverns, or set up booths in the fair, the young women dancing, and the men playing various rude instruments of music. Juggling tricks are also exhibited by some of them, and, indeed, the fair depends very much upon these tawdry wanderers for the amusements offered to the people.

It is the opinion of some writers that the Wallachians are descended from the Roman colonists whom the Emperor Trajan sent into Dacia; but this is extremely doubtful, for Vopiscus

after his name. Literature, however, is at a very low ebb in Wallachia, though some of the more enlightened boyards have endeavoured to substitute the Roman characters for the Cyrillic, with the view of promoting it. Many ancient chronicles and other works exist in manuscript, and will probably be published when the country is under a better system of administration, and education has made greater progress. There is a newspaper, called "The Wallachian Courier," published at Bucharest, and another in the Wallachian language at Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, called "The Bee." There is little difference between Moldavia and Wallachia, the two provinces having originally been one country, and the people and language are the same. Much ignorance prevails among the bulk of the population, which will take a long time to remove; but considerable progress in civilisation has been made during the last twenty years, and wherever progress is visible, hopes may be entertained of better things to come.

The Austrian occupation of the principalities promises to be as inimical to their progress, and to the well-being of their inhabitants, as was that of the Russians, and only with the return of peace can we hope for very marked signs of progress. War is a sad retarder of civilisation, but its results in this case will probably be beneficial.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Now comes to another of those traits of character, which, though not of a nature to be widely known, mark the temperament of the great and good man. Lord Collingwood, from his earliest years, held the practice of flogging in great dislike; he would recommend no officer, however skilful, that indulged in severe corporal chastisement. When a commander, he rarely ever practised it; and when compelled, was always seen to suffer inwardly and to be much depressed afterwards. When flogging seemed imperative, he limited the lashes to a few, and always remitted his punishment when he could. Yet so excellent was he deemed as a disciplinarian, that, after the Mutiny of the *Nore*, several of the most violent mutineers were drafted into the *Excellent*. "Send them to Collingwood," Lord St. Vincent used to say, "and he will reform them." Yet this was effected more by kindness than severity of any sort, and often by a minute consideration of the feelings of his men, of which he was very careful. "If you do not know a man's name," he told his officers, "call him 'Sailor,' and not 'You-sir,' and such other appellations: they are offensive and improper." Of the sick, his care was exemplary indeed; even when admiral, he personally visited them, and inquired after their wants and welfare. And thus he came to be revered more like a father than a commander, while his command was perfect and complete: for though kind to his seamen, he never permitted himself to unbend too much, and preserved a dignity and an awe about him which went far with some of the spirits with which he had to deal. Such was the example he set his officers, and thus he contrived to dispense with severer methods of discipline. One day his favourite lieutenant, Clavell, being out of humour with some of his men, exclaimed: "I wish I were captain, for your sakes!" The admiral happened to overhear this, and tapping him on the shoulder, said: "Pray, Clavell, what *could* you have done if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them, sir, precisely well," answered the lieutenant, still in a passion. "No, you would not, Clavell—no, you would not," quietly rejoined the admiral; "I know you better." In fact, it was said of him, that his officers were more afraid of him than his ordinary seamen, which in one sense was true; for though his reproofs were gentlemanly and considerate, yet such was the quickness of his eye, that he detected the most trifling disorder or carelessness, and never omitted to notice them, however small.

With all this kindness of nature, however, and consideration of those under his command, he would brook nothing resembling slight or insult, or wanton disregard of propriety, in those above him. On one occasion, when post-captain, he evinced this resolute maintenance of dignity in rather a marked way. When off Cadiz, the *Excellent* was signalled to close with the admiral's ship; and, in running down, the signal was made five or six times for altering her course—first to one side, then the other—and at last for a lieutenant. Captain Collingwood, who had observed this in silence, ordered his boat to be manned, and accompanied his lieutenant. On boarding the admiral's ship, he ordered his lieutenant, when the order was copied, to bring it to him. In the meantime, he walked the quarter-deck with Lord St. Vincent and Sir Robert Calder. When the order was brought he read it aloud, and it turned out to be merely to receive two bags of onions for the use of the sick. "Bless me!" exclaimed Collingwood; "is this the service, my Lord—? Is this the service, Sir Robert? Has the *Excellent's* course been five or six times altered for two bags of onions? Man my boat, sir"—turning to his lieutenant—"and let us get on board again." Nor could all the civilities of Lord St. Vincent detain him to dinner.

Another prominent characteristic of this admirable seaman was his economy of naval stores. Nothing irritated him so much as waste of the nation's resources, and his most severe reproofs were always elicited by any flagrant waste of naval means on the part of inferior commanders. On some such occasion he once broke out: "That man would exhaust a dockyard, and still want! They are thinking such gentlemen should go to sea: they certainly would be a great deal more useful for the future necessities of their country." On another he said: "That officer should never sail without a second-rate in company. He knows as much seamanship as the

king's attorney-general. I wouldn't trust him with a boat in a rough stream!" Had the navy possessed more Collingwoods, our "national debt," would have been somewhat less bulky than it is.

Collingwood's employment, for some time after this, was of a desultory nature. He was to blockade Cadiz, and to cut off the trade of the Spanish ports. Whilst thus engaged, his friend Nelson achieved the victory "of the Nile," as it is called, though fought in Aboukir Bay. His letter to Sir Horatio, soon to become Lord Nelson, does honour both to his head and heart. He was above the meaner passions; envy or jealousy had no room in his breast: Yet it is evident how strongly he wished to have been present; and, in a familiar letter to Captain Ball, he laments that, whilst they are winning victories that may change the face of Europe, he is only "watching market-boats and cabbage-carriers off St. Lucars!" In this harassing duty Collingwood was employed till 1801, when that famous coalition against the naval supremacy of Great Britain, at the head of which was the Russian autocrat Paul, was organised. At this period Collingwood was ordered to Plymouth, and here he had the happiness of meeting once more his wife and children, whom he had not seen for some years. The interview was short, for he was again ordered to sea, where he remained until the Peace of Amiens was signed, when he rejoined his beloved wife and family at Morpeth, in Northumberland, now their place of residence. During this period, he took great pains with the education of his daughters; and there exist, in the hands of his relatives now living, various abridgments of particular portions of English history, with remarks by Collingwood, written with great power and terseness, for his daughters' use. He hated all trifling occupations, even for females; and his own spare time was spent in cultivating his garden on the banks of the beautiful river Wansbeck, and in draining and planting his grounds. It is said a brother seaman, who called upon him here, sought him through his garden in vain, until at last he was discovered, with Scott, his gardener, hard at work in the bottom of a deep trench which they were cutting. He, however, read steadily and wrote occasionally, and so well that one of the ministers, with whom he afterwards had to correspond, used to say: "Where did Collingwood get his style? I can't conceive where—but he writes better than any of us."

In 1803, war had been rekindled, and Collingwood's services were soon in requisition. He was ordered to reinforce the squadron of Admiral Cornwallis off Brest. On Nelson's own application, his friend Collingwood was given him as second in a command which only ended with the lives of both. They soon had to engage in that terrible and final conflict off Cape Trafalgar, which will long be remembered. The circumstances of that greatest of naval conflicts are generally known. The share which Collingwood had in it was certainly extraordinary, and his reliance upon the discipline and bravery of his crew must have been complete to induce such a man to run the apparent risk he did. His conduct on the eve of this terrible action is eminently characteristic of the cool courage of the man. Smith, his servant, entering the cabin, found the admiral dressing himself. Collingwood told him to look to leeward, and he would see the French fleet, adding, "We shall soon see more of them." But, continued Smith, the narrator of this scene, "I looked more at the admiral, who was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me." Lieutenant Clavell coming down dressed in boots, the admiral remarked to him, "You had better, Clavell, put on silk stockings, as I have done. If one gets a shot in the leg, they are much more manageable for the surgeon." He then went through the decks and encouraged the men, and finally addressed the officers, saying, in conclusion—"Now, gentlemen, we are to do something to-day which the world will talk of hereafter." The result is known to all; but it is a remarkable fact that Collingwood's flag-ship so much outtailed all the rest, that when he closed with the enemy, the nearest of his followers was a mile astern. It is said that this daring conduct greatly affected the spirits of the enemy; and that, from the first, the French commander despaired of success. There is nothing like this in the naval records even of England. Towards the close of the battle Collingwood went on board the *Victory* to visit his friend, the commander-in-chief, on his reaching the cockpit, however, as Nelson had just expired.

From this time forward until his death, the life of Lord Collingwood was one of harassing anxiety and wearing occupation. He was now Commander-in-Chief of this great fleet; and his correspondence with the ministers and other officials, both of his own and other countries, was varied and incessant; and when to this was added the care of such a force, it was more than any man of his age could long sustain. That Lord Collingwood ardently desired to be suffered to rejoin his family, and to recruit, if possible, his sinking health, is on melancholy record. No successor could, however, be found for such a man and at such a crisis; and he was suffered to die at his post, worn down by labour and confinement on board ship. A few extracts from his correspondence, and anecdotes of his conduct, will best illustrate the plain and practical nobility of his character, his manly contempt for all corruption and frivolity, his devotion to his country, and next to his family, his high morality, and his deep sense of religion, as evinced more in act than word. Lord Collingwood's constant attention to economy in naval stores has already been adverted to; but one proof of it is of a nature so singular that we cannot resist relating it. In the hottest part of the battle off Cape St. Vincent, when closely engaged with the San Isidro, Collingwood was heard to observe to his boatswain, at that time near him, "Bless me, Mr. Peffers, how came we to forget to bend our *old* topsail? They are quite ruining that *new* one. It will never be worth a farthing again!" Of his hate for everything mercenary, the following passage of a letter to Lady Collingwood, written soon after his creation as a peer, affords ample proof, especially when it is recollected that his whole revenue at that moment was not more than £1,100 per annum: "I am afraid the fees for this patent will be large, and will pinch me; but, never mind. Let others solicit pensions: I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour." On another occasion he writes to his lady in this strain:—"Here are several officers so much in distress, that they cannot get home; but what can I do? The Admiralty will not say a word to me about the prizes, the promotion of officers, or any subject! I never did, nor will I ever do anything but what I think conducive to the public good. I am not ambitious of power or wealth more than I have; nor have I connexions of any kind to sway me from the strict line of duty to the country. I have neither sons nor cousins to promote by any of those tricks which I have ever held in contempt; so that when I err, it will be from the head and not from the heart." To his father-in-law, Mr. Blackett, he thus expresses himself in reference to the pension voted him by parliament: "This pension was most honourable to me, as it flowed voluntarily from his majesty's bounty; but if I had a favour to ask, money would be the last thing I would beg from an impoverished country. I am not a Jew, whose god is gold; nor a Swiss, whose services are to be counted against so much money. I have motives for my conduct, which I would not give in exchange for a hundred pensions." It would be easy to multiply these noble

passages twenty-fold; but our limits tell us we must, with whatever difficulty, curb our inclination, and refrain.

We have already given proofs of this amiable and great man's deep love for his family, and his desire to inspire them with sentiments resembling his own. What can be finer than the following remarks addressed to his lady, with reference to the education of his daughters, in the year 1806:—"To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books, nor should they ever have access to two at the same time; but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything more is undertaken. How it would enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and of astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly 'fine ladies,' only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church. But I would have my girls gain such a knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world."

That Collingwood was truly a philosopher, as well as a hero, the following exquisite passage surely demonstrates. It occurs in a letter to his lady of October 25th, 1806:—"I have written enough about money; and between ourselves, Sarah, I believe there is more plague in it than comfort, and that the limits of our Morpeth garden and the lawn would have afforded us as much happiness as we shall ever have. I have lived long enough in the world to know that human felicity has nothing to do with *exteriors*—then let us cultivate it in our own minds."

When writing to his daughters, he often indulged in a strain of light sarcasm and keen jocularity. He tells his eldest girl: "I think I know the character of a lady pretty nearly from her handwriting. The *docters* are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the *scribblers* flatter themselves with the vain hope that as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for *sense*!" With lazy, incompetent officers he had no patience. Of one, he says: "He is living on the navy, not serving in it. I—, too, is applying to go home. *As he goes, he may stay.* I have no notion of people making the navy a mere convenience for themselves, as if it were a public establishment for loungers!"

We now conclude. This great man died at sea on the 7th of March, 1810, of a disease brought on by long confinement and over toil, at the age of fifty-nine, a martyr to his devotion to his country. Posterity will not fail to do him full justice, and recognise him as an example to be admired, studied, and imitated by all who pursue a profession of which his character is one of the greatest ornaments.

THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

THE Serra dos Orgãos, or Organ Mountains, are a branch of the Serra do Mar, or sea range, which runs parallel to the coast of Brazil, between the Bay of Santos and Cape Frio. The highest summits of this range rise to about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the passes over them to from 2,000 to 2,500 feet; their distance from the coast is scarcely anywhere more than twenty miles, but south of the Bay of Santos, where they begin to be called Serra Cubatão, they recede to sixty or eighty miles from the coast.

The last portion of their course adjacent to the river Macacu these mountains are elevated into a great number of inaccessible peaks, some of them of very singular forms, and the name of the range is derived from a filar resemblance which several of them bear to the organ of music. The highest of these peaks is 3,806 feet above the level of the Atlantic, and its summit has seldom been reached except by the bold hunter and the enthusiastic naturalist bent on climbing the craggy and precipitous sides in pursuit of game or in quest of rare specimens of natural history. The

picturesque spot represented in our illustration rises in the rear of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and, with some other sites in the range, has been for several years a place of pilgrimage for persons whose health has suffered from the intensity of the tropical heat during the summer months. Europeans, who are especially liable to the enervating influence of the Brazilian climate, find their faculties renewed by a timely removal to the eastern slopes of the Organ Mountains, where, the tropical heat being tempered by the breezes which have blown from the Atlantic, and the atmosphere rarefied by the elevation of the site, they find a climate as agreeable as that of Sicily or Andalusia. According to Dr. Sigaud, physician to his imperial majesty, Don Pedro II., there are nearly always seven or eight degrees of difference between the temperature of Rio Janeiro and that of the Organ Mountains at the height indicated by the houses shown in the illustration. Hail and snow, which sometimes, though at rather rare intervals, fall in Rio Janeiro, come more frequently on these mountains, but we need not admit the existence of these rarities who agree that the

of the Organ Mountains are constantly covered with clouds, and that their summits, whitened by the hoar-frost, present a striking contrast to the richly wooded hills of the lower region.

In the Organ Mountains, however, originate those violent storms which sometimes burst over Rio Janeiro; and from thence, also, blows that invigorating wind designated by the Brazilians by the significant name of *vento terribil*, which exercises so agreeable an influence upon the hygienic condition of the city.

Favoured by the delightful coolness enjoyed in this portion of the province, Mr. Marsh, an able English horticulturist, has been for several years engaged in acclimatising experiments, and has succeeded even beyond his hopes. The greater part of the fruits and useful vegetables of southern Europe, already naturalised under the happy climate of Minas Geraes, are now produced in equal perfection under the tropical sun of Rio Janeiro. By the judicious application of his horticultural skill and experience, Mr. Marsh has succeeded

The marvellous riches of nature reserved in the Organ Mountains for the explorations of future botanists, are said to surpass the most glowing conceptions of the imagination. Gardner, the traveller, who, while pursuing his scientific investigations in the Organ Mountains in 1837, was for several months the guest of Mr. Marsh, has painted these beautiful solitudes with the enthusiasm of a lover of nature, and speaks of the region as the "land of promise" of botanists. The whole of Brazil, in fact, is characterised by the same rich exuberance of vegetation. A great part of the interior is overspread with magnificent forests, which have hitherto been trodden only by the jaguar and the native hunter, and in which vegetation prevails in its most wondrous and various forms. Tall palms and arboreal ferns are tangled with rope-vines and other climbers; mahogany and caoutchouc trees support screens of flowering trailers; and everywhere beneath them is a thick undergrowth of aloes, agaves, and prickly creepers, which



AS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

in producing excellent cherries, and pears and apples very little inferior to those of Europe. The exceptional climate of the Organ Mountains, influenced by the causes we have noticed, has enabled him to place the most delicious fruits of Europe on the tables of the wealthy Brazilians, in competition with the luscious horticultural productions of the tropics. Our strawberries now unite their perfume with that of *aracuz* and ruddy *pitanguas*, and the peach takes its place by the side of the yellow and glossy-skinned *caja*, the *maracuja*, the taste of which reminds the partaker of that of the guava, the *camboja*, which has an agreeable acid flavour and the colour of the apricot, and the *jabuticaba*, which grows abundantly in the mountains, and is a most refreshing fruit. It is right to mention here that, some time before Mr. Marsh began his experiments, a Frenchman, the Count de Goussier, had already enriched the fruit market of Rio Janeiro with some of the productions of the temperate zone, and was engaged in further attempts at accli-

matization. "In the interior of the new continent," says Humboldt, "we almost accustomed ourselves to regard man as not being essential to the order of nature. The earth is loaded with plants, and nothing impedes their development. An immense layer of free mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles are masters of the rivers; the jaguars, peccaries, and monkeys traverse the forests without fear and without danger: there they dwell in the ancient inheritance. This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing, has something in it strange and sad. To this we are accustomed with difficulty on the ocean and amid the wastes of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recalls to us our kindred, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass. Here, in a fertile country, surrounded with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the signs of the work of man; we seem to be transported into a world where nature

FRENCH ART PRIZES.

In France there has of late years been a good deal said in disparagement of the School of Fine Art and the Roman Academy. Different opinions have been held as to the utility of the noble creation of Colbert's, and the liberal institutions of Louis XIV. Yet are they well calculated to excite emulation, and their rewards are such as to be thoroughly serviceable to the art-student. Many have slighted, if they have not denied, these advantages; and the result has been most unfavourable to art and artists. To make a pilgrimage to Rome, is the ardent desire that should animate every for that seven-hilled City — viz. the mistresses of

This is effected by the French Academy by way of prize, and the very same plan is adopted by the Royal Academy of London. A promising student, whose talent is sufficient to entitle him to the prize, receives that which is the greatest of all prizes to him, the means of perfecting himself in his art by the study of those grand masterpieces which have won for their authors immortal names.

Among the painters who have been successful in obtaining prizes this year in France, we may mention M. Renard, whose admirable landscape is deserving of all praise. The grouping of the trees, the distant scene, the calm, still water, and the clear sky, testify the



HECTOR IMPLORING THE GODS FOR HIS SON.—BY CARPEAUX.



A FAWN.—BY GUMERY.

the world, since in Pagan glory, once again in Catholic Christianity — points of possessing the richest treasures, both in painting and in sculpture, which the world has ever seen. But the necessary expense attending a continued residence at Rome involves considerable outlay; and, as it sometimes, alas! too often happens, that the student's means are bounded by very narrow limits, the benefits which from a sojourn in the Eternal City are denied to all but a favoured few. Nothing can be more appropriate, more in keeping with the aims of true art, than to assist those who need such assistance to acquire that which they could not otherwise obtain.

talent of the artist. M. Giacomotti exhibits a very fine composition, representing "Abraham washing the Feet of three Angels." Both of these works have obtained for their authors the grand prize—the first in landscape painting, and the second for figure drawing. The sculptures are also very good. The subjects which we present have gained the first and second prize. The first, "Hector imploring the Gods for his Son" is a very masterly composition, and M. Carpeaux has fairly earned the prize he has obtained. The second, "A Fawn," by M. Gumery, is also deserving of great praise. The acquisition is often brought against

this exhibition, that it has failed to answer the end proposed, cannot, at all events this year, be maintained. There has been of late a steady progress, and we trust that still further advancement will be made. The first prize for engraving was obtained by M. Soudry.

THE GRAVES OF BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

The tourist in the midland counties, if he be an admirer of the genius of Byron, as well as a lover of the beautiful in nature, should leave the railway at Derby, and inquire the way to the hamlet of Hucknall, where the noble poet lies interred. The road is over a wide moor, formerly a part of Sherwood Forest, the scene of the exploits of Robin Hood and his "merrie men;" and many a fragment of ballad lore will occur to the tourist's recollection, as he pursues his way through the yellow-blossoming furze, and sees a magnificent oak here and there spreading its branches over the track. The road is very indifferent, and the soil sandy; but on a fine morning in summer no pedestrian excursion can be more delightful. After a walk of seven or eight miles, the tourist reaches a primitive-looking wayside ale-house, which, according to the traditions of the neighbourhood, was a resort of Robin Hood and his stalwart lieutenant, Little John; but the hostelry looks much more modern than the tradition would indicate, and the bold foresters of Sherwood loved to quaff their nut-brown ale under the shade of the venerable trees.

About a mile beyond this lonely little inn, almost the only habitation of man which is seen during the walk, the tourist reaches Annesley Park, the birthplace of Mary Chaworth, whose beauty captivated the heart of the poet in his boyish days. Through the park lies the nearest path to Hucknall; and as the tourist wends his way onward, he will have no difficulty in recognising the scene of "The Dream." There is the "gentle hill," on which the poet and Mary Chaworth met, and which is still

"Green and of mild fecundity, the last.

As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape."

But the "trees of circular array" are gone, and the broad branches of the oaks no longer shade the spot where the "youth and maiden" of "The Dream" once stood together, in the sunny time of their youth, ere disappointment and misfortune had clouded the path of either. The scenery of the park, however, is very picturesque, groves of magnificent oaks crowning the surrounding hills, and numbers of deer reclining beneath the shade of the venerable trees in the park, or cropping the verdant herbage.

Hucknall is a mere straggling hamlet, without any other attraction than the poet's tomb, which suffices, however, to draw around it tourists of every civilised nation under the sun. It is approached from the park by a lane, shaded with tall hedges and bending trees, the branches of which, in some places, nearly meet overhead, forming an agreeable shade in the summer; and on reaching the village street, the tourist sees a comfortable-looking inn on one side, and a little distance before him the church. The latter is old and decayed, and everything about it, both within and without, bears the marks of neglect. The vault wherein the poet lies buried is covered with two large slabs of rough stone clumsily fitted together, and the floor of the church, which is of the same material, is broken and irregular. A plain white marble tablet, bearing an inscription to the poet's memory, is fitted into the wall, and surrounded by a black border. It is immediately above the vault, and beneath it are the armorial bearings of the Byron family carved in stone. The remains of the poet's mother lie near him, and opposite to his tomb is a stone bearing a long inscription commemorative of the virtues and services of a Byron who adhered to the fortunes of Charles I., and perished when

"As Marston, with Rupert against traitors contending,
His brothers bedewed with their blood the bleak field."

The road from Hucknall to Newstead Abbey lies through a wood,

and the foliage of oaks and pines forms an arch of verdure overhead for more than a mile. This part of the journey is very pleasant. Several clear streams cross the road, while footpaths lead off at different points into deep shades. At the end of the wood, the road runs over a gentle eminence, and on reaching its top, the tourist sees the Gothic ruins of Newstead Abbey rising before him. They stand in a quiet valley, surrounded by green hills, and are partly mantled with ivy, which nearly covers the old chancel window. In one portion of the tastefully laid-out grounds, an oak planted by Byron is shown; and in a deep, shady dell, called the Devil's Wood, there is an old tree on which the poet, when he visited the spot in company with his sister on the evening before he left Newstead for ever, cut the following inscription:—

BYRON, } Sept. 1814.
AUGUSTA, }

The bark has partly grown over this interesting record, and some difficulty is now found in deciphering the date. Near this spot is a shady recess, formed by the intertwined branches of the oaks, overhung with ivy, and a sparkling spring called the Holy Well.

In the body of the abbey, among the ruins, are several figures in stone, and a fountain gurgles through an old and quaint piece of sculpture, realising the description of Byron:—

"Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, yet decked with carvings quaint,
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, thence a saint.
The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glories and his vainer troubles."

Should the tourist continue his ramble to the neighbourhood of Nottingham, than which he cannot do better, if he is fond of old English scenery, such as the railways are fast altering, he will find, below that town, on the romantic banks of the Trent, the large estate of the Musters family, whose patrimonial mansion is called Colwick Hall. This place has nothing to do with Byron, but there Mary Chaworth lived and died. The handsome exterior of Mr. Musters won the heart of the blue-eyed Mary, and she became his wife; but her life was blighted by his brutal manners and profligate habits, which rendered him an object of aversion to all the neighbourhood. During the reform riots of 1831, when Nottingham Castle was destroyed by an exasperated mob, the rioters visited Colwick Hall, and set fire to it, but it was not burnt down. Mrs. Musters fled from the house in alarm, and took refuge in a wood on the estate. Fright and exposure brought on an attack of fever, which terminated her existence after a few days' illness. She is buried in Colwick church, where her tomb is frequently visited by tourists.

The church is close to the hall, and is draped with ivy, and overshadowed by trees gray with age. The Trent flows close at hand, sparkling in the sunlight as its clear waters ripple over its pebbly bottom, murmuring the requiem of her who was the object of a great poet's love. She is spoken of in the neighbourhood as a woman of remarkable personal attractions, and of a character forming a bright contrast to that of the man to whom she was unhappily united. That Byron long remembered her with tenderness, is well known; probably he never ceased to do so. What might have been the results of their union, as regards the happiness of both, it is of course impossible to say; but we know the influence which the virtues and more spiritual character of Shelley had over the poet while they were together, and it is pleasing, though vain, to contemplate the far greater influence which such a woman as Mary Chaworth might have had upon a heart so susceptible of softening influences as that of Byron. Poor Byron! a feeling of sadness steals over us as we read his "Dream," and then think of the unhappiness of the "two beings" whom it immortalises, and who now await the resurrection and the judgment, the one in the cold and dreary church of Hucknall, the other by the banks of the blue and winding Trent.

CERVANTES.

Don Miguel Cervantes Saavedra the author of the immortal romance of "Don Quixote," was born in 1547, at Alcalá de Henares, a town in the province of New Castile. His father, Don Rodrigo, was a poor hidalgo, or noble, one of those who possessed little more than a lance in the arm-rack, an old round shield, a bony and thick-set horse, and a lean greyhound. He had served his country by sea and by land, and talked often and with enthusiasm of his campaigns; but as he well knew the frightful cost of military glory, he sent his son to Madrid, to pursue there the studies necessary to prepare him for the more peaceful honours of the church. Don Miguel, however, after making considerable progress in his studies, renounced the prebends and bishoprics which his family had dreamt of for him, and resolved upon trying his fortune in the thorny paths of literature. In fact, he had made acquaintances among the students of the capital, and become a frequenter of taverns, where his wit and humour were admired, and he was easily converted to the opinion of his associates, that he possessed those qualities in an uncommon degree, and of the highest order. Thus it was that he conceived the idea of becoming a poet, and living upon the productions of his intellect, though he was unconscious at that time of the genius which he really possessed, and which revealed itself at a later period of his life.

Having taken this resolve, as it was necessary for him to eat and drink, he did not allow his pen to remain idle; but instead of making use of his own ideas, he employed those of others, after the example of his poetising companions. During two or three years he continued to produce rhymes resembling all the verse of that period of Spanish literature, mediocre as regards the style, and without any pretensions to originality of ideas. They brought him little else than compliments, that old currency which, worn as it is, always has for young poets the same sound and the same value as new pieces of gold. Always confident in the promises of his muse, but always ignorant of the side on which she called, he published, in 1609, a work on which he expected to establish his future renown as an author. It was a pastoral tale, entitled "Philene," in which he was no more successful than in verse, for it was as insipid, as improbable, and as wearisome as anything of the kind that ever emanated from the press.

Disappointed in the hopes with which he had embarked on a literary career, young Cervantes resolved to try the army. Destitute of all, yet doubting nothing, except the good taste of the Spanish public, full of illusions, loyalty, and courage, he left Madrid one fine morning, and returned to the paternal mansion, where he acquainted his father with his new views and hopes. The good hidalgo, with whom he remained some days, advised him to renounce his project, and seek employment at court. Finding, however, that Don Miguel was little disposed to listen to this advice, the old man saddled his lean Rosinante with a sigh, and gave the animal to the young adventurer. It was, alas! with his blessing, all that he had to give. Miguel mounted, bade his father adieu, and set out for Italy.

What golden dreams he indulged in on the road! He was assuredly now on the track of fortune. Italy was in arms; there was war also in Germany and France. Armies must need officers; the officers would require commanders. What an illimitable vista was opened to his ambition! Alas, for the bright beams of youth, the golden exhalations of the dawn of life! When he arrived in Italy, a truce had just been proclaimed, and the services of Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra were not required. It was a sad awakening from his glowing dreams to alight from his horse, and become, like Gil Blas, *vale de chambre* to a bishop, the cardinal Acquaviva; but such, in fact, was the only employment he could obtain.

In the following year, however, the war broke out again, and with more fury than before; and Cervantes threw off the livery of the cardinal, and enrolled himself under the banner of Marco Antonio Duke of Palliano, who commanded the troops of the Pope. His first campaign was an unfortunate one. He was sent to the relief of the island of Cyprus, then in the hands of the Turks. The island was taken, the inhabitants were nearly exterminated, and the ship which carried Cervantes

and his companions in arms narrowly escaped being captured by the fleet of the victorious Ottomans.

The vessel was then ordered to Lepanto, and in the terrible engagement off that place Cervantes greatly distinguished himself. Unfortunately, he received a shot-wound, in his left arm, which crippled that member for the rest of his days. But as he did not need his left hand to hold his sword, this accident did not prevent him from continuing in the service, and he served against the Turks in the Morea until 1575, but without obtaining any solid advantage in return for the almost daily risk of life and limb. The bubble glory was his sole reward.

He now resolved to return to his native country, and embarked on board a galley for that purpose. After all, though he had not become a captain, he had lost the use of his left arm, and this would qualify him to wear his hat jauntily on one side, and raise his voice in the taverns when he talked of battles, and the dangers he had encountered by flood and field.

But, as that admirer of proverbial philosophy, Sancho Panza, was afterwards made to observe, "one misfortune never comes alone;" the galley in which he had embarked was captured by a corsair, and Cervantes, instead of returning to Madrid to tell long-winded stories of his exploits in the Morea, was carried into Algiers, and sold into slavery.

His first master was a Venetian renegade, called Hassan, who had become commander of the militia. This advancement, which had given him an authority of which few persons knew exactly the limits, caused him to be regarded with much fear, a feeling which was not, however, shared by our adventurer. It appears, on the contrary, that Cervantes inspired the renegade with a certain respect which does credit to his mental perception. Don Miguel had expected to be impaled for the feats of valour he had performed in the conflict which occurred before the corsairs became masters of his destiny, and was surprised to find that Hassan did not give him so much as a single blow, or even a hard word. The renegade was contented with exercising over him a surveillance which forbade every hope of escape.

Instead of being disheartened, Cervantes became more daring. Guarded by night and by day, and in a foreign country, escape was almost impossible; but Cervantes made several bold attempts, and even planned an insurrection of the slaves. All his schemes failed, however, and five years were passed in servitude and chains. In 1580 he was ransomed by the Fathers of Mercy, established at Algiers for the purpose of manumitting Christian slaves to the extent of their funds, and obtained a passage to his native country.

When he returned to Spain he was thirty-four years of age. His father was dead, and his cousin had sold the greater part of his little patrimony in order to effect his ransom from slavery. Being destitute of resources, he joined an expedition which was then preparing for the Azores, and was engaged in that and other expeditions four years. On again returning to Spain in 1584, he became enamoured of a young lady of noble birth, but as poor as himself. Donna Catharina Belaisar y Palacios de Esquivias; and under the influence of this passion he resumed his pen, and wrote a pastoral tale in prose and verse, entitled "Galatea," in which he has introduced himself and the object of his attachment, as a shepherd and shepherdess, by the names of Elidio and Galatea. He shortly afterwards wedded the lady, and promised himself a life of domestic felicity and literary ease, for he was not yet weary of those illusions which make up the life of the enthusiastic, the disappointment consequent upon whose awakening is always in proportion to the brightness of their anticipations.

Disillusion came as before; his marriage had been, to speak like Sancho Panza once more, the union of hunger and thirst, and did not bring him the happiness he had anticipated. He continued to write, not for pleasure or for fame, but to obtain bread. Pressed not by his muse, but by hunger and his creditors, he wrote thirty plays, which, he has assured us, were acted at Madrid with great success; but, judging of them by the two which alone have been preserved, we can only credit the assertion by supposing that the Madrilones of that day were very good-natured or very deficient in

It is certain that his success as a dramatic writer, whether real or pretended, did not prevent him from being very poor; and, in 1588, he solicited and obtained the insignificant office of assistant purveyor to the Indian fleets. He endeavoured to obtain some appointment in America, but without success; and in 1596 the purveyorship was abolished, and he was again thrown upon his own resources.

He appears, for some years subsequently to this period, to have lived a very unsettled and precarious life, wandering with his wife from town to town; sometimes employed in the capacity of agent to various municipalities and wealthy individuals, but always in

him as being employed at this time as title-collector in the province of La Mancha, and as being arrested by the tribunal of Argamasilla, and kept some time in prison, where he is supposed to have commenced "Don Quixote." The truthfulness with which he has described the scenery of La Mancha, and the manners and customs of the people, show that he must have passed some time in that province; and give a colour to these suppositions. But Navarrete, who has spared no trouble in investigating the most minute incidents of the life of Cervantes, has demonstrated that the story of his imprisonment rests on no other foundation than a vague tradition.



DON MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

necessitous circumstances. Two burlesque sonnets are all that remain of his literary productions of this period, which, probably, were not numerous. Perhaps we have in these two poems all that he wrote between his cessation from dramatic writing and the appearance of "Don Quixote."

The obscurity of his pursuits at this period is evidenced by the fact that nothing is really known of the manner in which he lived, and that corner of Spain he concealed his misery, from the time of his departure in 1596, till we find him, four years later, living at Madrid. Some authors, who have supplied from their own imaginations the gaps in his life's history, have represented

The first part of his renowned romance appeared in 1605, and was dedicated to the Duke of Bejar. Of all the works of Cervantes, "Don Quixote" is the only one worthy of preservation; but this is a masterpiece, and perhaps the most original, the most amusing, and the most profound that exists in any language. Without superior to Molière, Lesage, Shakespeare, and the other masters of humanity whose works we admire, Cervantes, standing in a broader point of view. His characters, as they are, resemble a greater number than those whom we meet with in other novels. His heroes and heroines do not represent varieties of the human

miseries, as those of which the knight of La Mancha and his trusty squire may be accepted as the types. All the world are not, thank Heaven! misers, hypocrites, or libertines; but who among us does not carry in himself his Don Quixote and his Sancho Panza! Who among us has not combated more than once in his life with windmills! Who among us has not run himself out of breath after that marvellous island which drew Sancho Panza in the footsteps of the cavalier? So much courage wasted, so many sword-thrusts in water, the hope which survives so many deceptions, and those charming conversations of the simple hidalgo with his worldly-minded squire—are not all these typical of what passes in the lives of all of us?

The gradual disenchantment of Cervantes from the illusions of his youth, had revealed to him the strength and scope of his genius. He no longer saw life through a rose-coloured medium, but in its reality. The tales of chivalry which had excited his enthusiasm in

who, mounted on his ass, trots behind the knight, like Cardenio's penance, always coming when the evil is done.

These two persons, Don Quixote and Sancho, are inseparable; they are soul and body, sun and shadow. One represents all that is lofty and generous in human nature, the other all that is grovelling and selfish. Give to Don Quixote a little of the hard common sense of his squire, or to Sancho a little of his master's heroism and loyalty, and of the two madmen you will have made a sage. But the elements of the two characters are seldom found in combination; imagination and common sense are qualities which possess little accordancy or power of cohesion. Prudence and experience are the cold currents which temper the generous ardour of enthusiasm and philanthropy, and give the individual the hardness of character which marks the man of the world.

"Don Quixote" made no sensation on its first appearance; it attracted, in fact, scarcely any notice. He continued to live, poor



CERVANTES, HIS WIFE, AND THE COUNT OF LEMOS.

his youth now only called up a smile. Chivalry had gone out of Spain with the Moors, and in the rest of Europe only a vague souvenir of its former existence remained. Cervantes demonstrated that the institution was long dead, by resuscitating one of the knights-errant of old, and bringing him into ludicrous juxtaposition with modern manners, institutions, and modes of thought. His first intention was probably to parody the wild and incredible stories which were then current in Spain; but the character of Don Quixote was such a happy conception that he found it difficult to leave him; for the first and only time in his life, he was voluntarily inspired; he had created his hero himself, and found a subject in which he could resume the experience of his own life, his dreams of glory, his dreams of love, and all the false lessons which he had received in his youth. He conducts us through the history of the knight-errant, who squanders his substance in rapping after the windmills, and receives only hard blows, and introduces to us the world of common sense by the side of imagination, and

and forgotten, at Valladolid, or, according to some of his biographers, at Toledo, subsisting on the bounty of his patrons, the chief of whom at this time was the Count of Lemos. He was obliged, in order to obtain readers, to publish an anonymous pamphlet, in which he pretended that the work was, under the veil of an allegory, a satire on the reigning monarch, Philip III., and the principal persons about the court. The ruse succeeded; the work was read at court, and in a short time the whole of the edition was sold. A second, a third, and a fourth were demanded within the year in which it first appeared; but from two of these, printed at Valencia and Lisbon, it is probable that the author derived no profit. Our second illustration represents Cervantes receiving the welcome intelligence of the success of his stratagem to obtain popularity from his patron, the Count of Lemos. The poor author is sitting upon his bed, perhaps because the state of his wardrobe would not permit him to rise, and has been interrupted in his task of writing the second part of "Don Quixote." His wife stands near the head of

the humble couch, and the plumed hat, boarding axe, and scutcheon of the hero of Lepanto are suspended against the whitewashed wall as memorials of his military exploits.

According to some accounts, Philip III. was so much pleased with this work that he wished to see the author, who was introduced to him by the Count of Lerma. Be this as it may, he was shortly after engaged by the Duke of Lerma, then minister, to write an account of the festivities, bull fights, religious ceremonies, etc., with which the British ambassador, Lord Willoughby, was entertained at Valladolid in 1607. In the fall of the same year he took up his abode in Madrid, and continued to reside there to the end of his life. In 1613, he published a collection of "Exemplary Tales," which are not only interesting and amusing, but have not the least taint of immorality, by which so much of the modern literature of that period is infected. His tales are twice in number, and elicited readily to the literary reputation of their author. In the following year his "Don Quixote" first appeared, a satire on the chivalrous romances of the period which was much offended by the publication, and one of whom felt the continuation of the adventures of "Don Quixote" full of blame to the author. The response of Cervantes to this attack was the publication of the second part of "Don Quixote," which shows in bright contrast to the misadventures of his earlier work.

The other works of Cervantes are collected in a series of volumes under the title of "Novelas de don Quixote," published in 1615, but never completed. A novel, entitled "Persiles and Sigismunda," the last of his works, and written in a different style from any of them.

Cervantes died on the same day as Shakespeare, the 23rd of April, 1616, being then in his sixty-ninth year. He was buried without the least display in the convent of the Holy Trinity, at Madrid, in which his daughter Isabella had taken the veil four years previously. Some years afterwards the nuns removed to another convent, and the old one being pulled down the remains of Cervantes were lost.

His fame spread rapidly throughout Europe, and the universality of his genius is proved by the many languages into which his great work has been translated, and the number of editions it has gone through. With the exception of "Robinson Crusoe" there is no work of fiction, the popularity of which can be compared in comparison with that of "Don Quixote." In Spain, however, a long period elapsed before the work was so extensively read and appreciated as it has been in other countries. But its popularity has increased rapidly since the commencement of the last century, and within the last few years two monuments have been erected in Madrid to the memory of its author: one, a handsome bronze statue, which stands in the Plaza de las Cortes on a pedestal of granite, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing subjects taken from "Don Quixote," the other the bust of Cervantes in white marble, placed over the door of the house in the Calle de Princesa, in which he lived and died.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA

Throughout there has never been any intercourse with the established Greek Church, there are in Russia a considerable number of dissenting sects, the members of which are called generally *Raskolniki*, from the Russian verb *raskol*, to split. The only considerable schism which we find on record is that which arose out of the emendation of the corrupted text of the Slavonic version of the Scriptures in the middle of the seventeenth century. During the period of the Tartar domination, when generally retarded the cultivation of learning, the text of the Scriptures became corrupted by omissions and interpolations, arising generally from the ignorance of those by whom they were transcribed. The propriety of obtaining a correct version was acknowledged on several occasions, and an attempt was made to remedy the evil, in the middle of the sixteenth century, by comparing the version in use with the Greek text, which was obtained from the convent of Mount Athos, and the correction was done until more than a century afterwards. In 1666 a council was assembled at Moscow, presided over by Nikon,

the patriarch of that city, which decided unanimously on the propriety of revising the corrupt text of the sacred books. The decision was approved by the patriarch of Constantinople, and the reigning czar, Alexis Michaelovitch, ordered the version of the Scriptures used by the churches of Greece and the East to be substituted for the corrupted version hitherto in use.

The bishop of Kolomna protested against the alteration as an heretical innovation, and was supported by a number of the inferior clergy, as well as of the lower classes of the people, all of whom were extremely ignorant. The strenuous opposition of the bishop and the schismatic clergy to the introduction of the new liturgy cost the former the deprivation of his dignity, and confined in a monastery, in a remote part of the empire, where he died. His followers were regarded as schismatics and increased rapidly, especially in the north of the province. The consequence was a terrible persecution, during which many of the opponents of the Nicoman heresy, the revision of the Scriptures was termed, were put to death. Some fled into Poland, and others into Bulgaria, where, under the protection of the Czar, they were secure from molestation. Many shut themselves up in their churches and setting fire to them suffered a horrible death, firmly believing that the baptism of fire would suffice to secure their salvation, and that their souls would immediately rise to heaven in the form of doves. At present the followers of the heresy are confined to the monastery of Solovetzky, situated on a rocky island in the White Sea, where they defended themselves with the most dauntless courage until the troops sent to dislodge them obliged them to capitulate after seven years. The place was then taken by storm and the defenders were all either put to death or obliged to join the forces by which their strong hold was destroyed.

A great number of the Russian generation held in the hostility of the patriarch the new version of the Scriptures, and the severe persecution which they were subjected to in the following reign did not diminish their opposition. In the beginning of the reign of Peter the Great the differences of their treatment provoked a dangerous tumult in Moscow, which led to a ukase granting toleration to the dissenters but imposing strict laws upon them, and requiring that they wear a peculiar kind of cap with a beard.

There are three terms, *Raskolniki*, or dissenters, and *Staroveritzye*, who signify "the old faith," are in general applied in disimilarity to all who dissent from the established church of Russia, there are some considerable differences among them, both as to religious rites and discipline. They may all be classed under two heads: the *Logoschik*, or those who have priests, and the *Besyashchik*, or those who have no priests; the latter division being characterized by a great variety of sects having nothing in common except the peculiarity which separates them from the former.

The *Besyashchik* approach nearest in doctrine and ceremonies to the established church, from which they differ on no essential point, notwithstanding the tenacity with which they adhere to their own notions. They use the old version of the Scriptures, and differ from the church as to the form of the cross. They repeat the "Gloria" only twice, instead of three times, adding, "Praised be God and our two fathers instead of three, in making the sign of the cross." They also differ from the church in beginning the divine processions on the left instead of the right. Shaving the beard was introduced as a duty, in which opinion they are supported by the declaration of the general synod held at Moscow, in 1551, which declared shaving the beard as the "most damnable and criminal of the heresies which are punishable by excommunication." The eating of hares and swine, likewise prohibited by the synod of Moscow, and the use of tobacco and snuff, are also regarded by them as unlawful. They admit the ordination of the priests of the established church to be valid, although performed by heretical bishops because it descends in uninterrupted succession from the times of "the true church," viz. before the revision of the Scriptures. They therefore admit among them priests who have been expelled from the established church for misconduct or heresy, without requiring them to be re-ordained.

The most important of the more heterodox sects, or *Raskolniki*, have no priests, is that of the *Pomoraniki*, which signifies "the inhabitants of the sea coast," so called because it originated on the

of the White Sea. These maintain that all ordinations of the established church since the time of the patriarch Nikon are invalid; that the administration of religious rites by them is a usurpation; and that their churches are the abodes of Anti-Christ, whose reign has already commenced in spirit, though he is himself invisible. As a necessity arising out of the two former articles of their faith, they rebaptize all who join their communion, and also dissolve the marriages of such as have contracted matrimony. The couples thus disunited may be married again by those who officiate as ministers of religion in the sect. They confess one to another, administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to themselves, and assemble for prayer in private houses. Their ministers are not ordained, and may follow any other vocation when they please, which is not allowed to the priests of the established church. The sacramental bread which they use, is said to be derived from some consecrated loaves saved from the monastery of Solovetzk when it was stormed by the imperial troops, which has been preserved and multiplied by working fragments of it into each successive dough. The bread thus prepared is considered as holy as the original, and every member of the sect is always provided with a crumb of it, that he may be able to administer the sacrament to himself in case of emergency. There are several subdivisions of this sect, the principal of which are the Theodosians and the Philippians, which are named after their respective founders, both of whom had been priests of the established church. The points of difference between them are very trifling, and relate merely to external forms of worship; but they are characterised by the wildest fanaticism, which manifests itself in the frequency of suicides among them, these ignorant and misled people believing that self-murder is pleasing to God, and that by it they obtain admission to heaven.

The Doukhobortze, or "combatants in spirit," first became known as a sect in the reign of the empress Anne, who appointed commissioners to inquire into their tenets. There are many points of resemblance between them and the Quakers and Moravians, and it is very probable that they are a branch of the latter sect. Like them they never take an oath, and are opposed to war. They entertain Unitarian opinions, and admit only the New Testament. They have neither churches nor priests, and in their devotions use only the Lord's Prayer. In the reigns of Catharine II. and Paul they were much persecuted, but bore every oppression with the same resignation as the followers of George Fox. Alexander accorded them toleration, and offered them waste lands in the south of Russia, which they have colonised and cultivated. Their settlements still flourish, and travellers have spoken highly of their industrious and frugal habits, and the simplicity and inoffensiveness of their manners.

The Choovostomniki, or Sentimentalists, are a sect founded by a monk named Benedict, and very latitudinarian in their doctrines, which incline to deism. There is some confusion in the accounts respecting them, but it seems that they use the unrevised Scriptures and do not require those who join them to be rebaptized. The cause of the difference in the accounts given of them by different writers appears to be, that there are many shades of belief among them, some differing little from the Popovoshcheens, and others being Unitarians.

The Capitonian sect was also founded by a monk. Like the Popovoshcheens, they have no churches, but assemble for prayer and the celebration of their religious rites in private houses. They also dissolve the marriages of those who join them, and are said to live in a state of great licentiousness. They have a peculiar rite, which seems to be performed among them as the administration of the communion. A girl places on her head a sieve filled with raisins, which, after several prayers and prostrations, she distributes among the assembled sectaries.


The Sachelniki, or "chinkmen," form a numerous sect among the Don, and derive their name from the custom of kneeling when they pray, before a chink through which a ray of light enters. They reject images, and never go to church; saying that God is omnipresent, and does not dwell in houses built by men.

The sects of the Eastern Church, in which they differ from the Western, are confined, for the most part, to the Eastern Empire, and seem to be on the increase, which is probably

owing, in a great measure, to their zeal for making proselytes. Most of them display much hostility towards the established church, and an equal amount of unity and kindness of feeling within their respective communions. Although they are no longer persecuted, they are only tolerated; they have no recognised existence, nor are their ministers and priests regarded as such by the government.

CROCHET HAIR-NET.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 12, or Purse-silk, the colour preferred, and Walker's Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 3.

1st round: Make a round loop the size of this , then work 1 treble, and chain 1 for 15 times, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

2nd: Work 1 treble in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

3rd: Work 4 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 4 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, miss the next 3 chain of last round, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round. (Chain 3 at the commencement of every round, which you must count as 1 treble, to save the fastening off; and instead of work 4 treble, as described in the first 4 treble of last round, work only 3, and the 3 chain will appear like 1 treble, so as to correspond with all the other 4 treble.)

4th: Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

5th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 3 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be twice), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

6th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 1, and work 1 double treble for 5 times more in the same 3 chains as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be three times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

7th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the 1 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 1 chain of last round (which will be four times more), chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be four times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

8th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 3 times), chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 3 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

9th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be twice), chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1

* Double treble is worked the same as treble, with this difference, you pass the silk twice over the hook, and work each loop as 1 treble, which makes the stitch double the length of the treble.

treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 6 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

10th : Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 7 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

11th : Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 8 times), chain 3, repeat round.

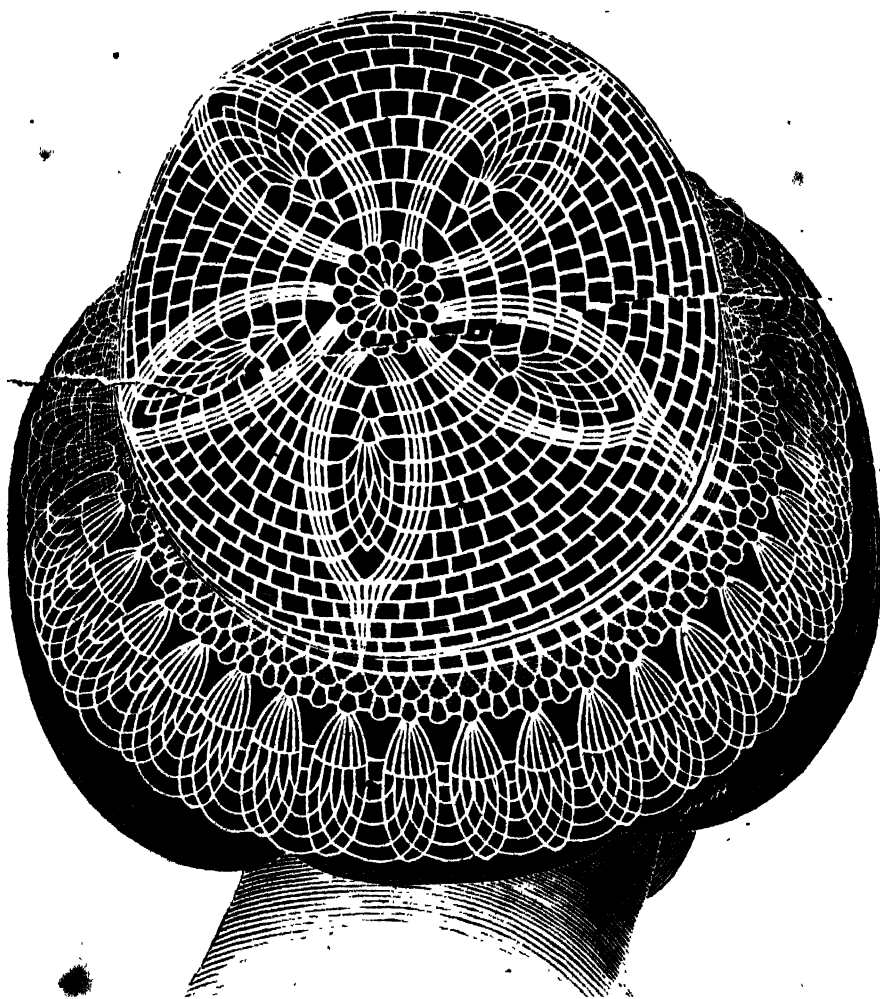
centre of the 3 chain of last round, repeat round, and after making the 6 round, work the

25th : Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, repeat round, having two treble at the top of each treble with 3 chain between them.

26th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, repeat round.

27th : Work 7 double trebles in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, miss the next 3 chain of last round, then repeat round.

28th : Work 1 double between the first 2 double treble of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double between each double



CROCHET HAIR-NET.

12th : Work 7 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 9 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

13th : Work 5 treble at the top of the 7 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 10 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

14th : Work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 11 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

15th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 12 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

of last round (which will be 5 times more), chain 3, and repeat round.

29th : Work 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat 4 times more, chain 3, and repeat round.

30th : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat 3 times more, chain 5, and repeat round.

31st : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat twice more, chain 7, and repeat round.

32nd : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 9, and repeat round, fasten off, then a final elastic round the twelfth round from the edge, which



THE ABBEY OF ST. BAYON.

THE ABBEY OF ST. BAVON, AND CRYPT OF ST. MARY, AT GHEENT

St. Amand, one of the first missionaries of the Christian faith in Belgium, founded, about the year 631, a chapel and a cloister, the former dedicated to St. Mary, and the latter to St. Peter, at the confluence of the rivers Scheldt and Lys, on the site of a fortress or entrenched camp which the old chroniclers call *Castrum Gandavum*. According to some authors, this castrum was a work of the Romans, others suppose it to have been constructed by the Normans during one of their earliest incursions into Gaul. Such portions of this fortress as were in good preservation were retained by St. Amand, and served in part for the foundations of his chapel and cloister; they still exist, and distinct traces may be observed of the kind of masonry known as herring-bone work, the chief characteristic of which is, that on each row of stones arranged obliquely from left to right, another row is placed leaning obliquely from right to left.

Allovis Bavon, prince of Hesbaye, having been converted from paganism by St. Amand, retired into the seclusion of the Abbey of St. Peter, and died in the odour of sanctity, in a cell which he had constructed near the cloisters. His beatification took place in 680, under Abbot Wilfred; the proclamation was made by St. Eloy, bishop of Noyon, and on this occasion the dedication of the abbey was changed from St. Peter to St. Bavon. The crypt of St. Mary, according to the most reliable accounts, was constructed in the time of Arnold the Great, count of Flanders, on the site of the chapel erected by St. Amand among the ruins of the *Castrum Gandavum*. This crypt, which is only in part subterranean, appears to have been restored about 1148, at which time it was newly consecrated by Anselm, bishop of Tournay. In it was interred St. Macaire, archbishop of Antioch, who died of the plague in the Abbey of St. Bavon, and was the last victim of the pitiless scourge which desolated Ghent in 1012. In 1177 the body of the archbishop was transferred to the sanctuary, where the holy relics were deposited; and in 1179 it was again removed, and placed in a special chapel, constructed above the lavatory, and consecrated to St. Macaire by Everard, bishop of Tournay.

The remains of the abbey and crypt are considerable; the walls are partly mantled with ivy, and bear evidence of their great antiquity. Shrubs and flowering plants grow profusely among the ruins, and broken columns and sculptured monuments meet the eye at every turn. A picture by Rubens, representing the reception of St. Bavon into the abbey, after having distributed all his worldly goods among the poor, adorns one of the numerous chapels of the cathedral of Ghent, which was originally dedicated to St. John, but took the name of St. Bavon in 1540, when Charles V. caused the collegiate chapter of the Abbey of St. Bavon to be removed to it. The picture was carried off by the French during their occupation of Belgium, but was restored in 1817.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH GEMS.

II.

The vulgar signs and magic rings, with which the superstition of poverty sought to protect itself, made as distinct a branch of traffic from that of the dealers in precious stones and costly pearls, as existed at the present day between those of the rich goldsmith who supplies the jewelled altar-plate, and the purveyor of wares of silver and gaudy ornaments for the use of the Roman Catholic Church.

Emeralds, garnets, rubies, corals, and jasper, rough and unpolished, or merely carved into the shape of beetles, animals, even fingers, or other parts of the body, and suspended about the person, or strung into a necklace, served as a charm, and were probably first brought at the shops of such tradesmen as Eudamus the Phrygian, or Phariatus (in Antiphane), who grew rich by the sale of charms, supposed to possess magic qualities, at the low price of a denarius (about tenpence) each.

A number of these antique times must have known more of the superstitions of the present than the prevailing passions or misanthropic feelings of the present from their purchase than a priest of the present from the purchase of his flock through the confessional.

Doubtless the veil or lappet of the toga did the same service on some of these occasions as the mask and cloak performed on the conferences of the metallurgists and necromancers with their dupes in later times; but under any circumstances, a wide field was open to them for the knowledge and study of human nature and its varied idiosyncracies.

From the amulet of amber beads to hang about the neck of the heir, as a singular preservation against secret poison or sorcery—for those were times in which changelings crept into cradles, and the glance of an evil eye had power to blight young babes—to the subtle opal, which, Nares tells us, wrapped in a bay-leaf, rendered the wearer invisible, and was such a spell as the midnight assassin, the coward thief, or jealous tyrant, would crave; as well as the black agate or sacred jasper, that went down into the grave to ward off evil spirits from a corpse—our jeweller possessed them all. From the moment, therefore, that the child of a rich man was born, till the gloomy funeral flames closed over his remains in deceased manhood, he became in some sort the client of these dealers in sacred gems and magical or medicated jewellery.

The nurse—for nurses were expected to have a perfect knowledge of amulets, and to know what would best shield their infant charges from the jealousy of treacherous relations, witchcraft, and venomous animals—doubtless recommended a collar of snakes or malachite, either of which was supposed to possess a magical virtue to preserve young children. Not that the use of amber necklaces was confined to infancy. The country dames of Lombardy and the adjacent parts wore caruncles of it, partly to adorn themselves, and in some sort for health; for it was said to have great use in bronchial affections, and had very anciently been esteemed for its medicinal qualities. Great quantities of it were brought to Rome during the reign of Nero, who, having made a sonnet in praise of the hair of Poppea, which he compared to amber, caused it to be more than ever in vogue amongst the ladies of the imperial city, who made use of it as a gem. Callistratus has recorded that necklaces of amber are good against frenzy and fanatical illusions; and our jeweller (if he had not discovered to the contrary) very possibly believed, with Pliny, that it detected false gems.

Pearls are another branch of our subject which were very important to infancy, whenever nature was tardy in providing the sustenance. Outwardly applied, in the shape of a ring, or bracelet, or monile, the usual forms in which the Roman women wore their amulets, they had power to fortify the mother's heart and raise her spirits; and a confection of pearl powder never failed to produce an abundant supply for her offspring.

Engendered, according to the poetical theory of nations, of the dew of heaven, pearls were especially dedicated to Venus, to whom, we may remember, after his conquest of our island, Julius Caesar offered a votive shield emblazoned with British pearls. Both Aristotle and Plato insist on their restorative and medicinal qualities, and the latter adds that they are food for man, as well as for beasts. Gerard Legh, whom we have already quoted, records that this is verified by Josephus, "who sheweth that when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus Vespasian, the Jews fasted, having nothing to eat but peaches." Probably because, as Venus, pearls were believed to have the gift of immortality, and were much coveted by the Roman women; and as pearls were in England objects of great superstition as late as the reign of Elizabeth, it is not unlikely that some number of the same superstitions with this royal lady's abundant and constant use of them. When we recollect that a place was created at court (that of master of the gloves) to mark her majesty's favour of Dr. Dee, whose magic crystal, there is little doubt, the greatest of the Tudors had many times consulted, and remember also the agate ring which the Lord Chancellor Hatton sent to her, to be worn in her sweet hand against infectious air, we may presume, without much error, that a shade of classic superstition blended itself with her antique superstition in the pearls.

And in the way were ancient superstitions, and in the way were ancient superstitions, and in the way were ancient superstitions.

stone is then regarded as infallible for anything short of supernatural agency, and accordingly every description of this stone was accompanied with a holy. The Persians supposed that a perfume of it would calm the tempest, and stay the violent streams and rage of rivers; and in order to insure these effects, it was essential that it should be worn tied with the hairs of a lion's mane.

It is a sudden for a truth, says Pliny, that only to look upon an agate is very comfortable for the eyes; and in Eastern lands the possession of one must have been as good as a water-gourd to the parched traveller, for we are told that, held in the mouth, it quenched and allayed thirst.

This agate was one of the precious stones of which the Sidrophels stamped their seals, which not only averted accidents and cured diseases, but destroyed the power of the evil eye and overcame witchcraft. Only such as were marked with a hyena's skin, Pliny tells us, the magicians could not abide, as they always caused discord in a house. Agates of a simple colour rendered wrestlers who possessed them invincible, and hence, no doubt, formed part of the necklace worn by athletes (according to the Scholiast on Juvenal) to insure them victory: a practice, the tradition of which may be traced in a custom of the middle ages, of which Dugdale tells us—namely, that in all legal single combats it was part of the champion's oath that he carried not about him any herb, spell, or enchantment, by which he might procure the victory.

It is curious, in reference to agate, that at Paris none have a right to trade in it, save wholesale mercers and goldsmiths. Sword-cutlers may sell it, but only when made into handles for cut-throats *de classe*, and ready set; and the same privilege is extended to the cutlers for their knives and forks.

Another stone, which in some degree partook of the virtues of the agate, was the jacinth, or iacinth. Like that, it gave strength, and defended from postillential air; but it did more—it put away sorrow and increased mirth. Oh! why cannot faith in better things do as much for us? There was another spell also proper to the jacinth, which must have made it the only "real blessing" of the day to mothers and the sick. It promoted sleep; and so thoroughly was this property believed in, that not a century ago apothecaries were supposed to keep a cordial and confection of it in their shops.

The topaz, glowing like a bit of imprisoned sunshine, was another talismanic gem of wondrous power, and according to Dioscorides possessed even more sedative qualities than the precious jacinth: it calmed *wrath* as well as *sorrow*, of which this last is so often a consequence; it was good against melancholy, and put away evil thoughts and bad dreams; it helped the bearer against frenzy and sudden death; and for its worthiness, observes our quaint friend, Gerard Legh, was set in the breast-plate of Aaron!

Like the *cornelian*, the *sapphire* should have been a household gem, for it had the lovely property of reconciling people at strife; but it held too high a price in those magnificent porticoes of old Rome, wherein the jewellers and those who dealt in the most precious wares took up their standings, and was more used as a medical than as a domestic talisman; bound to the pulse it abated the heat of fever, helped to drive away melancholy, and stayed the bleeding heart that cometh of anguish.* Hunters probably wore it, just as warriors did the beryl, for while this excited courage even in the timid, and kept the wearers from falling into ambuscades of enemies, the former lightened the body, and preserved the limbs, and being especially hallowed to Apollo, strengthened and preserved the sight. It was also regarded as a remedy against venom and poison, catastrophes which the ancients appear to have been in constant fear of.

The ruby, as an amulet, must have been rather a questionable comfort, for while revelling in many imaginary excellencies, hot blood, troubled sleep, and a temper easily angered, appear to have attended the wearer. It is true that if being "forewarned is being armed," he had greatly the advantage of his neighbours, for the ruby was said to change colour and become obscured when any danger threatened him, and to recover its brilliancy when the peril was over. In times of pestilence, also, the caruncles or

ruby was esteemed a singular preservative against contagion and sickness, and trusting to the doctrine of those many were those with this intention so late as the period of the great plague in London.

Another gem, famous in ancient time for its preservative power in relation to man, was the sacred amethyst of Bacchus, in memory, whether so called because its fine purple colour resembled the dark grape, or because it gleams in the sun like the hue of wine mixed with water, or from the prevailing supposition that it prevented drunkenness, we know not; but this we know, that it occupied the ninth place on the pectoral of the Jewish high-priest; and that Pliny says of it, that if the name of the sun and moon be graven on it, and so worn about the neck, either hanging therefrom with the hairs of a cynocephalus's head or swallows' feathers, it is a sovereign remedy against charms and poisons.

Rings of its deep violet colour flashed on the fingers of the *boni vivants*, who perhaps shared with *Horace* and the warden Lyde, the full cups of that cask that bore its date from the consulship of Bibulus, and which he broached in honour of the feast of Neptune. Or perchance hung insculped with a Bacchus or Silenus (a secret charm against its potency) upon the breasts of those *frasco* feasters, those fast gentlemen of ancient Rome, who preferred the green sward, under a plane-tree's shade, to the domestic triclinium, while some singing girl stood by to entertain them, and a slave cooled their cups of *Ardent Falernian* in the passing stream. Certain it is, that with the classical nations, it was customary for great drinkers to wear an amethyst about the neck as a charm against drunkenness. But this was not the only virtue of the gem; like the emerald it had power over the elements, and averted hail-storms and tempestuous weather, and as it was said 'to cause a man to have good forecast, a quick mind, to remove idle thoughts, and increase the understanding,' it is easy to perceive why it should be supposed a countercharm to an excess, which robs him of them all.

Those were times when people suffering from diseases of the skin wore red jaspers graven with Marsyas, and when merchants and sea-captains felt all the safer with their lives and merchandise for the possession of a Neptune carved in aqua marine! In those days, also, when the Roman matron (thanks to Venus and her pearls) rose up looking fairer and fresher than before, and saw her boy thrive till his amulet of amber-heads was put aside for this *bella aurea*, at once the sign of his rank and the seal of supernatural protection; when anything had happened to disturb the serenity of her lord the senator's temper, and he returned from the *Forum Romanum* or the Senate, weary, heated, and angry, ready to find fault even with his little son (and what mother could see this and not resent it?), perchance when some good angel—though she would call it her good genius—suggested patience for love and peace sake, instead of uttering the reproaches that rose to her lips, Maria, or Julia, sought the jewel-merchants in the portico *Argentea*, and after a little inward debate between the virtues of *cornelian* and the potent sapphire, ordered an agate of Crete (which rendered the wearer eloquent, prudent, amiable, and agreeable), to be forthwith graven with a figure of Harpocrates and set in a ring, so that it might remind her to keep silence, save when the spells of the agate were upon her. Rings so graven were worn by the Roman women when Pliny wrote; and we can fancy that some such gracious myth was involved in the usage.

The sardon, or sardonyx, so frequently mentioned in Scripture, was another precious stone on the excellence of which great stress was laid by the old naturalists and medical empirics, who held it as a charm to render men discreet in their valour, "not hardy in battle, but victors!" Isidore affirms that it hath "most pure virtues;" and our heraldic authority, Legh, adds that St. John says of this gem, that the sardonyx shall be the sixth stone of the foundation of the heavenly Jerusalem; "in which city," he explains, "I pray God that I may be purveyor!"

The opal was another very precious stone with the ancients and talismans, because, partaking of the colour of every other gem, it was supposed to possess all their virtues; and an early and this superstition rested that on Saint Thomas, who, being once in a storm, and seeing a rainbow, he took it for a sign of the Lord's favour, and which Mark Antony was believed to have worn on his forehead, and which, according to the legend, he wore on his forehead.

just as the poisonous snake in the hands of the enchanter; it enabled the wearer to walk safely in the midst of perils, and rendered the season of phantoms, ghosts, and, in those days, according to the natural historians and herbalists, must have abounded in cities and towns rather than in the Asiatic deserts and wastes. We find exactly a page of any old writer on these subjects in which their malignant wounds are not referred to, and charms and incantations for the cure of them propounded, till one would imagine deadly serpents common as frogs in the Pontine Marshes, and serpents numerous as lizards. In all these fabled virtues of the talismanum, Noralmus was a believer; it is even possible that his credulity went the length of investing it with the property which Nature so gravely assumes for it, and imagined that by wrapping it in the leaves of the tree sacred to Apollo, he could conceal himself in what somebody calls the ancientest of all colours ("for darkness was before the light"); and it is not less probable, from the fact of his coveting possession of it, and the unscrupulous way in which he avenged his disappointment, that Mark Antony shared in the same folly. But, as we before said, these superstitions were by no means confined to particular countries or times; the fact of their existence is not more curious than the universality of faith in them, which appears to have spread over the remotest parts of the world, and to have existed full-grown at the earliest period of written history.

It followed the same path by which the art- and sciences arrived in Europe; it was, in some sort, the handmaid to that of the lapidary and graver, and led the way to the exquisite handicrafts of the goldsmith and jeweller. The stringing together of bits of precious stones by way of amulet, resulted in the elegant necklace of gems; and the wearing of charms bound on the wrists and arms, in the manufacture of bracelets and armlets, which were first used by the people of Eastern nations to hold these talismans. It is curious that the serpent-form of bracelet, so fashionable in the

present day, was the favorite one with the Greek and Roman ladies; not only because this animal was sacred to Asclepius, but because rings and bracelets so shaped were regarded as powerful against the evil-eye.

From the pyramids of Egypt to the cairns and barrows of the early Britons, is a great stride in time and distance; yet in both we find evidence of the same belief in the properties of precious stones as seals to protect the dead. For this purpose, we find that opaque stones were chiefly used—such as jasper, agate, lapis, hematite, jet, etc.—beads of which, fabricated, it is said, by the Druids, still nestle in the ancient graves of England, and in those of our Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestors; and subsequently, in the early days of Christianity, we find the same practice continued, in the jewelled gloves and diadems, crosses and crosiers, with which kings and prelates were laid in their gorguous tombs, as well as in the rings and other ornaments which corpses of a commoner social grade took with them to the clay. After that, when the received belief of the soul's immortality made men comparatively indifferent to the mouldering habitation it had tenanted, though gains were no longer laid in the grave, to ward off ghouls and vampires, both in their beneficial efficacy to the living by no means faded. On the contrary, during the middle ages, and for a long time after, we find all the various fabulous attributes we have enumerated transferred from the text of ancient writers to the manuscripts of the monks, and subsequently to the medical treatises of the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts; while the practice of wearing them as charms and amulets, not only to cure diseases and prevent witchcraft, accidents, and sudden death, but also to endow the wearers with amiability, discretion, eloquence, invincibility, etc., was continued.

We wonder how the human mind ever wove from materials so lustrous and beautiful, so thick a tissue of superstitions. Malvolio was not mad but over-informed with wisdom when he exclaimed, "there is no darkness but ignorance."

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

GALWAY, as we have said, is full of interest. Situated upon the finest Atlantic harbour, and connected by rail with all parts of the kingdom, it is destined to assume a proud position among the ports of the British empire. Of its history, before the arrival of the English, little is known. In 1132, the castle was levelled by Connor, king of Munster, and again in 1149. In the thirteenth century it was strengthened by walls and towers, and soon grew to rival Limerick. In 1396 a charter was granted, and a mint established. It continued to flourish till about the close of the sixteenth century, when its trade appears to have died out. There are many points possessing peculiar attraction for the antiquarian, the historian, the politician and the artist. Numberless old buildings to interest the first; historical associations to engage the attention of the second; memorials and passing scenes to set on the *qui vive* the thinking powers of the third; and ever-changing views, at almost every street-end, to rivet the eye of the fourth. Among the few modern buildings, the most conspicuous is Queen's College, and is distinguished, among many other characteristics, by having for its librarian the venerable James Hafliman, whose labours in familiarizing the reading world with the archaeological glories of the noble old town that claims him as one of its worthiest citizens, have justly endeared him to his countrymen in particular, and to the republic of letters generally. From him we learn, curiously enough, what Galway anciently was. Looking out upon the Atlantic, from the harbour, a ship could sail right on for Spain, which supplied the Irish chiefs with wine, while Ireland cured pork and butter sent to warm climates and the West Indies; and a profitable trade was the consequence. Strength first offered security, to merchants, and the consequent wealth augmented the capacity to protect. The strong gates forbade the approach of the "crude" and "barbarous" hordes on their periodic invasions; and the town was distinguished to record on their tombs the fact of their having been "driven back." Trade, a history and a prosperity followed. The town grew up, and it was reported to say the least, that the "Atlantic Ocean" was the

English capital of the province, though more bold, was less fortunate; and its remarkable ruins (some of which have already been sketched in these pages) tell the story of its greatness and its fall, as we have seen; whilst Galway still flourishes, a pleasant town, and a hopeful mart of trade. The impress of Spain is still upon the place, for the houses and the customs are Spanish.

It is, however, as the head-quarters or starting-point of tourists for Connemara and the wild West, that Galway principally offers itself to our notice here. The first district of the picturesque we enter upon after leaving the town is that once romantic and now remarkable region known as the Martin property, to which Sir Robert Peel, some seven years ago, drew attention in the House of Commons, as presenting an admirable field for commencing the experiment of really improving Ireland through the instrumental aid of British capital and skill systematically applied; and from the period of that speech may be dated the commencement of the best improvements that have since gone on in so striking a manner, nowhere more than here, principally with the aid of the Society of London,—its president, Lord Chief Justice Campbell, having a portion of the land under his own farming at a place called Barna, which he visited last year, to the great delight of the tenantry, and to the edification of the public, in consequence of his informing speeches delivered at the time. About midway in the territory (for so it might be called, owing to its vast extent) that once belonged to the late eccentric Dick Martin—the member for the County Galway, famous, among other things, for his antipathy towards the brute creation, and his antipathy to all human beings who molested them—was situated the ancient home of the hero to which he was the head.

The most populous town in the neighbourhood of Ballinacorney is Roscommon, a very attractive resort of all travellers, and one of the most beautiful in the county.

Roscommon is a beautiful town, and one of the most beautiful in the county. It is situated in the heart of the county, and is one of the most beautiful towns in the county.

presenting of the Christian faith in Ireland. Here are the remains of an ancient and of a venerable church, and here is pointed out what is really asserted to be the tomb of the sister of St. Patrick, who followed him from Tours, where her uncle (the celebrated Martin) held all but regal sway, and where his real or supposed miracles caused him to be regarded in his archdiocese in the light of a prophet or apostle. The remote and isolated position of this little island, and also the absence of anything to reward the spoiler for his trouble, are the principal causes to be assigned for these antiquities being allowed to remain in such a state of preservation.

Immediately in front of us as we enter. The view from the summit of the bell-tower is very fine, and as we ascend, all sorts of views are obtained as to the place being used for defence as well as domestic habitation. A fine view is obtained from the tower. Below us to the left, is the snug and pretty residence of Mr. Lambert, the town of Cong, and its busy mills, the wide-expanding Corrib, and the mountains of Mayo, surrounding Lough Mask.

Another focus of much legendary interest is that depicted in the annexed little sketch of the castle situate in Lough Mask, beyond Ballinrobe, in the County of Mayo. The Castle of Mask is placed



BALINAHINCH LAKE AND CASTLE. LATE THE MARTIN PROPERTY.



CONG ABBEY, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



ROUNDSTONE, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



LOUGH MASK AND CASTLE.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

Scarcely inferior in archaeological interest, and still more interesting in a public sense, as being infinitely better known to the generality of travellers and readers, is the celebrated Abbey of Cong, one of the most beautiful ruins anywhere to be met with, the residence of kings, and the centre of an infinite deal of Irish celebrity of all sorts—regal, priestly and popular. How the mind is carried back, as we view its mouldering remains, to the days when the portly abbot and his attendants chanted the praises of the departed king! The ruined entrance to the church is still visible, as are also the two doors or gateways

on a bold and projecting promontory, and has the appearance of one of those castellated houses so common in Ireland in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the residence of the great men of the land had to combine all the conveniences and comforts of domestic abode with a fortress. These buildings belong to a period subsequent to the old baronial castles, and furnish a striking illustration of the insecurity of life and property, as also of the miserable character of the manners of those times. Tradition says that a truth-teller of the name of Mask did not believe that he

SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

The result of the war in which General Wolfe perished, left a vast amount of debt as a heavy weight upon England. By disease and by the sword the American colonies had lost about thirty thousand men, and their debt amounted to four millions of money. England was burdened with a debt of £140,000,000, and found it necessary to keep a standing army in the colonies to preserve the conquests she had won. When the noise of the fight was over, when the last report of cannon had died away, when the dead lay asleep in their graves, and the maimed had returned to their homes, when England and America had time to look at what the glorious victory had cost them, they found it had been a very expensive business, and England—very near the eve of bankruptcy—looked for ever the Atlantic waves, and called to her colonial settlers.

During the war the colonial settlers had been fighting bravely. They had showed that they could handle the musket as well as men in the old country, they had become accustomed to arms, had begun to have a sort of liking for the trade, and sometimes question great facts of the war, and glorious demonstrations of absolute authority, they began to ask how it was that the mother country should assume so vast a superiority. Their country had been turned into a military college, they knew well enough the power they held in their own hands, they were acquainted with their own resources, and when Englishmen talked of the colonies as children planted by their care and enriched by their indulgence, and protected by their arms, they were apt to retort in the language of their advocate—"They planted by your care! No, your oppression planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence! No, they grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! No, these sons of liberty have taken up arms in your defence." The colonists had begun to entertain such sentiments as these, and they were fast spreading. When the Americans came to the shores of the New World they were the greater part of them republicans in feeling, and in principle, the divinity that hedged a king had no reverence in their eyes. They had indeed submitted to the rule of him, but a son might submit to parental authority, but as yet at least the independence of manhood. This was their grand point. In early days they had been excited and bouni, but the simple growth of the giant limbs was fast bursting the bonds, and every man was not but more thoroughly proved their strength and ability.

In England it was felt that the colonies were dependent on the mother country, and owed her implicit obedience. America was to be regulated in her laws, taxed in her commodities, restricted in her trade by a British parliament. The Navigation Act of 1660 that, for the benefit of English shipping, no merchandise from the English colonies should be exported into England excepting by English vessels, and for the benefit of English manufactures prohibited exportation from the colonies, and did not allow articles of domestic manufacture to be carried from one colony to another. It was rendered illegal to fell pitch or pine trees unless in enclosed lands; to erect iron works or to prepare steel to make hats, where having abundance, to have more than two apprentices at one time, while the rate, and molasses were subjected to exorbitant duties. To carry out these restrictions, diligent search was made, and "writs of assistance," as they were called, were sent to the Custom-house officer to examine the premises of suspected persons, for it was well enough known that the law was in very many cases evaded.

In 1764 Lord Granville proposed a new tax, by way of raising a revenue from his majesty's dominions in America. This was the Stamp Act. All pamphlets, almanacks, newspapers, bonds, notes, licenses, policies of insurance, and all other legal papers, were compelled to be drawn on stamped paper, to be purchased only from the king's printers appointed for that purpose. The bill was not to be in force for one year, in order that the feelings of the American colonies might be ascertained upon the subject, the British parliament, however, giving to the plan its entire approbation.

The colonies received the news very indignantly, nay, with scorn. "We are not represented," they said, "we

are slaves." It was no use attempting to prove to them by cunningly devised pamphlets that obedience was their first duty, and submission their grandest privilege. They stoutly defied the right of parliament to enforce taxation, they spoke out boldly; but King George, described by Charles Townshend as "a very obstinate young man," refused to listen to any appeal; the Stamp Act triumphantly passed both Commons and Lords, and Benjamin Franklin wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, saying "The sun of liberty is set, you must light up the candles of industry and economy," to which he received this most characteristic of replies "We shall light up torches of another kind!" But against such torches King George and his ministers supposed they had provided, when they made a new clause in the mutiny act, authorising the sending of any number of troops into the colonies, to be provided by the colonies with "quantas, firewood, bedding, drink, soap, and amities."

Admiral Colden, a venerable man, eighty years of age, was then governor of New York and his councillors were men of the highest character in the province. He was a liberal minded man, but duty to his sovereign compelled him to discountenance the proceedings of the people, and his name appears in the records as the enemy of civil freedom. The "Sons of Liberty" were organized at this time throughout the colonies, and gave Colden a great deal of trouble. The newspapers spoke out in a quiet, manly strain; but as the fatal first of November approached, the day on which the Stamp Act was to come into force, both press and people became more defiant. On the first of October, a general meeting of the citizens was held, when two hundred merchants appended their names to resolutions condemnatory of the act, and a committee was appointed to compel James M'Evoy, the appointed stamp distributor, to resign his commission. This meeting was held at the King's Arms, a new No. 9 Broadway.

The stamps which had arrived on the 23rd of October had been placed in safety in Fort George, which had been strengthened and fortified in an unexpected attack. The guns of the fort were levelled up in the town, vessels of war prepared for action rode in the harbor, the city presented the appearance of being under siege, but, notwithstanding every preparation, the people assembled in vast multitudes and armed with all kinds of weapons, and carrying up and pole the charter us act, with the inscription, "England's Liberty and America's Ruin." They settled down before Fort St. George, and demanded the stamps, this demand was refused, and they then proceeded to acts of open violence. The whole city was stirred. Bearing in effigy of the governor, Colden, and effigies paraded the streets, uttering shouts of defiance. The effigy had a drum upon its back and a rifle on its breast, and in one hand a stamped paper the drum was in allusion to the fact that Colden had been a drummer in the army of the Scotch Pretender—a figure of the devil him, by his aid, with a boot in its hand, to indicate the hatred the people felt towards the Earl of Bute. Bearing these effigies before them, the people marched to "the fields," and there made merry by hanging the governor's representative, they then returned to the city and into the governor's house, where a bonfire of his coach, destroyed his library, furniture, garden, and everything. The excitement became so great, that the authorities at length gave up the stamps to the mayor and corporation, who the next morning satisfied the people. Shortly after, some stamps which were brought in a bag were disposed of in a far more summary way. Ten boxes were taken to the ship yard and burnt in a tall barrel. Flags were hoisted half mast high, bells were muffled and rang a funeral peal, the stamp act, with a death's head affixed, was carried through the streets, day after day the greatest excitement prevailed, not in New York alone, but all over the colonies. Public meetings were held under the shadow of "Liberty Tree." Liberty trees sprang up with marvellous rapidity, inflammatory speeches were made, inflammatory sermons preached, the friends of the Stamp Act were hung in effigy, houses were burnt, pro-

There was then but three newspapers in New York, the New York Journal, the New York Evening Post, and the New York Advertiser.

...the King of England was styled a tyrant, the
 ...of rebellion, and the use of every possible means; and in
 ...debate Patrick Henry declared, that while "Cæsar had his

...prevailed, and party-spirit was high. Mr. Franklin was
 ...accused of favouring the British government; he was lampooned in
 ...caricatures and placards, while his house was beset with



THE STAMP ACT RIOT IN AMERICA.



THE "BOSTON BOYS" THROWING TEA INTO THE HARBOUR.

...Charles Lewis Cromwell, George III., might profit by
 ...the fact that the British government had no other commercial towns, the same would

...one of these caricatures he was represented with a bottle of tea
 ...in his out, and saying, "There shall be no tea in this
 ...country," and in another he was described thus.



GENERAL BURGoyNE ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.



GENERAL WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

the London Philadelphia paper on the day previous to that on which the scene in the engraving appeared decorated with skulls and bones, and was surrounded by such inscriptions as: "The dead could not be suffered to rest in peace. The affairs of the dead could not be settled as if the days of interdict had come, and that the colonies were under some extraordinary law. The new nation

OTTER.

In previous articles we described the structure and habits of such voracious mammals in which every part of the body has been modified to suit them for a strictly aquatic life, and which appear to be only capable of enjoying their existence in any other situation. The otters seem to form a sort of intermediate stage between these and the terrestrial carnivora, their truly quadruped structure fitting them for passing a good deal of their time upon land without inconvenience, whilst their webbed feet and the general form of their bodies enable them to swim with great facility in search of their food, which consists entirely of fish.

This great adaptation for an aquatic life, coupled no doubt with the peculiar, and we should think not very agreeable, flavour communicated to their flesh by fish diet, gave rise in former days, when zoological information was not quite so generally diffused as at present, to considerable disputes as to whether the otter was a fish or a quadruped; and our old friend Sir John Falstaff, in one of his complimentary speeches to Mrs. Quickly, compares that exemplary old lady to the otter, for, says the fat knight, "she's neither fish nor

has left us, in his charming pages, a most picturesque description of a chase, at which, we may suppose, he was present. Even in the present day some people keep dogs specially trained to this sport, of which Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," gives the following animating account. "When the otter is found," says that author, "the scene becomes exceedingly animated. He instantly takes to the water and dives, running a long time underneath it, and rising at a considerable distance from the place at which he dived. Then the anxious watch that is kept for his rising to 'vent,' the steady purpose with which the dogs follow and bait him as he swims, the attempts of the cunning beast to drown his assailants whilst they have fastened on him, the baying of the hounds, the cries of the hunters, and the fierce and dogged determination with which the poor hopeless quarry holds his pursuers at bay, inflicting severe, sometimes fatal wounds, and holding on with unflinching pertinacity even to the last, must altogether form a scene as animated and exciting as the veriest epicure in hunting could desire."

THE COMMON OTTER (*LUTRA VULGARIS*).

beast." We need not refer to the worthy hostess's indignant repudiation of the libel; but the fat knight's comparison shows that in Shakespeare's day the belief in the doubtful nature of the otter was tolerably general. The dispute, however, was of a religious rather than of a scientific nature, and related to the important question, whether or no the otter might be eaten by devout Catholics during Lent. The sages of the church appear to have settled this point in a manner somewhat at variance with modern zoological views, for we find that its flesh was eaten during that period of fasting.

The flesh of the otter does not appear to have been a very favourite article of food at any time, and its destruction was principally regarded as a sport, although sometimes prompted no doubt by the desire of freeing a piece of water from an inhabitant whose voracity entailed a considerable loss of fish. As a sport, however, the pursuit of the otter appears to be of a most exciting description. The sportsmen, who did not regard hunting in general as by any means agreeable, in this favourite diversion, yet seem to have taken more pleasure in it than in any other, particularly in the case of

Although a fierce beast in a state of nature, the otter, when taken young, may be easily domesticated, and when thoroughly tamed is said to be almost as good-tempered as a dog. Occasionally the natural propensity of the animal for fishing has been turned to good account, by its being taught to bring the fish which it catches to its owner. Bewick mentions one which brought sometimes as many as eight or ten salmon a day to its master. This use of the otter is, however, very rare in Europe, and seems to be rather a matter of curiosity than anything else; but in some other places these animals appear to be important aids to the fishermen in the pursuit of their vocation. Thus Bishop Heber, in his "Travels," mentions his passing, on the banks of one of the Indian rivers, a row of nine or ten otters of the Indian species, which were tethered by straw ropes to bamboo stakes, and were kept by a means deprived by their loss of freedom. "I was told," says the bishop, "that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood are one or more of these animals, who were almost always tame and obedient in fishing, sometimes bringing in the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their mouths."

"What is the matter, Edward?" she said. "How you do tremble!"

There was a bench close at hand: I sank upon it almost insensible.

"Yes," I faltered; "I feel rather dizzy."

"Don't be alarmed," I continued eagerly; "it is nothing. Charles will explain."

Edith turned sharply round, and saw Charles standing close to us; while behind came a lady and gentleman of somewhat imposing mien, for he was very tall. She herself trembled violently, for she began to suspect something of the truth.

"It is his father and mother," whispered Charles quickly—he was much agitated himself. "It is all right."

I at this moment saw the girl, with the child in her arms, stopped by my mother. I heard her speak distinctly.

"Is this Mr. Mildmay's boy?" she said eagerly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the awed little nurse.

My mother took it in her arms. I sprang to my feet, and advanced towards my father. He held out his two hands; it was quite evident he did not know what to say.

"Why, what a man you have grown!" he remarked, wishing to say something. "I've read your book, boy, and have come to tell you it's a great credit to you."

"You are too kind, my father. I have not deserved this—"

"Edward, my boy, let us say nothing about the past just now; we've both been to blame. So this is your wife and child. Upon my word"—and my dear father laughed heartily—"well, this does seem strange, Mary. He was but a boy the other day, and here we find him a husband, a father, and an author!"

I do believe it was this last circumstance that most delighted him. My father had a profound respect for literature, and my book was an historical sketch for students of early English history. The subject was a favourite one with him.

"Where were you going?" suddenly asked my father, while my mother and Edith were conversing apart, of course about the child.

"I was going to dine with Edith's father and mother," I replied, rather hesitatingly.

"Come along," said my father; "we have a carriage round the corner. I long to see the parents of your wife. Your friend Charles there," he added in a whisper, "has told me all her virtues."

"Charles is a noble fellow," I began; "but—" I knew I was about to make some excuse, when Charles interrupted me.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Mildmay," he said, addressing my mother, "if I interrupt you; but you have something yet to learn, as have these young people."

"What is it?" asked my father, gravely. He did not much like surprises.

"My dear sir," said Charles gently, as if well aware of the gravity of his question. "Your wife had a brother—"

"Captain Farnham!" exclaimed my father in an agitated tone. "Yes."

"Well, what of him?" continued my father, while my mother held the child as if determined nothing that occurred should sever her from it.

"Your son has married his daughter," said Charles Ogilvy, gravely. "I knew it at the time, but he did not."

"My niece and daughter!" said my father, taking my wife's hand. "This is, indeed, a surprise. But let us go: the more reason to see him. Poor Captain! I have some splendid news for him."

"I think I told you," began Charles in a low tone, "that they are poor, and let lodgings."

"I understand," said my father; "you wish to prepare them. Go on—you know our hotel. Bring them round."

Charles thanked my father; and after shaking us by the hand, hurried away. We walked quietly to the carriage.

My father then told me of my mother's brother. He had not been in the army, and had, indeed, left it rather suddenly and unexpectedly. He had been to blame himself; but the system, said my worthy parent, was also to blame. It had been the experience of his brother-in-law that had decided him so strongly against the army.

For several years, however, he had sought the ex-captain, who, I now first learnt, had really no half-pay, but a small annuity. He had sought him in vain. The agent who paid the money refused his address. His feigned name did the rest.

"You must feel, my dear boy," said my father, "how this has pained me, when I tell you that your father-in-law is heir to three hundred a-year, like your mother. Why, there are three thousand pounds of accumulation. I am the trustee; and the money he can have this very day."

How my wife brightened up—how she smiled and felt happy! To release her father and mother from the drudgery of a lodging-house had been her dream a long time. How brilliantly was the dream realised. Edith, like myself, felt satisfied that we could now manage the captain, and overcome the habits which home-misery and outward temptation had drawn him into. A look from her told me this.

We arrived at the hotel and went in. My mother and wife retired to a bed-room to talk. I was left alone with my father. I confess I felt a degree of nervous trepidation I never had experienced in my life.

"Now, my dear boy," said my father, "I have one favour to ask of you. You are a man now—a friend more than a child. Let the cause of our parting be never mentioned."

"My dear sir—" I began. I could not go on, so much was I affected.

But he gave me no time to show much emotion, for he began speaking of my book, which he pulled out of his pocket. With all his good sense and erudition, I verily do believe that he thought it one of the cleverest things in the English language. Love and affection really are, to a certain degree, blind. There were one or two, indeed many passages, which were almost unconscious reflections of lessons he had given me in my youth. He would take these as personal compliments to himself. He had read the book with extreme care, and marked passage after passage. *Very fine—good—excellent—my own idea*, were to be seen on almost every page.

The scholar and the student had been moved from every thought of anger by his son's book.

Presently the captain and his wife came in. They were much affected. My father received them admirably, though he would even to them show his pride about his son. Then he told them of their unexpected good fortune. Mrs. Farnham merely turned pale and red; but the captain would have fainted but for a glass of water. It carried him back to the days of his youth, when he was a gentleman.

Edith came in at this moment, and at once drew her father on one side. I heard the good soul's words.

"Now, father, you will come and live in the country with us," she began.

"I will, my dear," he replied in a low tone; "and, my blessed girl—I know what that look means—I will never enter a public-house again; I will be a gentleman, Edith."

Next day I found that the three thousand two hundred pounds of accumulated money was settled on Edith. Her father had insisted on this. A few days later we all moved to the country. Captain and Mrs. Farnham took a nice cottage near my father's house, and he devoted his leisure time to fishing. I determined to stick to my profession, which I really liked; and I still pursue it, though no longer driven to work for immediate bread.

I have nothing more to record, save the marriage of Charles Ogilvy to my sister Helen, and the setting up in business of Jack Prentice, whom I routed out in London, and found rather better off than myself. I may add, that all my dear friends still live; and I am, your very obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CROCHET TOILET PINCUSHION COVER.

MATERIALS—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, Nos. 14 and 30; and Walker's Penelope Crochet Hooks, Nos. 4 and 5.

With the No. 4 Hook, and No. 14 Crochet Thread, make a chain of 104 loops, and the 1st round: Double crochet.

2nd : Work 7 treble in the first 7 loops, chain 2, miss 1, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

3rd : Work 5 treble at the top in the centre of the 7 treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chains of last round, chain 5 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

5th : Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 6, work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 6 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 2 treble of last round, chain 7, work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 1 treble of

then work 1 treble and chain 3 for 4 times in the one 3 chain of last round, repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off, which completes one round ; work the number required, then work the following

INSERTION FOR THE INSIDE ROUND.

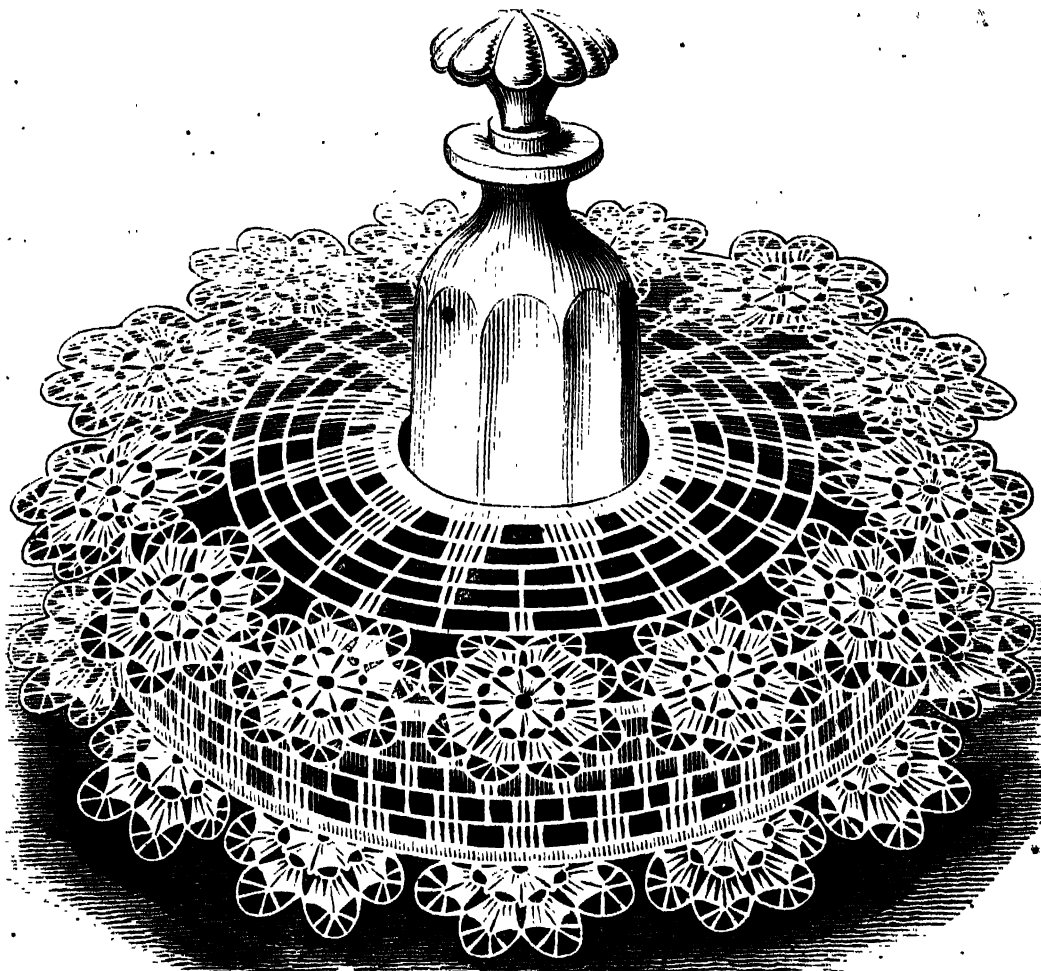
With the 14 Cotton make a chain of 104 loops, join it to form the round.

1st round : Double.

2nd : Work 5 treble, chain 3, miss 3, and repeat the round, plain 1 to form the round ; fasten off.

3rd : Work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 2 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round,




CROCHET TOILET CUSHION COVER.

last round, chain 7 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off, then work 13 of the following rounds or flowers, and join them in the centre of the 3 treble, as shown in the illustration.

FOR THE FLOWER.

Crochet Thread, No. 30 ; Hook, No. 5.

Make a round loop the size of this , then work 3 treble, and chain 3 for 8 times in the round loop, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

2nd round : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3 and repeat round.

3rd : Work 3 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Plain 1 in the centre of the 2 chain of last round, chain 3,

chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2 and repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off.

5th : Work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 2 and repeat the round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th : Work 5 treble in the centre, at the top of the 3 treble of last round, chain 3 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

7th : Double crochet, which completes the insertion for the well. You then make a chain of 322 loops for the outer round of cushion, which is worked exactly the same as this, and after the top and bottom both alike, make the cushion and cover it in crimson silk, or satin, or any other colour you may prefer, then put the crochet work over it, letting the rounds hang half over to form the edge, which will complete the cushion.

THE
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OF
EMINENT MASTERS,
IN
PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,
AND
DECORATIVE ART.

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THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

SEBASTIEN BOURDON.



We turn from the picturesque and cattle-loving Dutchman—the painter of animal life and scenery—to one of very different characteristics, whose subjects were, indeed, quite of another order, and owed their being to a very different taste and inspiration. The one was fitted, indeed, to represent the hour when

“Day dwindles to a span,
And silence spreads her meditative wing
Before the glimmering light.—no straggling sound
Breaks o’er the deep uninterrupted gloom,
Save in the distant fold where cattle graze,
The sheep-bell breathes a moment through the calm;
Then all is hush’d in slumber soft again.
The evening zephyrs glide along the air,
Spreading their gauzy wings in playful sport,
And catch against these lofty elms below
Which tremble at the touch, so soft and pure.”

But the poetic and versatile, and, we must say it, rather fickle mind, we have now to deal with was of another order. The above scene, calm and necessary, the scenery of England or Holland; but now we are about to enter on

“Thy sweets, oh, Palestine,”
where
“The rose that bloom’d on Sharon’s plain
Has withered and is gone again;
Tho’ gardens of the loveliest flowers
That ever bloomed in Eden’s bowers,
Glad the warm heart where’er we turn.”

We have to speak, we say, of that land

“Where the citron-trees are growing,
——— and the sunlight glowing
O’er a land of balm discloses
Its gardens and its beds of roses;
Where the palm-tree’s solemn shade
Spreads along the sultry plain,
Ere the clouds of evening fade,
Which shall never come again.” *

The author of these picturesque lines could scarcely have imagined better the subjects chosen by the two men of such different schools—Paul Pons and Sebastien Bourdon.

* “Hours of Recreation,” by Charles B. Middleton.

A man of early and universal talent, Bourdon had his day of glory and fame, and more fortunate than many equally clever men, he has preserved the reputation of the past, and descended with approbation and smiles to posterity. His southern impetuosity, the vivacity of his mind—which, however, penetrated no deeper than the surface of art—the suppleness, the liveliness, and the unprecedented good fortune of his pencil—all these characteristics are, in him, curious, eccentric, and as erratic as his wandering life; for this painter, who was to emulate so many masters, and reflect so many styles in his productions, was educated on the highway, and remained all his life a picker-up of trifles—a flicker from other men's brains. Like the celebrated *Gil Blas* of our early reading, he wandered much in search of truth, and did not appear ever to approach it very nearly. He, too, had to contend against many difficulties, like most men of genius, who only win fame and distinction at the price at which man has been destined to earn his bread. This, though inconvenient for the individual, has been useful to the world, which has owed its literary masterpieces to the humble in position, if not in spirit.

The career of many a poet and painter should well stir up the earnest spirit of youth to fight the battle of life, whatever their position, with energy and vigour. Milton was a schoolmaster, Shakspeare a player; Goldsmith wrote for bread at a guinea a letter—his "*Citizen*" was thus published; and if we come down to the present day, which is not our province, we might tell of the humble walks from which rose almost every noted man of the hour, save only the leading statesmen, who have an hereditary fitness for legislation, which has never been satisfactorily explained, and therefore is not understood and appreciated.

Indeed, genius is seldom hereditary. Few instances are known of talent descending—except, be it marked, in aristocratic circles. There have been few sons of artists great painters; and, with rare exceptions indeed, no family has been distinguished for literary attainments, if we except the Roscoes, sons of the Roscoe, and one or two more such instances. But generally we have seen an Oliver Cromwell give us a Richard, a Milton but unknown children, artists imitators unknown to fame. Let, then, those who really feel the sacred fire, have courage; the road is all before them, where to choose.

Bourdon had not much encouragement in early life to continue the profession of an artist. He was born at Montpellier in 1616,* in the house of an artist. His father was one of those painters on glass, that were still found in those days in the remote provinces of France; patient and laborious defenders of the *Renaissance*, that is, the style of the sixteenth century. The honest glazier and painter was himself his son's first master, until the day when he was taken away to Paris by one of his uncles. He worked in the capital under the guidance of an obscure artist, whose name has not descended to posterity, though he is very generally supposed to be an imitator of Simon Vouet. Soon, however, led away by the extreme fickleness and versatility of his nature, Sebastien Bourdon left Paris to run after dame Fortune in the southern provinces of France.

His biographers inform us that he was at Bordeaux in 1630, in the employment of a new master, and painting in fresco—it is the Abbé Lambert who gives us this minute detail—the roof of a great salon in a chateau in the neighbourhood of that town. Then we find him starting for Toulouse, where, not finding it so easy to succeed as to daub, he became thoroughly disgusted with his profession, and threw up painting. Led away by the impetuosity of his character to adopt the profession of all others least suited to his capricious, volatile, and feeble nature, he became a soldier. The king's army gained by this freak but a poor, ill-disciplined soldier; while he lost an ardent mind, an impatient but clever hand; and Bourdon lost what he loved above everything—his personal liberty.

He soon began to assail him; and the young painter shouldered the musket with such a very ill grace, that his captain took pity

on him, and granted him some hours of relaxation. His powerful friends now interposed; and, after some dissipated delays, they succeeded in liberating the soldier who had enlisted so imprudently.

Once free, Sebastien Bourdon never stopped until he found himself in Rome. At this moment he was but eighteen years of age. The sentiment of art, which for a moment had been awakened, but not killed within him, revived with fresh ardour and renewed energy. He was, indeed, destined to finish at Rome an education which had commenced under such strange auspices and in so turbulent a manner. It was in this city of art, where are piled up the monuments of gigantic men, men of old, men of renown, that the genius of the young disciple of painting was to make itself known to himself and to the world. At this early period, it may be said, Bourdon was guided by ill-regulated instincts, by inexplicable and somewhat foolish and inexcusable bursts of enthusiasm for some particular style. All kinds of paintings attracted him, every style pleased him alike. We may at once, however, remark, that the hesitation and fickleness of his early days continued all his life, it being, in fact, based on his character and instincts. It was, indeed, from this inconsistency, which sometimes descended to weakness, that Sebastien Bourdon, instead of becoming a grave and original painter, condemned himself always to be the brilliant reflection of contemporary styles.

Sebastien Bourdon was poor. His first duty was to find the means of existence, and, led away by the success then obtained in Italy, and soon to be obtained in France, by military scenes, by picturesque groups of Bohemians and beggars, by the interiors of guard-rooms and tap-rooms, which Pierre de Laer had made the fashion, he executed some of those pictures called *Bamboochades*, and though his pencil was as yet inexperienced, and had not the true humour and coarse wit required by these somewhat eccentric scenes, still Bourdon had begun to succeed, and in the place of poverty saw a more golden and promising future before him, when an unfortunate adventure compelled him to leave Rome in all haste.

Sebastien Bourdon, as we should have intimated before, was a Protestant. This was quite sufficient for him to be viewed with an unfavourable eye in the land of intolerance. After a somewhat fierce quarrel with a French painter named Rieux, whose name but for this anecdote would be utterly unknown, the latter menaced him with his vengeance, and threatened to denounce him to the Holy Inquisition as a heretic. Very likely the danger was not so great as he apprehended; but Bourdon, who was seriously alarmed, thought proper to escape from the tortures of the castle of St. Angelo, and he took flight. Having escaped from the Papal territory, he took refuge in a more hospitable land, at Venice. He visited also several other Italian towns, and at length returned to France, after an absence of about three years.

It was a profitable voyage to the young artist in an artistic point of view. Bourdon had at all events learnt in Italy the rapid process of fashionable painting. He had watched the magic results of the labours of the great *improvisatore*, Andre Sacchi, and he returned to his native land with an ardent desire to do much, and that quickly, if even not well. The French school of painting, at the time when Bourdon once more saw his home, was ruled by the powerful and brilliant influence of Simon Vouet. The young painter was, therefore, without being quite prepared for it, perfectly in the fashion, and his successful productions soon proved this to be a fact. He halted first at Montpellier, where the chapter of the cathedral confided to him the execution of a vast picture, "*The Fall of Simon the Magician*." Bourdon painted on this canvas more than thirty figures, and only took three months to carry out his somewhat stupendous design. It was certainly finished, and it was publicly exhibited in the church of St. Peter, and was the cause of a very violent and somewhat disagreeable attack. Being severely attacked by a painter of Montpellier, whose name was Simon Boudreau, Bourdon flew into a passion and boxed the other's ears, after having assumed a very serious aspect. Bourdon, however, without a hint of prudence, suddenly, and without warning, returned to Montpellier.

He now came to Paris, where a new French school was then forming. He was warmly received, and soon became one of the most popular of painters, and his success was such, that he was called upon to execute many of the most important works of the French school.

* The French writers differ in their account of the year of his birth, 1616, 1618, and 1619, and his death, 1671, and 1672.

* His native name was Sebastien Bourdon, and he was born at Montpellier in the year 1616.

seems to have been every day, something that would begeth for the artist, and in the Museum of St. Peter. The opportunity of painting was granted eventually by Sebastian Bourdon, who now seemed a masterpiece, or to speak more correctly, his masterpiece. This picture, which is now to be seen in the inimitable gallery of the Louvre, a place of itself worthy of a visit to Paris—is painted, or is generally allowed by all critics, with great care, freedom, and facility of pencil. The touch is broad, fully developed, and full of spirit; but the drawing is somewhat more loose than is desirable in a serious subject, while the colouring is, unfortunately, made up of warm and fiery tones, the excessive vulgarity of which surprises everybody. We are compelled to add that the scene is ill-lighted up, and while the secondary actors in the drama encroach too much on the foreground, the chief actor is kept back in undue obscurity. The *furia*, or dash, and boldness of the brush caused this work to succeed immediately.

We are told of a strange specimen of painting where Bourdon represented "Mercury killing Argos," in relation to which a writer, who was seldom in the habit of inditing anything serious, wrote these lines:—

"O. Bourdon ! sur la peinture,
Dont tu charmes l'univers,
On voit autant d'yours convertis
Comme en a fermé Mercure."

What proves, however, more than the four verses of M. Scudery, the rapid and universal success of Sebastian Bourdon, is that, in the month of February, 1648, when the Royal Academy of Painting was instituted, he was admitted to the highly honourable position of one of the twelve ancients, under whose patronage the learned society of artists was formed. Without recapitulating all the illustrious masters, who were the companions of Bourdon, in the list of founders of the world-renowned Academy, we may mention the *Seur Duguerrier*, an able miniature painter of that time, whose sister he afterwards married, *Duguerrier*, who "was known at court and had many friends," says *Felibien*,† "became a powerful and influential supporter of his brother-in-law."

Strange caprice and freak of the fickle artist! At the very moment when fortune was at his door, in a rare and friendly humour, Bourdon, instead of opening it wide, closed it and thought of seeking it elsewhere. It was currently rumoured that the disturbances and civil tumults caused by the *Fronde* had deprived artists of the means of subsistence. But the truth is, that *Queen Christina* of Sweden, to civilise a little her more than semi-barbarous court, had already collected around her a group of learned men and poets, and sent for Bourdon to join them. This was in 1652. The adventurous Bourdon started for Stockholm, that beautiful northern Venice, and one of the most picturesque sites in the world, just as he would have set out for Versailles. The queen, who affected to protect the arts, and who really was possessed of talent and taste, received Bourdon with open arms, made him her first painter, and confided to him, it is said, the keepership of all the pictures she then possessed, and which with a view, it has been suggested, to their more perfect security, she allowed to sleep in the chests in which they had been packed to be sent to Sweden.

But as the office of keeper of the pictures of others was rather a dull one for an artist who had but one desire in life, and that to create, Bourdon was selected to paint the queen; and then it was that he executed that admirable portrait which *Nanteuil* and *Michel Leau* have engraved, and which has ever since been the official, historical, and ever-interesting portrait of the famous queen of Sweden.

D'Argenville relates a very creditable anecdote of Sebastian Bourdon, in connection with the keepership of the pictures. While he was thus engaged in painting the queen's portrait, *Christina* began to long for some of the pictures which her father, the king, had brought to the siege of *Prague*. We have already said that

the queen, Bourdon, we see as many eyes fixed on the painting as when she first caught the world's eye, as *Mercury* himself has closed." *Le Cabinet de M. Scudery, Gouverneur de Notre Dame de la*

the queen, in the original painting, and a keen observer, the queen requested the French artist to open the boxes and make a report as to their contents. Bourdon came back to her majesty with a very warm report of the pictures, particularly of one of *Caravaggio*. The good-natured princess requested him at once to accept this as a present from her. But the artist, more generous even than the queen, represented to her the fact that they were some of the finest paintings in Europe, and that she should not part with one of them. The queen, accordingly, acting on his advice, kept the pictures, and when she abdicated the throne took them with her to Rome, where she increased the value of the collection by judicious purchases. After her death, the heirs of *Don Livio Odescochi*, who had bought them, sold them again to the Duke of Orleans, the profligate regent of France, in whose house they remained until the Revolution. Most of them are now in London, in the Bridgewater Gallery, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.

Felibien, already quoted, who was the intimate friend of Sebastian Bourdon, assures us that at Stockholm the worthy painter confined himself chiefly to the painting of portraits; and he mentions, among his most successful works, that of the Count Palatine, *Charles Gustavus*, cousin-german of the queen, the very prince in whose favour she afterwards abdicated. The naïf and simple author of "*Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres*" informs us also, that the queen of Sweden, wishing to erect a mausoleum to the memory of her father, *Gustavus Adolphus*, who was killed at *Lutzen* in 1633, requested designs of the monument from Bourdon; and *Felibien* explains to us the strange and endless project which he, the learned and ingenious author, had devised—a project which the painter declined to present to the ill-Queen *Christina* for good and sufficient reasons.

In truth, our artist was doomed to be the Wandering Jew of painting. The queen of Sweden, not satisfied with having her bust taken, had cherished the ambition to leave an equestrian portrait of herself, which she then requested Bourdon to take and present from her to the king of Spain. The French painter picked up the picture and put it on board a vessel which was about to set sail for the Peninsula, and personally disliking a long voyage, he merely crossed the Sound and made the best of his way to Paris. He could not have been more fortunate, had he been guided by some guardian angel; for, on his arrival in Paris, the prudent traveller learnt that the vessel loaded with the equestrian statue of the queen had perished in a shipwreck. This was a singular coincidence, which made Bourdon all the more prudent and thoughtful of his personal safety. He learnt very soon afterwards that his protectress had abjured the Protestant religion and abdicated the throne. He at once gave up all idea of returning to Sweden, and resumed at Paris his functions of professor of the Academy of Painting, which named him rector on the 6th of July, 1655, in company with *Sarrasin*, *Lebrun*, and *Errard*.

Now began for our artist the epoch of extensive labours. Not to mention land-scapes and *bas-reliefs*, which poured with extraordinary rapidity from his easy and inexhaustible pencil, he painted for the master-altar of the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict a "*Christ dead at the Virgin's Feet*," which was greatly admired; a "*The Woman taken in Adultery*," for the *Chambre des Equestres*; a "*Christ with Mary Magdalen*," for the *Chambre des Comptes*; a "*The Sacrifice of Solomon*," at the Hotel of Toulouse; and a number of other paintings, the enumeration of which in this place would occupy too much space.

When speaking of the first "*Christ*" alluded to—that painted by Bourdon for the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict—*Muri* praises it highly in his manuscript notes on the "*Abecedario*" of P. Orlandi. "It is," he says, "his masterpiece; he has painted with animation and power much of the style of *Luis Carracci*, who would not have been ashamed to have owned it." This opinion of so consummate and resolute a connoisseur as *Jean Pierre Muri* is here of great weight; and his opinion is also generally quoted as an authority of considerable importance, with regard to "*The Crucifixion of St. Peter*," which Bourdon painted for the *Notre Dame* of 1643.

Bourdon painted the picture of this composition. They were both extremely fine, and were executed in the style of *Paul Veronese*.

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

ness. They abounded in figures, but the painter was wise enough to simplify them. It appears to be a recognised fact in art, that while drawings admit of the introduction of a great many personages, the painter is wiser to lessen their number, as not in keeping with the sublimity and unity of high art. In a painting, too many figures create confusion, and destroy that repose so necessary to a historical picture. We may see from the information afforded us by Mariette, in relation to Bourdon, that instead of ripening and correcting his first thoughts as Poussin did, Sebastien threw his various projects on paper, and was quite satisfied, instead of any correction or search

into lodging-houses or factories. A Parisian of any note, even a clerk on £80 a year, would as soon live in the Marais, or the crozier fissure-looking lanes of the city, as the quondam fashionable house.

But in the days of Sebastien Bourdon, the island of St. Louis was in its glory. Its hotels were magnificent, and its inhabitants men of mark and likelihood. In the one mentioned above, he painted on a roof of nine compartments of unequal size, the fable of "Phaeton and Phaeton;" on the wainscot he ordered his pupils to execute, in fourteen little octagon squares, the allegorical figures of "Virtue and the Arts." The ornamenting and painting of this gallery, and



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

after improvement, to follow up his first effort of improvisation by a new improvisation.

His most important work was the decoration of the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, in the island of Saint Louis. This locality in the good city of Paris, so little known in the present day to tourists and anglers, is one of the most curious corners of that curious city. It is a spot quite sacred from any invasion of improvers. It was once a region of fashionable hotels, a perfect Belgravia on an island, all large houses, with courts and yards, and lofty arched entrances. It is now reduced to a very unelevated position. Many of its finest buildings have been pulled down, while the rest have been turned

of the richest monuments of the showy and fanciful elegance of the seventeenth century, was completed by architectural scrolls, garlands of flowers and fruits, painted by Charmeton and Mommey, the able *sewiste*, as he was called in his day. Unfortunately, all these beautiful paintings have perished, and nothing could be said about them, beyond the mere record of their having existed, if we had not written descriptions, and better still, engravings of them, by Frigot de Vaurose, the favourite pupil of Bourdon. When d'Argenville printed his "Voyage Pittoresque," the gallery of the Hotel Bretonvilliers was already spoilt. Now the hotel itself has utterly disappeared.

Those who instructed Sebastian Bourdon to paint and decorate the interior of a sumptuous dwelling, were fully alive to the peculiarity and grandeur of his genius. No one, perhaps, in the whole French school, if we except Charles Lebrun, was better fitted by nature and by study for undertaking this very brilliant part of the painter's art. His inexhaustible imagination, his boldness, his independent humour, and with all this, a constant reversion of the old style, combined to make him the decorator *par excellence*; that is, one of those prolific, proud artists, as prompt in execution as in conception, who are fully qualified to interest and amuse us without profundity of painting, but not without brilliancy, in productions which, although not wholly addressed to the mind, still take their impression from it. The decoration of the interior of a palace can, and ought to be only the means of striking the attention, of astonishing and flattering the looks. The

public; for, to a certain extent, they are indeed his best productions. In these are displayed his most brilliant qualities, a surprising and wonderful fertility of invention, much movement and dramatic effect, a perfectly novel and curious art of arranging his drapery; in fine, a vivacity of execution and a warmth of pencil, which are to be seen even in the rendering of the engraver. What can we imagine, for example, more odd than the subjects treated by Sebastian Bourdon in the octagonal, round, or oval compartments he had to paint? The Virtues and the Arts, with their usual attributes and their accustomed costume, are the somewhat dull subjects undertaken by this impetuous artist. And yet he has shown his vigour and his power by almost everywhere replacing a symbol by an action. He has to represent "Music." He tells the charming fable of Arion, who, at the moment of being cast into the raging waves by a ship's crew, obtained leave to touch his



SECURITY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON

artist who should attempt to elevate the mind to profound meditations would fail in his object, because the very existence of this elevated train of thought in the spectator, would draw his attention from the general magnificence of the whole. A painter, who is able, in a simple group of three figures, to concentrate the expression of the most elevated thoughts, the most secret impulses of the soul, and epitomise the human mind in a picture, is not the man to execute those paintings which are destined to dazzle the imagination and the eyes. Nicolas Poussin was gifted with too serious a mind to employ his time in decorating rooms and walls. Sebastian Bourdon, on the other hand, was sure to excel in it. The one only was a philosopher, the other dug to his very deepest foundations, the glory and fame of the painter of the Hotel de Brancas have been handed down to us in the admirable engraving of some of his

lyre, and thus attracted a dolphin, which took him on his back, and escaped with him to Cape Tenarus. This is the way that Sebastian Bourdon celebrates the magic power or harmony, by means of an anecdote familiar to every student of that apocryphal lore of gods and goddesses which the ancients have handed down to us in such very beautiful forms, that we forgive the absurdity within for the outward loveliness. A French critic says: "Always occupied with the idea that he must make a picture, and being above everything—a painter, he substitutes for the monotony of traditional emblems a drama full of life, colour, and poetry." Borne upon the back of the wondering dolphin, as upon a living bark, the mission of Iphigeneia at death, which has been overcome by his death, and seems to listen to the sound of the murmuring waves that break upon the shore. And off we see the ship, whence the goddess came not into the waves, and we cannot help admiring

how easy the artist has managed to give an antique and noble character to the imaginary construction of the distant ship, which, without this heroic physiognomy, would at once have vulgarised the picture.

Again, he has to paint "Geometry." Instead of remaining faithful to conventional tradition, he collects the history of Architecture, and seizes the occasion to represent a town on fire, and soldiers whose unbridled ferocity and wild intoxication contrast in a most effective manner with the sublime tranquillity of the philosopher. All the heroes of classical antiquity are called upon to figure in person, in place of their wearisome attributes and emblematical attributes, which were so repugnant to the boiling southern genius of our artist. We are indeed led to observe, that the more metaphysical his subject is, the more does he show his ingenuity in giving a striking and energetic form to his ideas. "Astronomy" serves as a pretext to Bourdon to tell us the story of the emperor Hadrian, who, preparing a sacrifice, is bound to see the lightning strike the altar and cast to the ground the priest and the victim. It would have been hardly possible to invent better materials, to have found more happy and successful outlines, or to unite in a composition of such small size more life and a grander character. The proud, quick, and noble gesture of the emperor, the bull struck by the lightning, the foreshortened figure of the sacrificer—all this is in a savage style, and executed with a vigour which is not far short of genius.

The triumph of Pompey, drawn by Olympian horses, the liberties of Augustus, casting heaps of sesterces to the Roman people, the celebrated act of Sæviola burning the hand that had killed the guard of Porcena instead of Porcena himself, represent "Magnanimity," "Liberality," and "Constancy." All the active and familiar figures in fable and history are presented to us in the place of insipid abstractions, and most amateurs will allow, with considerable success. The allegorical subject of "Painting" is celebrated in a picture which reminds us of the story of Alexander presenting his favourite Campaspa to the great painter Apelles, who, while painting her for the king, has fallen in love with her. It will readily be allowed that the king, the artist, and the lovely heroine of the tale, whose beauty enhances the generosity of Alexander, satisfactorily replace the usual dry mementos (p. 13). In everything we find the subject speaking, animated, alive. Even the cold subject of "Grammar" is clothed in the form of a young woman watering plants, according to an ancient tradition of the imaginative Greeks.

The learned collectors of anecdotes pretend that the authorities of the Church of St. Gervais ordered from Bourdon six pictures destined for the ornament of the nave, which were to recount the history of the "blessed patron of the church and of its friend St. Protas." Bourdon accordingly set to work. But unfortunately for him, as regards the execution of this order, he could not get rid of his Calvinistic feelings; and not being able to abjure his religion, like the accommodating queen of Sweden, he was led, with regard to the pious martyrs whose apotheosis he was painting, to perpetrate certain jokes on their history, which were very offensive to the churchwardens. Bourdon was thanked, and dismissed, the more that his first picture, the "Beheading of St. Protas," did not receive the approbation of the chapter. This picture, which is to be found in the Louvre, is generally considered by Roman Catholics to be worthy of the blame which it received from the worshipful chapter of St. Gervais. The labours of Bourdon were continued by Philippe de Champaigne, Lesueur, and Goulay; and on a candid examination of "St. Gervais refusing to sacrifice to False Gods," we are not led to regret the change from Bourdon to Lesueur, however much we may sympathise with, and comprehend, the very natural feelings of the Calvinist.

The landscapes of Bourdon are not the least important parts of his works. Everybody is familiar with them; everybody has seen a hundred times, in old books and albums, in shop windows and exhibitions, his favourite subject, "The Flight into Egypt" (see p. 14). A landscape in which the grandeur of nature is almost on a par with the elevation of the subject. When we say nature, in the sense of the philosophical sense of the word, we are wrong; nature certainly does not hold a very high place in these strange and strange compositions, which seem to be rather the children of

reason than the image of the ideal. Sebastian Bourdon seems to have lived at a time when the sentiment of nature had not developed itself in France, at all events in the arts, though it was soon to become the rage in painting, poetry, and prose—on the canvas of the fashionable artist, and in the pages of Florian and others, who, in the end, made nature appear ridiculous. The country, in the eyes of the artists of those days, was but accessory to the figure, the mere amusement of man, the frame in which their thoughts were developed. In those artificial times, certainly no member of the Academy, Lenoir excepted, would have ever thought it possible that a painter's landscape could be anything else but a scene wholly invented, composed to serve as the theatre of one of those fabulous or vulgar dramas which fill up the history of humanity. Less than any one else, could Bourdon escape the universal tendency of a school—he, whose fancy always overpowered every other feeling. His landscapes are, therefore, wholly drawn from his extravagant and sombre imagination. There is none of that warmth which the subject demands, none of that golden eastern glow, to which we alluded in our last number.* We find violent and savage horses galloping along a vast plain; brigands dragging along the body of a man whom they have just slaughtered; warriors on the watch; travellers alarmed; or cavaliers galloping away from some startling danger. Sometimes we have Spanish muleteers making their way along difficult roads; but his favourite subject is the "Holy Family," Joseph and Mary flying with their precious burden from the wild rage of His enemies to the land distantly seen beyond the flowing waters. Moreover, despite the introduction of these figures, the landscapes of Sebastian Bourdon always represent uninhabited or uninhabitable countries, dotted here and there with ruins whose presence would be difficult to explain, did we not know what exists in European Turkey, where vast plains, deserted, uncultivated, and abandoned, yet teem with the ruined habitations, oftener with the crumbling tombs of the millions who once dwelt there. 'Twas such scenes Bourdon loved to paint—scenes which might once have been beautiful.

"Till, when the ruthless conqueror came
With vengeful sword and eyes of flame,
'Twas from its state y basis hurled,
Where the bulbul 1 day long
Charms the valley with her song;
And at evening's silent gloom
Sighs above Saadi's tomb.
Now he wanders wide and far,
Along the plains of Isakar,
Whose ruined temples and whose shrines
No longer give the voice of prayer,
But while the Day God brightly shines
His altars lie in ruins there!
Where palaces and tombs are spread,
Sad relics of the mighty dead!
And while he gazes on each scene,
Where pomp and power and wealth have been;
Where costly pearls and rubies shone
Upon the steps of Jemshed's throne;
The owl within her lonely cell
Sits brooding o'er the pride of kings,
And watches like a sentinel
Above the wreck of human things."

He paints solitary scenes, it is true; but not the melancholy and silent and solemn solitudes of the tender Lesueur, but, on the contrary, savage, broken, terrible solitudes, teeming with all the noises of creation, the fall of heavy waters, the roaring of the blast wind, the shuddering of the trees, as in the tempests of Gaspere, and now and then the unexpected rolling of chariot wheels over stony roads. And even when agricultural occupations, the labour of the sowing, the harvest, and hay-making, become the subject-matter of his landscapes, the rustic figures introduced have a quaint grotesque character which carries us back to the rudeness of the middle ages, and reminds us of what we have seen in real nature, not even when we painted in this style by the Venetian, Jacques Callot.

Another remark, which it is essential to make with respect to the somewhat distinctly flights of Sebastian Bourdon's imagination, is that they are not the geographical images of the country, but the

...the artist should adhere when painting historical personages. He was not at all particular or careful in these things, would collect in the same country trees of widely different orders, introduce genuine Egyptian palm-trees and Italian cypresses, and even palms and engrave impossible trees, imaginary bushes, and absurd dwellings.

There are individuals to whom this eccentricity is a charm; it pleases certain artists, too, affording them novel and picturesque ideas; but it will only seriously seduce and captivate those who prefer the scenery of the stage to unadorned and real nature, the poetry of the reign of Charles II. to that of Milton and Shakespeare; the *Minerva* press to the healthy writings of Scott, Cooper, and Dickens; the ravings of a Reynolds to the truth and satire of a Jordaens; the false, untrue, and theatrical, to the beauty and loveliness of eternal truth.

Supple and varied in the style of his painting, seeking to imitate, now the colours of Lombard artists, now the grave rules of Poussin, now the pomp of Paul Veronese, or the easy elegance of Simon Vouet—doing over again, in fact, for a crowd of masters what, in the beginning, he had done for Claude Lorraine and Benedetto—Sebastien Bourdon naturally applied to various subjects the great diversity of his aptitudes and his characteristics. We find him descending with satisfaction to the interiors of guard-houses in the style of Michael Angelo dei Battaglie or of John Miel, and to wild gloomy scenes in the style of the brothers Leuain and de Callot. It is quite useless to disguise a fact which any picture-dealer will be able to prove. These little pictures are much more sought after than many of his more ambitious works. The real fact is, that in these pretty and agreeable trifles—delicious little treasures at times—Bourdon is marvellously successful, without, however, having any of that style which, in the Dutch, is *naïf*. He introduced an agreeable mode of colouring into them, a piquancy of style, the general base of which was that fine gray tone which colourists are so fond of—Velasquez, for instance, Simeon Chardin, and Dandré Bardon, whose manner no one, according to a critic of the eighteenth century, understood better than Bourdon.

Upon this neutral and soft ground is admirably relieved the brilliant and gaudy rage of his Bohemians, the bright adjustments of his cavaliers, the yellow vests of his old soldiers, or the red feather of a beaver cast carelessly on the ground. The wide-topped boots, the chamois leather gloves, and the buff jerkins also play their part, with drums which serve the soldiers to gamble on with dice. He is also very fond of introducing an old lean horse with outstretched neck, his dirty white cropper brought up by a warm ray of the sun. After carefully studying for so long a time, in antique bas-reliefs, that type of race-horses with swan-like necks that drew the triumphal chariots in ancient Rome, Bourdon suddenly catches a glimpse of a caravan of ragamuffins, and, forgetting all the subtilties of style, caught for a moment by a genuine bit of nature, he paints with energy the lean Rosinante mounted by a knight of sad and rueful countenance, or the injured steed of the company of comedians in the "Comic Romance" of Scarron.

Much is said in the books of art-critics of the engravings of Sebastien Bourdon; and some even go so far as to assert, that they are fit to rank alongside the productions of the best masters in the cabinets of amateurs. Thus carelessly is history written, above all, the history of art, which being on a subject with regard to which few understand much, every attempt at guiding men's minds in the right direction should be strictly correct and impartial. The error arises from the critics of one era copying word for word the ideas and thoughts of those who have preceded them, without ever taking the trouble to think or reflect for themselves in anything like an independent manner. The truth is, that the engravings of the artist of Montpellier are only worthy of being collected and preserved by artists, because they are able to draw from them happy ideas, landscapes, and thoughts; but as works of art to be kept in the portfolios of amateurs, they are very inferior. They are executed with extreme negligence, and could never please men whose taste had been formed by a study of beautiful Italian line engravings, particularly those of the *Maestri*, the Carracci, and the *Barocchi*. The negligence of execution which is particularly marked in the numerous compositions called "The Night into

Day" is not pardonable in pieces of such dimensions. Straight lines, when they are done with proper spirit, are tolerable and are even charming, in little pieces; but plates of the size of a quarto become dull and heavy when they appear to be scratched or with a scribe, crudely, roughly, ineffectually. The roughness, too, is not in keeping with the intention of the style which is visible in the figures. In a picture where the artist takes the trouble to select elegant form, a graceful gait and mien, it is not reasonable for the execution to be so much behind the thought. This is exactly the error of Bourdon. His heads are graceful and pleasing; his Madonnas are extremely pretty, a little in the taste of Parmesan; but their costume and other details display unpardonable negligence. His draperies seem to convey the idea of his having studied them on a stiff lay figure. They never clothed a human form—let it be here remembered that we are speaking of his engravings—and it must be apparent that, without falling into the exaggerated seeking after effect which gives to drapery the appearance of wet linen, sticking here and there on the body, it is well that the form of the human figure be seen, and that the folds should have some object in view. With Bourdon the drapery is in general greatly of that metallic look, that stiff unwieldy conception so often found in the engravings of Albert Durer, without possessing at the same time any of his learned precision. His Virgins are clothed in stiff rags, or in angular cloaks which are exceedingly displeasing to the eye, and which mar the effect of his general picture. His best effects in this line are his trees and his backgrounds, which at times are touched off with considerable delicacy and lightness.

The fine works of Bourdon are not, therefore, these hasty engravings, but rather those which he has touched up with the burin, or some few which he has devoted himself to with more attention, earnestness, and determination to do justice to his subject. His "Halt of the Holy Family" (p. 9) is one of the richest and noblest compositions of the French school. We find in it some of the sublimity of Nicolas Poussin. How admirably the verdure agrees with the buildings, and what an august character does the scene assume from the very solemnity of the landscape! We remark also the ineffable sadness of the Virgin, surrounded by the childish games over which she presides with so much grace; and we take the more notice of this, as it is not common in the work of the painter. The action of the washerwoman, so ardent at work, forms a great contrast with the tranquillity of the Maternal group. Even the details of the monkey engaged in eating his thistles, and the ducks playing in the water, add happily and harmoniously to the beauty of the picture, which is a mingling of sacred history with ordinary nature."

One characteristic feature in Bourdon, another of those things in which he resembles Poussin, is his taste for architecture. With him, as with the Norman painter, the buildings introduced in his compositions hold a very important place. But while, on the one hand, Poussin uses them soberly, and when it is fit they should be used, Bourdon, on the other, abuses this love, and goes so far as to make it an habitual source of composition. Tallmeant has said, with considerable truth, "that one of the things which chiefly characterise the pictures of this master is—the same may be said of his engravings—the habit he has of placing in the foreground architectural remains, and always round forms opposed to square ones. We will suppose that he has too many straight lines in a picture; the broken remains of a column come to his assistance. If he wants to bend or seat one of his figures, to make it assume an attitude at variance with those which are upright, immediately a piece of an old wall, a happy pedestal, starts from the ground at his command. He makes a very picturesque use of the variety of these forms. But besides that the repetition is fatiguing, it takes away the illusion, because it is improbable."

When gazing at the architectural productions of Bourdon, we fancy him an ardent student of antiquity. In his classical subjects may be recognised much, though irregular knowledge of his subject; and especially in his "Seven Champions" are we led to believe him cognizant of much that is described in the following

"The beautiful composition, engraved p. 9, is called by Robert Duménille, 'Sainte Famille au Lavoir'."

"Observations sur quelques grands peintres." Paris, 1808.

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

passage from Heeren: "The houses of the heroes were large and spacious; and, at the same time, suited to the climate. The court was surrounded by a gallery, about which the bed-chambers were built. There was a direct entrance from the court to the hall, which was the common place of resort; moveable seats stood along the sides of the walls. Everything glistened with brass. On one side was a place of deposit, where the arms were kept. In the background was the hearth; and the seat for the lady of the mansion, when she made her appearance below. Several stairs conducted from thence to a higher gallery, near which were the chambers of the women, where they were employed in household labours, especially in weaving. Several outhouses, for the purpose of grinding and baking, were connected with the house; others for the common habitations of the male and female slaves;

all they used from that country." In his picture of "The Plague," much of this is visible.

There are occasions, however, when architecture is not simply in the pictures of Bourdon, an expedient to produce contrast in painting, to balance the masses of colour, or to make the angular parts appear less square by opposing them to round ones, and vice versa. When this is not the case, his palaces almost wholly invented of a new and original style of architecture, have all the grand eccentricity of his landscapes and historical subjects. There is a composition by this master, one of those which perished with the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, and which the burin of Bourdon and his pupils has preserved, in which architecture is the object. It bears a singular title, "Magnificencia." Artemisia, surrounded by her women, contemplates the monument which she has erected to



WORKS OF MERCY (HEALING THE SICK).—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

and also stables for the horses. The stalls for cattle were commonly in the fields. Astonishment is excited by the abundance of metals, both of the precious and baser ones, with which the mansions were adorned, and of which the household utensils were made. The walls glittered with them; the seats were made of them. Water for washing was presented in golden ewers on silver salvers; the benches, arms, utensils, were ornamented with them. Even if we suppose that much, called golden, was only gilded, we still have reason to ask, whence this wealth in precious metals? Homer gives us a hint respecting the silver, when he speaks of it as belonging to Alibi, in the land of the Halizones. Most of the gold came from Lydia, where this metal in later times was so common. The Greeks were, for the most part, supplied with

Mausolus. Here the decorator has proved himself to be possessed of extraordinary invention. This monument, of which the model exists nowhere but in the brain of our artist, is composed of three orders of architecture piled one upon another, and is surmounted by a pyramid which, on all sides, presents a flight of steps running from the base to the summit. From the angles of the edifice descend four stair horses in a row, which prance and are kept down with difficulty by the grooms. This immense tomb, which is opened in its lower part by a gallery of the Ionic order, shuts up and closes in its apex in elevation. The second story receives light by arches, which separate pilasters of the Doric order. The third story, without windows, and completely closed up, and it is pleasing to survey the steps ranging round the pyramid and reminding us of the great and majestic stairs which lead to the lower gallery.

The last days of the life of Benjamin Bourdon, were attended

in constant labour. According to a very excellent authority, the "Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts," he worked in a sort of paroxysm, and he sometimes remained whole months without coming out. His canvases were covered with unexampled and unceasing activity. Though age had a little softened his natural fire, he preserved enough to have the decoration of a palace confided to him; a kind of painting which, as we have already remarked, so admirably suited his fertility of mind and the rapidity of his brush. Louis XIV., in fact, confided to him, in company with Nicholas Loir, his nephew, and already his rival, the task of decorating some halls of the palace of the Tuilleries, especially some of the lower halls. But Bourdon was unable to finish the task he had undertaken. A violent fever seized him in the month of May, 1671, and carried him off in a few days, at the early age of fifty-five. He died president of the Academy.

There was also a certain Guiliard, whose rebours does not seem to have extended very far. Learned men alone are aware that he copied and imitated the landscapes of Bourdon as well as his style. Felibien, who was the friend of Sebastian Bourdon, speaks with interest of the prodigious facility of this master, whose errors, however, he freely censures, while he is warmed and animated by the fire which animates his works, especially in his youth and riper age. But a writer who appears to have admired Bourdon very much, cannot help expressing his regret "that he did not finish his pictures a little more, and that he did not preserve that boldness and that courage of the mind which gives strength to perfect his invention by constant labour."* We may be allowed to suggest that, perhaps, a greater assiduity would not have corrected the defects of a too ardent imagination. "It is even true," says Felibien,† "that his first thoughts, and what he executed with



THE HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

Bourdon left behind him several daughters, who were very successful painters in the miniature style; and some pupils, who were rather too faithful to the frivolous traditions which he had brought from Italy and spread over France. We have mentioned Nicholas Loir, who was more of a colourist than Bourdon, and Fricquet de la Roche, professor of anatomy in the Academy of Painting, who, more of an engraver than a painter, undertook the task of reproducing the works of his master in line engravings. To these names we must add that of Pierre Mosnier, who was only a heavy Academic, different in this respect from the wit Piron, who wrote the *Le Grand Philosophe*.

the least finish, were the works which were often more successful than those which he tried to work up more completely; because at the first outset, the fire of his imagination supplied him with the power to satisfy the eyes; but when he tried to paint a subject completely, he stopped short, and could never successfully carry it to the point it should have reached. In this way, by too careful a work, he obscured his first ideas, rather than rendered them clear and beautiful. This has often been noticed with regard to portraits from his pencil. For, whatever pains he took to complete a head, it was noticed, that the more he sought to reach the

C'est Piron.
Qui ne fut rien.
Des autres, des autres.

* Tullisson, "Observations sur quelques grands Peintres."
† "Entretien de la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres. Part V. Paris 1688."

natural and the likeness, the more it died before him, because he did not sufficiently comprehend the first principles of his art."

We are told, on the subject of this marvellous improvisational power of the painter of Montpellier, that one day he laid a wager to finish, in a day's work, twelve heads of the size of life, and that he won his wager. We are credibly informed that they were by no means the worst heads produced by his fertile pencil. So much power of prompt conception and quick painting was partly owing to a very dangerous faculty for an artist to possess—memory. Bourdon had seen everything and forgotten nothing. His head was like one of those museums, in which are collected all the finest pieces of every school of painting. Hence his reminiscences, sometimes fragrant, sometimes faint, sometimes happy, sometimes discoloured, ineffective, and dissonant.

We could point out many of these evident and marked instances of memory, in a series otherwise so beautiful, "The Seven Deeds of Mercy," the originals of which are in this country, the engravings everywhere, one of which we reproduce (p. 8), under the title of "Works of Mercy." Raphael, Poussin, and Hannibal Carracci, are all laid under contribution. Here we have a figure of the "Incendie del Borgo" taken wholesale; here is a complete copy of the Germanicus of Poussin. The masterpieces of Bologna and those of Venice bend in turn to the caprices of the French painter. But we must be just. These diverse reminiscences Bourdon makes his own. Figures, gestures, attitudes, everything which from all sides comes to his memory, he unites, he "marries" together, and introduces them to his fiery canvas, which, after all, is improvisation—original eclecticism, if we may associate these two words which have so little right to meet together. Sebastien Bourdon stamps with his effigy the treasures he has pilfered here and there, and it may be said that his work is a melting down of Italian coins.

From Sebastien Bourdon to Nicolas Poussin, there is apparently but a little interval, but that interval is the magic abyss of genius. Imagination, wit, memory—these are, doubtless, very fine qualities in a painter. But there must be added to them that profound sentiment, that sublime reason, that judgment, which Poussin calls *Le Rameau d'or de Virgile qu'on ne peut cueillir, s'il n'est conduit par le destin*. The golden branch was what Sebastien Bourdon wanted, to take the very first rank in the French school. There are too many thoughts with a want of judgment, they become scattered and without guide, just as the slavish multitude of whom Tacitus speaks, who finding them-elves without masters, were struck with terror and alarm—*l'ulcus sine rectore paridum, socors!*

Bourdon, as we have said, is not known by his pictures alone; amateurs of a certain class admire him also for etchings and engravings. D'Argenville only attributes forty to him, but the number must be raised to forty-four, and the description of them may be found in the excellent work of M. Robert Dumesnil, "*Le Peintre-Graveur Français*." To this the learned student is referred; we shall confine ourselves to the best of the pieces:—

OLD TESTAMENT.—"The Return of Jacob," "The Seven Works of Pity," a continued series of pieces in Roman figures, with the following titles:—"Esuientes pasceri;" "Potare sitientes;" "Hospitio exipere (exicipere) advenas;" "Vestire nudos;" "Ezros curare;" "Liberare captivos;" "Sepelire mortuos." These seven works, engraved and known by the above names, were copies of seven pictures which are now in England. They are his finest productions. There is in them great nobility in the arrangement of the figures and in the lines, but the details are unfinished and sacrificed to the dignity of the figures. The expression we should expect to meet, the evangelical tenderness of the sacred text which the painter has sought to translate, are replaced by a somewhat grand eccentricity, by a marked and striking style which astonishes and pleases. "The Works of Mercy," filled as they are with reminiscences, have become a potent source of inspiration for subsequent artists, they have, in fact, been copied by L. Audran—a fact which demonstrates their success.

NEW TESTAMENT.—"The Angelic Salutation;" "The Visitation;" "The Annunciation to the Shepherds."

branch of Virgil, which nobody can pick, led on by destiny.

HOLY FAMILY.—Oval pieces.—"The Virgin," "The Virgin and the Christ Child," "The Virgin and the Child," "The Virgin and the Christ Child."

FULL-LENGTH PIECES.—"The Virgin and Book," "The Virgin of 1649," "The Infant Christ trampling on Sin," "The Flight into Egypt;" another "Flight into Egypt."

LARGE PICTURES.—"The Holy Family and St. Catherine," "The Virgin of the Terrace," "The Virgin and the Bird," "The Dream of Joseph," "The Angel advising St. Joseph," "Flight into Egypt;" another "Flight into Egypt," "Halt in Egypt," "Return from Egypt;" "The Holy Family and Angels," "The Holy Family and the Washerwoman," "The Baptism of the Eunuch."

SCENES.—Two pieces in the style of Pierre de Laer, not numbered—"The Poor resting," "The Child drinking."

LANDSCAPES, chiefly with subjects from the Old and New Testament. These form a series of twelve, not figured, and to which the catalogue of M. Robert Dumesnil gives no name, but of which there is a full description.

There are three apocryphal pieces attributed to Bourdon:—

1. "The Holy Family," in an octagon frame. This piece has been recognised to be the work of Jean Miel, in the excellent catalogue of Rossi, picture-dealer at Rome, in 1700, in which we find this line:—"Intaglia d'a quaforte di Giovanni Miele."

2. "The Holy Family," full length, which M. Robert Dumesnil supposes to be by Cars, who is simply called the publisher of it.

3. "The Virgin beneath an Arch," which is believed to have been executed by Mariette.

The engravings of Bourdon show the power of his talent in many respects; but, as we have had occasion to remark, they are rough, and want finish. The extremities of his figures want correctness and delicacy. His heads are marked by distinctness, and his Virgins are admirable in their attitudes.

With regard to the engravings which have been executed after Sebastien Bourdon, there are many of very mediocre character, and a few only that are worthy of being admired. Amongst these may be quoted those of Van Schuppen, Natalis, Poilly, Pitau, Boulanger, and Nauteuil.

The last-mentioned engraved one, admirably, as usual, of the Queen of Sweden, which is known by having the following verses at the bottom:—

"Christine peut donner des lois,
Aux cours des vainqueurs les plus braves,
Mais la terre a-t-elle des rois,
Qui soient dignes d'en être esclaves?"

The first proofs of this fine portrait have a full stop at the end of the verses; the second have a note of interrogation, in the form of an S; the third have the ordinary note of interrogation.

Natalis engraved, after Bourdon, some valuable plates; especially "A Holy Family with Angels," "The Marriage of St. Catherine," and "The Virgin, with the Infant Christ asleep." In the first proofs of this work the bosom of the Virgin is not covered.

Van Schuppen has engraved "The Virgin and Dove," in brilliant style, the first proofs of which are before the drapery is made to cover the child. At public sales these fetch over £8.

Picard le Romain, Brydell, and Karlom, also engraved after Bourdon; and the enumeration of these engravings is to be found in the catalogue of Brandes.

Bryan mentioned among the celebrated prints, which "are esteemed by the judicious collector":—

"Jacob returning to his country in the absence of Laban."

"Rebecca meeting the servant of Abraham."

"The Ark sent back by the Philistines to the Bethahemites" source.

The drawings of Bourdon, says D'Argenville, are full of a delightful fire and freedom. The strokes are generally executed in lead pencil; sometimes in red chalk; and, on rare occasions, with a pen, and a slight wash of Indian ink, bistre, Indian blue, or red chalk, relieved with white; he has also, sometimes, watered the work with black lead and white chalk. He has left several

* This effusion by Scudery means: "Christina is able to rule the hearts of the bravest conquerors. But are there on earth kings worthy to be her slaves?"

landscapes in water body colour, very effective, though much injured. The drawings of this painter are recognised by his heads, their singular head-dresses, and the extremities, which are heavy and neglected.

As for the numerous paintings of Bourdon, they must be sought for rather in churches than in museums. We have been unable to find a trace of a picture by this master, which is mentioned in the sermone of D'Argenville, and which it would be curious to find.

"Some business," says his biographer, "took him to Montpellier; and during the short stay he made, Bourdon executed several large pictures, and numerous family portraits. A tailor of this town, esteeming the artist, whom he knew not to be rich, sent him, by a painter named Francis, a complete suit of clothes, with a red cap and cloak. Bourdon made him a present in return of his own portrait, dressed in the same dress, with the same cap, and painted Francis alongside him. This painter looking upon it as a very fine production, made a copy, which he gave to the tailor, and kept the original."

It would be interesting if any tidings could be had of this picture, and we should be glad to learn that some of our learned readers are able to furnish the information.

The Museum of the Louvre has nine pictures by this master:—

1. "Noah offering a Sacrifice to God after leaving the Ark." Valued at £320.
2. "The Halt of the Holy Family." Valued at £320.
3. "Holy Family." Valued at £12.
4. "Christ and the little Children." Valued at £160.
5. "Christ taken down from the Cross." No value is set on this; at the time of the estimation being made, this picture was, doubtless, in some Paris church.
6. "The Crucifixion of St. Peter." Variouslly estimated at £400 and £600.
7. "Julius Caesar before the Tomb of Alexander," a picture in the style of Poussin. Valued at £140.
8. "A halt of Gipsies. Valued at £140.
9. "The Portrait of Sebastien Bourdon." He is seated, and holds in his hands the head of Caracalla. Estimated at £80 and £100.

These are all that are found in the "Handbook of 1847." But in examining the new French galleries of the Louvre, we find another portrait, and two other Bambochades of Bourdon, in the style of Jean Miel and also Le Nain, in a gray tone, which would be agreeable if it was not too uniform.

It appears to us that the connoisseurs, who in general underrate the real value, have here given it too high.

The Louvre also possesses some drawings of Bourdon, more precious even than his paintings.

We remark amongst these, studies for the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and the repetition of the same subject with changes.

"Tobias burying one of the Children of Israel by Torchlight," a drawing washed over pencil and touched up with white.

"The Apparition of the Saviour and the Père Eternel granting the prayers of St. Roch," a drawing with the pen touched up with white.

The "Portrait of the Author," after that which he painted in the picture of "Simon the Magician."

The "Adoration of the Magi," drawn with a pen, coloured, in the collection of Mariette.

In the native town of Sebastien Bourdon, there are some fine works of this master. The following are contained in the Fabre Museum at Montpellier.

1. "The Portrait of a General."
 2. "A Landscape," a very large composition, but not equal in conception to its size.
 3. "Landscaps crossed by a River."
 4. "Discovery of the body of St. Theresa."
- The three last pictures were given to the town by the founder of the museum, M. Fabre.
5. "A Halt of Gipsies," gift of M. Valedot, of Paris.
 6. "A Descent from the Cross," a little picture, presented to the government.
 7. "A Spaniard." This was formerly in the mayor's house at Montpellier.

8. "Portrait of Bourdon with the head of Caracalla." A copy from that of the Louvre, by M. Perogio, jun., a pupil of the academy of Montpellier.

In the Museum of Grenoble, is "The Continence of Scipio." This picture formerly formed a part of the gallery of the Hotel of Brignonvilliers, of which we have already spoken. It was placed over one of the chimneys of that hotel. In 1811, it was given to the Museum of Grenoble by the imperial government.—In that of Toulouse, "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew." This painting is well painted, and is not wanting in style.—In the Museum of Lille, "A Car supported by Angels."

The paintings of Sebastien Bourdon which are found in the Museum of the Louvre are not signed. The signature which is preserved of this painter, is taken from the records of the old academy of painting, of which he was the rector.

Bourdon

ANTONIO SOLARIO, IL ZINGARO,*

THE BRIGAND-PAINTER OF NAPLES.

SALVATOR ROSA has accustomed the student of art to the wild scenes of those forest-clad mountains where lived, in days when the world had little else to do but fight, bands of lawless men, whose avocation, though not much worse than that of many a hired band of *condottieri* in the pay of the emperor, pope, or doge, was without the pale of the law, and subjected them when captured to most serious consequences. But here it was, amidst the rugged fastnesses and savage gorges, where pines and rough briers and the wild flower only grew, and where the foot of nothing but man or goat could make way, that Salvator drew his inspiration, and that many an artist before and since has sought that gift, which the outward world can never give, if the inner soul be not gifted with its burning light. Study and observation never created poet or painter. It has finished and elevated both; it never made one.

There is a gorge which opens near the Mount Velino, on the road by which travellers sought some years—many years, indeed—ago, the city of Naples. It is wilder and more striking, even, than any other around. The road, which has wound along the side of a hill for some time, suddenly becomes level for about a hundred feet, bordered on one side by a precipitous bank, which towers fifty feet

* The painting to which this episode in Italian art refers is now in Naples, in the Galleria de' Capri d'Opera, and divides applause with superb productions from the pencils of Titian, Spagnoletto, Sebastiano del Piombo, Raffaele, Giulio Romana, Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Caracci, Velasquez, Claude Lorraine, Domenichino, Correggio, and others. The Virgin is represented on a throne, surrounded with saints, and the features are those of Colantonio's daughter. The portraits of Il Zingaro and his father-in-law are also introduced, the latter giving the countenance—says M. Falery—"of a very ugly old man." There is, indeed, a strong and singular resemblance in the lives of the Brigand of Naples and the Blacksmith of Antwerp. Nor is there reason to doubt the truth of each account. All the biographers of the Italian painters relate the incidents connected with Il Zingaro's becoming an artist. They are related pretty fully in Count Orloff's "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," tom. ii., p. 330—335. The particulars relative to Quin in Maëys are more familiar to general readers. Il Zingaro was born in 1382, and died in 1455; Quin in Maëys, born in 1450, died in 1529. The inscription on his monument at the church of Antwerp is "Conradus Anst de Muldres fecit Apellum."

above, before it slopes away, clad with trees, upwards to the mountain; on the other, by a fall of half as many feet down to where a small hollow, in which a spring nestled from the sun, precedes another hill-side, which falls away into a rich plain below. At the end of this level space, the road narrows, and is overhung by trees that border what, in heavy rains, is a mountain-torrent—in warm and dry weather, a stony and gloom-clad gorgo.

It was along this somewhat picturesque bridle-path, for it was scarcely anything more, that, one summer afternoon, two men rode in grave discourse. They were men of different ages. The one was about five-and-twenty, the other about forty; and, from their

materials beneath. There were last ruffes, too, a jaunty cap of dark velvet, a plume, a dagger, a sword, a short Spanish cloak, pistols—all, in fact, that belonged to a gay cavalier in a day when men were more mindful of their exterior than of the soul within, which, in the majority of instances, they left to its own impulsive culture.

The serving-man was a gaunt, tall fellow, with little eyes, a large mouth, low forehead, and an expression which seemed to convey much cunning and little confidence in his own physical powers. As he rode along, he appeared anxious to make as little of himself as possible; and, for this purpose, stooped low, and rode with his



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

It was pretty evident they were master and man. The younger of the two wore a kind of semi-warlike costume, that left his profession in doubt. He was well-knit, of middle height, and not ill-looking. His features were marked, and a little coarse, though a thoughtful and somewhat intellectual expression softened the outline, which otherwise would have been harsh. His hair was light; his nose thin, and rather aquiline; his mouth wearing an aspect of singular scornfulness; his eyes having a habit of searching beyond his age. He wore a fine tunic of cambric and lace, the collar of which showed his neck; and over this a doublet of cloth, which, though fastened at the waist, showed the rich

head projecting over that of his horse, only sorry that he could not wholly vanish and conceal himself from mortal eyes. He had by his side an armoury of weapons—a vast blunderbuss, two huge horse-pistols, a rapier that would have delighted the celebrated knight of La Mancha, and an old breastplate, that would equally have moved the heart of that worthy descendant of Amadis of Gaul.

"*Ma foi*," said the serving-man, in tones of reproachful gravity; "why do you laugh, *maître Louis*?"

"I never look at thee, worthy André of my heart, but I do laugh," replied the other in the peculiar tones which immediately belong to a genuine Parisian. "Thy armoury is worthy of the

most valiant Bayard, whom, doubtless, thou art anxious to meet." "No—no!" cried the other in a deprecating tone, glancing hurriedly round at the road they had passed, and eyeing each bush and tree with uneasiness, speaking, meanwhile, for any lurking brigand who might overhear him. "I don't want to fight—I'm not a fighting man. I couldn't draw this sword—it's too long; the pistols are extracted from a collection of curiosities; and the

"Page! Dost thou call thyself a page? There's enough in thy carcass to make a dozen pages."

"I said nothing about my volume," resumed the other drily. "I was only observing that a more faithful friend and devoted servant the respected Chanoine of St. Denis—Heaven bless him!—could not have found. I never leave you, sir; I never complain; you kick me—I say nothing; I am the dog obeying the dissatisfied master."



PAINTING. FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

gun has not been loaded these fifty years. Besides, I've a great respect for the gentlemen of these mountains."

"Silence, *radoteur*!" said the other sternly. "I do believe my uncle gave me such a wretched serving-man to make me ludicrous. There's more valour in a vineyard scarecrow than in thy whole body, and more death in a jar of Falernian than in thy whole armoury."

"I don't know about what death there is in Falernian wine; I know there's more taste in it than in my master's head. Why, another page!"

"André Mothe, harkce," said the Frenchman drily; "I took thee to please my uncle; I dislike thee not personally, but I have thee imposed on me."

"Sure I am, I never imposed upon any one."

"None of thy dull jokes, knave. But mind you, André, I can bear thee very well, if thou art not, as I expect, a spy. My uncle sent thee to watch and send tales to him of my acts."

"No, sir," began the man; "I may retail some of your adventures by way of small talk, but I am incapable of reporting."

"How dost thou mean, respectable husband?" asked the other sharply.

"Why, sir, to tell a fact only requires a tongue, but to report requires a pen, and André Mothe never was suspected of writing before."

"So much the better, Monsieur André; that consoles me, because, when we return to France, I have but to cut thy throat to prevent thee telling any of thy long-winded stories to my uncle."

"Then take my word, sir, if you stick in that mind, I shall not stick to you."

"Be then on thy good behaviour;—oh! what have we here? soldiers of the emperor or bandits? Draw, maître André, and show thy valour."

"I'd rather show my heels," said maître André, trembling and falling off his horse as if shot; "now, my good gentlemen," he roared, "be merciful. I'm the father of seven children, entirely dependent on—"

"Silence, coward! What want ye? Why bar you the road? We are quiet travellers; but if you seek battle, we are ready. Up, André, and shoot the first man who—"

"No, I won't; I'll be shot myself first. Good messieurs, my name is André; I'm a poor serving-man."

"Get up," said a rough fellow, "get up; or, by our lady of Loretto, I'll give you more inches of my steel than ever you eat of macaroni. Signor Cavalier, resistance is useless. We are nine. Our orders are to use no unnecessary violence, but down with your sword, or—"

The young Frenchman surveyed his enemies. They were nine as ill-looking Abruzzi bandits as ever startled a quiet traveller, and all armed to the teeth, with odd-looking muskets, swords, pikes, and other weapons of the day. Their eyes were fierce and their gestures menacing. To fly was to ensure a dangerous volley, to advance was impossible.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the volatile Frenchman, taking off his velvet cap, after sheathing his sword, "your arguments are overpowering. I resign myself to their agency."

The brigands smiled, and assisted the son of Gaul to alight, while one with a hearty kick induced André to rise. They then disarmed both, gave their horses to a lad of their party, and, placing their prisoners in their midst, moved up the gorge, which, rough as it was, appeared a familiar road to the whole of the band.

About half-a-mile higher up in the hills, where the rocks were nearly barren, was the place where the brigands were wont to encamp. A small ledge of rock, marked by many fires, lay before a cave of no very large dimensions—but still sufficient for the shelter of some dozen men accustomed to the rough life of the mountains. Within this cave, which was hung round by gay apparel, guns, swords, pistols, and the floor of which was covered by rude beds, sat a solitary man—scarcely a man either, but a beardless youth, of not more than nineteen summers. Rudely dressed in the gaudy attire of those mountains, he was, by the light of a torch of pine, a study for a painter. His face was very handsome. A lofty forehead, dark, curling hair, a mouth of wonderful expression, combined with marked though regular features, and a commanding form, to make him a perfect study. But it was his eye that attracted chief attention. It seemed to roll in an absolute frenzy, as he sat wrapped in thought, a book on his knee, a book which he had just abandoned—he, the runaway favourite of a court—to think, and that book, Dante. He had been poring over it for hours, until the light of day had faded, and then he had lit a torch and read, until the magic of the poet's lute had awakened in him ideas, thoughts, and feelings which, though already common, grew stronger and stronger every day.

Beneath the swarthy skin of that youth, there burned that restless, nameless fire, which impels to deeds of good and ill. A yearning for something beyond that rude life already overcame him. Already had his impetuous feelings driven him from the calm convent cell to a cavern in the Abruzzi. A student who devoured books, especially books of song, records of heroism, deeds that won for men and women immortal fame, the lad had in the library of the abbey felt that uneasy craving for action which often pervades the bosom of a man born for a purpose, the man inspired by the intensest desire of
Hired, inflamed, excited to a pitch of

frenzy, made drawings in charcoal in his cell, roused himself to some outcry, and then ran away to seek fortune. This was a common tale. At nineteen he was a brigand chief, the life and soul, by force of mere mind, of a band of lawless ruffians, who knew no law but their own passions. There was a wild excitement in the position, which pleased Antonio Solario, and yet he was not satisfied.

Suddenly he started, as the sound of footsteps caught his ear. He rose, took up his gun and went out into the open air, well aware that it must be some of his comrades and men returning; but yet using all the caution which was necessary in his position. "If 'uneasy is the head that wears a crown,' how much more uneasy is the head of the man who seeks to live by rapine, whose hand is against every man, and against whom every man's hand is raised."

"Who comes?" he cried in the rich tones of his native land, with a slight guttural, which often belongs to men of mountain birth.

"It is the band, with prisoners," replied one; and the foremost came suddenly in sight, with the French cavalier and his somewhat prudent servant, the worthy, and in general, merry-tongued André.

"Welcome!" said the brigand chief. "Welcome! I was weary of being alone, and I should have joined you soon. Enter, strangers."

"Your politeness is too strong to be resisted," said the Frenchman, sarcastically.

"Be quiet," muttered André.

"Gentlemen," continued the youth, "sit down and tell me who and what you are. Believe me, we are not so bad as we are painted."

"I do not deny but you would make excellent studies for an artist, but I must say that I prefer those I am in search of in the good city of Naples."

"You are an artist," cried Antonio Solario, impetuously.

"I am," replied the other, "proceeding to Naples to study under Colantonio."

"Then you are welcome; be seated, I beg; your residence here will be less unpleasant than you expected."

The Frenchman smiled, the servant-man André looked agreeably surprised, and the robbers did not appear so gratified as might have been expected at the announcement of their chief, which seemed to convey the impression that he did not intend to pillage the travellers of every article of property they happened to have about them. Not being artists in practice or in ideas, they could not sympathise with the feeling which the announcement of De Rieux had excited in Antonio Solario, who was said to be of gipsy origin, and hence was called *Il Zingaro*.

Of the consequences which ensued from this interview we must speak at a future period.

•THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

One of the effects of the present happy union between two nations which should have ever been joined happily in almost marital connexion, has been the foundation of "an Exhibition in London of the productions of the most popular artists of France," which it is hoped "must greatly contribute to augment the esteem of the British public for the French school."

Under the direction of a visiting committee, consisting of two celebrated English artists, Messrs. Stanfield and Maclise, and four other gentlemen more or less connected with art, this Exhibition, the first of its kind, has been opened at No. 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera colonnade. Had not our own Exhibition commenced the first place, we should most assuredly have devoted the attention of our readers to this very interesting gallery of paintings, which are accepted very heartily, but rather as a promise than as a performance.

The various specimens of the French masters here exhibited are not very numerous (there are but 125 pictures catalogued, and

where space seems to have been added, and the figures seem to flow by any means a fair criterion of the power and ability of modern France. Still they are decidedly worthy and interesting, and in a few cases, such as the "Delacroix and Ary Scheffer," works of genius which could not be surpassed by any other painter.

The most noticeable thing which strikes the visitor unaccustomed to French pictures, is the want of that glowing colour which peculiarly distinguishes the English, and also the excellent drawing almost everywhere prevalent, an excellence unfortunately not observable in every English picture. There is also, here, a large preponderance of conversational cabinet pictures, beautifully drawn, and imagined with great delicacy, but wanting in force and colour.

Another peculiarity is the arrangement of the numbers, which are not consecutive upon the walls, but stuck about in the oddest manner possible, No. 1 being next to 45, and the next to 102, and so on. Upon consulting the catalogue, the visitor finds that all pictures by the same artist have consecutive numbers; but the pictures being of various sizes, and thus requiring to be separated, the numbers attached thus appear as if they had come up in a lottery.

(No. 6), "Repose," by Henri Baron, is almost familiarised to the reader from his acquaintance with the artist's illustrations upon wood. It is a pleasing design, of good colour.

(No. 7), "The Rose-coloured Domino," by Joseph Beaume, an artist of standing, and celebrated in Paris, is the very best specimen of portrait painting, both as to finish, colour, and grace, in the exhibition. The work in question is, indeed, of very high-class merit.

(No. 7), "Madame Du Barry consulting Cagliostro on her Destiny," by François Braid, is rather distinguished for its subject than for its treatment.

(No. 13), "Gulliver in the island of Brobdignag—microscopic studies of plants in the forest of Fontainebleau," by the same artist, is worthy to be classed with any eccentric absurdity ever perpetrated by a painter. It is absurd because it travels out of the region of art. An immense canvas is covered with gigantic leaves and flowers, insects, etc., which almost hide Gulliver, who in relation to them is a pigmy, and who seeks to escape from an immense hand, which, with part of a face, far bigger than that

"Of Memphian sphinx,

Pedestalled, haply, in some palace court,

When sages looked to Egypt for their lore,"

is shown in a corner of the picture ready to pounce upon him. Had this been the only picture by Braid we should have been inclined to speak but slightly of him. (No. 14) however, "The Interior of a Custom-house," with an enraged lady, whose bonnet has been completely sacrificed by the douaniers, and several other victims of these intelligent officers, affords us one of the few pictures which are provocative of mirth, and at the same time artistic. The picture before us is full of very high comedy, and although hilarious in the highest degree, and perfectly true to nature, is by no means coarse.

(No. 43), "The Portrait of the Emperor on Horseback," by Alfred de Dreux, is admirable, not only as a portrait, but as a work of art. The position is spirited and free; the drawing of the horse might be improved.

(No. 45), "An Arab Woman," by Auguste Delacroix, is a fine study, remarkable for its colour.

Paul Delaroche, one of the greatest of French artists, not only of the present day, but also of all time, is represented here by four specimens from his pencil. (No. 49), "The Great Artists of the Past," which seems to be a sketch of the composition painted in fresco in the hall of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and which is scarcely within our province; (No. 50), "The Death of the Duc de Guise"; (No. 51), "Napoleon at Fontainebleau"; and (No. 52), "The Hangman's Family," a superb drawing. Of these "The Death of the Duc de Guise" is the chief. It is the property of the Duc d'Angoulême and is a work of art of the highest class, at the same time one of the most ambitious kind—the historical. The execution is superb, and the figures with gleaming eyes and mailed

limbs; the approaching group of Antonia, one of whom is kneeling in prayer; the approach of the king, who draws back the curtain with a quivering hand, are all excellent. The grouping and positions are true to nature, and by no means exaggerated. The colouring and details of the picture accurate and most carefully painted. The chiaroscuro is especially remarkable, everything being perfectly distinct in the darkened gloom of the vast chamber. This picture has been now painted some twenty years, and criticism on so well known and valued a work of art may, therefore, be somewhat supererogatory; but we would earnestly call the attention of all English artists to this picture, which they now have an opportunity of studying.

Louis Devidoux, pupil of Paul Delaroche, contributes two specimens of paintings, which are both excellent in colour, but which are destroyed by the subject; they are (No. 52), "The Chinese Guitarist," in which a not ungraceful Chinese woman is represented as playing upon that instrument, and (No. 53), a pendant to the foregoing. The high cheekbones, and the transverse position of the eye betokening the Mongolian race, render the pictures so opposite to ideas of beauty formed in a European school, that we look upon these rather as curiosities than works of art.

(No. 54) and (No. 56), "Cupid and the Graces," and the "Woodcutter's Family," quite stand out from amongst the surrounding pictures; the colour being remarkably beautiful, very much in the manner of the best productions of Titian. They are painted by Diaz, an artist who has studied much in Rome.

"The Widow's Mite" (No. 60), by Edouard Dubufe, is a production worthy of his father's pupil. Our readers will call to mind a pleasing example of the elder Dubufe, now in the Vernon Gallery.

Of (No. 67), "Cows and Landscape," and (No. 67*), another "Landscape," by the same artist, Raymond Esbrat, we can say little favourably. In truth, the French do not by any means excel in landscape. Not so, however, in cabinet conversational pictures, of which the next thirteen pictures in the catalogue, from No. 68 to No. 80, are excellent examples. The four first, "Consulting Cards," "A Young lady," "Meditation," and "A Page," are by Jean Fauvel, a pupil of Lacour. The remainder are by Eugene Fichel, pupil of Drolling and Delaroche. Of his productions, "The Music Lesson," and "The Desert," are probably the best, but all are excellent. The drawing is capital, the accessories well managed, and the colour, which is the most faulty part of the pictures, is delicate. The great fault in these little gems is, that they want force; but a little varnish, for which the majority of the pictures in the exhibition are perishing, would add both brilliancy and force to them.

"A House in Cairo" (No. 84), and "A Street" in the same city, by Theodore Frere, are picturesque and interesting; both productions are well painted.

Edouard Frere, another of the pupils of Paul Delaroche, contributes five cabinet pictures of the class criticised above. Of these (No. 86), "La Blanchisseuse," and (No. 89), "The Prayer," are most excellent. They are distinguished by all the qualities which distinguish those before noticed.

(No. 90), "The Caravan," by Eugene Fromentin, is a desert scene, painted with great force and extraordinary knowledge of the subject.

Theodore Gudin, who, in common with the majority of artists noticed, has received both medals and honours, has sent to this exhibition no less than six sea-pieces; of these, none of which can bear comparison with our English masters, Cooke, or Clarkson Stauffield. (No. 100), "Fishing Boats in a Squall," is perhaps the best. (No. 104), "Evening after a Wreck," is also highly meritorious.

(No. 105), "Virginia at the Bath," from St. Pierre's well-known romance, is a very nicely painted and drawn production by Oscar Grev.

O. Hagnat, contributes five landscapes and several sea-pieces, some of which are of a very high class. Eugene Isabey, a name well known from the name of a former artist, is also represented by various sea-pieces of great merit; and Charles Louis Moitte has sent two sea-pieces, well painted, and excellent in style and

colour. Still, it is neither in landscape or in sea-piece that the French, judging from this exhibition, excel.

(Nos. 126 and 127) are two "Portraits of parallel reformers, Calvin and Luther." They are undoubtedly well painted, but the flesh tints are somewhat dark. The portraits are at once recognised, being evident studies from known pictures of these great men.

So (No. 144), "The Right of Might," by Eugene Poittevin, is one of the finest and most originally-treated pictures in the exhibition. A camp-follower of the time of the Wars of the League, stripped to his waist, and infuriated by drink, is represented in a farm-yard, with his foot upon a pig which he has stuck; a naked sword in one hand and a pet rabbit hanging dead from the other. The farm buildings burst in flame around him, and in the distance a woman struggles in the arms of one of his comrades, whilst amidst the wreck, the principal figure roars out a drunken catch. Anything more finely conceived, or originally treated, it is hard to imagine. Its quaintness and truth are fully equal to any of the groups of "Les Misères de la Guerre," of the renowned Jaques Callot.

published of the "Francesca di Rimini of Dante." The entire devotion of love was never more thoroughly and chastely exhibited; Paolo, in pain and contrition, veils his face from Dante and Virgil, whilst around him Francesca clasps her arms, tears at the time starting from her eyes, as, thus embracing, the figures are borne onwards through the gloom of Hades.

"As doves

By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They through the ill air speeding."

Dante. *Inf. Cant. v.*

Her Majesty, we believe, commissioned the admirable artist to execute this duplicate, for which she has given £1,200. Ary Scheffer has five other productions in the gallery, but none of them are of equal interest with the one we have criticised, and all of them want the glow of colour which distinguishes Titian, Rubens, and our own Etty.

Last on the catalogue are two pictures by Horace Vernet, one of



-FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

(No. 153*) "Greek Children," by J. de Moulignon, has the merit of excellent colour and drawing.

From No. 161 to No. 168, the productions of Antoine Emille Plassan, are cabinet pictures, so delicate in their finish, and chaste in their execution, that they have attracted universal attention and admiration; the best of this artist's productions (No. 162), "The Foot Bath," a little picture, which is perfect in every respect, has been, we hear, purchased by her Majesty, at a price which, for the size, is very high indeed. It does not measure more than ten or twelve inches, and has been sold for forty guineas.

(No. 170), "An Incident in the life of Peter the Great, wherein he attends Menzikoff upon his sick bed," by Robert Fleury, is an historical composition of great merit. It does not, however, from its size and the unpleasant nature of the composition, show to advantage in this gallery.

(No. 176) is an admirable drawing of a "Turkish Odalisque, laughing, as she indolently lounges in the enjoyment of a Chibouque." The texture of the skin, the ease and grace of the figure, are beautifully rendered by the artist Schlesinger.

The great attraction of the room is the piece by Ary Scheffer, a reproduction of his picture so well known from the engravings

which only (No. 194), "Hunting the Mouflon in Africa," is a fine specimen of his powers. The drawing of this is as spirited and excellent as Horace Vernet's productions usually are, the drawing is especially fine. In the second (No. 195), "Death Purifying the Soul," an allegory is attempted, which, in our opinion, as the majority of allegories do, signally fails. The arrangement is besides faulty, and the sky so intensely and deeply blue, as to be, to English eyes at least, unnatural.

There is one thing which the visitor will be struck with, not in the gallery but in the catalogue, where he will find that every artist, even of comparatively moderate capability, has had honours abundantly showered upon him, and everything has been done to elevate him in his art. He will contrast English encouragement to art most disadvantageously in this respect, and will involuntarily recall Mr. Thackeray's *dictum* in the last number of the *Newcome's*, "that a gentleman may be allowed to toy but not to marry with the Muse of Painting, and that an English gentleman would as soon think of bringing up his son as a confectioner or hairdresser as of placing him as a pupil to a painter."

If it only induced our "Society" to remedy this injustice, the French Exhibition will have done much for English art.

ADRIAN VANDERVELDE.



NATURE never showed herself to this painter but full of grace and sweetness, smiling and happy as youth. Barren in her aspect to Ruysdael, arid and melancholy to Wynants, she appears to have

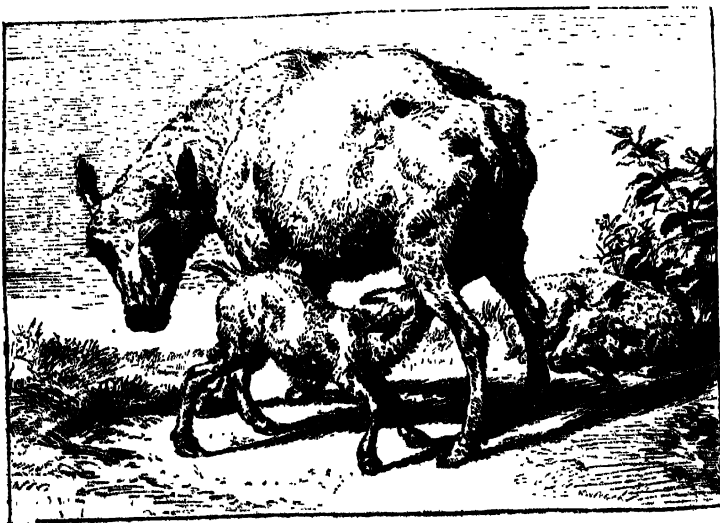
however perturbed, that will not catch a gleam of inward peace. By what miracle of art is it possible that, with a few colours spread over his canvas, the artist is enabled to awaken in us the same ineffable sentiment of repose, of abandonment, and happiness that the actual odour of the fields and the solitude of nature produce? To paint trees, animals, meadows, woods, and lakes, with a surprising fidelity to truth, is, without doubt, a rare merit; but may we not wonder that Nature should ever permit what a poet used to call the secret of her influence to be ravished from her?

Few men have attained celebrity in any intellectual pursuit without having, at a very early age, given striking proofs of the natural bent or their inclinations for it. This is particularly true of poets and painters. Every one is aware of the truth contained in the well-known quotation,

"Poeta nascitur, non fit;"

and, however much a man may exert himself, however skilful he may become in the mere mechanical part of the art, in the nice appreciation of *longs* and *shorts*, however great the praise he may possibly attain at Cambridge or Oxford, for a certain number of flowing polished lines, dignified by the name of a prize poem, and destined, after no very long space of time, to be buried for ever in

oblivion, he will never be a poet unless Nature herself has implanted the sacred fire in his heart; if she has done so, that fire will give indications of its existence in the spring of life as certainly as that, in the spring of the year, the blossoms will precede the fruit.



reserved for Vandervelde her loveliest pastorals, her most refreshing verdure, and her most invigorating breezes. In contemplating the meadows in which this master groups his goats, his sheep, and his ruminating cattle, there is no mind, however ill at ease, no spirit,

What is true of poetry, is true also of painting; and Vandervelde is one of the very numerous examples in support of our assertion. Scarcely had he learnt to read, before he had learnt to paint. During the hours when he was not at school, he seized the brushes belonging to his brother, or his relation William, who was six years older than himself, and bedaubed with an indefatigable hand the walls and even the furniture of his paternal home.* The animals, the cows, the sheep, and the goats, whose peculiarities of form and feature he was subsequently destined to reproduce in unequalled perfection, formed the subjects of his first essays. His father, who was a ship painter, saw with regret that his son preferred the more elegant and artistic pencil to the unwieldy brush which he himself had handled all his life. He was, therefore, but little inclined to admire the drawings and paintings with which the young Adrian covered the walls of his house. One day, however, Adrian dared even to paint a milkmaid on the foot of his father's bed, and this painting so far exceeded any of his former attempts, that the old painter gave up all hope of combating his son's evident vocation. He determined to take him to John Wynaerts, who at that time enjoyed a high reputation at Haarlem: and this great master, on seeing the child's sketches, was unable to conceal his surprise and admiration. It is related that Wynaerts' wife, who was present, exclaimed to her husband: "Wynaerts, you have found your master!"†

This happened at Amsterdam, where Vandervelde was born in 1630. Entirely devoted to his art, he soon justified, if not the prediction, at least the enthusiasm, of the wife of Wynaerts. This, however, did not for a moment awaken the jealousy of the master, who only felt proud of having had such a pupil. A noble example, but one which is rarely met with in the history of art! It is said that his introduction to Wynaerts made him acquainted with Philip Wouwermans, who was his senior by some years, and who also was a pupil of Wynaerts. The tastes of the two young students were very similar, and this circumstance caused a feeling of friendship to spring up between them, which was not without a beneficial influence upon Vandervelde, whom Philip Wouwermans aided with the advice his greater experience enabled him to give.‡ However this may be, it was not long before Vandervelde familiarised himself with every practical difficulty of his profession; and Wynaerts himself declared that he no longer needed any instruction, excepting from that great mistress—Nature,—who has always endless lessons in store for the man of genius. It may be said with truth, that no artist was ever a more studious observer of nature than Adrian Vandervelde. He never permitted his imagination to supply the knowledge in which he was deficient, and it is easily perceived that he never painted a picture, or executed an etching, without having beforehand prepared himself by making patient studies of every object which he was desirous of representing.

That this is the only way in which a man, however gifted, is sure of becoming a great painter, we have the testimony of one of the greatest artists that England ever produced: "I again repeat," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, addressing the students of the Royal Academy, "you are never to lose sight of nature; the instant you do, you are all abroad, at the mercy of every gust of fashion, without knowing or seeing the point to which you ought to steer. Whatever trips you make, you must still have nature in your eye. . . . Let me recommend to you not to have too great dependence on your practice or memory, however strong these impressions may have been which are there deposited. They are for ever wearing out, and will be at last obliterated, unless they are continually refreshed and repaired."§

The qualities which strike us forcibly in nature are her softness and repose. In the pictures of Vandervelde the flocks feed in

rich pastures, beneath noble trees whose leaves are scarcely moved by a breath of air, with the pale azure skies above, in a sort of terrestrial paradise where the noise of the world does not penetrate, and the agitations of the heart are calmed. There is scarcely an amateur in Europe who has not viewed with delight his "Sunrise," in the Louvre, or at least the beautiful engraving of it which was executed during the last century. Who does not feel inclined to sit down for a few hours beside those careless herdsmen, who are fishing on the bank of the river? To the right, in the distant horizon, some light clouds, rose and amber-coloured, announce the rising sun. The earth is awaking gently, the water flows silently on, the foliage is almost motionless, and the pure invigorating air of daybreak braces the limbs that have been relaxed by sleep. The animals themselves appear to enjoy this refreshing coolness, which the sun's rays will soon disperse. The cattle bathe their feet in the waters of the river, which is so still that it might be mistaken for a lake. One of them breathes forth a suppressed and melancholy lowing, and then suddenly ceases, as if alarmed at having disturbed the surrounding silence; another, on a mound, which is sharply defined against the sky, illumined by the sunrise, stretches its powerful neck, and seems, with expanded nostrils, to be snuffing the fresh air.*

Rivalling Paul Potter in the art of representing animals, Vandervelde is richer in accessories than his illustrious predecessor. Paul Potter concentrates his whole genius on the reproduction of the expression, the physiognomy of the soul—if we may use the expression—of animals. In his eyes the landscape is but an accessory; a scrap of green pasturage suffices him to make a picture, where two cows are lying down at the foot of an oak awaiting the time to return home. Vandervelde, too, is a great animal painter, but this is not all; he possesses a true feeling for landscape as well. His flocks and herds feed in meadows dotted with bushy trees, and varied by lakes and rivers, beyond which the landscape stretches out until it is lost in the distance, while a gentle breeze slowly scatters across the sky fleecy clouds, such as Karel Dujardin delights to paint. In a word, every beauty of nature is enlisted to contribute to the effect which he desires to produce. The cows and the horses of Paul Potter are undoubtedly unrivalled, and no other painter has been able to combine, in so great a degree, power of reproduction with accuracy of observation; but Vandervelde, with a different feeling for nature, attained a perfection no less rare, for in his works gracefulness and truth are invariably found united to each other.

The mind of an artist is a mirror, endowed with the marvellous power of reflecting natural objects, and at the same time of communicating to them something, as it were, of human vitality. Nature, infinitely varied in her aspects, takes every form which genius is pleased to give her. Melancholy to poets who are gifted with a restless sensibility, tranquil to hearts that are at rest, stormy to impassioned souls, her manifestations are as numerous as the phases of the human mind. To every different person nature wears a different aspect, but in her entirety she is invisible, like the Almighty Creator. A painted landscape is, therefore, not to be regarded as representing only a fragment of material creation, but also the impression produced by the subject of the picture on the mind of the painter. In viewing the paintings of Paul Potter and those of Vandervelde, we are inclined to fancy one the very image of good-nature, and the other a mixture of gracefulness and simplicity.

The ancients used a sublime word to express their idea of nature; it was: *Alma Parens*—the kind mother. These words might be placed at the foot of every canvas signed by Vandervelde, and little would remain to be said to characterise his peculiar spirit. We should err greatly in attributing any system or philosophical consciousness of his power to this simple Dutchman. He only endeavoured to prove himself a skilful and accurate imitator of the objects which he studied carefully in his long country walks. He saw animals, trees, meadows, and grassy hills, and painted them with delight. Animals, above everything else, attracted his attention; their structure, their physiognomy, the varied appearance of

* Houbraeken. "Vic de Vandervelde." Descamps. "Vie des Peintres Flamands, Allemands, et Hollandais," vol. iii. p. 872.

† Houbraeken. Manuscript translation of Madame Bernard Picard.

‡ "A Catalogue raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters," by John Smith. London, 1834.

§ "The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds" London: 1842.

* This picture is in the collection of the Louvre, and is known under the title of "A Sunrise."

their hair, from the fine and glossy coat of the horse, to the long and tangled covering of the goat, is represented in his paintings with the power of rare and pleasing truthfulness.

In the pictures of Vandervelde, the animals always occupy the foreground, and it is to this, no doubt, that we must attribute the pleasing impression which the works of this master produce. Wherever man appears, the repose of solitude takes flight. The silent flock form part of a landscape; they live the same life as the herbage which serves them for food and bed; and they in nowise disturb the sentiment which impresses the soul when viewing the silent landscape. Figures may animate the scene, but they disturb the mystery and destroy the air of peaceful repose. Whenever Vandervelde introduces shepherds or shepherdesses into his paintings, he generally takes care to confine them to the middle distance. Thus, in the "Sunrise," the two careless herdsmen who are fishing are scarcely to be perceived; and the whole of the foreground is occupied by cattle, sheep, or goats. These domestic animals need no guardians to prevent their straying from the accustomed pastures, or the calm lake which is their watering-place. In another picture, a woman is conversing at the door of a cottage with two men. It is really a difficult task to discern them beneath the thick foliage of the shadowy oaks, while the eye is attracted by a white cow, painted with charming softness, descending the slope towards the spectators; by a sheep lying down, whose fleece, as seen from behind, is a miracle of execution, and by a cow, also lying down to the right in a half tint, whose hind-quarters are modelled with a vigour, and painted with a truth of colour, which is unsurpassable.

We may here remark the difference which separates the Dutch painters from the ideas and manner of the French school. "What is chiefly to be blamed in their figures," says de Piles, "is inaction, since this fault deprives them of every connexion with the surrounding landscape, and causes them to appear unreal. Without wishing, however, to shackle painters with any fixed rule, I am persuaded that the best method of causing figures to be appreciated is to arrange them so far in accordance with the character of the landscape as to make it seem as if the landscape had been created entirely for the figures. *I would not have them either insipid or inactive.* They should tell some story to excite the interest of the observer, or at least to give a name to the painting, by which it might be distinguished from the mass of others by those who are judges of such matters." How strongly characteristic is it of the national spirit of the French school, that its disciples make the landscape subordinate to the figures, and not the figures to the landscape, never allotting to man a secondary place in nature. An *insipid* or useless figure is a fault in the eyes of a French painter, while, on the contrary, the simple Vandervelde, in his love for the country, feared to make his figures play too prominent a part. To him the herdsmen is a part of his fleecy charge, and he is satisfied with the great spirit of nature which seems to sigh in the breeze that moves the tree-tops, or to speak in the deep and solemn lowing of the cattle that crop the herbage in his meadows.

While Berghem delights in multiplying the figures in his paintings, exhausting his spirit and his genius in varying their attitudes, and attracting the eye by his rosy countrywomen with their brilliant skirts and scarlet bodices, Vandervelde leaves the foreground to his flocks, and does not find it necessary that the stillness of nature should be enlivened by the human voice. In his compositions nature preserves the deep poetry and silent happiness of her solitudes. Berghem, who looks at nature through the smiling atmosphere of his imagination, who often ornaments her with historical recollections and the reflection of the brilliant colours with which Italy impressed his imagination, fills his pastorals with life and motion. Vandervelde, devoted entirely to his true and almost tender admiration for nature, draws with a more discreet hand. He is generally sparing in detail, and the simplicity of the composition heightens the grace and harmony of the whole.

But though Vandervelde showed such a marked predilection for animals, it must not be imagined that he was unable to ornament a landscape with graceful and lively figures; it is true, however, that he made less use of this talent for himself than for his friends, except in those pictures where the figures form the chief

subject, as in his "Winter," so beautifully engraved by Jacques Aliamet.*

* One of those who have most successfully engraved from Adrian Vandervelde, is Jacques Aliamet the Elder, who must not be confounded with his brother, François Aliamet, an engraver of but little talent or ingenuity. Jacques Aliamet was born at Abbeville in 1727, and died at Paris in 1788. He therefore belongs entirely to the eighteenth century, which was a very brilliant period for engraving in France. During that period the French engravers proved themselves thoroughly national, in bringing to bear upon the practice of their art that critical spirit, that elegance and good taste, and that absence of all exaggeration, which characterise the Gaulic character. We shall have somewhat more to say hereafter respecting the revolution in art to which he contributed more than any other. We may mention here, however, that Jacques Aliamet was his pupil. He commenced, says Watclet, by the execution of those small engravings which are introduced into books, and called *vignettes*. Huber and Rost have not mentioned these, although deserving of notice. Those which we have seen in the collected edition of his works in the print-room of the National Library at Paris, are executed for the most part from the designs of Gravelot, and some from those of Boucher and Cochin. They accompany a very elegant edition of "The Decamerone" of Boccaccio, which was published in London in 1755. Although these charming vignettes are small, they are treated broadly, and never slurred over, as often happens when the subjects are confined to such small dimensions.

Jacques Aliamet soon attracted the attention of publishers. In fact, it was not difficult for a practical eye to perceive in the vignettes of "The Decamerone" a talent which would do without effort to greater productions, and which would lose nothing in being employed on more important labours. His first attempts were of the class in which he afterwards met with the greatest success, namely, landscapes and sea-pieces. His beautiful engravings of "The Fire by Night," "Stormy Weather," and "The Fog," after Joseph Vernet, are the most highly-prized. These are all engraved in perfect accordance with the sentiment of the painter. The plate is full of work, and, like the original picture, presents a full-toned appearance. Deep, close, and bold lines present the effect produced by the brilliant and daring brush of the master. If Jacques Aliamet was less successful than Balechou in rendering the mountain-waves of a stormy sea and their foaming crests, which are so admirable in the celebrated "Tempest" of the latter engraver, yet, on the other hand, he has succeeded in representing with rare fidelity the clouds of mist which it is so difficult to render with the graver or the etching-needle. By mingling different methods of execution, and by lowering, or rather blending, all his lights, Jacques Aliamet has imitated to a remarkable degree "The Fog" of Vernet. Following nature, the engraver has left his positive lights only on those objects which are nearest to the eye, while in the background and the sky he has produced the effect of having stippled his plate, and yet he has employed neither the needle to fill up the cross-hatching, nor the roulette, nor any of those processes by which the effect of stumping may be produced. He has thus obtained the soft effect of mezzotint with those tools which would appear most unlikely to produce such a result,—the needle and the graver. Still the real merit and originality of Jacques Aliamet are more distinctly visible in his landscapes after Berghem than in his sea-pieces after Vernet. It is in the former that he has perfected the use of the dry-point, which was invented and brought into repute by his master, Lebas. By this process he obtained the most varied and pleasing gray tints, and nowhere was he so successful as in the large folio engraving from a landscape by Berghem in the Dresden Gallery. The animals,—the dogs, sheep, goats, cattle, and asses,—though prepared with the etching-needle, were almost entirely finished with the dry-point, as well as the faces of the peasants, where the flesh was wholly executed in this manner; skilfully-applied touches of the graver completed and brought out the work. Opposed to the system of very dark engravings, Aliamet is reported by a contemporary to have compared their effect to "that produced by actors who, departing from nature, rant and grimace on the stage to attract the plaudits of the multitude."

Aliamet thoroughly appreciated his own talent. Notwithstanding his aversion to making his engravings black, he was always able to avoid monotony and coldness. This powerful effect arises from the fact that the master-touches, the free handling of the brush, and the bits of brilliant colour, are rendered by abrupt transitions

Wynants, who had long availed himself of the pencil of Wouvermans, was not long in preferring that of Vandervelde—a fact that renders praise superfluous. To say that Vandervelde was in this branch of his art the rival of the most elegant painter in Holland, gives a sufficiently exalted idea of the powers of this charming master.

The celebrated landscape-painters of his day held in great esteem the little figures which he placed in their paintings with such grace and spirit, while his inexhaustible imagination varied to infinity their gestures and actions, according to the aspect of the scene which they were intended to enliven by their presence. Hobbema, Vanderheyden, Moncheron, Peter Neefs, Hackert, Ruysdael himself—the great and pathetic Ruysdael—whose genius might well have stood alone, all availed themselves of the pencil of Vandervelde, to give a greater value and charm to their paintings.

Vanderheyden, in particular, found the value of his somewhat frigid pictures doubled by the crowd of little figures with which the inventive spirit of his friend peopled them. In one of these pictures, where Vanderheyden has represented the square and Town

a man, who is sitting down, appears to search in a packet for some article which a woman standing before him has just asked for; further on, two grave citizens of the capital of Holland are seated on a stone bench placed against the wall of the Town Hall, and are conversing about the events of the day; here a carman whips his horse, harnessed to a heavy dray loaded with wood; there a group of men, women, and children run after a kind of chair drawn by a horse, which appears to excite their curiosity; to the right, another horse of a dark bay colour, exquisitely painted, awaits his load, which a man is bringing in a basket. In the centre of the foreground, and in the middle of the picture, two gentlemen are bowing to each other with a truly aristocratic grace. May they not be two Frenchmen of the court of Louis XIV.—there were many in Holland at that period, and might we not expect to hear them use the words of Molière? "*La place m'est heurcuse à vous y rencontrer.*"

Thanks to Vandervelde, this picture of Vanderheyden's, which is in other respects so valuable for its finish of detail and skilful perspective, becomes an animated scene, displaying the activity of a



THE RISING SUN. - FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

Hall of Amsterdam, we may see clearly with what generosity Vandervelde lavished his talent. More than thirty figures, with horses and carriages, fill the space left vacant by Vanderheyden. The groups are arranged with great skill, concealed under the appearance of the most perfect observance of nature. At the left,

from light to shade, and that the local colours are in his engravings exceedingly well contrasted, with clear and well-defined lights. In this manner, while the engraving remains light and airy, it is not tame, and preserves all its piquancy. We must add to this merit the power of execution, the delicacy of touch, and the lightness in the handling of the points employed to define the figures, darkening them when necessary, and expressing the exact qualities of the objects represented—whether they be the silky hair of the goats, the rough coats of the beasts of burthen, the fineness of linen, the coarseness of frieze, the cracked and parched earth, or the polished surface of fruits. All that we have here said respecting Aliamet, may be verified by examining his various engravings from Berghem: "The Old Harbour of Genoa," "The Ransom of the Slave," "A Rustic Watering-place for Cattle,"

great city, peopled by men of every rank and every calling, from the beggar who awaits at the door the descent of the rich stranger in quest of local antiquities, to the lazy noble who rolls along, softly reclining in his carriage. To convey an idea of the spirit, of the artistic talent, which Vandervelde has manifested in these figures,

"The Meeting of the two Village Girls," and generally all that he has engraved from this master. His skies, but little burdened with work, are transparent. The lines seem readily to follow the forms of the clouds, or rather indicate the formation of them by their varied directions, which are happily contrasted with the smooth sky which is produced by horizontal and rather wide lines, ending in breaks and consecutive points. All this is full of feeling.

Wouvermans and Teniers have more than once given employment to the etching point of Aliamet. His two plates of "The Sabbath," after Teniers, are vigorous, brilliant, and held in great estimation by connoisseurs. But nothing is more delicious than his "Spanish Halt," and "The Advanced Guard of Hulus," after Philip Wouvermans. Even Moyreau, who so perfectly

VANDERVELDE.

of all the difficulties which he must have encountered, so that the interest of the spectator might be rivetted to his work, without detracting too much from the essential objects of the picture, it would be necessary for us to enter into a minute analysis of this view of Amsterdam. We must content ourselves with having pointed out what his imagination, seconded by a light and infallibly certain pencil, could produce. But how much shall we increase the surprise of the reader when we state that the largest of these life-like and truthful figures is only an inch and three-quarters in height, while the smallest are not more than from half to three-quarters of an inch high.

Sometimes, certainly, Vandervelde made use of that talent which

animals after the manner of Berghem, as may be observed in one of his principal works—"The Departure of Jacob from Laban." Even in this case it may be said that the painter, in surrounding Jacob and his family with his numerous flocks, in a subject taken from Scripture, again betrays the invincible direction of his mind, which in this instance is in perfect accordance with the requirements of the subject. At other times he represents scenes where the landscape and the animals are confined to the middle distance; in examples of this description, it is the action of man which attracts and concentrates the spectator's interest. Such are his two "Views of the Beach at Scheveling." Scheveling is a little village on the sea-shore, where the inhabitants of the Hague are



THE BLIND MAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

he lavished on others in the embellishment of his own works. Occasionally he fills his composition with a number of men and

understood this painter, never did anything superior. Aliamet represented with no less success than the latter the vapours of the low lands and those stretches of country which so often have the fault of appearing like velvet. His choicest work is reserved for the coquetry of accessories and the expression of the figures. The handling of the master, his firm but softened touches, and the pithiness of his manner are charmingly transferred to the copper of the engraver. Horses' coats are expressed by great masses of dark touches without distinction of the hair, as it is right to represent it when the animals are not in the foreground, or of unusual size, for then the detail of their coats, of their manes and tails, are not supposed to be distinguishable.

"Winter Amusements," after Vandervelde, is another excellent engraving by Aliamet. The scene is made agreeable, which is not usually the case in such subjects. The French painters, Boucher,

accustomed to proceed on Sunday for their amusement. Vandervelde, in one of these paintings, shows us the state carriage of the Prince of Orange, which is proceeding along the sands at low water.

Greuze, Jeaurat, severally employed the truly French talent of this artist. His representation of the deep effects and stippled manner of Boucher, as well as the broader handling of Greuze, was admirable, and he was even able to render their very faults without exaggeration, as, for instance, the coarseness of the draperies of Greuze; but the painter whose style he transferred most successfully was Jeaurat, whose beautiful pictures, "La place Maubert," and "La place des Halles," he engraved. Aliamet was, as an engraver, what Chardin and Jeaurat were as painters—a natural and simple artist, but at the same time elegant and full of spirit and clearness. His brother Francis went to London, where he worked under Robert Strange; but his engravings bore no resemblance to those of Jacques. They were always heavy, affected, tasteless, and uselessly overburdened with work.

The carriage, the running footmen who attend it, the postillions, the fisherman who runs up, net in hand, to see the *cortège*, the poor man who uncovers beforehand in expectation of alms, are the elements which form the painting, and yet the six noble horses of German race, which are so vigorous and elegant that we might fancy them sketched by the pencil of Vandermeulen, and touched up by Wouvermans, contribute not a little to the charm of this courtly scene. The second "View" is peopled with figures only. The carriage and horses of the prince are seen, it is true, in the background, but the foreground is occupied by the fishermen of Scheveling, who are playing with their children in front of a tent. What a delicious *chef-d'œuvre* is this painting! The fishermen are true without being vulgar; for Vandervelde did not, like many other Dutch painters, believe himself called upon to sacrifice grace for the sake of simplicity. The calm and unruffled sea is of boundless expanse; the waves roll with a soft murmur upon the beach. How happy is the possessor of such a talent! to him even the waves of the ocean are without storms,—to him peace smooths the waters of the sea just as she revels in the meadows of Holland.*

One of Adrian Vandervelde's master-pieces, to give it no higher title, is the picture in the Museum at Amsterdam. The view is very limited, and we might be induced to believe that when he painted the animals, he was lying on the grass beside them. After an hour spent in the admiration of this marvellous work of art, we arrive at some conclusions which it may not be out of place to mention here. "If it is desired that flocks or other animals represented in fields should attract the attention of the spectator," says Hagelorn, "the landscape itself should be composed of but few objects, bounded by mountains, or with a light and misty distance. Over the latter the eye should wander, on the former it should be made to dwell. If the artist intends to arrest the spectator's eye by the principal objects of the foreground, he must not attract it by a too varied distance, or impair the effect by bestowing too much labour on the foreground itself. He should rather contract the view and close in the pastoral scene by mountains or woods. The artist must, however, conceal this carefully, and so transform the necessity into a beauty. Thus Adrian Vandervelde often represents the shepherd, his dog, and his flock grouped around a spring, part of which is hidden by a copse; the spectator who only sees the edge of the pleasant green wood enjoys, as it were, the freshness of the peaceful spot by the help of his imagination." These remarks upon the art of closing in a portion of a landscape, show great discrimination; they apply to Vandervelde as well as to Berghem. But, leaving out of the question all reference to what imagination may gain by one part of the landscape being closed, we may say that Vandervelde has made use of this artifice with much address to detach the different objects and make each one relieve the other. If on one side of the picture there rises a hill which sharply breaks the line of the horizon (we refer to the picture of "The Rising Sun"), it is not only for the purpose of confining the attention of the observer, and preventing it from wandering into the distance, but also because this mound offers a dark brown mass, by which the light colours of the most prominent cattle are clearly brought out—the object of the artist being to direct particular attention to their spotted coats and picturesque forms. But if the painter places animals upon this mound, whose brown mass throws back the horizon, he will take care to choose such as are of a sombre and uniform colour; he will represent dark-bay horses, black goats, or cows of a deep dun colour, so that they serve to relieve the oxen whose light colour and bright markings enliven the foreground of the picture, at the same time that their own outlines are sharply defined against the clear sky. Thus, we find that in the works of these masters, who are apparently so simple, and appear to have grouped at hazard the flocks grazing in their meadows, the laws of art are so well observed, and the painters themselves, perhaps

unconsciously, so skilful, that their compositions are full of instruction. The laws of the distribution of light and shade are so clearly defined in Vandervelde's pictures, in which an amateur only perceives the charming and natural side, that a professor might readily make them the subjects of his discourse, and say with the learned Lairesse: "When an object in a full light is to be relieved by a clear background, it is necessary that the object, having no shadow, should be of a sombre colour, in order to produce a good effect. For the great art consists in placing the objects of a sombre and warm colour upon a light, tender, and soft ground, as well as in relieving light and soft colours against dark and warm backgrounds: in the same way the most vigorous objects of the foreground may be relieved against the extreme distance, and the reverse."†

The atmosphere is light and pure in the paintings of Vandervelde: we feel inclined to inhale the freshening breezes which sweep across the broad bosom of his lakes, whisper among the inimitable foliage of his trees, and flood the spreading pastures in which he represents the cattle cropping the short thick grass, or contentedly ruminating as they slowly chew the cud. Through the fluid and transparent atmosphere we behold skies of a tender blue, where fleecy clouds float on in graceful and undulating lines; so light are they, too, that a breath of air would suffice to disperse them, but at the moment chosen by the painter the winds have left the ether undisturbed. The peaceful skies are reflected in unruffled lakes. The clouds, the animals, the trees, the shepherds, melt together in the reflection of the transparent waters. No landscape can be absolutely beautiful without a river, a lake, or a torrent. A poet who loved nature as one loves a mistress, has expressed this in some charming lines:—

"S'il n'a point de rive humide
Je suis un site admiré,
Comme un front pur et sans ride,
Mais dont l'œil serait aride
Et n'aurait jamais pleuré.

Otez les flots à la terre,
La terre sera sans yeux,
Et jamais sa face austère,
Pleine d'ombre et de mystère,
Ne réfléchira les cieux."†

The greatest landscape-painters of swampy Holland were all well aware of the indefinible charm a landscape gains by the presence of water, whether it stumbers imprisoned by the shores of a lake, or glides murmuringly between the banks of a river. Vandervelde, following the example of Ruysdael, loves to lead us to the sea-beach, where the waves sport among the pebbles, or to the pond, whose freshness attracts the thirsty flocks towards midday. But nothing can be more dissimilar than the manner in which each of these two artists treats the same subject. While Ruysdael delights to contemplate the ocean when maddened by storms, and represent it to our astonished gaze stretching out into the distance, until it is confounded with the fearful masses of dark clouds that are seen looming dimly through the hazy atmosphere, and contrasting with the white-crested billows which rise upon the grand and threatening waves, and only serve to make the general darkness more awfully

* Gérard de Lairesse, "Le Grand Livre des Peintres, ou l'Art de peindre considéré dans toutes ses Parties et démontré par Principes, avec des Réflexions sur les Ouvrages de quelques bons Maîtres et des Défauts qui s'y trouvent," tome ii. page 11. Paris, 1787.

† If no stream the landscape grace,
Quickly from the spot I fly,
As I would some calm, pure face,
Where sad tears ne'er left a trace
In the cold and haughty eye.

Take the waters once away,
And the earth will have no eyes—
No more than its face shall play
With expression blithe and gay,
As it mirrors back the skies.

* Vandervelde also painted hunting-pieces much in the style of Wouvermans. Sir Thomas Baring possesses, in his picture-gallery in London, a "Rendezvous de Chasse," by this master, representing the moment when the huntsmen meet on a terrace adjoining a house. Among the figures may be distinguished an elegantly-dressed lady and gentleman, and two pilgrims who are demanding charity. Further on are pages, dogs, and hunting paraphernalia.

apparent, and lend a kind of savage sublimity to the whole scene—while Ruysdael, too, casts a gloomy shadow over his lakes, Vander-velde scarcely raises a ripple on the smooth, unruffled surface of the sea, and does not permit the polished mirror of his lakes to be one moment overcast by menacing masses of dark and gloomy clouds, which were so little in unison with his calm, loving disposition.

We once travelled through Holland with a friend of ours, who was a distinguished literary man, full of enthusiasm for painting, and who took a fancy to discover the points of resemblance existing between celebrated writers and the painters that we had come on purpose to see. If we are not mistaken, he asserted that Rembrandt, in his mind, corresponded to Hoffman, the author of the "Contes Fantastiques;" the melancholy Vanderneer was compared to Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts;" and, while Boucher called up to his recollection the Chevalier de Florian, he recognised a familiar kind of Theocritus in Berghem, and a Virgil in Vander-velde. "Do you not perceive," he said, "a singular resemblance between Vander-velde and Virgil?" On our smiling at the idea of these two names, one of which was so famous, and the other so modest and so little known to the world, being compared with each other, after the lapse of so many ages, he proceeded with his comparison, and, without allowing himself to be stopped by our smiles, gave us the proofs in favour of his theory. "Have they not both," said he, "exquisite grace and ideal beauty in place of that boldness and virility in which both are equally deficient? If I may use the expression, there is in their works the same *bucolic* sentiment, the same talent of imparting a certain indescribable softness to the representation of pastoral scenes, the same sobriety, the same elegance of composition, and the same harmony. But it is in the finish, the soft and perfect style of their execution, that they particularly resemble each other. The pencil of Vander-velde is as delicate and mellow as the pen of Virgil is elegant and chastened. The style of Vander-velde, replete with studied transitions and gentle gradations of colour, contributes not a little to the soft and peaceful effect of his landscapes. With him we find none of those violently contrasted lights and shadows, none of those struggles between night and day, which many Dutch painters appear to have borrowed from the Persian theologians; if thick trees or rising ground intercept part of the light, enough remains for the broad half-tints to harmonise with the lighter portions of the picture. He does not, like Berghem, use those bold and brilliant touches which cannot be looked at closely without appearing somewhat coarse. So dashing a style does not suit his fancy; the use of half-tints, the softness of his touch, the peculiar truthfulness of his manner, distinguish him among all the great Dutch masters."

The trees, those stumbling-blocks to ordinary painters, are always treated by Vander-velde with singular felicity. Whether he paints a thick and branching chestnut, or the poplar with its straight and pliant branches, or the aspen with its trembling leaves, he succeeds with unvarying skill in giving the most agreeable form to the masses of foliage, and in making the breezes appear to blow round them, or in relieving the long and slender branches against the sky. The conscientious nature of his genius is exhibited in the care with which he elaborates this most difficult portion of the landscape-painter's task.

To these general characteristics, which render the works of Adrian Vander-velde unmistakable, we must add the preference which he always showed for young animals. The painter, full of admiration for the graceful, could not but be struck with the supple and sprightly movements of young animals in their sports. He often delights in painting the gambols of a young lamb, forcing itself beneath its mother in search of nutriment, while the patient ewe continues to crop the grass before her.

This familiar scene in pastoral life must have often attracted the artist's eye during his rambles in the beautiful meadows which surround Amsterdam. Among his etchings,—that portion of his works in which an artist gives way to the caprices and originalities of his genius,—he has reproduced it as in his larger works. The lamb is given with striking fidelity. Its limbs, though still clumsy, have yet that flexibility of articulation which characterises the young of all kinds of animals. The delicacy of touch, and the correctness of execution, give every characteristic of perfection to this composition.

There is one picture by this master which deserves especial notice. We allude to the one in which he has represented himself in company with his wife and family. Not only is it to be classed among his very best productions, for the great care with which he has finished the very smallest details, and for the appearance of breezy freshness and calm repose which distinguish it, but also for the fact of its giving us an idea of his own personal appearance. Vander-velde, dressed in brown, and holding in his hand a walking-stick, is seen strolling along a country road, while his wife is walking with him on his left side. Her dress consists of a red gown, over which is thrown a black silk cloak. Before them is a boy, also dressed in brown, who is holding in a dog by means of a cord. The dog is pulling at the cord, and is evidently impatient to spring away. Sitting on the trunk of a tree is a young woman nursing a baby, and amusing it with flowers. To the left of the picture is a meadow, in which some goats are seen grazing, while a herdsman, stretched on the grass, with a pipe in his hands, is watching them. On the road, a little further on than Vander-velde and his family, is seen a waggon drawn by two gray horses. The driver is engaged in doing something or other to their harness. The right hand of the foreground consists of a large hill, with some broken-down fences and old stumps of trees. Near the top of the hill is a thicket of young oaks, painted in the most marvellous manner. The foliage appears so natural that the spectator might almost fancy that he heard the leaves rustle as the breeze passed gently through them. Beyond these oaks is a line of thick, bushy trees, while on an eminence beyond is a small house partially embosomed in trees, with a river rolling its calm waters before it. *This picture is a perfect gem, and conveys an idea of quiet, happy repose, such as Vander-velde loved so much to depict. The light, gossamer, vapoury clouds, which partially mask the blue expanse behind them, as they float lazily along in mid-air, give the finishing touch to this harmonious composition, and impart a most beautiful and soft effect of evening to the whole.

Vander-velde's etchings are not all of equal merit. Bartsch,* whose opinion on this subject is of great value, distinguishes three epochs in the works of this master, consisting of twenty-four subjects. In 1653, that is, at the age of fourteen, Vander-velde engraved five plates; in these we easily recognise the youth and inexperience of their author. The touch is meagre, the etching is too fine and close, the herbage is scribbled, the foliage unfinished and devoid of taste; six years later, however, from 1657 to 1659, he is already in the full exercise of his talent. "Nothing can be suggested," says Bartsch, "to correct his drawing, the truthfulness of the animals, their attitudes, the correctness of the muscles, and the perfect care with which every detail is rendered. The etching discloses the practised hand of the master; it is freer than in the pieces dated 1653, and the lines are less close and more expressive." His last engravings of the year 1679, two years before his death, are all master-pieces. The "Ewe suckling her Lamb," of which we have already spoken, is of this date. The "Two Lambs reposing," of which the one lying on its back, is a prodigy of truth, of knowledge, and good taste, bears the same date. We may form an idea of the path which the artist traversed between the two extreme points of his career, by comparing "The Peasant on Horseback," one of his works which is at present very scarce, with the "Two Lambs." Between the dates of these two pieces a period of seventeen years intervenes. In the first, although the peasant is well drawn, and the horse shows good action, the execution is meagre, and the graver appears to have passed timidly over the copper; the artist has multiplied his lines without attaining vigour or character. In the latter, on the contrary, there is not a superfluous touch, and there is not one which does not produce the most striking and truthful effect.

This prolific master, whose paintings are to be found in all the public and private galleries of Europe, died, nevertheless, at the age of thirty-three, at Amsterdam, in the year 1672. So great, indeed, is the number of the works which are entirely his own, as well as of those in which he merely inserted figures of men and animals for other artists, that it almost seems impossible that one man could have found time to execute them all, particularly when

* Bartsch, "Le Peintre-Graveur," Adrian Vander-velde, vol. I.

we take into consideration the minute and exquisite delicacy of finish by which they are, with scarcely a single exception, distinguished. This fact has led some of the authors who have written on Vandervelde to suppose, that the dates which we have given as those of his birth and decease, respectively, are erroneous; but we know what seeming impossibilities may be effected by never-flagging perseverance; and we therefore see no reason why we should distrust the authorities to whom we are indebted for the facts of this notice. He left a daughter, who handed down verbally to Houbracken the few particulars which we know concerning the life of her father. He never left Amsterdam and its immediate neighbourhood. He was the painter of the rustic scenes of his

died, leaving behind him his great but unfinished opera of the "Zauberflöte."*

The illustrious amateur, Gersaint, who was a friend of Watteau, and the author of some of the most learned catalogues of the eighteenth century, has given an opinion of Vandervelde which must surprise us by its exaggeration, proceeding from a man usually so free from this fault. "This landscape-painter," says he, "has the most delicate pencil, and is the most mellow in his tones, of any artist I know. Even Corneille Poelenbourg appears dry, so to speak, in his touch compared to Vandervelde; his figures are generally simple and well-drawn; his colouring is rich and vigorous; and his paintings are perfectly harmonious. He is, in



THE OX AND THREE SHEEP. -- FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

own native country; he found the materials for his pictures, with but few exceptions, in the broad, verdant meadows that surrounded the city of his birth, and had no need to seek for them in foreign lands. His works produce the impression that his life must have been full of peace, of private virtue, and unwearied labour. May he not have been, like Mozart, a victim of that affection of the chest with which so many great men have been afflicted from their birth, and which their excessive labour aggravates rapidly? Consumption, which develops in those whom it devours so many precocious powers and such melancholy grace, may have caused the premature death of this extraordinary artist, who, at the age of fourteen, was already a great master. At eight years of age, Mozart, who was still more remarkable, performed before the court of Louis XV. on the organ of the chapel at Versailles, and thenceforward ranked with the greatest composers of the age! At thirty-six years he

fact, the most interesting painter to those who value beautiful work and high finish."

* It may not be uninteresting to the reader, nor altogether misplaced, considering the affinity between all the arts, and the striking resemblance between Vandervelde and Mozart, both in their precocious talents and their early end, if we here give a few extracts from a curious paper, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, F.R.S., printed in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1770:—

"If I was to send you a well-attested account of a boy who measured seven feet in height, when he was not more than eight years of age, it might be considered as not undeserving the notice of the Royal Society.

"Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart, was born at Saltzbourg, in Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756.

VANDERVELDE.

To say that Poelembourg is dry beside Vandervelde, is certainly going too far; and therefore this must probably be no more than a figure of speech. Poelembourg is so melting that he gives inanimate objects the appearance of velvet; Vandervelde, on the contrary, having to paint animals, the forms of which are well defined, such as horses, cattle, and goats, takes especial care to avoid falling into the fault of Poelembourg, and without making his outlines as strongly marked as Paul Potter, he finishes his figures with a light and delicate touch. In this respect he is more justly appreciated by Descamps, who in the two insignificant pages which, as usual, are all that he devotes to one of the most charming painters in his gallery, has only said a few words concerning the

dervelde is crisp and highly worked up, and that the sky glimmers through his trees,—points which in nowise resemble the work of the too silky Poelembourg.

After examining the immense labours of Vandervelde, we cannot doubt that he was possessed by that fever of never-ceasing activity which hastens the end of those who are destined to die young. Not only is he reckoned among the first Dutch landscape-painters, but he also deserves to occupy a distinguished position among historical painters. There are several compositions by his hand, taken from the Passion of Christ, and which, in Houbracken's time, were in the Roman Catholic Church in the Spinhuissteeg at Amsterdam. There is also in the Church of the Appel-Marckt a



WINTER AMUSEMENT.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVEIDE.

style of this master, but his remarks in this case are more direct and pointed than usual. He even adds that the leafing of Van-

"I have been informed by a most able musician and composer, that he frequently saw him at Vienna when he was little more than four years old.

"By this time, he was not only capable of executing lessons on his favourite instrument the harpsichord, but composed some in an easy style and taste, which were much approved of.

"His extraordinary musical talents soon reached the ears of the present empress-dowager, who used to place him on her knees, while he played on the harpsichord.

"The notice taken of him by so great a personage, together with a certain consciousness of his most singular abilities, had much emboldened the little musician. Being, therefore, the next year at one of the German courts, where the Elector encouraged him, by saying he had nothing to fear from his august presence,

"Descent from the Cross" of large dimensions, in which the graceful painter of "The Rising Sun" has shown, in one of the most

little Mozart immediately sat down with great confidence to his harpsichord, informing his highness that he had played before the empress.

"At seven years of age his father carried him to Paris, where he so distinguished himself by his compositions, that an engraving was made of him.

"... In this print, little Mozart is styled, 'Compositeur et Maître de Musique, Agé de sept ans.'

"Upon leaving Paris, he came over to England, where he continued more than a year. As during this time, I was witness of his most extraordinary abilities as a musician, both at some public concerts, and, likewise, by having been alone with him for a considerable time at his father's house, I send you the following account, amazing and incredible almost as it may appear.

pathetic subjects of Christian art, that he was capable of representing the strong emotions of sacred subjects no less admirably than the joyous tranquillities of pastoral life. One of Vandervelde's most successful efforts, perhaps, in this peculiar branch of his profession, is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is dated 1608. The Virgin is represented as supported by cushions, which are placed on the ground, and holding the Infant Jesus in her lap. Joseph is seated on the stone pedestal of a fountain, some distance off. On the other side of the Virgin is an ass, while behind her is a sheep in the act of grazing. The figures of the two animals are in the master's best style. Had Vandervelde lived a few years longer, he might probably have gained further reputation by these works, and have given to the world his *Æneid* as a sequel to his *Bucolics*. It was, however, determined otherwise. As we have seen, he was snatched away in the full vigour of his talent at an age when his contemporaries might naturally have expected a long series of fresh masterpieces from his prolific pencil.

In the present day the name of Vandervelde recalls only ideas of rustic scenes, of peaceful cattle ruminating in the midst of the artless sheep lying at their feet, and of rich pastures where the flocks are wandering listlessly about, while the shepherd is sleeping under the thick foliage of the beech-trees.

Adrian Vandervelde was one of the most skilful engravers of the Dutch school, as well as a correct, delicate, and harmonious painter.

The catalogues of Dutch sales do not mention more than twenty-two subjects engraved by this master. Adam Bartsch was acquainted with only twenty-one, and yet we have every reason to believe that the subjects engraved by Vandervelde were at least twenty-four in number. In the catalogue which we are about to give, we shall preserve the number and titles adopted by Adam Bartsch:—

1. "The Cowherd and the Bull." In the upper left-hand corner we find: *A. V. V. f. 1659*, and at the right: *Just. Danckerts, exc.*

2. "The Cow Lying down." On a rough stone to the left is written: *Adrian Van de Velde, f. 1657*.

"I carried to him a manuscript duet, which was composed by an English gentleman to some favourite words in Metastasio's opera of 'Demofonte.'"

"The whole score was in five parts; viz. accompaniments for a first and second violin, the two vocal parts, and a bass.

"I shall here likewise mention that the parts for the first and second voices were written in what the Italians style the *contralto* cleff. The reasons for taking notice of which particular will appear hereafter.

"My intention in carrying with me this manuscript composition was to have an irrefragable proof of his abilities as a player at sight, it being absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen the music before.

"The score was no sooner put upon his desk, than he began to play the symphony in a most masterly manner, as well as in the time and style which corresponded with the intention of the composition. I mention this circumstance, because the greatest masters often fail in these particulars on the first trial.

"The symphony ended, he took the upper part, leaving the under one to his father . . . His father was once or twice out, though the passages were not more difficult than those in the upper part, on which occasions the son looked back with some anger, pointing out to him his mistakes and setting him right.

" . . . Having been informed that he was often visited by musical ideas, to which, even in the middle of the night, he would give utterance on his harpsichord, I told his father that I should be glad to hear some of his extemporary compositions. . . I said to the boy that I should be glad to hear an extemporary 'Love Song,' such as his friend Manzoli might choose in an opera. The boy on this (who continued to sit at his harpsichord) looked back with much archness, and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to introduce a love song. He then played a symphony which might correspond with an air composed to the single word *Affetto*.

"It had a first and second part, which, together with the symphonies, was of the length that opera songs generally last. If this extemporary composition was not amazingly capital, yet it was really above mediocrity, and showed most extraordinary readiness of invention."

3. "The Three Oxen." Below, at the left near a stick: *A. V. Velde, f.*

4. "The Two Cows and the Sheep." Toward the bottom, on the right-hand, close to a stick, we read: *A. V. V. f.*

5. "The Three Cows." The letters *A. V. V. f.* are to be seen in the left-hand corner of the engraving.

6. "The Ox in the Water." At the top, on the left-hand side: *A. V. V. f.*

7. "The Horse." We read at the bottom, on the left-hand side: *A. V. V. f.*

8. "The Calf." At a little distance towards the right will be seen a prostrate tree, where, on the stump, may be observed in reversed letters: *A. V. Velde, f. 1659*.

9. "The Dogs." In the upper part, at the left, is written: *A. V. Velde, f. 1657*.

10. "The Goats." The name *A. V. Velde, f.* is inscribed in the upper right-hand corner.

These ten pieces were executed at the age of eighteen or twenty, and the engraving already shows the hand of a practised master. At the Rigal sale, in 1817, they were sold in one lot for the sum of £2.

11. "The Cow and the Two Sheep at the Foot of a Tree." In the centre, at the bottom, we read: 1670, *A. V. V. F.* This plate is the masterpiece of the artist.

12. "The Pied Bull and the Three Sheep." This piece is equally remarkable; at the bottom, on the left-hand side, is written: *A. V. V. F.*, and beneath it, 1670.

13. "The Two Cows at the Foot of a Tree." Below, on the left-hand side: *A. V. V. F.* This plate is executed in the same style as the former.

(These three plates fetched £16 at the Rigal sale).

14. "The Sheep." Marked *A. V. V. F.* 1670, below, on the right side.

15. "The Two Sheep." Below, to the left, *A. V. V. F.* 1670.

(These two plates, in superb proofs, were sold for £4 at the same sale.)

16. "The Goats." In the lower left-hand corner: *A. V. V.*

These six plates ordinarily go together as forming a series. They are very rare, particularly the last one. Adrian engraved them two years before his death. The drawing is admirable, the style is large, the landscape and the herbage are done with richness, and expression not laboured, and in excellent taste.

17. "The Shepherd and the Shepherdess with their Flock." We find, in the upper part, on the left-hand: *Adriaen Van de Velde, fe. et Exc.*, 1653. This plate is very scarce. (It was sold at the Rigal sale for £8.)

18. "The Castle Gate." On the left-hand side, above: *A. V. Velde, f.* 1653. The figure 3 is reversed.

19. "Hunters Resting." On the left-hand side, above: *A. V. Velde, f.* 1653. (This plate fetched the sum of £14.)

20. "Countryman and Countrywoman." This plate is extremely rare, and does not bear any date. Bartsch, who made a magnificent copy of it, believed the original to date from 1653.

21. "Peasant on Horseback." In the upper right-hand corner is written *A. V. Velde, f.* 1653. This plate is the rarest of all; it has also been copied by Bartsch. (It was sold for £4.)

These five engravings are feeble, and executed in fine, but rather meagre, lines. Adrian engraved them when only fourteen years of age.

The following are the pieces which have not been described by Bartsch:—

22. "Landscape," partly bordered by a river. On the right-hand side two villagers standing; further on a cottage and an inn, with a carriage standing near one of them, the horses taken out; some travellers and a four-wheeled carriage are in front of the other; to the left, at the water's edge, a boat on the stocks; the spire of a village church appears on the horizon, on the other side a flight of birds; towards the right, and nearly over the inn, is inscribed: *A. V. Velde, f.* This plate is not highly-finished.

At present only two proofs of this plate are known to be in existence; one which, in the Rigal sale in 1817, sold for £16; the other in the collection of the King of the Netherlands.

23. "Girl Spinning, seated near a tent where a man is lying

down; she is speaking to a peasant who is in a hollow road, and leaning on the bank near her feet; beyond, on the left, an ass and two goats; on the same side, in the sky, *A. V. Velde, f.*; below, 1653. The figure 3 is reversed.

This proof, the only one known, was bought at the Rigal sale for £88, and was formerly in the collection of M. Van Leyden the younger, which was sold at Amsterdam in 1811.

24. "A Cavalier and Two Huntsmen." The cavalier, with his left hand elevated, appears to be pointing out a place of meeting to one of the huntsmen, who is standing near him, with his hat in his hand and his gun on his shoulder; behind them is a large tree. The other huntsman is seated on the opposite side on some rising ground, with his hand resting on a gun; behind him are five dogs of different breeds; on the left-hand side, in the sky: *A. V. Velde, f.* 1653; the whole traced in reversed characters.

This plate sold at the Rigal sale for the same price as the preceding one, £88, and came originally from the same collection.

These three pieces were engraved during Adrian's youth.

If the engravings of Adrian Vandervelde are the delight of amateurs, his pictures, not less sought after, are the ornament of many public galleries and private collections.

The Louvre possesses six valuable compositions by Vandervelde:—

"A Flock of Sheep and Cattle on the Banks of a River," also called "The Rising Sun," which those experienced in such matters valued at £1,440 at the time of the French Empire, and at £1,000 under the Restoration in 1816.

"A Pasturage with Flocks," valued at £480 under the Empire, and £600 after the Restoration.

"The Beach at Scheveling," valued at £720 and £480.

"A Shepherd and his Wife playing with their Child," valued at £240 and £400.

"Landscape and Animals," valued at £200 and £120.

"Winter Amusements," valued at £100 and £120.

The Belvedere Collection at Vienna contains only one painting by this master, signed and dated 1664. It represents "A Landscape," with a small flock near a stream.

In the Museum at Munich there are five or six charming paintings by Adrian, all representing, with some variations, his favourite subjects.

The Royal Gallery at Dresden only possesses one.

There are only two at Amsterdam,—one representing "A Landscape," in which we see a woman seated upon a horse, a herdsman on an ass, some sheep, a dog, and in a river a boat bearing men and animals. This painting is carefully and delicately worked out. In the second, a peasant woman is seated before a cottage; there are several groups of cows and sheep, and a man riding on a white horse. This picture displays great delicacy of handling.

The Royal Museum at the Hague possesses two of minor importance.

The Collection at Dulwich College contains two very remarkable paintings by Vandervelde.

In the collection of Sir Robert Peel there are two specimens of this master's best style,—a herdsman and a young milkmaid, five cows, two pigs, some poultry, and a frozen canal.

In the Bridgewater Gallery there is a picture of two cows and a sheep by Vandervelde. A small work, but most luminous in effect.

Lord Ashburton possesses "The Haymaking," a loaded waggon before a haystack, with four men and two women; and another picture representing a flock of sheep and two horses in a meadow.

In the well-known collection at Grosvenor House, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, may be seen a delightful picture by Vandervelde, dated 1658, when the artist was scarcely nineteen years of age; it represents cows, pigs, sheep, some fowls, a man, and two women.

Among Mr. T. H. Hope's pictures there is a Vandervelde, representing "A Meadow," in which are cows and horses, with herdsman.

In Pall-mall, in the private collection of George IV., we find "A Landscape," enriched with two cows, and a horse that is drinking; further on, a woman who is drawing water, and convers-

ing with a man on a white horse. The picture, which is delicately painted, is dated 1659.

In the collection of Earl Grey, there are two good pictures of cattle by Vandervelde.

At Sutton House, the property of the Marquis of Bute, there is a composition by this master of an old herdsman, a shepherder, and a flock reposing near a stream—a small painting of such delicate execution, that we think it preferable to many of his larger works.

It now only remains for us to mention the prices at which pictures of Adrian Vandervelde have been disposed of at public

At the Julienne Sale, 1767.—Two small pictures fetched 3,000 livres (£120). In the one there are two cows, one of them standing, the other lying down; three sheep near a large tree, watched by a young boy; to the left a cottage, to the right in the distance several animals. In the other, a herdsman, and a woman spinning, with two cows and two sheep.

A subject containing two cows, one lying down, the other drinking, four sheep, a ram, and a goat, with a shepherd and shepherders in the background, 1,011 livres (£40).

Live de Jully Sale, 1770.—A group of three figures, a woman, sleeping, and two men, with three cows, goats, and sheep, 3,100 livres (£124).

Blondel de Gagny Sale, 1776. Five pictures by Vandervelde, among which we must mention that which represents two men near a cottage; one, whose back is seen, holds a gray horse by the bridle; the other, on horseback, is seen in full face; a woman suckling a child, accompanied by a blind man who is playing on a flute and soliciting alms; his dog is held by a string. This celebrated picture, which we have engraved under the title of "The Blind Man," was sold for 14,981 livres (£599). The other four pieces fetched the sums of 2,000 livres (£80), and 1,000 livres (£40).

Prince de Conty's Sale, 1777.—Seven pictures by Vandervelde:—

"The Beach at Scheveling," which is now in the Louvre, 5,072 livres (£203).

A frozen canal, engraved by Allamet, under the title of "Winter Amusements," from the Mariette collection, 4,000 livres (£160).

A man sleeping, and a woman sitting down speaking to a man on horseback, some sheep, goats, and cows, 2,610 livres (£104).

"A Landscape;" cows and sheep; in the middle distance, a man near a cottage and a woman milking a cow, 2,450 livres (£98).

"The Forest of La Hague," in which are several animals, 900 livres (£36).

The others, which sold for about 500 livres (£20), were of minor importance.

Randon de Boissët's Sale, 1777.—Five pictures by Vandervelde; one, in particular, of considerable importance, containing four cows, one of which is drinking, and two men, one of them fishing with a rod and line. This picture is dated 1664, and is eighteen inches high, and two feet two inches wide, and sold for 20,000 livres (£800). It is in the Louvre, and is known under the title of "The Rising Sun." The four others reached the sums of 7,000 livres (£280), 5,000 livres (£200), and 4,800 livres (£192).

Robit Sale, 1801.—"Haymaking;" ten figures, with a loaded waggon, drawn by two white horses. We have given this picture, which was engraved by Boissieu, and fetched the price of 9,900 francs (£396).

The Chevalier Erard's Sale, 1832.—Five pictures by Vandervelde. A peasant woman seated by a brook in the middle of a landscape, suckling her child; at her feet is a boy caressing a dog; further on, cows, goats, and sheep, 8,550 francs (£354). The four others, 3,320 francs (£132), 700 francs (£28), 3,129 francs (£125), and 201 francs (£8).

Duke de Berri's Sale, 1837.—"Mercury and Argus;" a white cow, sheep and rains, 9,500 francs (£360). "The Pastoral Musician," 4,410 francs (£176 8s. 4d.).

Count Perregaux's Sale, 1841.—"The Start for the Hunt;" containing five huntsmen, two horses, pack of hounds, etc.: a large and beautiful composition, 26,850 francs (£1,074).

Paul Perrier's Sale, 1843.—"Landscape;" animals at the watering-place, 9,000 francs (£360).

Duval de Genève's Sale, 1843.—Two Vanderveldes: first, "View

of Scheveling;" a sandy beach, with a fisherman lying down, and another standing; a dog gnawing a bone; in the background some small figures and some vessels, 3,400 francs (£136); second, five beautiful cows, a peasant endeavouring to embrace a young girl without being aware that he is observed by a herdsman, 24,925 francs (£997).

Adrian Vandervelde almost always signed his etchings and paintings as follows:—

A. V. Velde

A.V.V. p. 1610.

A.V.V.

spared to it, might have excelled in the sculptor's art, and rivalled, indeed more than rivalled, the figures of Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, and the busts of the honourable Mrs. Damer.

The visitor to the Fine Arts' Court of the Great Exhibition may have observed amongst the smaller, but not least beautiful objects of art, a little statuette of Waverley, exquisitely carved in ivory. It was but a few inches in height, stood beneath a glass shade on a small black pedestal, and arrested the attention of even the uncritical eye by the beauty of its proportions, the delicacy of the carving, and the spirit with which Scott's first prose hero had been conceived and represented. Turning to the catalogue, this brief notice, at page 151, added surprise and interest to the admiration elicited:—"Class 30, No. 186, Stirling, Elizabeth, Mrs. Pinn's, St. Thomas, Exeter. Des.—Statuette of Waverley, in ivory, carved by a



THE MORASS.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

ELIZABETH STIRLING, THE SCULPTOR.

BY SILVERPEN.

"Oh! weep for Adonis—he is dead."

AMONGST the speculative thoughts incident to an event like the Great Exhibition, none was of more interest than that relating to the lives and labours of the individuals who contributed to so magnificent a result. From the poor Hindoo weaver, or the Tunician designer, to the artist-potter of Dresden and the scientific engineer or mechanist of our own country—what histories might have been written of patience, earnestness, endurance under countless difficulties, of noble motives, and exalted aspirations! There was not, we may be sure, one fragment of human labour there, however rude or simple, that had not called into action some of the best qualities of the human soul; and there were romances of labour, that if written or known, would have enhanced the world's idea of human nature. Much as is necessarily unspoken and evanescent in the psychological progress of labour, some such histories might be imagined, some were known; and, here and there, a few brief records in the official catalogue, gave us glimpses that stimulated the purest curiosity. A simple history, so indicated, we now proceed to write. We do so with a faltering pen, for friendship and attachment had latterly enriched that history to us; and now, alas! the world no longer holds a genius that, had life and maturity been

self-taught artist, twenty years of age, from her own conception of the character of Waverley, without the aid of any drawing or modelling." Such was the truth; though richer facts lay hidden beneath.

If there be a characteristic more broad and marked than another between genius and talent, it is the universality of power in the former. This is Shakspeare's distinctive characteristic beyond that of all other men; it is Milton's; it is that of the greatest painters as well as the greatest musicians. Recollect Michael Angelo—recollect Mozart! and it is equally a characteristic of the higher degree of female intellect. This power would, perhaps, be better expressed by the word *comprehensiveness*, or the faculty of not so much doing many clever things, as the general perception of how they are done; though, at the same time, one faculty or power predominates above the rest. This, as in so many cases of real genius, was a distinctive feature of Miss Stirling's intellect. She wrote with facility in verse; often admirably in prose; and possessed a range of intellectual power rarely equalled; yet she was emphatically an artist in that highest of all departments—delineation of the human form.

Elizabeth Stirling, who was of Scottish extraction, was born at Newton Abbot, in the county of Devon, January 2nd, 1831, at which place her father kept a school. When she was three years old, he was appointed master to the Free School of Colyton in the

same county, whither she accompanied her parents. Here she remained till 1839. They were then so good as to entrust her to the tender care of the two excellent aunts, who were affectingly connected with her future history, and who resided at a pretty rustic cottage of their own at St. Thomas, near Exeter. But the child and parents saw each other at stated intervals; the summer months being always spent at Colyton by the aunts and their beloved charge.

Prodigies in childhood no more result in gifted men or women than a facile knack of rhyming constitutes a poet. Yet there is a certain degree of intelligence and comprehension in a child that indicates much; and it is a curious mental, as well as psychological fact, that where this intelligence is high in kind, its first spontaneous efforts at expression are usually in verse. We could give countless instances of this, were it worth while—and amongst men whose after intellectual excellences were of the severest and gravest character. An analogy in this case would seem to lie

she wrote some verses "On being left alone on the Sabbath," which, though still childlike in rhyme and unpolished in diction, elucidate that most consoling of all mortal thoughts, that God is present with us everywhere; and show her devotional, as well as metaphysical, cast of ideas even whilst so young.

But it was towards art—the art of form—that the light of her genius began so rapidly to shine. It sought expression, and found the means where only genius would have found it. Bits of bone and ivory were searched for or begged from friends. From these, and with no better graver than a common penknife, exquisite things were fashioned as well as carved; paper knives, seals, figures, and other small objects. Parasol and umbrella handles were, as she once told us, her great resource at this period. "But how could you learn to cut a substance so very hard as bone or ivory?" we asked; "it must have hurt your fingers so." "No, the power came to me I don't know how; and auntie would be often surprised at the change I had made in one of her parasol tops." Yes! this



HAYMAKING. — FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

between the first dawns of creative power in the child, and the first intellectual tastes of vigorous, but rude, nations. Thus, this young child, whose love of art, as it related to form, was afterwards uncontrollable, repeated little hymns at twenty months old with great distinctness; at eight years old she wrote them; and somewhat at the same date, or rather earlier, she began to draw figures of little men with a pen. Some of these latter are preserved, that were traced by her baby-hand at five years old. From her first verses, entitled "Morning Thoughts," and "Evening Thoughts," we extract a verse. The measure and ideas were undoubtedly caught up from the repetition of others' hymns, yet it is curious in a mental point of view.

"Father of light! the morning comes;
Praises and thanks we owe to Thee;
For Thou hast kept us through the night
In tranquil sleep, from labour free."

There was immense mental progression after this. At fourteen

is an eternal attribute of genius, to change the useless into the useful, and impress a beauty of its own upon the simplest things. By degrees, as gifts from various friends, Miss Stirling became possessor of more appropriate tools, much to the benefit of her artistic labours. At this period—namely, her thirteenth year—she received lessons in landscape-drawing from Mr. Williams of Exeter, for about ten months; and this, be it recollected, was all the instruction she had, in any branch of art, previously to her conception and carving of the statuette of Waverley. At the close of this brief period, the lessons had to be given up owing to the state of her health, which, always delicate, now greatly declined. Writing was even prohibited, as well as any kind of work that caused her to lean forward. But this latter prohibition was of little use. She wrote abundantly, though secretly, for she knew it was against the wishes of those who loved her tenderly. Her habit was to take a pencil and scraps of paper to bed with her, and rise to write at the first dawn of day. "Our talking, begging, or scolding, was of no

service," writes her youngest aunt to us in her most affecting letter; "it only made her try to hide it from us. But I don't think she would have lived without it." Her artistic labours, thus temporarily stayed, took a new direction. She cut out in paper landscapes diversified with human figures, which she either painted or pencilled. Many of these were so beautiful as to be considered worthy of preservation and framing.

After the age of sixteen, the young artist's health improved, and she was allowed to follow her old tastes without restriction. She drew, wrote, and carved by turns. A singular present now enriched her, and supplied the material for new and more elaborate carvings. This was a quantity of sea-horse teeth, such as are used by dentists. From these were produced brooches and other things of beautiful design.

In 1849, Miss Stirling commenced her brief connexion with literature and literary people. Lured by the progressive spirit of a journal of the day, she forwarded articles of considerable merit, more particularly those in prose. They were received with overwhelming gratulations and promises—the latter so golden and prolific, that the highest gifts of fortune seemed to have fallen at once, and without measure, at the young artist's feet. But these promises came to nothing. After three years' weary hopefulness, Miss Stirling found out her error; though at the same time newer and more sincere friends raised her drooping spirits by showing her, that disappointment in one literary quarter was not tantamount to all, that depression was unwise, and that all work must be accepted in noble faith, and with reference to its disappointments as well as to its triumphs. These friends at the same time pointed out to her, with judicious kindness, that with a faculty so great as hers, it was to the art of sculpture that her attention ought to be permanently directed.

In the year succeeding that in which the sea-horse teeth had so enriched her, the same friend presented Miss Stirling with two fine pieces of ivory. They were larger in size than any she had yet carved; and the subject of the Great Exhibition occupying at that time everybody's mind, the thought struck her that she would use her utmost skill, and prepare some piece of work for the Fine Arts' Court, which should excel anything she had previously effected. Scott's novels had already supplied her with countless day-dreams, and she had little hesitation in choosing the character of Waverley for her imagined statuette. But there arose a point of difficulty as to what should be the attitude. "There is much hesitation in the character of Waverley," thought the young artist; "and this I must endeavour to express as the leading idea. But what would be the characteristic attitude of such doubt or vacillation?" By one of those intuitive flashes of thought that are the prerogative of all true creative power, it occurred to her that her own condition in asking herself such a question was itself one of hesitation. "Therefore my attitude at this moment will be the true one for Waverley. What is it?" Rousing herself to observant consciousness, she found it was one of thoughtful rest, with the index finger of her left hand to her lips. There was no longer a moment's delay—she saw Waverley prefigured in the ivory, and began her work, without design, drawing, or model, other than the conception in her own mind. In three weeks this elaborate work was finished, and Waverley stood revealed!

The influence of true genius is as beneficent as it is exalted. Of the homage paid to the productions of Scott, none was ever surely more genuine than this dedication of the young artist's labours to the representation of one of his most delightful, if not greatest characters. His most humorous smile would have been her reward if he could have looked upon the handsome face of his hero, and the pre-Raphaelite care bestowed upon curls and ruffles, hat and sword! And what pity would have been his, had he at the same time seen her early fate, and foreseen the return of this precious gift of genius to the Great Giver!

"The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew."

By the aid of a friend, Waverley was mounted, and consigned to the Great Exhibition. Miss Stirling at the same time repaired to London, in pursuit of those literary illusions we have before referred to. Nothing but procrustean hopes was the result, and she returned to the country after a lengthened absence, ill and insupportably depressed. But the success of the little statuette—

valued at ten guineas—was decided. A bronze medal was awarded to her, and her further pursuit of art resolved upon. She returned to London, in the guardianship of her youngest aunt, who from this time watched her through her London life with anxious solicitude. In this duty she was after a while assisted by her sister, Mrs. Pinn—who, giving up her cottage and the pleasures of a country life, came purposely to London to join in this pious care of their beloved child. No more than Milton can be separated from the image of his father, or Cowper from that of his mother—can Elizabeth Stirling from those of her incomparable aunts. Their little Islington parlour was a picture worth going far to see.

In February, 1852, Miss Stirling became a student in the Government School of Design, Gower-street, Bedford-square. With her usual enthusiasm she began and carried on her work, and, fertile in invention, countless other things besides. She was soon tacitly the leader of the junior room, though unconsciously to herself—and the post was resigned to her with inconceivable good-nature. If an eager discussion was being carried on, Elizabeth Stirling was at its head; if there was anything to be written, she was both author and scribe; if a grievance of that small republic of art had to be represented, hers was the voice—and the amount and kind of authorship and discussion that was carried on would startle many who have had no insight into these female republics. Art, politics, theology, anatomy, philosophy, and metaphysics, were in turn discussed—and that one voice, with but scanty scholarship, but commanding grasp of intellect which in a great degree supplied the deficiency, was certain to be at the head and have the best of every argument. Not content with this, private classes were organised among the pupils themselves, for all sorts and kinds of culture. Miss Stirling was as busy as a bee amidst these. A sketching class, an anatomy class, a class for drawing humorous figures, one for e-say writing, and so on—in fact, the enthusiasm of knowledge could go no further—in each of these she had officiating duties. A curious fact was begotten by this intellectual ferment. As the reader may recollect, at the time when preparations were making for the Duke of Wellington's funeral, the task of embroidering the pall was consigned to a certain number of the young ladies belonging to the senior classes of the Female School of Design. This circumstance led to a general desire among the pupils to witness the forthcoming funeral procession from no less a place than Somerset House. How could this be accomplished? After much discussion, it was agreed that an address must be written, and presented to the gentlemen of the Department of Practical Art, or in other words, the Board of Trade! What sort of an address? A poetical one, suggested Elizabeth Stirling. The suggestion was enthusiastically received—and to Miss Stirling the task was, as a matter of course, consigned. Without premeditation she turned away to her pencils and scraps of paper, and wrote, as it were *impromptu*, what follows. It was amongst the best things she ever wrote.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART—FROM
THE STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 37, GOWER STREET,
● LONDON.

Most Friendly, Practical, and Gallant,—
We ladies hence appeal to you,
Revering wisdom, valour, talent,
As earnest students ought to do.

This Nursery of Art expresses
Our Lady-Sovereign's love and taste—
Which, in confessing, thus confesses
By woman's progress she is grac'd.

We would—our loyal feelings showing
In more than 'broider'd ornament—
In more than form and colour glowing,
Ourselves to her design be lent.

We hold ourselves part of her glory,
As titled Lords and Captains be;
Ourselves would aid to trace the story,
Which crowns the grave of Victory.

Would join the acknowledgments of splendour
For warfare waged, that war may cease;
We ask to watch our Land's Defender
Pass, honour'd, to the Home of Peace.

With all our joys of truth and beauty—
 With train'd appreciating mind—
 To contemplate the end of duty,
 And, in the lesson, grow refin'd,
 We would behold the Grand Procession—
 The signal of a land's regret—
 From that proud Hall of Art's profession,
 The regal House of Somerset.

Never were the promptings of female curiosity more delicately veiled; and we can fancy the mirth of the grave gentlemen to whom this poetical address was written and sent—for sent it was—producing the result desired, with the exception that Marlborough House was substituted for that of Somerset.

Previously to this, Miss Stirling had been introduced to Mr. Behnes, the eminent sculptor. He at once formed a high opinion of her capability, gave her lessons gratuitously whenever her time permitted, and allowed her to model under the care of his artists. Latterly—that is, through the spring and summer of 1853—she took these lessons frequently; and we, who often saw her on her way home from Mr. Behnes' studio, can never forget the enthusiasm with which she would relate her progress, or talk over her future plans of work, nor her expressions of grateful pleasure at the kindness shown to her. In fact, no one with the least pretension to feeling or heart, could act otherwise than justly and kindly to her. Her simplicity of character, her entire and most touching innocence, her disregard of self, the generosity and truth that neither allowed her to think or speak evil of others, were the most perfect we ever knew. She was not without faults; but they arose from disease rather than nature. Age and more culture would have tempered her egotism; and better health and stronger nerves added perseverance to a naturally great firmness of character.

With the judgment of a true master, Mr. Behnes likewise supplied Miss Stirling with elementary works, as collateral to her modelling. This elementary knowledge was precisely what she needed, both as respected literature as well as art. Up to a certain age she had lived buried in the country, surrounded by no intelligence superior or equal to her own; and with the usual result, of leading the individual to aim at ends before means are effected. Quiet, judicious, logical culture was what her mind required, as the means of tempering a somewhat exuberant enthusiasm, and justifying the possibility of expected results. This advantage, both as respected art and book-knowledge, was becoming hers, when her life so unexpectedly and prematurely closed.

Our first acquaintance with Miss Stirling began in November, 1852, when she paid us a visit. We talked of countless congenial subjects—of art and the spirit of our time—of literature and of the glory and dignity of all work. The history of the little statuette was related; with it, all the struggles of conscious genius; and we never can again listen to anything that more deeply interested us. We listened quietly to the story of literary disappointment, and at once austere negatived depression on its account. There were other and noble sources of work; yet, at the same time, we gave it as our opinion that Art and Literature were jealous masters, and could not be efficiently served at one and the same time; and with genius so decided, and with sculpture so unhacknied as a female pursuit, it might be well to direct attention to this, and this alone. But it was evident that the counter-current towards literature ran very strong. Her natural capacity was so excellent that she would have excelled in either—perhaps in both; and there can be no doubt that the metaphysical cast of her mind, her power of seizing remote analogies, would have led her to choose subjects for sculpture that might have assisted the progress, and enlarged the taste, or rather the spiritualism, of modern art. She might have seized the Spirit of her Time, and set it broadly in sculpture; thus realising Mackay's beautiful lines:

"And what'er thy medium be,
 Canvas, stone, or printed sheet,
 Fiction, or philosophy,
 Or a ballad from the street.
 Or, perchance, with passion fraught,
 Spoken words, like lightnings thrown,
 Tell the people all thy thought,
 And the world shall be thy own."

It would have been in some form of expression of this nature, that her genius would have found its vent. In writing, fiction or narrative formed—as we think she told us—no portion of her power. But in analogies, in inductions drawn from facts, in speculative trains of thinking, her genius excelled. As experience and age advanced, this would have told in her sculptured productions. She might have placed, as it were, some of the ideas of the age in stone or marble, and thus beneficially led sculpture away from its eternal copy of Grecian masterpieces. The simple, the ideal, the natural, exists now, as it did when the Venus de' Medici, the Hercules, or the Laocoon were sculptured; and that alone is genius which will attempt and succeed in giving us equal masterpieces, conceived with reference to and in the spirit of its newer age. That a prolific age of art, so distinguished and so characterised, will come, nay, is rapidly approaching, is what we earnestly believe. It will be different from any foregone, and in its successes, woman's labour and idealism will take their share; for there are branches in all the arts which none but she can effect. Had Elizabeth Stirling survived, it might have been her destined work to have anticipated, in some degree, this phase of advancing time; or, at least, to show the capacities that lie hidden in it. But, even if she had not advanced so far, but only indicated woman's capacity for the sculptor's art, and her ability to assume it as a profession for bread—she would have done much. Each day only increases the degree in which woman is thrown upon her own resources for the wherewith to live. Teaching and literature are the only channels in which she can seek this object; and these do not afford remuneration for the half who seek it. Were this the place to discuss broadly the question of labour, we think we could place this relation of it in a different and more advanced light; namely, in a general elevation of the social idea of labour, and woman's own cheerful descent to many useful forms of it, which she now, if educated, thinks irrelevant to her position and intelligence. Leaving this point—the enlargement of any profession to woman's capacity and duty would be a blessing. In sculpture there is a visible field for this, in our want of a more multiplied and advanced household art. Twenty or thirty years ago, the plaster casts, which replaced the parrots and cats of a bygone time, were an immense advance, and educated, there can be no doubt, popular taste in an inconceivable degree. We need now to proceed onward. The public eye is at this date too well cultivated to tolerate one-sided Venuses and unartistic Wellingtons—though bought for sixpence. We advocate cheapness, for it is a necessary item in the cultivation of household adornment—but better things are at the present date needed for the money. Why cannot woman's taste and labour be directed towards the supply of this need; and her idealism find other scope than in conceiving the mawkish woes of ill-paid fiction? She could be the sculptor of the original statue, as well as the supplier of copies—this with reference, too, to more cognate subjects than Italian taste or predilections would or could give us. It is said, our race is cold and un-ideal. We best answer the accusation by mentioning Shakspeare, Burns, and Goldsmith; and of a later day, our wondrous palace of glass and iron—itsself, the unmistakeable sign of a great approaching age of true art. There are facts, too, in our history that would afford noble and relevant subjects enough for this need—not to mention that our present material advance is full of true idealism; and that the future—the cosmopolitan future—is also full of the grandest imaginative suggestions for that pure class of art which alone should environ us in the sanctity of home. Be this as it may, a necessity exists, an advance is needed—and in its behalf, let woman fashion the clay and use the chisel!

Miss Stirling had already contributed some papers to periodical literature, and through this last cheerful season of her life literary friends aided her efforts by judicious advice and assistance. Amongst these friends she reckoned Mrs. and Miss Howitt, Miss Frances Brown, and others, who, all alike, warmly regarded her. Miss Howitt, herself a fine artist, greatly appreciated her talents. Her time, apart from her artistic duties, was but little, indeed too little for her health; yet she usually spent the Saturday—her only holiday—in the Reading Room of the British Museum, in pursuance of those elementary studies that she found would be of service to her. She also contributed two excellent papers, one on "Schools

of Design," the other entitled "Gold," to our pages. The latter, especially, is marked by great originality of thought.

As summer advanced, those self-instituted classes, to which we have before referred, were carried out still more effectively. There were sketching parties that visited, for pleasure and art, Hampstead and other places in the neighbourhood of London; books were sought at the British Museum for views of Alpine scenery; and the humorous style of drawing found time and place. To this latter class belonged a remarkable sketch Miss Stirling made of "Tam O'Shanter's encounter with the Witches on returning from the Fair." Their figure and attitude, as half-clothed in mist they gather round and assail Tam, his attitude and expression of face, and the terror exhibited in every muscle of his reined-in, snorting horse, form a most striking sketch, and evince power and humour of no common kind. For Tam, though wonder-stricken, looks more puzzled than terrified at the hurly-burly that thus so suddenly encompasses him. In thus referring again to Miss Stirling's labours of love amidst her fellow-students, mention must not be omitted of Mrs. M'Ian's unvarying kindness to her gifted pupil, or to the solicitude with which she watched her progress. As far as regarded drawing, there were undoubtedly some, even amongst the junior classes, superior to Miss Stirling; but in general gifts, and in the direction of her taste for form, there can be no doubt she was unequalled. To this predilection in her pupil, Mrs. M'Ian ministered, as did also her gifted conadjutor and teacher, Miss Louisa Gann, whose name, as the reader may recollect, is connected with so many fine designs in art-manufacture. For Mrs. M'Ian Miss Stirling always expressed the greatest and most respectful admiration and gratitude; and her enthusiastic desire to please that lady, and give proof that she was a diligent and earnest pupil, was too affectingly connected with the last moments of her life, to be taken otherwise than at its full amount of entire sincerity and beauty. For Miss Gann there was equal admiration, mingled with the most touching affection; and were we at liberty to mention one lovely act of thoughtful generosity of this lady towards her pupil, it would render only what is due. Yet one thing is evident in this beautiful instance, as in many others, that with her better education, woman's moral nature is gaining strength and expansiveness; and that those whose genius is telling with most effect upon the age, even if silently, are characterised by a nobility and a beauty of self-sacrifice peculiarly and touchingly their own.

At the usual vacation of the Government Schools of Design, Miss Stirling, with her aunts, left London for Devonshire. The last time we saw her, though she was looking weak and ill, her old enthusiasm was in no way abated. "What do you think I am going to do?" were almost the first words she said to us. "Why, try for one of the prizes for sculpture at the next Exhibition of Art at Marlborough House. And oh! I will work so hard; for I should like to please Mrs. M'Ian and Mr. Behnes." We shook our head, and said she had better run about the fields, and get rest and air. "That I will do, and work too; for I've got such a capital subject! It is no less than the old town-crier of Colyton. He is very deformed, but full of humour and character; and he will be patient whilst I work, for I have known him from the time I was a child; and he will be rather proud, I think, to see an imitation of his oddities."

A little circumstance occurred that same evening which was quite in keeping with our first interview, and our talk about sculpture and Waverley. We had bought in the street a little sixpenny cast of Power's Greek Slave, and had been trying to smooth some of its angularities with a penknife. The little artist's quick eye saw this, and said: "Let me—I will finish it." As soon as tea was over, she brought out her working-apron from the old reticule, and some chisels, and began to smooth the excrescences which had pained our eye. This was a work of some time; and as she stood there in the waning light of that July evening, with her picturesque apron spotted with clay, and with her spiritual, earnest face bent over the tiny figure, she was herself a model for a sculptor. Not that she was beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term; but there was a vitality of intellect in every action and look that had a charm and worth of their own. She was small and slight in her person, but with a certain expression or air in both gait and movements that was rather masculine than feminine. This was in-

creased by the custom of wearing her hair in long short curls round her head, by her close-fitting unadorned dress, and by a favourite way she had of resting her hand on her hip, or brushing back her hair with it, when, with upturned face, she stood or sat, or was even quietly talking. Her friends used to smile at these little oddish ways, and yet they dearly loved them. Her face and hands were both wonderfully full of expression. Brow and eyes, nose and mouth—the two latter especially—were full of the intensest expression of intellect, shadowed by a touch of melancholy that rather added to than detracted from it. Then her hands, even when they were more fitted for the sculptor's art. Rather large, and of great strength, they seemed made to model and carve and mould, and the fingers always looked as if they were in the very act of smoothing surfaces into roundness, and lines into curves of beauty. Then, as Kettles did, these hands looked so old, as if on them were written the first signs of premature decay!

Instead of resting when she reached Colyton, Miss Stirling proceeded with her model of the town-crier, and worked at it incessantly, in order to finish it by the time of her return to London. She succeeded in accomplishing her object, and the statue modelled in pipe-clay, and about a foot high, was a perfect triumph. It was her best and her last work! "People who knew the old man," wrote her aunt to us, "came from far and near to see it, and all pronounced the same judgment on it. The excitement, I fear, was as hurtful to her as the work had been; and her weakness brought on that insidious disease diabetes, which increased rapidly, and took a fatal direction towards the brain. Yet, whilst she continued sensible, her cheerfulness remained, and she had a smile and a kind look for all." Her love of writing was not extinguished till the end. The last time she sat up—four or five days before her death—she wrote these verses, so curious in a psychological point of view. They were found, after her death, amongst the leaves of a book she had been reading:

The universe, like a spirit bell,
Hung o'er my sleeping head;
Rolling its tones in solemn swell,
Tho' my dreaming ear was dead.

It seemed one fine and fading tone
That lived along the sky:—
As through the bell of time alone
Comes the peal of memory!

The sea was lit with a spirit blaze,
As the stars that live in light;
But before my eyes there stole a haze
Through which the stars took flight.

I cannot gaze on Nature's soul,
Nor form to me my own;
I cannot hear the tones that roll
From thought's commanding throne.

The string hangs slacken'd on the bow,
Its power and task unknown:
The voice of Nature's harp is low,
Hath miss'd her master-tone.

I catch no sound of stream or rill,
No words of bird or bee;
The sunny sermons cease to thrill,
The gladsome visions flee.

Yet, I could sing in weakly tone,

The song was for ever over—the voice was mute! Criticism has nothing to do with these visions of a soul ready to take its flight into the great mystery of Eternity—yet of which, we may have rightly abiding faith, is full of beneficence, progress, and glory. We stay our faltering pen!

Elizabeth Stirling died on the 26th of August, 1853, in the 23rd year of her age. Her simple history, revealing, as it does, so much real genius and admirable moral qualities, cannot be read, we think, without great interest; nor without a higher appreciation of those arts which humanise and exalt us all!

BREUGHEL DE VELOURS.



A CELEBRATED German baron, who is considered an authority in art—we suppose, because his books are very dear—M. de Heimerke, pretends that John Breughel was surnamed De Velours (velvety), because of the delicacy of his pencil; but to say nothing of the little connexion there would be between the nickname given to Breughel and the delicacy of his pencil, rather dry than soft, it is well known that the habit this painter had of wearing velvet



dresses was the true cause of the surname given to him. He belonged to a family of peasants which came originally from the village of Breughel, near Breda, whence they took their name. His father was that Peter Breughel who was called *le drôle*, because he painted the manners of the village, and particularly their fêtes, with a certain joviality and a sentiment of the picturesque, of

which art offers no other example, except in the works of the *inclyte* Van Thulden, and the *alacrité* Paténier, to use the words of the jolly curé of Meudon, Rabelais.

John Breughel was born at Brussels, in what year we cannot exactly say. Houbraken, in fixing the date in 1589, was undoubtedly mistaken, for we have in the archives of the Brotherhood of St. Luke d'Anvers, especially in the *Liggere*,* where are inscribed the names of all the members of the corporation, the proof that John Breughel was received a free master in 1597. According to the date given by Houbraken, he would have then been only ten years old. Other biographers fix the birth of Breughel de Velours in 1575, and this date is, at all events, much more likely. According to Karel Van Mander, the son of Peter Breughel was educated in the house of Peter Koeck d'Alost, his maternal grandfather; he there learnt to paint in miniature and in water-colours, and became so clever in his first pictures, representing fruit and flowers, that they passed for prodigies. He then studied oil-painting in the studio of Peter Goëkindt, whose fine cabinet served him instead of a master. This is all we know of the early days of John Breughel. That he was the pupil of his father, as Houbraken pretends, is very improbable, when we examine into the difference of their styles.

Whatever the truth of this theory, it is certain that John Breughel soon felt the humour of a landscape painter awake within him, and that he wished to travel, and make, as others had done, the tour through Italy. He remained some time at Cologne; it was doubtless here that he was struck for the first time with those picturesque points of view presented by the borders of a river, and with the good effects that can be produced in a landscape by barks seen in foreshortening as they ascend the current under sail, or when they are moored to the bank, along which stand houses with roofs of different shapes and form. Breughel, whose soul was

* See the excellent *Catalogue du Musée d'Anvers*, published by the Académie des Beaux Arts in that town.

wrapped up in the observation of nature, and who never ceased drawing provisionally all that appeared to him worthy of being painted, found on the borders of the Rhine subjects which subsequently became more familiar to him. What, however, appeared most seductive to him, was the occasion which presented itself of grouping a number of figures into little space; for no one excelled him in executing them, in preserving in the most minute proportions, correctness of motion, and perfect nature, without ever becoming vulgar. He was destined to lead the way in this style to the Abraham Storcks, the Francis de Paulo Fergs.

It was, however, by a picture of flowers that he established his reputation at Cologne, or at least by a picture in which shone above all a framework of fruits and flowers. It was "The Judgment of Solomon;" but not that by which the wise king discovered the good mother. The Queen of Sheba presented one day to the King of Israel six flowers of natural lilies and six flowers of artificial lilies, these latter so artistically imitated that it was very difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. The wise king caused a bee to decide the doubts of the spectators. Breughel has rendered this subject with affection, and we can easily see that flowers play as large a part in the painting as in the legend.

In the same way that Paul Bril, Coninxloo, David Vickenbooms, and Roland Savery, studied, John Breughel saw the colours of nature in their very highest intensity; he employed the tones of his pallet in all their energy, without hesitation, without thinking of softening their dazzling character. His greens and his blues are dazzling, like all those which had been brought into use by the first painters in oil, Hubert and Jehan van Eyck. It is an erroneous view, in our opinion, to attribute this crudity of tone to the disappearance of the layer of gum which toned them down, it is said, when the painter first finished them. If ignorant cleaners have sometimes destroyed the keeping of these old pictures, it is not the less certain that some have come down to us well preserved, and that these have a vivacity of colour which offends the eye, or, at all events, fatigues it. In Italy, as in the Low Countries, with the Germans as with the Spaniards, everywhere painting began by virgin tints and dazzling colours. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries presented to us the aspect of this phenomenon, which is easily to be explained by their near proximity to Gothic art, which had brought out the colours of the prism in sparkling splendour on the glass windows of churches and illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages with the most splendid tints.

From Cologne, Jean Breughel directed his steps towards Rome. His reputation, says D'Argenville, had gone before him. Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, having made his acquaintance, protected him, and even took him for some time into his service to paint a number of little pictures, which were afterwards taken to Milan. There was, for example, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "A perspective view of the Cathedral of Antwerp," "A St. Jerome in the Desert," of which the figure is by Crespi; and "The Four Elements," painted on copper, which passed for the masterpieces of the Flemish painter.

There is not a traveller, who goes to visit the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana of Milan, who has not been shown these marvellous pictures, of which the subject is so well chosen to show the qualities of Breughel of Velours; the richness of his imagination, capable of transforming earth into Paradise; his ability to render everything—animated and lively figures as well as the least details of still nature; his knowledge of animals; and his pallet, which was a jewel-box. The artists who have painted the "Four Elements" are innumerable. But with Breughel it was not, as often happens, a series of cold allegories, or a representation of the pleasures which man may find in the earth, in the water, in the air, or near fire. No. Breughel went to work in a more original style, and aimed at re-creating creation. On plates of copper, which were about two feet wide, he conceived the idea of putting a whole world—animals of all kinds, birds of the air, the fish of the ocean; and he gave to all these a freshness of tone, a light, a profusion of details which have never ceased delighting, during the course of two whole centuries, all the most tasteful and experienced amateurs and travellers who have seen them. "I know no painter," says Cambry, "whose colours sink deeper into the memory, if I may use such an expression."

In truth, Breughel dared to struggle against the beauties of nature. The earth is not with him a symbolical figure, a woman with her hair like a Sybil; it is the earth itself, that which we tread under foot, dressed in verdure, adorned with flowers, shaded by trees—the earth, with all the animals which inhabit it, from the most ferocious to the gentlest. It seems as if Breughel had transported himself in imagination to the fifth day of Genesis, and that he saw in the green plots of Eden, romping about in fraternal quarrels, all the wild beasts which ordinarily suggest to our minds carnage and blood, and whose mission appears to be that of devouring each other.

Fire is represented by a collection of all the instruments of alchemy, of all the tools manufactured on the anvil and in the forge, or that are made of glass; by a million of vases, of every variety of form, adorned, chased, sculptured in relief, finished by the brush of Breughel as they might have been by the chisel of Cellini. The air is peopled by birds, butterflies, beetles, flying insects, which a child with a glass watches as they fly through the clouds. Here are reproduced, in all their dazzling brightness, the beautiful plumage of the China pheasant, the pintado, the humming-bird, the kingfisher, which colours itself with all the tones of the rainbow, and shines with all the lustre of silk; the peacock with its splendid and harmonious tones, its wavy and fugitive shades, and its dazzling robe of rubies, emeralds, sapphire, gold, purple, and azure. Water shows us an innumerable quantity of fish and shells. But this time the history of creation is rendered complicated by mixing with it the fictions of the mythology. The humid element yields to the presence of an amorous naiad; carp are being wounded by Cupids; and, as if the painter was not satisfied with all the rich variety of colour which he was compelled to use when representing the finest products of the sea, he has dared, by a miracle of his palette, to imitate the luminous and celestial shadows of the belt of Iris. "Everything," says Cochin, in his "Voyage Pittoresque," "is represented so small that one is astonished that the pencil has been able to do it; but when we examine them with a magnifying-glass, our astonishment redoubles; for the animals and other objects are then found to be painted with the greatest truth of colour and form. They seem to move. They are drawn and touched up in the most admirable manner, and appear exquisitely finished, even with the magnifying-glass."

It is a remark useful to be recorded, that the Flemish painters who went to Rome in the sixteenth century, and even in the seventeenth, contracted, instead of a taste for religious subjects, a taste for mythological scenes. The Capital of Christianity, as it was called, had become the abode of paganism, and it was the divinities of Olympus that adorned the palaces of the princes of the church. The love of antiquity was then the mark of an elevated mind, and the gods of fable, of which the nineteenth century has become suddenly so tired, then filled the imaginations of poets and the compositions of painters. Breughel de Velours, who had found so much charm in painting naively a garland of flowers, then views of rivers, boats, mills, and peasants, now saw nothing else in nature but nymphs in the train of Diana. When he had to paint again and again his "Four Elements"—those little pictures of his being much esteemed, in which he elaborated, without confusion, a whole abridgement of the universe, and he was always being asked for copies and variations of them—Breughel borrowed his figures from the mythology. The sun crosses the sky in the car of Apollo; the nymphs of Permeasa are called upon to figure as the elements; and there is to be seen in the Louvre the muse Urania seated in clouds, figuring as the air, and holding on her fingers an attribute of the invention of Breughel, a parrot.

In what year did John Breughel paint at Rome? We are not able to answer this question with anything like precision. Mariette supposes that Breughel must have been in this town about the year 1593. "I took this date," he says, "from a drawing in the Coliseum executed by him." It seems natural, indeed, to suppose that he did not pass free master in the brotherhood of St. Luke, until his return from Italy. What is certain is, that in the year 1597 he had returned to Antwerp. Rubens was not admitted into the corporation until the next year, and only left for Italy in 1600. We may therefore very reasonably suppose that Rubens and

Breughel commenced their acquaintance about this time, and began to combine their talents. We have often, indeed, seen the pieces painted in the youth of Rubens adorned with flowers by Breughel. In general, it was the Madonnas of Rubens which Breughel adorned so elegantly with his garlands of lilies, tulips, pinks, Jessamines, roses, and marsh-mallows; amidst which flickered little insects, beetles, butterflies, and one of the favourite birds of the painter, the parrot. Sometimes, as if to amuse the Infant Saviour, a little lion-monkey hangs from the garland, and makes an irreverent grimace, which may well shock the spectator who is ecstasically contemplating the Madonna of Rubens, but which does not shock the ingenuous artist, devoutly prodigal of his fancies and his colours. The genius of the pencil and brush of Rubens would have crushed any other companion; Breughel alone was fit to shine alongside Rubens, and we may add, that Rubens alone could have attracted the eye to his human forms divine, amidst the dazzling bouquets of his friend.

Breughel de Velours often painted "A Terrestrial Paradise." He is accordingly sometimes called Breughel de Paradis, out of opposition to Breughel d'Enfer, as his brother, Peter Breughel, was called. All the figures of these pictures of Paradise are by Henri van Balen—this is the case with the picture in the Louvre—or by Henri de Klerck, as in the "Terrestrial Paradise" of the Bibliothèque Ambrosienne; or, on other occasions, they are by Rubens. Many persons have seen, in the museum of the Hague, the magnificent Paradise in which Rubens and Breughel have mingled their pencils. The great master has painted on the ground-plan the figures of Adam and Eve, and a superb brown horse, which occupies the corner of the picture. Adam is seated at the foot of a tree, Eve stands up in all the magnificent beauty of perfect womanhood, with its fresh complexion; and, as if to show the graceful roundness of the mother of the world, she raises her arm to pick an apple which the serpent, who is concealed in the tree, offers her. Rubens has executed these figures with admirable care, in a finished and graceful style, such as the harmony of the picture and the finished execution of Breughel required. Contrary to his usual custom, he has signed the picture in company with Breughel. Myriads of quadrupeds and birds peopled the enchanted spot where dwelt the first man, a place which none can hope to describe after Milton—garden of Eternal beauty, where

"Southward went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united, fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brook
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view.
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, with universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours' dance,
Led on the Eternal Spring."

The two artists have combined to render on canvas what Milton has so admirably conceived in verse. "This picture," says the old catalogue of the museum of the Hague, "comes from the cabinet of M. Delacourt Van der Voort at Leyden. It was bought by the Stadtholder for 7,380 florins."

Breughel de Velours was married at Antwerp to a beautiful Flemish girl, whose charms and virtues have been sung in verse by the painter-poet Cornelius Schut. By this marriage he had a daughter, Anne Breughel, celebrated in the history of art for having had three illustrious masters, Cornelius Schut, Van Balen, and Rubens; but above all, for having been the first wife of David Teniers. Connected with all the great painters in his own country, John Breughel held a high position in Antwerp. When Vandyck began that magnificent collection of artistic portraits, which have been engraved for us by Lucas Westermann, Pontius, Bolswert, and Peter de Jode, he so far honoured Breughel de Velours, as to engrave his portrait in with his own hand. This is one of the most admirable works of Vandyck. The head alone is modelled, but it thinks and breathes. With a few dashes and some points, Vandyck has given to the face of Breughel life, expression, and character; and the character is, at the same time, full of nobility and good nature. The intimacy in which the painters enrolled in the Brotherhood of St. Luke lived, sufficiently explains why we so often meet with their names together in the same picture, when they could very well have done without one another. Assuredly Rubens, himself so great a landscape painter, had no need of any one to paint in the background of his historical pictures; but it was from taste that he asked from Wildens, from Van Uden, from Breughel de Velours, a landscape to accompany his figures, a garland of flowers to encircle his "Madonna!" On the other hand, if Breughel had recourse to the pencil of Rubens—if he selected Van Balen to paint the figures of his "Paradise," or Rotenhamer to insert the figures in his "Flight into Egypt," which is to be seen in the Museum of the Hague—it was not because he was incapable of painting them himself. Nobody, in fact, knew better how to draw a figure elegantly and well, with more correctness and more finish. Breughel proved this abundantly in his "Views of Flanders," in "The Fair of Broom," which made a part of the collection of Appony at Vienna, of which M. de Burtin speaks; and better still, in his famous little picture in the old gallery of Düsseldorf, afterwards transferred to Munich, which he made to hold the whole camp of Scipio Africanus before Carthage—a picture of marvellous finish—a fine miniature in oil, over which move an innumerable quantity of interesting figures, of which the principal group represents the continuance of Scipio.

The general ability of Breughel in this line was so thoroughly recognised that his assistance was asked in all quarters. While on the one hand, Van Balen, or Henri de Klerck, painted their pretty nymphs amid the verdant groves of Breughel, he took a flock to pasture in the pasture fields of the landscape painter. He often employed his time in ornamenting the mountain site of Josse de Momper with figures and animals; he was often engaged to fill in the crowd in the interior of churches by Peter Neefs and Henri Steenwyck. We say the crowd, advisedly, for Breughel was never so pleased as when he had to paint a crowd of many figures on a very small canvas. He was eminently successful when he represented a crowd of worshippers kneeling on the flags of the cathedral of Antwerp, when he painted thirty canons sitting in the choir, grouping the singers round the organ, or when he represented a whole family in holiday garb coming out of church, surrounded by beggars, after a baptismal ceremony. We have on this point some remarks by Mariette, in his oft-quoted manuscript, the

"Abecedario." "One of the finest Breughels I have seen is now in the cabinet of Prince Eugene, of Savoy. It represents the Procession of the Twelve Virgins, which takes place at Brussels on the Place du Sablon, according to the foundation made by the Princess Isabella. It contains a vast mass of figures, which are painted with all the art we could desire. The heads are so admirably touched off, that they appear to be Vandycks. Nevertheless, the works in which he was most successful were landscapes, animals, and flowers, which he painted in a very finished and delicate manner, though somewhat dry."

Felibien fixes the date of the death of John Breughel in 1642. The correctness of this date appears at first to be very doubtful, from an examination of the picture of "Scipio Africanus before Carthage," of which we have already spoken, in which we read, according to the catalogue:—"BREUGHEL, 1660. FEC. ANVERSA." But we must come to the conclusion, that the author of the catalogue of the gallery of Düsseldorf is incorrect; for in 1660, Breughel would have been eighty-five years of age, and it is hardly possible to conceive that at such an age such a picture would be executed with so much finish, so bold and sure a hand. Besides, it is not possible that this painter should have been alive in 1660, because

Lebas, where the point has corrected the faults in colour committed by Breughel, we shall find all the natural tone of Ostade, with the wit of a Teniers, and in his landscape the sentiment of Paul Brill, and his lovely, firm, and light touch. Some of our readers may be familiar with the level and monotonous plains of the province of Antwerp. From these Breughel draws his favourite subjects. He loves, doubtless, from memory of the canton of his fathers, to carry through the midst of his pictures the road of Breda, bordered by great trees; and he covers it with travellers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The *coche*, as the old coach was called, of Antwerp, the chariot of the peasant, the carriage of the gentleman, escorted by his people, the car of the citizen, are all represented in the foreground of his compositions, and animate his roads. Sometimes this flat landscape, is diversified by mills; sometimes it is enlivened by a family of barn-door fowls, at the entrance of a smiling village, divided by the sinuosities of a stream. Sometimes we gaze on a town on the borders of the Escaut, up which the fishing-smacks ascend, with trading-vessels and shallops. All is in motion, all moves in the pictures of Breughel. Nature is not for him that unknown divinity which lives in the uneasy soul of Ruysdael. It is with him but the dwelling-place of man, the



THE ROADSIDE CHAPEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

his daughter had guardians when she married David Teniers, and this marriage took place, we have every reason to believe, long before this date. Teniers, born in 1610, scarcely waited until he was fifty to marry a first time. Of this we have pretty good evidence in the pictures in which he paints himself with his wife, under the figure of a young man of from thirty to thirty-five. We may therefore with certainty accept the date given by Felibien as the true date of the death of Breughel.

It is scarcely to be understood how amateurs should have attached so great a price at first to the works of this master, and then have gradually become disgusted with them. There can be no doubt that Breughel de Velours is not without his defects. He is very properly reproached with forestalling certain moderns in their utter disregard of aerial perspective, with painting his distances with too raw a blue, which gives them the appearance of being on the foreground; with sticking red coats on his men without mercy, which fatigues the eye the more, that his greens are as bright as the tones of enamel. But despite all these imperfections, Breughel is a painter full of charms, a delightful landscape-painter, who can give a picturesque and interesting tone to the most common and ordinary site. If we look at his Views in Flanders, which are the best-known of his works, in the pretty and pleasing engravings of

object of his labours, the scene of his agitations and his pains. It appears as if the painter attached an obstinate and fixed idea—perhaps, the thought and image of life—to that great road which flies far away in the distance, and finishes with a vague and dreamy figure towards which all travellers converge.

John Breughel etched four engravings, which are doubtless very rare, for they are not to be found in the rich cabinet of engravings of the National Library. M. de Heinecke, who has given the list of the engravings executed after Breughel, has lost a fine opportunity of describing those engraved by him. They are four landscapes, numbered 1 to 4, with the inscription—*Saddler crowd*.

The drawings of Breughel are perhaps held in higher estimation than his pictures; at all events, they have not suffered any depreciation from fashion. The skies are coloured with Indian blue, as are the waters, and the distant parts of the foregrounds are washed with bistre. A slight dash of a pen, says D'Argenville, creates trees and terraces. Sometimes the trees are leaved with pencil, and mixed with red and yellow colours, which produce great effect.

To pass to an enumeration of his great pictures: the Louvre contains seven of them:—

1. "The Earth, or the Terrestrial Paradise," in which the figures are painted by Van Balen.

2. "The Air." Urania is seated on the clouds, holding on her hand a white parrot. Signed, "BREUGHEL, 1621." The figures also are by Van Balen. These two pictures form a part of a continuation called "The Four Elements."

3. "The Battle of Arbela." The field of battle is an immense valley surmounted by a wood. The number of figures is incalculable. The family of Darius are seen prisoners, and his wife is on her knees before Alexander on horseback.

4. "Vertumna and Pomona." This is a rich landscape, or which the front is covered by fruits of all kinds. The figures are attributed to one of the Francks. This picture was given in 1850 to the Museum of the Louvre, by M. Pierret.

There are Breughels in the Museum of the Hague, of Amsterdam, Dresden, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. There are also some in the gallery of the king of Sardinia, in Turin. There are some very fine ones at Milan, amongst others two oval ones on ivory, let in a font. Florence possesses several, painted on marble or precious stones.

"The Four Elements" are also found in the Museum of Madrid.

We have already remarked that the pictures of Breughel have suffered considerable depreciation. From £240 sterling, says Lebrun, they have come down to £120.

The prices at the sales have been very varied.

Sale of the Prince of Carignan, 1742. Two pictures, nine inches high by thirteen wide: one on copper, representing a landscape, in which there is painted in, a "Flight into Egypt;" another on wood,



THE COUNT'S CARRIAGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

5. "View of Tivoli." In this picture there is a large bridge, over which some cavaliers have passed, and near which rises on a rock a temple of the Sybil.

6. "A Landscape." There is a bark to be seen in this, with several persons richly clothed.

7. "A Landscape." On a road passing before a mill, two cavaliers meet a chariot drawn by three horses.

These two last pictures were attributed to Paul Bril in the old catalogue.

There are no John Breughels in the Museum at Antwerp, and it certainly is somewhat surprising. The Museum of Brussels has only one: "Abundance and Love lavishing their Gifts on the Earth." The figures are by Van Balen,

representing a landscape and marine piece, with several figures by Griffer. Together, about £45. A picture on copper, fifty-four inches wide by twenty-three high, representing "The Battle of the Amazons," £60.

Sale of the Count of Vence, 1760. "A Sale of Fish at Schevelingue." This picture was etched by Chevel; its date is 1617; price £62.

Julienne sale, 1767. "A Village Fair" and its fellow; the pair, £62. "View of the Temple of the Sybil," and a landscape of Stalben, attributed to Breughel d'Enfer: £18.

Gaignat sale, 1768. Two landscapes with figures: £112 1s. 9d.—a curious price for a picture.

Sale of the Duke de Choiseul, 1772. "Entrance to a Wood,"

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

with pools of water over which animals are moving, £158. "A View of Tyrol;" a number of figures round a May-pole, £28. Sale of the Prince of Conti in 1777. "Entrance to a Wood," with pools of water across which animals are making their way. This picture, from the cabinet of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £64. Two landscapes painted on copper; one a view of Italy, by Paul Brill, another with chariots and cavaliers, by Breughel; together, £36. A view of the "Temple of the Sibyl," and an accompanying one (landscape with buildings, by Stalben) from the Julienne sale; together, £17 10s. But the authenticity of the Breughel is disputed. The same sale:—"A Concert of Cats," painted on copper, two inches high, £16. Four drawings by this master were sold, one with another, for £6.

Denon sale, 1826. "An Habitation," which appears to be the entrance to a monastery, near a bridge, £21.

Viguieron sale, 1828, "End of a Battle," £12 10s.

Cardinal Fesch's celebrated sale, 1845. "A Fair;" "Road through a Wood;" and "A Road," in which is introduced a horse-man, a gamekeeper, and his dogs. Together, about £18.

The sale of Marshal Soult, 1852. The "Virgin and Child," the figures by Rotenhamer, £25 10s. "Venus and Adonis," £14 4s.

In England Breughels are not very commonly found, though one or two have appeared recently at sales; but of their authenticity we are not able to speak.

The little picture (p. 33) shows the varied talent of Breughel to great advantage. The scene is very extensive, considering the size; the trees, houses, men, boat, animals, all exhibit that finish and minuteness for which he was so celebrated. The figures of the men in the boat are in the original executed with great fidelity.

"The Country Carriage" (p. 37) is a picture which has been highly esteemed by amateurs. The trees are some of the best which Breughel has selected to paint, and the sky is painted with a richness of colouring which, though slightly crude, is vivid and effective. The animals and figures were introduced afterwards.

"A Scene in the Neighbourhood of Bruges" (p. 40) was admirably adapted to show the power of this artist in introducing a large number of figures without confusion. The scene on the road is very natural. The group on the right-hand corner beside the pond is excellent; while the pond itself, with its ducks and geese and little bridge, is very effective. The whole forms a charming picture.

BRUEGHEL 1621 Br. inven:

JAMES STELLA.

THE name of Stella, which belonged to three generations of artists, is constantly met with in connexion with the history of painting in the time of Louis XIII. and Louis the XIV. The contemporary and comrade of James Callot, an intimate friend of Poussin, protected by Cardinal Richelieu, painter of the king, we find James Stella in all the great capitals of art, at Florence, at Rome, in Paris, everywhere where painting is held in honour and esteem. He was himself the head of a family of painters and engravers, and thanks to the talents of his three nieces, Antoinette, Françoise, and Claudine Bousonnet Stella—of Claudine especially—he has come down to posterity.

His ancestors were Flemish, says Felibien, who appears very well informed relative to this painter. His father having halted at Lyons, on his way from Rome, married the daughter of a notary of La Bresse, by whom he had two sons, François and James. The latter, born in 1596, was only nine years old when his father died. He already, however, showed signs of an inclination for painting. At the age of twenty he started for Rome, but passing through Florence, he found that city animated by preparations for the fête which the grand-duke Cosmo de' Medici was about to give in commemoration of the marriage of his son Ferdinand II. Santa Gallina, Julio Parigi, and James Callot were there, occupied in sketching the Florentine festivities, and in engraving emblematical subjects. Stella sought an opportunity of being introduced to the grand-duke, who, apparently delighted at the presence of another artistic talent, offered Stella a lodging and a pension, the same as that enjoyed by Callot. It was what was called in those days, in artistic slang, "*La parte*." The Lyonnese artist accordingly set to work, and amongst other subjects, he painted the fête which the Knights of St. John celebrated on the day of St. John the Baptist. If we are to judge of its merits from the beautiful engraving he made of it at a later period, and which he dedicated in 1621 to Ferdinand II., this drawing was not inferior to those of Parigi and Callot. The perspective is admirably executed. The vast equestrian processions which move through it, the banners, the costumes, the edifices of Florence which make a framework for the fête, are engraved, it is true, with less precision and neatness, and without the correctness of the interlunes and carousels of Callot, but the execution is more rich, more free, and we everywhere distinguish in it the hand of a painter. This beautiful engraving reminds us of those admirable productions of Jean Miel, the "Siege of Mästrich" and the "Taking of Bonn." We may, in fact, here remark, that in this case we find a warmth and finish in the engraver's point which the artist did not possess when he wielded the brush.

For this painter to have been eminently successful, he wanted

not judgment or elevation of thought; these he possessed to an eminent degree; neither was he wanting in taste. All he required was a fitting temperament. Weak and sickly, he could not express all he felt. He was deficient in physical energy. If he did not succeed in representing beauty in all its perfection, it was not because he did not see it, but because his strength failed him by the way. The proof of his high natural taste and appreciation of character is, that at Rome, where he went in 1623—not after four years' residence at Florence, as Felibien says, but after seven years—the painter whom he selected above all as adviser, as model, and then for friend, was Poussin, who had arrived there during the spring of the preceding year. The Roman school, nevertheless, was then yielding to varied influences; on one side the followers of Caravaggio, of Guerchino, Valentin, Ribera; on the other the posterity of the Carracci, represented by Domenichino and Guido; on the other hand, again, Josephin, Pietro di Cortona, and Lanfranco. Despite all this, James Stella, instead of being seduced by any mannerists, went at once to Poussin, as to the master of all others, who possessed the true tradition, the real principles of art. Besides, in thus following the example of Poussin, who thought of consulting art and nature rather than of studying Raffaele, Stella ascended to original sources; but not having the genius necessary to find a new interpretation for himself, he created for himself a sober and delicate manner, which was well suited to his temperament, and which was in accordance with the style of the masters he had both studied and understood.

The love of art in Stella was a devouring fire, which served him in the place of health. Judged from this point of view, the variety and abundance of his works must affect us with surprise. The long winter evenings were employed by him sometimes in drawing "The Life of the Virgin Mary" in twenty-two pieces; sometimes "Children's Games," which were afterwards engraved in a series of fifty productions. The finest works of jewellery, architectural ornaments in the very best taste, the most beautiful vases, everything, in fact, which Rome possessed remarkable, either in public monuments or in the cabinets of amateurs—for he was himself a great amateur of objects of art, a *curieux*, as they used to say—Stella drew with care and delicacy, without, however, attaching to any of those objects that character of power which Poussin had invested them with. The celebrated congregation of Jesus were the first to use the pencil of Stella. Everywhere on the face of the globe was seen the canonisation of St. Ignatius, that of St. Philippe de Neri, the miracles of St. Francis-Xavier in Japan, and of a whole series of black-robed saints, who were consecrated and immortalised by painting. It moreover seemed that Stella, from the peculiar character of his talent, was better suited than any other

artist to represent the easy devotion of the Jesuits, in the same way that the severe Philippe de Champagne was the natural painter of the Jansenists of Port Royal. When the Jesuits addressed themselves to Poussin for similar subjects, that great man gave to his pictures the masculine character of his genius. He was reproached for this, and his reply is historical, but scarcely fit for the English language: "*Dois-je m'imaginer le Christ avec un visage de torticolis ou de père Douillet?*" The divine conceptions of Stella were deserving in some degree of the censure of Poussin. In the work in which he represents St. Ignatius plunged in ecstasy, or roused by seraphic visions, or visited by celestial rays, and opening to them his heart and his cassock, we find him yielding to that feeling of religious sensuality which gives a body to the most subtle ideas, and to which some of the ablest writers have alluded when they have been speaking of the Jesuits. There is to be seen in the gallery of the Louvre a small painting by Stella, painted on marble, "Jesus receiving his Mother in Heaven," which has every impress of this effeminate piety. The tones are all tender, the execution soft and insipid. Such a picture was well suited to please the ladies of the Sacré Cœur, but can have no interest whatever for any one who looks at art from a serious and elevated point of view. There are some singular characteristics in this picture which are worthy of being noticed: they consist in the fact that certain veins of marble, combining with the figures of the angels, have been successfully used to imitate clouds of gold and the curtains of the gates of Paradise; so that the hand of nature has come, as it were, to the assistance of the hand of the painter. This is the simple and natural explanation of the passage of Felibien, where he says: "Stella executed several works upon marble, in which he imitated golden curtains by means of a secret he had invented."

The Lyonsese painter was also employed to compose for a collection of engravings—"The Miracles of St. Philippe de Neri," of which collection Mariette speaks at great length in his manuscript notes, and to draw the little figures which were to ornament the breviary of Pope Urban VIII. It must be allowed that such occupations were a special piece of good fortune for Stella, for he was precisely in possession of those qualities which engraving brings out, and the defects which it conceals. Composition was his forte. Nobility of thought, happy disposition of figures, suitability of attitudes and gesture—all these characteristics were animated with life, and even became dazzlingly bright under the burin of the engraver. But his carnations were too ruddy, his model was learnt by heart, his pale drapery here and there interrupted by rude and discordant tones. All this disappeared on the copper; so that the translation gave a better idea of the original than the original itself. In this way, the drawings which Stella executed during his residence in Rome, and which were engraved on wood, and in broad strokes too, by Paul Maupain d'Abbeville, have certainly gained by being reproduced by this coarse process; for the very coarseness of the execution has made up for whatever softness there was in the work of the inventor.

The renown of Stella having penetrated to Spain with some of his pictures, the most Catholic king wished to attract the painter to Madrid. He proposed to him to come, and Stella was about to start for Spain, when suddenly he was arrested and cast into prison with François Stella, his brother, and his servants, on a charge of having behaved with impropriety in a distinguished family, according to Felibien. This biographer then relates this anecdote: Stella, beloved by all because of his gentleness of character, had been elected chief of the quarter of Campo-Marzo, where he lived for a long time. As chief, Stella was obliged to see to the shutting of the gates at the proper hour, and to keep the keys in his own custody. One day, when the Gate del Popolo had been closed by his orders, some private individuals insisted upon its being opened at an improper hour. Stella having refused this favour to them, they resolved to avenge themselves. They gained over some false witnesses, who denounced the painter, and caused him to be sent to prison. Despite their falsehoods, the truth soon came to be known. Stella came out of the affair with honour, which was fortunate, as in Rome it was not easy to escape the fangs of the police. The character of the evidence against him may be judged from the fact, that his accusers, found guilty of perjury, were

publicly whipped in Rome. "During the short time that he was in prison," says Felibien, "he executed, to amuse himself, with a coal, on the wall of his room, a representation of the Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, which was considered so fine that Cardinal Francisco Barberini came to see it. It is not long ago since it still existed, with a lamp hung in front of it. Prisoners came to pray beside it."

Stella, we have already said, was a great amateur of objects of art. He yielded to this feeling, not only as a buyer, but as a painter. We have it recorded, that he executed a "Judgment of Paris," with five figures, which he contrived should be held in the dimensions of a ring-stone, and which was of marvellous beauty from the delicacy of the pencilling. When he came back to France in 1636, six months after his adventure—in the suite of the Mareschal de Crequi, the French ambassador, he brought back a very fine collection of pictures, amongst which were "the marvellous painting"—these are the words of Mariette—which his friend Poussin had given him, and which his niece Claudine was to engrave in so admirable and finished a manner; a "Bath of Diana," by Annibale Carracci; and a "Venus," by the same master, which afterwards passed into the cabinet of President Tambournean, and moreover, a great many drawings executed by himself in Italy, and which were to give employment to the talent and genius of so many engravers. It was as a curious amateur, quite as much as a painter, that he travelled through the various towns of Italy, especially Venice, which the Mareschal de Crequi desired to visit. He stopped some time at Milan, where he introduced himself to Cardinal Albornoz, whom he had formerly known, and who was governor of the town. This prelate offered him the direction of the Academy of Painting, founded by St. Charles. The artist, however, declined, for he wished to see France once more, and he had not given up the idea of performing his promised visit to Spain. "He came to Paris, where he had no intention of remaining," says Felibien; "nevertheless, the archbishop, John Francis de Gondy, having given him employment, Cardinal de Richelieu heard him spoken of and learnt that he was going to Spain. He accordingly sent for him, and having given him to understand that it was more glorious to serve his own king than to work for strangers, ordered him to remain in Paris, and then presented him to the king, who received him as one of his painters, and gave him a pension of a thousand livres, with a lodging in the galleries of the Louvre."

Then it was that Stella sent to Lyons for his nephew, Antoine Bousonnet, and his three nieces, Antoinette, Françoise, and Claudine, taught them drawing, and having perfected them in that art, induced them to apply themselves to engraving, in which branch one of them, Claudine, became justly celebrated. Then were published the innumerable drawings which James Stella had brought from Rome. Françoise Bousonnet, who confined herself to burin engraving, published, in a series of fifty plates, a precious collection of vases, scent-bottles, salt-cellars, lamps, and chandeliers; and in another collection of sixty-seven plates, ornaments suitable for sculpture on different parts of architecture, guilloches, twine, roses, and flowers, imitated from the antique. Antoinette, less laborious, only executed a few etchings. Claudine, who had taught her two sisters the art of engraving, divided her celebrity with her uncle. Rendered by this learned woman, the works of James Stella rose almost at times to the height of Poussin. This is so true, that the collection of pieces on the "Passion," which Claudine Bousonnet engraved, and which death prevented her from finishing, were attributed to the painter of Andelys. In truth, one could almost detect in them his hands, and the strong effect and powerful energy of that artist. These compositions are in reality the finest productions of Stella. Without being characterised by any very great originality, they are drawn from such admirable sources, that it is quite a pleasure to look at them. One breathes the perfume of lofty thoughts, and the antique is appreciated, as it was appreciated by Polydore de Caravagi. The most vulgar actions are elevated, as with Poussin, by a kind of rude elegance. We note especially, that the coarseness of the soldiers who insult the Saviour, far from being common, is only an energy which is in strict keeping with the sublimity of the general subject.

But grace, elegance, gentleness, are the distinctive characteristics

of James Stella. His pastorals are of singular beauty. They are said to be *naïve*. They are so, in fact, from the choice of subjects, and the feeling of the artist as far as the familiar picture of an historical painter can be so. *Naïveté* is, to use an English expression, simplicity; at all events, that simplicity which pleases is rarely to be met with in those men who, instead of elevating their minds by their study of nature, have been carefully brought up

pan, and this little bit of pedantry somewhat spoils the pleasure of pictures, which would be more agreeable if they were more simple. Reminiscences of historic scenes are to be detected in the attitude of his personages, in their gestures, and their very drapery. The reaper of Stella holds his scythe with all the pride of a hero of Julio Romano; his gleaner, in "The Return from Labour," (p. 44) walks with the majestic elegance of a moving caryatid:



amid academic conventionalities, using the words even in their best sense. James Stella, when he descended to the cheerful representation of village scenes, never forgot altogether his Roman style; he always betrayed the elevated character of his education. Beneath the jacket of the Sabine peasant, you see the anatomy of an antique statue. Despite their jollity and fun and humour, his country costumes reveal the deltoids, the pectorals, the femur, and the knee-

his farmer's wife and the workmen of the farm dance their rustic hop with a kind of heavy awkwardness which is not without its charm, but which reminds one of the ballet of the muses half-way up the sacred mount. "The Game at Skittles," and "The Swing," are composed more naïvely, and yet with more grace, for it is graceful here to be naïf, and there is much picturesqueness and sentiment in the bird-shooting and in the

pretty landscape which surrounds it. Moreover, the figures of Stella affect short curt forms, which perfectly suit the pastoral style, and which seem consecrated by the tradition of the

hundred years later, one of our greatest painters, Leopold Robert, has sung these village songs in a graver tone still, and has painted hay-makers of the Sabine finer than the gods of Olympus."



JAMES STELLA.

schools. We find sometimes the masculine ease of the bronzed rustics of the Bas now the step or action of the villagers of

When Stella turned back to devotional subjects, it was in the graceful style that he distinguished himself. To the cold learning of his compositions, grace served as a kind of seasoning. The picture which he painted for the church of the novitiate of the Jesuits, in the Faubourg St. Germain, "Jesus brought back from the Temple," a picture which figured in the famous sale of Cardinal Fesch; "The Virgin with the Sheep," which Stella painted with so much sweetness, and which Rousselet engraved so admirably; "The Return from Egypt," of which Goyrand executed at Rome an admirable plate, are so many remarkable works; the two last, above all, remarkable for that poetry of sentiment which, in the action of figures, is called grace. "The Holy Family brought back from Egypt," *Ec Egypto vocavi filium meum*, has been a hundred and a hundred times over the subject of mysterious pictures and poetical night effects. In this particular picture, three little angels escort the sacred procession by the light of day, amidst a most delicious rural landscape most admirably disposed. One of the cherubim has taken care of the ass, and draws it gently by the bridle to lead it over a wooden bridge; the others, preceding the march of the youthful Saviour, strew flowers in his path, while the child raises its smiling face towards its mother, who looks sadly at her son. Children, so difficult to seize in the adorable and charming awkwardness of their movements, Stella would always draw marvellously well, without making them as robust as those of Poussin, still less with the Herculean forms of those of Michael Angelo, and without giving them any of those delicate carnations, those dimpled and incisive tones which François Flamand has modelled with a chisel so true and charming. Keeping always a safe medium position between the great masters, Stella has executed an agreeable collection of children's games, which one of his nieces engraved; and we may say that, if he has not succeeded in being quite true, he is at all events



Annibale Carracci. One degree more, and these peasant subjects would rise from Flemish simplicity to the grandeur of the heroic style. A modern French critic says: "It will be seen that two

excellent, and much nearer the truth than most ordinary artists.

Cardinal Richelieu, the superintendent of buildings, De Noyers, M. de Chambray, made illustrious by the friendship of Poussin, the Carmelites of the Faubourg St. Jacques, the officers of the church of St. Germain le Vieux, the cordeliers of Provins, the nuns of St. Elizabeth-de-Bellecour at Lyons, occupied at different times the talent and pencil of Stella. As painter to the king, he was the first who painted the portrait of Louis XIV. then dauphin. The beautiful books printed in the Louvre—for instance, the prayer-book composed by Tristan l'Hermite and dedicated to the queen—Stella adorned with frontispieces, always admirably arranged; and he was unceasing in his supply of designs for the rising engravers of the day—the Ronssoteles, the Melans, and the Daretis. In recompense for his labour, and to mark the general appreciation of his merits, he was named Knight of the order of St. Michel. He kept his pencil or brush in hand until the latest moment of his life, which, to judge from his works, we should suppose had been very long. He lived, however, only sixty-one years, dying not in 1647, as is often said, but on the 29th of April, 1657. He was buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, before the chapel of St. Michel.

His was a splendid genius, says M. de Piles, fit to render all kinds of subjects, but leaning towards the pleasant rather than the grave and terrible; noble in his thoughts, moderate in his expressions, easy and natural in his attitudes, a little cold, but always agreeable. His colouring was sometimes as crude as that of François Perier—now as pale as that of Lesueur. His localities of tone were little marked; and his carnations, for which he rarely consulted nature, were inflamed with vermillion. To take him all in all, Stella is a very distinguished painter, who would not shine in the first rank, but who holds a very high position in the second. Engraved by Mellan, by Goyrand, by François Poilly—upheld, moreover, by the name of his brother, his nephew, his three nieces—the name of James Stella cannot perish. As many amateurs collect the works of all the Stellas in one portfolio, so it is right to speak of the illustrious family as one artist. All would otherwise be out of place.

James Stella himself engraved some pieces which M. Robert Dumesnil has described in the "Peintre-graveur Français."

1. "The Saviour taken down from the Cross." The Saviour is on the ground, supported by Nicodemus, kneeling on the left, where stands St. John crying. At his feet is the Virgin Mary, with two holy women and Mary Magdalene. On the terrace, to the left, is written *Jacobus inv.*

2. "The Madonna." Half-length, with the child on her lap. Two angels hold up a veil behind, and two cherubim raise a curtain. At the bottom is an armorial scroll, with *Ritratto della Madonna di grazie di fove, with a long address.*

3. "St. George." He is on horseback overthrowing the dragon. The Virgin is seen to the right. On a stone is written, *Jacq. Stella fecit Roma, 1623.*

4. "A Faucy Subject." Naked children are playing round an inn, and one is receiving in his cap the offering of a spectator. In the left corner is written: *Jacq. Stella fecit.*

5. "Presenting Tribute to the Grand Duke of Tuscany." This is "The Festival of St. John the Baptist" we spoke of above. The artist is himself to the left, sitting on a roof, drawing beside a man who holds a parasol over his head. On a scroll is written: *Servissimo Ferdinando II. mag. Ruriv duci Jacobus Stella, etc.*

Two proofs of this are known. The second bears on it: *A Paris, chez Nicolas Langlois, rue St. Jacques, à la Victoire.*

Many engravers, and these some of the cleverest, have reproduced the paintings and drawings of Stella. We may as well mention some of the most curious.

A collection of pieces engraved on wood by Paul Maupain. They are about one hundred in number. The first forty-five are on blue paper, and touched up in white; the others are only washed in bistre to show the half-tints.

A collection of several drawings of vases, scent-bottles, salt-cellars, lamps, etc., in fifty plates, engraved by François Stella.

Another collection of several architectural ornaments, *recueillis et dessinés après l'antique par M. Stella, in sixty-seven plates, engraved au burin by Claudine Stella.*

Four subjects from the life of St. Philippe de Neri, in forty-five plates, engraved by *Luc Ciambertan.*

The twelve pieces of "The Passion," engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. These twelve pieces and others were to compose a collection, which the death of Mademoiselle Stella interrupted; and of the twelve subjects engraved by her there are several unfinished. The first edition of these plates bears the name of Stella, but the dealer substituted that of Poussin, thinking to sell them better. This collection of "The Passion," consequently, always passed for Poussin's, as much the more that the first proofs are exceedingly rare. "The plates," says Mariette, "perhaps scarcely ever drew two proofs, and I never saw them but this time in this work, which was that which Mademoiselle Stella made for it."

"The Pastorals," a collection of seventeen pieces in quarto, very well engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. It is one of the most charming things by the painter and the engraver both, as well as the "St. Louis giving Alms," a full-length piece touched up with much sentiment, dated from 1654, and dedicated to Charles Delorme, physician in ordinary to the king.

"Children's Games," in fifty pieces, by the same.

"The Marriage of St. Catherine," by the same.

Gerard Edelinck has engraved, after Stella, a Virgin with a Child, of which the first proofs are before the letter.

There is also "The Holy Family, with Sheep," engraved by Rousselet; "The Return from Egypt," engraved at Rome by Goyrand, with this inscription: *Ex Egypto vocavi filium meum.*

The Museum of the Louvre contains few pictures by Stella: a little one on marble, of which we have spoken; another representing Minerva and the Muses; and two pictures in the form of friezes, representing the education of Achilles.

The Museum of Lyons, the native town of Stella, only possesses one picture by this painter, "The Adoration of the Angels," which had belonged to the cordeliers of Lyons, who had given to the family of Stella the free right of sepulchre at the foot of the great altar. The picture is signed *Stella faciebant.*

As for the drawings of Stella, they are generally very finished. There are five of them in the Louvre.

Pictures by this master have not reached high prices in sales. At the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, a "Holy Family"—the Virgin is upright near a tree, and Joseph, leaning against a column, holds a book open—fetched £37. At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a "Holy Family, with Angels," was sold for £65. The usual price is £26.

"The Dance" (p. 45), is a very good specimen of his style. The figures are good, and the landscape finished and pleasing.

"Peter Denying Christ" (p. 48) is very fine. The woman who recognises him, the hesitating face of the apostle, the curious looks of the soldiers, the lights and shadows, the rich glare of the fire, are rendered with admirable fidelity. It is a fine picture well painted.

"The Return from Work" (p. 44), already alluded to, is a very pleasing picture. The style of the figures, though somewhat different from the peasant as given by more faithful students of life, is still not sufficiently exaggerated to be faulty. The two who are dancing, and the dog looking back, form a pleasing group.

Stella
faciebant
1635.

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1635.

ANTONIO SOLARIO, IL ZINGARO.

II.

In Naples lived Colantonio del Fiore, an artist of renown; a man proud, too, of his wealth and his noble ancestry, the usual advantages of which, however, he had resigned to follow the arts, which he did with a success of which those who have seen his "St. Jerome taking a thorn out of a Lion's Paw" may judge. To this man, a few days later, came De Rieux, nowise injured in purse or person; Il Zingaro having allowed him to depart as he came, on the single condition of his befriending him on any visit he might make to Naples. Colantonio received the Frenchman kindly, and admitted him at once as a pupil, though he forbore asking him to his house as a visitor.

This puzzled the traveller, who, with the ready perception of his nation, immediately laid it to Italian jealousy, and made inquiries accordingly. His surmise was right. There was a tinge of jealousy in the disposition of the noble artist. He was a widower with one child, and all the love which men sometimes lavish on many did Colantonio give with perfect devotion to his one daughter—the gentle and beautiful Claudia. No man had ever seen her save the attendants of the house, so jealous was the old man of his treasure, beside which his richest paintings were as dross. There is rich beauty in the love of the parent for her who reminds him of one not better cherished, but who, viewed through the mirror of time, appears dearer for the lovely reflection of the past. Colantonio scarce stirred from home, so watchful was he. It would not be wise to guard and enslave young beauty so now, or in our clime; but those were lawless days, when the fancy of a mightier man than himself might have left him childless, and in one day turned laughing joy to sobbing desolation.

De Rieux heard all this and smiled. He was young, thought himself handsome, and was a Parisian—what woman could resist him? The old artist was rich and noble, and then the mystery of the affair piqued his curiosity and excited emotion which the gaiety of Paris had temporarily killed. A marriage with the child of a man who was illustrious by rank and genius, would reconcile his uncle to him, that uncle who thought him now a hopeless scapegrace.

"André Mothe," said he, curling his moustache at breakfast-time a few days later; "I'm thinking of marrying."

"Of what, sir?" exclaimed the worthy attendant holding up his hands.

"Of marrying, *maître canaille*," continued De Rieux sternly.

"Sir, I'll go and learn to write, or have one of the scribes to write home to your uncle again," exclaimed André.

"Thou shalt do so when I have settled the affair."

"Ah! you will be settled then," groaned André; "you never tried it, I have!"

"No jokes against matrimony—it is a reflection on the beautiful Claudia."

"Eh! the velled beauty men talk so much of—eh?" cried André, "it ain't then quite settled."

"As good as," said De Rieux. "See who it is would be admitted."

"Tis the brigand—what impudence!" cried André, returning after an instant.

Il Zingaro stood behind him, gazing curiously, but rather haughtily, at the artist's room. He was elegantly but simply dressed, and indeed looked a model for an artist.

"Welcome, terrible marauder," said De Rieux in a protective tone, which grated harshly on the ex-bandit's ears; "welcome to Naples."

"Have you seen Colantonio?" asked Antonio Solario, somewhat abruptly.

"I have, worthy mountaineer—he seated—and I have the honour to be admitted among his pupils."

"Is that by him?" continued Solario, turning to a canvas which stood in a good light.

"It is," said De Rieux carelessly; "it is one he lent me to copy at home."

"I never saw a painting before," cried the youth with sudden admiration, "save those in the chapel of the convent. But this is beautiful; that man's eye looks out from the canvas, that

woman smiles sweeter than life itself. I would lie six months upon the rack to be able to paint such a picture."

"So!" said a rich voice behind, a voice which, though grave, was yet touched by a tinge of pleasure, "young man, you are enthusiastic. But to paint such a picture as that, you need torture your limbs no six months—it is the production of my youth."

Il Zingaro turned, confused and yet pleased, and gazed with admiration and respect at Colantonio, who had come in unannounced, and heard the untaught mountaineer's exclamation.

"Per Bacco! a goodly head—wilt thou come to-morrow to my studio, and I will paint it—what art thou?"

"I was a poor bandit—what I am I know not. I will come, signor."

And Antonio Solario left the room with a profound bow for the artist, without a look for De Rieux.

"The impertinent scoundrel!" cried the Frenchman. "I'll denounce that fellow to the police."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Colantonio drily. "In the first place he acted very nobly, according to your own account; in the second, your neck is not worth a sou, as you say, if you do."

"Why?" asked De Rieux.

"Because Il Zingaro's hand is protected—it exempts certain persons in high places from all attack, and is exempted in turn for all it does to others."

"What laws, what a country!" said De Rieux.

The artist made no reply; but informing the young Frenchman of a court reception and telling him he was invited, he went away, musing as to what character in a great historical picture he should ask Solario to sit for.

Next day Solario was in the painter's studio, and there sat patiently as long as the artist chose to employ him; then he went away without waiting for any reward. This lasted every day for about a week, the handsome, stalwart frame of the young bandit serving Colantonio many purposes: he painted his face, his arms, his chest, his hair, his chin, and used him, in fact, as a general model.

"Solario," said he one day, "what recompense do you expect?"

"Signor Colantonio," replied the other, pointing to a spell of canvas and some old brushes; "these are to be thrown away."

"Take them; but, Solario, you must live."

"There is sun in Naples, and your servants leave as much as would feed ten men," said Solario bluntly.

Colantonio looked curiously at him and turned away. From that hour the Zingaro was admitted into the kitchen of the artist, where he not only was well fed, but became almost a resident, being well beloved by all the menials for his wit, humour, and jollity of temper. He was quick at repartee and small talk—enjoyed, without quite descending to it, the society of the domestics—and, above all, sang with a richness and volume of voice which was irresistibly touching and sweet.

One evening he stood with his back half-turned to the door of the spacious hall below, his back against a pillar, surrounded by all the menials, who listened to him with open mouth and flashing eyes, as he sang, with even more spirit than usual, one of his mountain lays.

Suddenly his form seemed to dilate, his voice to become more rich and excellent—a circumstance which only made the servants more attentive and roused Il Zingaro to greater exertions. Near the door of the hall was Claudia. She had wanted a maid to wait on her, and had called in vain. Hearing the sound of song, and being, like most Italians, passionately fond of music, she descended stealthily to listen outside, but, completely conquered by the singer's power, she could not help peeping in to look at him. He saw her, and yet seemed not to see her; and, curious to gaze upon her lovely face at will, continued his lay much longer than usual. When he had finished, she glided away, believing that her act had been unnoticed.

There is strange power in beauty. Solario, an Italian mountaineer, with all the ardour and impetuosity of his race, saw Claudia and loved her with a passion even more hopeless and inexcusable than that of the young Frenchman who had not seen her. De Rieux might hope, but for the poor brigand there was no hope.

And now Solario changed. He began to try and paint with the refuse canvas, old brushes, and paints of the studio, where he often returned to gaze his fill upon the great works of Colantonio. The great artist had given him a privilege and permission he would have accorded to few of higher rank and nobler blood. But at eventide he was heard no more in the kitchen; if he sang, it was beneath the window of his fair enslaver; and Claudia knew his voice well among all the serenaders attracted by the rumours of her beauty. At first she thought it mere chance; but when she met him continually at the church door, she knew that the charm of her extraordinary beauty had taken his heart by storm.

Claudia was little more than fifteen; an age when a girl may be forgiven for yielding to the influence of romance rather than of calm judgment. She saw that Solario was handsome, and she suspected that he was not so lowly in birth as he looked. She had dreams

excuse, and yet he strove not against it. And when Claudia listened without being angry, and even hinted that she did not dislike him, the passionate young mountaineer fell on his knees, and vowed to do something that should make him worthy of her.

Like many others in the history of the world, love kindled within him the sacred fire of genius, and impelled him to dare heights of ambition of which otherwise he had certainly never dreamed.

"Claudia," he said earnestly, "I would I were a rich noble!"

"I could not love you more," replied the warm-hearted Neapolitan girl.

"But I could claim you then with some hope. As it is, I must win a name and that power which wealth alone can give. I scarcely know how I shall succeed; but I do know, Claudia, that by some means or other I will make myself worthy of you."



THE RETURN FROM LABOUR. FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STILLA.

of his being a prince in disguise—of his having heard of her seclusion, and being determined to break through it; and, despite aged attendant and calm reason, she could not help accepting water from his fingers at the church door, and gently inclining her head to him, when he gave one of his profound and deeply respectful bows. It was not strange, then, that at the end of six months Solario should have actually spoken to Claudia del Fiore, and spoken, too, of his wild, his hopeless, and his unbounded passion. But it was only in a few hurried words; after uttering which he flew away amazed at his own insolence. At the end of that time, however, he asked for and obtained a formal interview.

The interview was stealthy and long. Solario, much improved by six months of study and thought, discoursed with Claudia on many subjects, but chiefly with regard to himself. He upbraided himself for his passion, for which he said himself there was no

"I believe you," said the girl with all that mysterious confidence which a young girl feels in her first love.

They stood near a balcony, gazing

"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea," speaking in low-whispered accents; and, while an aged attendant slept near them, were happy, because alone. Suddenly they started. A heavy footstep was heard; they turned: Colantonio was before them.

"What does Antonio Solario here?" said the artist, bending his shaggy brows in anger.

They could not speak for a moment; but their attitude—they stood hand-in-hand, unconsciously, both blushing and trembling—sufficiently expressed their surprise and their love. Colantonio thought he had never seen a handsomer couple or a better subject or a picture.

"So," he continued, "Master Solario—you retain your bandit tastes, and would rob me of my daughter. But, though you may both love with the passion of a poet, it is in vain. My daughter must be the wife of an artist."

"My father," said Claudia gently.

"Nay; hope not to move or change my resolution," resumed Colantonio.

"My master," said Solario passionately; "I do not desire you to change. Give me time, and I will be an artist. I was born for it. Already I feel the fire within me. But, oh, Colantonio, let me hope, that if I succeed, I may be rewarded."

"Do you know how long it will take to make you an artist?" replied Colantonio.

palace in company with the artist, who, though in reality angry, and chafing like a caged lion, was determined to give the young man every chance. He was about to introduce him at court, and thus aid his views during his subsequent travels.

The artist and his pupil were admitted to an audience of the king, queen, and daughter. Colantonio told the story. The king frowned, not liking that nobility should forget its blood; but the queen and young princess heard it with pleasure, and smiled upon the audacious young brigand and promised to be his friends. With this assurance, high hopes, and daring visions, Il Zingaro departed, and was heard of no more for many a long day.

De Rieux had returned to France, defeated in his hopes, the king and queen were dead, and the princess reigned in their stead.



THE DANCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

"Ten years," said Solario.

"And you expect me," replied Colantonio with a sneer, "to wait ten years on the chance of your becoming an artist—it cannot be."

"I will wait the ten years," said Claudia quickly. "I am sure Antonio will succeed."

"The stubborn faith of love!" replied the father, shaking his head: "but since you are willing, Claudia, be it so. Claudia shall wait the ten years, Il Zingaro. But you must leave Naples. I will give you letters to artists over the whole world. You can travel, and pick up information as you go. If you return not in ten years, my daughter is free. Bid my child adieu—you will see her no more for the present."

Half an hour later, Solario was walking on towards the royal

Colantonio was an old man, and Claudia a lovely woman, who never had regretted her contract with the brigand. But no tidings had come of the wanderer. Communication was difficult and rare in those days, and distant rumours only told that Solario lived.

One day the queen sent for Colantonio and his daughter; she was fond of them, and received them often. They found her sitting in a private chamber, gazing at a portrait of herself, fresh from the hands of an artist.

After the usual obeisance, Colantonio hurried up to the picture.

"Your majesty has found some new talent," said the artist, without any jealousy in his tone.

"Is it not excellent?" exclaimed the young queen.

"It is fresh and full of genius," said the artist; "the colouring is rich and warm, the likeness perfect."

"And what say you to this?" exclaimed the queen, drawing a curtain and displaying a picture, the one alluded to in the opening of our narrative.

"Madam," cried Colantonio, "this is wonderful! In my wildest dreams I never hoped to realise such a picture. Ah! that portrait of myself—of my daughter! What is the meaning of all this?"

"Come forth, Il Zingaro," said the queen. "I think you have kept your promise."

The brigand-painter stepped from behind a screen, so handsome, so proud, so happy, that Claudia had good reason to be pleased at her own fidelity. Colantonio grasped his hand with rapture, and led him to his daughter, who fell into his arms. The old man was such a lover of art, that he considered her received dowry fit for a princess, when his daughter could lay claim to a husband who possessed such surpassing genius.

And Il Zingaro and Claudia were married, and both continued to enjoy the protection and support of the queen. Colantonio died at a good old age, rejoicing in the fact that he had left his child under the protection and care of one who loved her so well, and who so thoroughly deserved her by the gentle care and affection with which he treated her. Il Zingaro became a great artist, and his renown is not yet forgotten in the city of Naples.

FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

It is no longer fashionable to run down America as a matter of course, no longer in good taste to ridicule a country which contains so many of our off-shoots, and which has given such brilliant evidence of its capability for entering into honourable rivalry with us. The reading classes of the community are beginning to appreciate and admire the virgin Anglo-Saxon genius which has done so much to elevate and ennoble the paths of literature in the New World. This fact is owing a good deal to the circumstance that the prejudiced classes, the men of the war time, the rigid martinets of the beginning of the century are dying out. The very memory of a state of hostilities between England and her gigantic step-child is passing away; and though there is yet much ignorance on both sides of the Atlantic, a more generous and noble spirit is rising up on the eastern and on the western shores of that vast ocean, which in its eternal revolutions washes now the feet of England's chalky cliffs, and now the strand before the great ports of America. This is a mighty advance of the human mind.

For many years we have accepted and adopted American authors, and have found them capable of writing the mother tongue in a way which has quite astonished the critics of an antiquated date. We scarcely recollect that Washington Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe are children of the transatlantic republic, so identified have these names been with our literature.

We are also rapidly appreciating the progress of our brothers over the sea in the arts. No finer spectacle can be imagined than two great nations, of the same origin, after terrible rivalry in arms, after the battle and the storm, calming down in their feelings, and entering upon the beautiful contest of truth and beauty.

This contest began even before the quarrel. A very acute and excellent writer, George Palmer Putnam, has given us some interesting facts on this subject, and he informs us that the names known in America, in painting, during the Colonial Period, were Watson, Smybert, West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart.

The first in this list is Watson, an artist who, though born in Scotland in 1685, gained his celebrity as a portrait-painter in America. He was a man of talent, whose works are still preserved and appreciated. He dwelt in New Jersey, and began his career in 1718. The next name of note, that of Nathaniel Smybert, is also Scotch, but his fame was made in Boston, where he began to paint soon after Watson. It will be remarked that very many of America's celebrities are of Scotch origin. This does not at all militate against the United States, as the encouragement must exist for men to distinguish themselves in any branch of human acquirements.

But the first American name, of which the children of the old colonists are truly proud, is that of Benjamin West. We are proud of him, but the Americans are not less so. It was in that country he first drew breath and felt the inspiration of genius. He was

born in Pennsylvania in 1708, and painted his first portrait there in 1753. But as in those days the materials for study were not sufficient, and West aimed at greatness, he came over to England, where he was received with a feeling which, had it been more general in high places, might have saved us a colony and, perhaps, spoiled a great nation. It is something for an American to have found in England the patronage of royalty and the presidency of the Royal Academy, to which rank he was elevated in 1792. We may probably have occasion to speak of him more fully, but the price of some of his pictures will show the estimation in which he was held. His "Christ Rejected" was purchased for £3,000; his "Death on the Pale Horse" for £2,000.

The father of the present Lord Lyndhurst is another instance well worthy of being quoted and remembered. His name was John Singleton Copley, and he was born in Boston in 1738. He painted the portraits of many distinguished Americans, but studied and carried on his profession with success in this country, where all members of his family and connexions now hold a deservedly high place.

A student of West attained to a very high position as a painter of portraits in America—Charles W. Peale of Maryland. Gilbert Charles Stuart also reached to eminence both in London and his native country, he having been born in Rhode Island in 1754. To him we owe the best portrait of that great and good man, Washington, of whom Lafayette so justly said, that scarcely any preceding man ever combined in himself so much of what was great and good in human nature. This portrait is one of the heirlooms of the great republic, and is highly valued and appreciated.

Since the Declaration of Independence, many painters, sculptors, and engravers, have arisen, of great talent—men who, in all probability, will hold a deservedly high position in the history of art. It is curious to notice, that many of them are of the good old Flemish stock—the Vanderlyns, the Verbyckes, and others—though the majority are of the Anglo-Saxon race.

William Dunlop, born in New Jersey, 1766, who began to paint at a very early age, was the first secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. He was a pupil of West's, and was an amusing and pleasing writer as well as an artist.

Trumbull combined the arts of war and peace; he was well used to the

"Shrill trumpet,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
having been one of the aides-de-camp to Washington, at the beginning of the war of independence. After serving for some time, he quitted the arena of strife,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fall

To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

and succeeded very well as an artist. Several of his paintings on American historical subjects are now contained in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven. He painted four large pictures for Congress, receiving £1,000 for each of them. They are of a very high order of merit. Colonel Trumbull was a travelled man, and died in 1842 at the age of eighty-six.

Amongst the ablest of American artists, we must not fail to quote Vanderlyn, two of whose pictures are well known even in Europe. These are, "Ariadne," and "Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage." This artist has shown himself possessed of great grace and delicacy.

Mallame is celebrated as a miniature-painter. He would bear favourable comparison with any modern artist in the same line. His merit is recognised by many on this side of the Atlantic.

Rembrandt Peale, who must have been intended for a painter from his boyhood, produced several very fine pictures; amongst which the best known are "The Roman Daughter," "The Court of Death," and "A Portrait of Washington."

Sargent, a Boston artist, born in 1797, produced many works of interest and talent. His best—at all events his most celebrated—is "Christ catering Jerusalem," which sold for 3,000 dollars.

Jarvis, born in England in 1780, was taken to America when five years old, and remained there the rest of his life. An able artist in many walks, he is chiefly known as a portrait-painter. Many of his pictures of public characters are to be seen in the City Hall of New York.

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

It may be that we owe the exhibition we are about to notice, more to the presence of Prince Albert, than to the general English patronage of foreign art. Not that the public who care about art in England, and who buy pictures, are at all blind to the merit of foreign artists; on the contrary, in this respect they offer a most gratifying contrast to their continental brethren, for some few years ago, when at the Exhibition of the Louvre, we well remember that there were then only two English pictures by a modern artist in that collection, and those pictures certainly were magnificent—they were interiors by Roberts. Now, not only are our galleries filled with the productions of the Italian and the Dutch schools, but 'tis not long since, when the Vernon collection was bequeathed to the nation, that the foreign productions predominated over those of native talent. The vigorous bearing of the modern English school; so rich in every variety of art; so transcendently excellent as to force itself, so to speak, into notice, has entirely remedied this; and art has been so well rewarded here, that even distinguished French and German painters have been attracted to our shores. The French exhibition may have been encouraged by the excellent feeling at present established between the two nations; the German, we take it, by the ties of consanguinity which subsist between the thrones as well as the people.

From whatever source it may arise, the result is most pleasurable. The exhibition is very creditable, and also curious as establishing an identity of feeling as regards art between the people of each country. This is especially remarkable in their landscapes, many of which are perfectly English in their treatment.

The size of the exhibition is too small, the number of pictures, with additions, only amounting to eighty-five! The price charged for admission being one shilling, the same as the Royal Academy and other exhibitions with three times the number of paintings, this present gallery stands at some disadvantage with regard to the pockets of those who are economical. In fact, it would be not only beneficial, but graceful on the part of the conductors, to open their gallery at half-price to their countrymen and the middle classes of the community.

The first painting in the gallery, "Where there is no Money, there is no Law," is a scene in a tavern, wherein an old cavalier, with a comical look of roguery upon his face, refuses to pay for his entertainment, and we presume quotes the German proverb which forms the title of the picture. The enraged countenance of the host and hostess is excellently contrasted by the calm look of the Dutch *Maisire*. The colour is very good, the *chameaux* well kept, and the accessories remarkably well painted by A. Siegert.

(No. 4), Landscape, "Holland," by Steinecke, is a clever picture of flat scenery; the colour is, however, far from good.

(No. 8), "The Anxious Mother," by B. Vantier, is interesting in subject and clever in composition.

(No. 9), "The Andeck Mountain in Switzerland," is a grand scene, ably rendered by the artist, H. Baumgartner. The distance is especially fine.

(No. 12), "A Sketch—subject from the Peasants' War," by O. Knille, is very finely drawn and remarkably spirited. The positions are free, natural and unaffected. (13), "A Fruit-piece," by A. W. Freyer, is worthy of the old Dutch artists of the same style. The composition is very simple; a bunch of grapes still attached to the stem, upon which is a leaf wonderfully painted, lies upon a slab of marble, and slightly in the background is a glass of Champagne, not long poured out, with the effervescence still rising in the glass. The effect of this is wonderful, the glass and wine are so painted as to make the visitor believe that they have never been excelled. The whole picture is sound in its finish, and so modestly painted as to put to shame the more glaring compositions of Lance and Daffield, who would do well to take a lesson from it.

(No. 19), "Sketch—The Battle of Grossbieren," is very spirited and remarkably accurate in costume; it is painted by G. Bliedtren.

(No. 22), "A Norwegian Landscape," by Andreas Achenbach, is well painted, but it is hard, gray and sombre; the peculiar colour may be, and probably is, entirely true to Norwegian nature, but is not very pleasant.

(No. 24), "A Scene in Norway," by A. Leu, is very grand and imposing. On the top of a vast mountain, a solitary little lake, probably formed by the crater of an extinct volcano, reflects the sunset. Deer and elk stretch out their antlered heads upon the mountain top, whilst wild flowers bloom from every crevice in the stone. Both colour and execution are good.

(No. 27), "Sketch—subject from the Thirty Years' War," by G. Sell, is a spirited scene of war and devastation. Some of Wallenstein's party are besieging a castle, and the painter has chosen the interior of a room wherein a party of defenders are about to fire from a window upon the besiegers. An old man, in instant danger of being struck by a ball, peers down into the court below, whilst another, presenting his piece, pulls him from the scene of danger. The chief centre figure uplifts his hand and threatens two prisoners, one of whom is wounded and reclines on the floor of the apartment. The eagerness of the combatants, the determination and stern feeling of their countenances, and the perfect knowledge of anatomy shown by the artist, render this picture as fine and interesting as any in the gallery. The style is somewhat after that of Charles Landseer with us; but the German painter has signally triumphed.

(No. 37), "Little Miss Vanity," by Geselchap, is a picture which explains itself in its title. It is nicely painted.

(No. 38), "The Death of Louis IX. of France, A.D. 1270." A large historical picture by C. Bower, is the most ambitious picture in the room. On the coast of Africa, in an expedition against the kingdom of Tunis, Louis was attacked by a fatal malady. The artist has chosen the scene when upon a bed of ashes, raised in his tent, with the crucifix before him, and surrounded by his army, Louis yielded up his life to Him who gave it. A quotation from the "Biographie Universelle" explains the picture:—"The dying king, the kneeling priests, and devout soldiery, the glow of the sky, reddening with the declining day, all render this representation of a solemn scene, solemn and grand in itself." The armour and accessories are drawn with the same knowledge and minute attention as would be shown by MacIaine, but the colour is exactly the reverse, being as much too red as his is too chalky.

(No. 43), "A Landscape," by Pierou, reminds one of Justus.

(No. 44), "A Sketch," by G. Sell, introducing banditti, is free and bold, and well drawn.

(No. 47), "The Middy's Lecture on Sobriety," by Henry Ritter, has been exhibited in the Royal Academy; it is now exhibited again, as the last work of the deceased artist. A midshipman, who has had charge of the boat whilst some of his men are on shore, is very properly indignant at finding two of them (in company with the black cook), walking down to the boat as drunk as they conveniently can be without lying down. The consciousness of guilt, and the comic expression of the men at being checked by their young officer, the earnestness and grandeur of the latter combined with his youth, go far to render the picture one of the most pleasing of humorous productions, and make us lament the loss of the artist.

(No. 50), "Entrance to the Harbour of Christiana," by Muller, is a good sea-piece, freely dashed in; the water is motive and transparent.

(No. 51), "A Norwegian Fjord—Evening," is a beautiful landscape. We are ashamed to say that until we read some of Miss Bremer's novels, and Miss Martineau's descriptions, we had little idea that scenery during the short Norwegian summer was so beautiful. The artist of this charming production is A. Lew.

(No. 56), "A Forest Scene," by A. Burnier, is a very large picture of great merit; the study of the trees and the attention paid to each production in the vegetable kingdom is certainly immense.

(No. 60), "The change of Fortune—the Discovered Will," is a prettily painted, but not very meritorious illustration of one of Berger's romances, which are little known in this country.

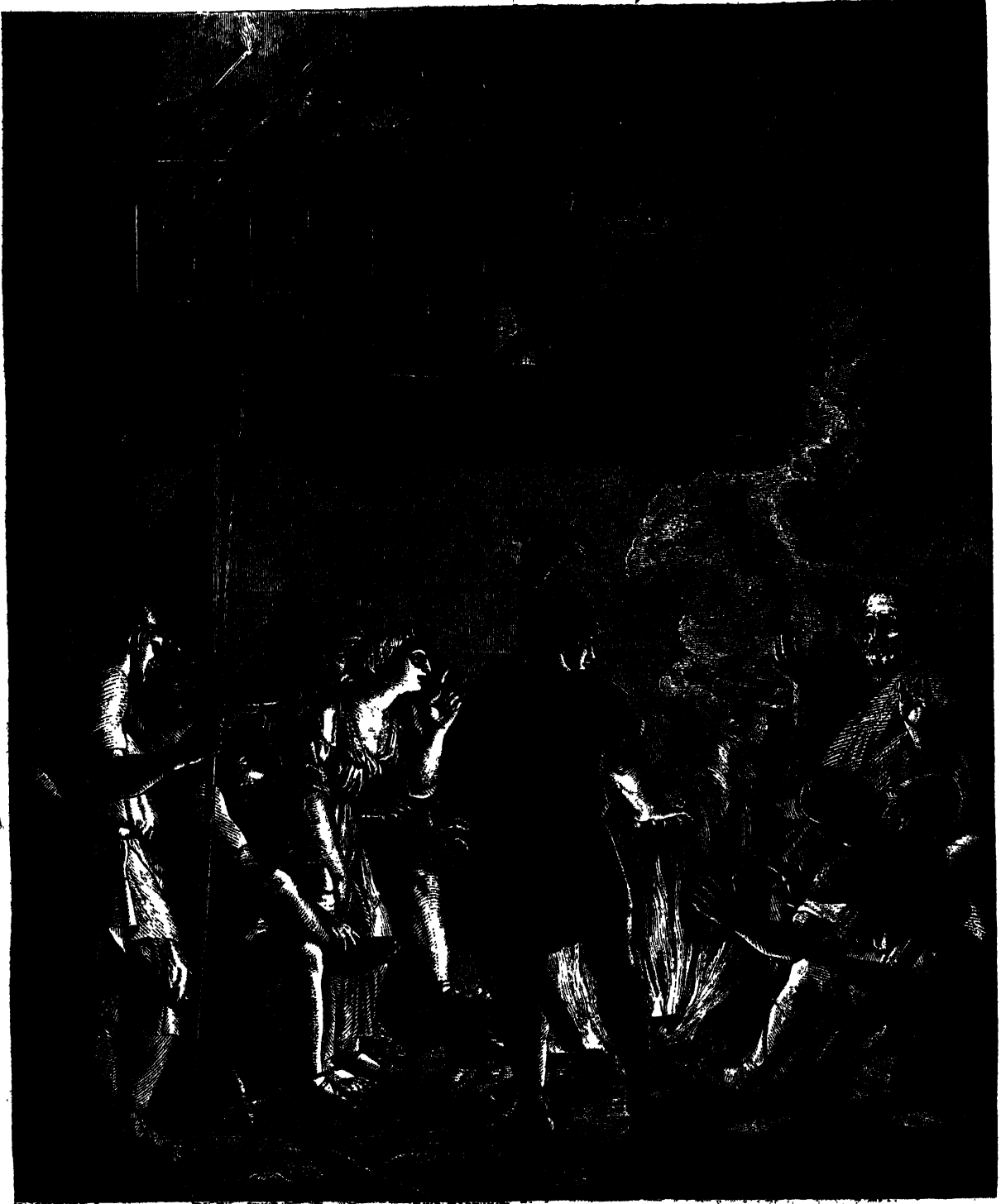
(No. 62), with the somewhat anomalous title of "Stop Thief!" is a large landscape by night, of great merit, painted by F. Schlesinger. A small figure, probably stealing something from a cart, explains the title.

(No. 63), "Moonlight on the Sogne Fjords," is a landscape with a curious effect, by Larson.

(No. 71), "The Little Admiral," by W. Cordes, is a water scene, of a cabin-boy who, in charge of a boat-load of various provisions for the ship's crew, is quietly floating down the stream. The execution is meritorious.

we find marked in our catalogue with approbation; the rush and foam of the water is especially good.

(No. 84), "A Rustic Ball," by T. Fay, is a very pleasing picture, not unlike in treatment to the productions of our own Wilkie.



PETER DENYING CHRIST.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

(No. 78), "A Cabin Toast," by Nordenberg, in which aboard some little vessel a seaman is handing a glass of hot punch through the hatches to his comrade above, is very well painted, and is a homely scene properly of the Dutch School.

(No. 79), "Torrent in the Valley of Hardanger," by H. Gude,

In conclusion, we must congratulate the promoters of this exhibition on the great promise and excellence of almost every picture in the room, one great merit being that there is not a thoroughly faulty production exhibited. To those fond of art we at once recommend a visit to 168, Bond-street.

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.
JOSEPH VERNET.



CLAUDE JOSEPH VERNET, father of Carl Vernet, and grandfather of Horace, was himself the son of a painter, and was endowed with a greater share than any one else of that genius for painting



which has rendered his family illustrious as artists through four generations.

The wonderful stories told about most celebrated painters are really true with respect to Joseph Vernet. He has himself often related that, on his return from Italy, his mother gave him some

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drawings executed by him at the age of five, when he was rewarded by being allowed to use the pencils he had tried to purloin. Before he was fifteen years old, he already painted frieze-panels, fire-screens, sedan-chair panels, &c., and gave proof of that facility in conceiving and executing which was one of the characteristic marks of his genius.

It was not possible for Joseph Vernet, whose father dreamt of nothing but seeing him pursue the glorious career of the historical painter, to remain for ever at Avignon, his native place. It was, therefore, thought necessary to send him to Rome; consequently, his father one morning put a few louis d'or into his hand, and sent him off with a waggoner, who undertook to take him to Marseilles. The journey took a long while to perform; for it was necessary to stop the horses every instant, so that the young painter might have time enough to sketch the landscapes of Provence, which are so different from those of Le Comtat, or to admire a range of mountains, the sterility of which formed a strong contrast with the verdure of the plains which stretched beneath, with the innumerable roads that covered them. But while Joseph Vernet was thus going to consult the great masters, he suddenly met with his real master—the sea.

When he saw it for the first time, from the top of a mountain called La Viste, near Marseilles, it made so deep an impression upon him, that henceforth his vocation was decided on; he immediately felt that he was destined to be a painter of marine subjects. Before him stretched the Mediterranean as far as the eye could reach, while three islands, which lay at a few leagues from the shore, seemed to be placed there in order to break the uniformity of the immense lake, and to gratify the eye; on his right rose a sloping tower of country houses, intersected with trees; on his left was the little harbour of Mastigues; in front, innumerable vessels rocked to and fro in the port of Marseilles, while the horizon was terminated by the tower of Bouc, nearly lost in the distance. This spectacle was a suggestion to the genius of Vernet; nature, while

inviting him to paint marine subjects, furnished him with more than the elements of the picture—she furnished him with the picture itself. We meet, from time to time, with artists who find in themselves, in the treasury of their meditations, in the regions of their imagination, forms and figures that they would in vain seek to produce from memory alone; they know how to represent, with boldness such as Poussin would have used, not only wonderful phenomena, light, and the visible and palpable objects of creation, but also certain delicate things, the existence of which they have discovered by thought. There are, on the contrary, other artists whose minds are ever ready to receive all outward impressions, which they feel deeply enough to express them with truth and force: their eyes are like windows, through which ideas enter under the form of images, and their genius is like an Æolian harp, which, in order to produce a sound, waits for a breath of air. The former, among whom Joseph Vernet must be placed, belong to the true race of painters. Until he saw a tempest, Joseph Vernet was nothing more than a painter of ships and harbours; but the day when he first listened to the roaring of the furious sea, while on board a ship that was beaten about by the wind, threatened by the lightning, and in danger of going down every instant, his mind was at once on a level with the grandeur of the scene; he recollected for ever the fright and gestures of the sailors, the discomposured features of all on board, and the grand appearance of the swollen billows.

"It was on going from Marseilles to Rome," says one of his friends, Monsieur Pitru, "that Joseph Vernet, on seeing a tempest-gathering, when they were off the island of Sardinia, was seized, not with terror, but with admiration; in the midst of the general alarm, the painter seemed really to relish the peril; his only desire was to face the tempest, and to be, so to say, mixed up in it, in order that, some day or other, he might astonish and frighten others by the terrible effects he would then learn to produce; his only fear was, that he might lose the sight of a spectacle so new to him. He had himself lashed to the mainmast, and, while he was there tossed about in every direction, saturated with sea-water, and excited by this hand-to-hand struggle with his model, he painted the tempest, not on his canvas, but in his memory, which never forgot anything. He saw and remembered all,—clouds, waves, and rocks, lines and colours, with the motion of the boats and the rocking of the ship, and the accidental light which intersected a slate-coloured sky, that served as a ground to the whiteness of the sea-foam."

When he arrived at Rome, in 1782, Joseph Vernet became a pupil of Bernardin Fergioni, a painter of marine pieces, whom, however, he soon surpassed. He was now eighteen years old, having been born in 1714. Entirely unknown in Rome, the young painter lived on what he obtained by the sale of a few marine pieces; he found, however, but few buyers, and obtained but very low prices for a kind of painting which, more than any other, causes the absence of colour to be regretted; he, therefore, painted marine pieces of smaller dimensions, which he sold for one or two sequins each, until a cardinal, one day, gave him four louis d'or for one. The barber, at whose house he lodged at Rome, let several quarters' rent run on expressly with the intention of being eventually paid with a picture instead of money; and on the day when the painter owed four quarters' rent, the barber, who had often silently contemplated him while painting, asked him for a certain picture which represented day-break, and which had been executed for the cardinal already mentioned. At this juncture the cardinal arrived, and the barber threw himself at the feet of his eminency, and with tears in his eyes, implored him to let him have the picture which the young artist had just finished.

The reputation of an artist is quickly made at Rome, provided that a cardinal takes the slightest notice of him. It was thus that Vernet's was made; but he thought less of making money by his talent, than of improving himself. Every day he left Rome, to wander about the surrounding country, so that he might study at his leisure the different tones of the sky, as he always wished to paint after nature herself. He watched for the various hues presented by the horizon at different hours of the day, and tried to imitate its fugitive tints; but he soon perceived that his power of observation, great and impassioned though it was, could not keep pace with the

continual variation of the colours of the atmosphere; and he despaired of ever being able to represent on canvas the moving harmony of those pictures, which nature required so little time to execute in such perfection, and which so quickly passed away. He now invented an alphabet of tones, which is the more curious, because another painter has left us a description of it.*

The various characters of this alphabet were joined together and corresponded to an equal number of different tints. If Vernet saw the sun rise silvery and fresh, or set the colour of crimson, or if he saw a storm approaching or disappearing, he opened his tablets, and there set down the gradation of the tones he admired, as quickly as he would write ten or twelve letters on a piece of paper. After having thus noted down the beauties of the sky in short-hand, so to speak, he returned to his studio, to transfer them to canvas, and to render stationary the moving picture he had just been contemplating. Effects, which had long since disappeared, were thus recomposed in all their charming harmony, to delight the eye of every lover of painting.

Far from confining himself within the narrow limits of one branch of his profession, Joseph Vernet determined to take as wide a range as possible. At Rome, he had made the acquaintance of Locatelli, Panini, and Solimene. Like them, he studied the splendid ruins of the architecture of ancient Rome, and the noble landscapes of its environs, together with the water-courses, the rocks, and the celebrated cascades of Tivoli. He also paid particular attention to the proportions and attitudes of his figures, as well as to the picturesque appearance of their costume, which were mostly those of fishermen or lazzaroni. Such love for nature and for art, such assiduous contemplation, at different hours of the day, of the phenomena of light, and such profound study of the numerous accessories whose importance he wished to raise, being joined to genius of the first order, made an excellent landscape-painter of Vernet; and though he was, undoubtedly, inferior to Claude Lorraine, in producing bold and luminous effects, he was quite equal to him in rendering the effects of vapour, and much superior, as Diderot remarked, in the invention of scenes, in designing figures, and in the variety of his incidents.

The French painter soon occupied a high position in Rome; he was universally sought after, and he now obtained high prices for the same kind of landscapes and marine pieces which he had, at first, parted with to discharge his arrears of rent. He received orders from all quarters for *tempests, calms, gales, and cascades*. He was also employed to decorate the Romanini palace and the Borghese gallery with landscapes, which he executed in the elevated style of Salvator. He chose for his subjects the most terrible phenomena of nature—such as frightful ravines, down which rushed foaming torrents that bounded from rock to rock, and dragged along with them entire trunks of up-rooted trees. But the figures which he painted at the bottom of these abysses are far from being as sombre as the brigands of Salvator. On being relieved of their helmets and hauberts, they would still be the same *nonchalant* fishermen, whom Vernet knew so well how to place, in a sitting or recumbent position, on the foreground of his calms. The study he made of Salvator was, however, so far beneficial to him, that it strengthened his colouring, gave firmness to his touch, and inspired him with those dark and bold tints by which those of his paintings that date from his stay in Italy are easily recognised. *

Endowed with wonderful facility for properly understanding everything, and for painting all he undertook well and quickly, Joseph Vernet had identified himself, for a time, with the wild and rough manner of Salvator, and imitated his rigid foliages, his rugged rocks, and the mournful aspect of his ground-plots, cracked and calcined by the sun; but this was not the proper field for the genius of Vernet to work in. He was, above all, a Frenchman, and penetrated, though with difficulty, into those dark regions of the imagination which were not known to French artists before the revolution that has taken place in painting during the present century. In spite of himself, Joseph Vernet always painted places that were inhabited, or at least habitable. Some indication of neighbouring civilisation, a dilapidated villa, or the fragment of an aqueduct, always appeared in the distance, between two mountains that ended

* Renou, in the "Art de Peindre," translated into French verse, from the Latin Poem by Dufresnoy. Paris, Didot, 1780.

in a peak, or on the summit of a rock. For *Salvator Rosa* alone was reserved the right of painting landscapes, which he had, doubtless, seen nowhere else but in the region of his dreams. Far from having led as adventurous a life as that of *Salvator*, Joseph Vernet was born for society. Gay, amiable, and witty, he carried with him, wherever he went, the polished and easy manners of a well-bred Frenchman. At Rome, he married Miss Virginia Parker, the daughter of an English Catholic, who was an officer in the navy of the pope; and Carle Vernet was the fruit of this marriage.

What, in general, causes artists to be so sympathetic, to conform so closely to the manners by which they are surrounded, and to prove so faithful to the thoughts with which they are inspired by the routine of life, is the fact of their painting as much for praise as for the mere pleasure of the art. While wandering about the *Campagna di Roma*, or going on board some ship to visit the Gulf of Venice or the shores of Greece, Joseph Vernet still turned his eyes towards France, and longed to obtain the approbation of his countrymen. Every time that an exhibition took place at the Louvre, some marine pieces by Joseph Vernet made their appearance there. He sent two in 1747, and four in 1748. At one time it was a "Moonlight," in which the moonbeams quivered on a sea covered with boats; and he there showed most felicitously how different ships, while driven by the same wind, follow different courses, according to the manner in which the sails are trimmed. At another time, it was the "Conflagration of a Town" on the sea-coast, in which were admired the effect produced by the flames, their reflection in the water, and the fright and agitation of the people. Joseph Vernet was henceforth pronounced worthy of being ranked as a painter of history, and if envy endeavoured to cry down the works of the absent artist, the *connoisseurs* who then led the public, the Abbé Leblanc, Cochin, and Diderot, vigorously defended him; and, at a later period, glowing epistles of well-turned verse were presented to him. He sometimes took pleasure in coquetishly contrasting "A Tempest" with "A Calm," as if to show that nature never allowed him to be indifferent to anything; and this contrast never failed to produce a good impression. It seemed that marine subjects formed for him a wide field for the depicting of the human passions, a mysterious ground on which he could represent, not only the various movements of the body, but also the different states of the soul: repose, nerveless indolence, sleep, or the smiles of vulgar love being here seen; while there, were depicted anguish, fright, despair, and death.

How truly dramatic is the effect of "A Tempest" by Vernet! But why are we more touched by this painting than we are by the others? Doubtless, because the most prominent feature in it is man, and because his misfortunes form the real subject of the picture. The artist, therefore, always presents us with a view of the coast, and a tower in which a useless beacon-light is burning, when he wishes to show us the sea covered with drowning persons and with sinking ships, or boats hanging suspended on the top of a wave. The spectator is thus placed on the rock itself, against which both ships and waves are dashed.

Those of the Dutch painters who have represented tempests on their canvas, seem to have been inspired by a vague feeling of pantheism. In the storms of Everdingen, of William Vandervelde the younger, of Backhuysen, and of Bonaventura, the sea plays the principal part; it swells as if in obedience to the genius of tempests, and seems irritated with the very sky. Man only appears there as if by accident, to play a very secondary part, and it is at once felt that, strictly speaking, his presence could be dispensed with in the composition of the picture. The tempests of Vernet, on the contrary, were composed for the purpose of making the cords of the human passions vibrate within us: the grief of a husband, the cries of a father in despair, the anguish of a young wife cast by the waves upon the shore, are the subjects represented in the marine pieces of Joseph Vernet. He only excites the sea in order to excite in us terror, or compassion for the sailor in peril. All that ruins the hopes of man, overthrows his castles, swallows up his riches, or tears asunder the affections of his heart, here forms the culminating point of the tragedy in which nature is thrown, like the chorus of the ancients, into the background.

While examining the works of Vernet, at the Cabinet des Estampes, we were, above all, struck with the part played in them

by man, which is always made so important a one by French painters. In "The Dangers of the Sea," and in "The Shipwreck," your attention is immediately engrossed by the pathetic scenes there represented. While a mother, bathed in tears, is gazing on her child, stretched dead upon a rock, the crew of the ship are engaged in saving their merchandise; they are strenuously endeavouring to bring numerous casks to shore, and, having harnessed themselves to cables, are dragging towards them the remains of their shattered craft. Some birds of prey are hovering, with outspread wings, over the wreck, waiting to dart down and devour the dead bodies which the receding sea will leave upon the beach.

The figures of Joseph Vernet have certainly nothing of the heroic bearing which Poussin or Gaspar Dughet would have imparted to them; but then, how real are their attitudes, how full of force, how natural! And why do they so rivet our attention? Because there is nothing false about them, because they were studied and sketched at the moment when man, forgetful of himself, assumed such attitudes, or made such gestures as nature then directed. Besides this, the reason that their commonest actions interest us so greatly is, because they refer to a terrible tragedy, and because, at the end of a rope at which the distressed sailors are pulling with all their might, is seen a mother who, with her hair dishevelled, is in the act of sinking, or a man about to perish. In "A Violent Storm," for instance (p. 52), there are some figures which, as they kneel on the front rock and bend towards the broken masts, seem to implore, not heaven, but the sea. All the superstition, courage, weakness, and energy, that fill the seaman's breast, are there vividly depicted by him who, of all the great painters of France, was best acquainted with the seaman's habits.

With respect to the sea itself, Joseph Vernet painted it as it appeared to him on being viewed from a ship or a tower—that is, he only painted its predominating tone and general aspect. We think that the transparency of the waves is exaggerated by the artists of the present day, who represent upon their surface thousands of sparkling pearls which nature has hidden at the bottom of the water. Some make the sea roll golden spangles, like the ancient *Pactolus*, while others fill it, especially along the shore, with blue and yellow streaks, or pretty sparkling tints, which make it a sort of liquid jewel-case. Joseph Vernet was more staid, more simple, and more natural. His seas are sombre-coloured, of a dark green, and are characterised by that majestic heaviness of which *Géricault* has so well reminded us in "The Shipwreck of the *Medusa*." There are some seas of which the ordinary and predominant colour is a perfect green. Such is the colour of the Mediterranean, above all in the Gulf of Venice. When Vernet was studying in Italy, he imitated this colour in the marine pieces he then painted; they are the best he ever executed, and are easily recognised by their colour alone. By limiting himself to strict unity of tone, the effect of the *ensemble* of Vernet's paintings is more certain and more powerful than it would otherwise have been, because the eye of the spectator is neither attracted by the vagaries of a fringing line of foam, nor occupied in seeking for the treasures which are seen through the limpid waves, and it can, therefore, extend its gaze across the whole of the formidable element, and thus be the better enabled to comprehend its dangers and its fury.

The principles of the art of painting, those, at least, which are applicable to marine subjects, are all explained in the works of Joseph Vernet in the clearest and most magisterial manner possible. If it is required to paint a heavy gale, accidental or double lights, moonlights, waves, or rocks, all necessary directions will be found tersely written in the paintings of Joseph Vernet. We do not, however, mean to say that what he there painted was only executed after long weighing everything in his mind, for nothing is more opposed to inspiration than pedantry; and we can easily believe that all this painter did was done on the moment, taken at once from nature, and dashed upon the canvas with the rapidity of thought, and under the influence of recent observation. Without knowing it, Vernet resolved the various problems presented by marine subjects so well, that an entire book has been composed from the observations suggested by his versatile talent, at times unequal, but often sublime. His paintings have furnished matter for an excellent little work on landscape painting, published by Hermann, in 1800, at St. Petersburg.

Whenever Vernet wished to represent a gale, he took care not to present the eye with the monotonous spectacle of a number of objects all inclining to the same side. By placing objects that resist the wind by the side of others that yield to it, he gave his scenes a variety of movement which imparted to them an appearance of life. With respect to accidental lights, "it must be observed," says Hermann, "that the greatest painters have seldom introduced them into their pictures. Claude Lorraine never employed them, though he painted both sunrise and sunset. The skies of the Flemish artists were generally overcast, with, here and there, a bluish space. But Vernet, I think, is the only one who, emboldened by the special study he had made of cloudy and stormy weather, ever succeeded in imitating the accidental lights of the sky."

It is also from the same artist that Hermann borrows his examples, when speaking of double lights. There are some landscapes, few in number, it is true, in which the daylight and the light of a fire are thrown upon the same objects. The first of these lights ought to be very faint, and then the effect of the second will be extraordinary. Shepherds or travellers seated, near nightfall, on the border of a forest, would form a very good subject for a

rocks within sight, and could not invent these imposing, fantastic, severe, and picturesque forms of which nature alone furnishes the models, and which the most fertile imagination would never even dream of.

The spirited painter of tempestuous marine pieces was, as we have already said, a man of the most amiable manners. What he most loved, next to painting, was music. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with Pergolesi, the musician, who afterwards became so celebrated, and they lived almost continually together. Joseph Vernet had had a harpsichord placed in his studio for the express use of his friend, and while the painter, carried away by his imagination, put the waters of the mighty main into commotion, or suspended persons on the towering waves, the grave composer sought, with the tips of his fingers, for the rudiments of his immortal melodies. It was thus that the melancholy stanzas of that *chef-d'œuvre* of sadness and of sorrow, the *Stabat-Mater*, were composed for a little convent in which one of Pergolesi's sisters resided. It seems to us, that while listening to this plaintive music, Vernet must have given a more mellow tint to his painting; and it was, perhaps, while under its influence, that he worked at



A VIOLENT STORM FROM A PAINTING JOSEPH VERNET

landscape of this kind. Vernet has introduced sailors seated round a fire into several of his moonlights; the fire, however, is too small to clash with the light of the moon. It is, in all cases, necessary for one or other of the lights to have a marked preponderance, for if they were nearly equal, the spectator would be kept in suspense, and the effect would be lost. But it will always be a difficult thing to prevent discordance from arising between the pale, feeble light of the moon, and the strong, red, and sombre light of a fire. It is not given to every painter to produce a harmonious effect, under such circumstances, in spite even of so glaring an opposition. "The *eis*," says Diderot, "a point at which the two lights meet, run into one another, and form a peculiar tint, in representing which it is difficult not to be wrong."

With respect to waves and rocks, the French painter has proved that he did not uselessly visit those rugged coasts against which the white waves dash, as they roll upwards towards the sky, and seem to foam with fury. His success in this respect forms one of the chief beauties of his marine pieces, a beauty that neither Backhuysen nor the Vanderdoes have introduced into their paintings, since, as they lived or were brought up in Holland, they had no

his calms and moonlights, or, making a truce with the roaring billows of the sea, painted it tranquil and smooth, and represented on the shore nothing but motionless fishermen, sailors seated between the carriages of two cannon, and whiling away the time by relating their travels to one another, or else stretched on the grass in so quiescent a state, that the spectator himself becomes motionless while gazing on them.

Pergolesi died in the arms of Joseph Vernet, who could never after hear the name of his friend pronounced without being moved to tears. He religiously preserved the scraps of paper on which he had seen the music of the *Stabat-Mater* dotted down beneath his eyes, and brought them with him to France in 1753, at which period he was sent for by Monsieur de Marigny, after an absence of twenty years. Vernet's love for music procured Grétry a hearty welcome, when the young composer came to Paris. Vernet discovered his talent, and predicted his success. Some of Grétry's features, his delicate constitution, and, above all, several of his simple and expressive airs, reminded the painter of the immortal man to whom music owes so large a portion of its present importance; for it was Pergolesi who first introduced in Italy the custom

of paying such strict attention to the sense of the words and to the choice of the accompaniments.

At a later epoch, Diderot compared his favourite painter to the Jupiter of Lucian, who, "tired of listening to the lamentable cries of mankind, rose from table and exclaimed: 'Let it hail in Thrace!' and the trees were immediately stripped of their leaves, the harvest cut to pieces, and the thatch of the houses scattered before the wind: then he said: 'Let the Plague fall on Asia!' and the doors of the houses were immediately closed, the streets were deserted, and men shunned one another; and again he exclaimed: 'Let a volcano appear here!' and the earth immediately shook, the buildings were thrown down, the animals were terrified, and the inhabitants fled into the surrounding country; and on his crying out: 'Let this place be visited with a dearth!' the old husbandman died of want at his own door. Jupiter calls that governing the world, but he is wrong. Vernet calls it painting pictures, and he is right."

It was with reference to the twenty-five paintings exhibited by Vernet, in 1765, that Diderot penned the foregoing lines, which formed the peroration to an eloquent and lengthy eulogium, such

endeavouring to reach the shore, against which they will be inevitably dashed to pieces. The same variety of character, action, and expression is also observable among the spectators, some of whom are turning aside with a shudder, some are doing their utmost to assist the drowning persons, while others remain motionless and are merely looking on. A few persons have made a fire beneath a rock, and are endeavouring to revive a woman, who is apparently expiring. But now turn your eyes, reader, towards another picture, and you will there see a calm, with all its charms. The waters, which are tranquil, smooth, and cheerful-looking, insensibly lose their transparency as they extend further from the sight, while their surface gradually assumes a lighter tint, as they roll from the shore to the horizon. The ships are motionless, and the sailors and passengers are whiling away the time in various amusements. If it is morning, what light vapours are seen rising all around! and how they have refreshed and vivified every object they have fallen on! If it is evening, what a golden tint do the tops of the mountains assume! How various, too, are the hues of the sky! And how gently do the clouds move along, as they cast the reflection of their different



VIEW OF THE ENVIRONS OF CITTA NUOVA.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

as it but rarely falls to a painter to be the subject of. Among other things, the great critic there says: "There is hardly a single one of his compositions which any painter would have taken not less than two years to execute, however well he might have employed his time. What incredible effects of light do we not behold in them! What magnificent skies! what water! what arrangement! what prodigious variety in the scenes! Here, we see a child borne off on the shoulder of his father, after having been saved from a watery grave; while there, lies a woman dead upon the beach, with her forlorn and widowed husband weeping at her side. The sea roars, the wind howls, the thunder fills the air with its peals, and the pale and sombre glimmers of the lightning that shoots incessantly through the sky, illuminate and hide the scene in turn. It appears as if you heard the sides of the ship crack, so natural does it look with its broken masts and lacerated sails; the persons on deck are stretching their hands towards heaven, while others have thrown themselves into the sea. The latter are dashed by the waves against the neighbouring rocks, where their blood mingles with the white foam of the raging billows. Some, too, are floating on the surface of the sea, some are about to sink, and some are

colours into the sea! Go, reader, into the country, lift up your eyes towards the azure vault of heaven, observe well the phenomena you then see there, and you will think that a large piece of the canvas lighted by the sun himself has been cut out and placed upon the easel of the artist: or form your hand into a tube, so that, by looking through it, you will only be able to see a limited space of the canvas painted by nature, and you will at once fancy that you are gazing on one of Vernet's pictures which has been taken from off his easel and placed in the sky. His nights, too, are as touching as his days are fine; while his ports are as fine as his imaginative pieces are piquant. He is equally wonderful, whether he employs his pencil to depict a subject of every-day life, or abandons himself completely to his imagination; and he is equally incomprehensible, whether he employs the orb of day or the orb of night, natural or artificial lights, to light his pictures with. He is always bold, harmonious, and staid, like those great poets whose judgment balances all things so well, that they are never either exaggerated or cold. His fabrics, edifices, costumes, actions, men, and animals are all true. When near, he astonishes you, and, at a distance, he astonishes you still more."

Like his sister, Madame de Pompadour, the Marquis de Marigny loved and protected the arts. He was desirous of having all the seaports of France painted, and the artist he chose to paint them was Joseph Vernet, who, though he did not inhabit Paris, had never failed to exhibit his admirable marine-pieces there. No one, perhaps, could have been found more fitted than Vernet for this ungrateful task, which, though offering so few resources, required so much knowledge; but it evinced a very slight acquaintance with the genius of Vernet, for any one to give him a sort of didactic order for a series of paintings. Thus imprisoned in an official programme, Joseph Vernet must have felt ill at ease, at least if we may be allowed to judge from a letter which he wrote to Monsieur de Marigny, with respect to another order. This curious letter, which is dated May 6th, 1765, runs as follows:—

“ I am not accustomed to make sketches for my pictures. My general practice is to compose on the canvas of the picture I am about to execute, and to paint it immediately, while my imagination is still warm with conception; the size, too, of my canvas tells me at once what I have to do, and makes me compose accordingly. I am sure, if I made a sketch beforehand, that I should not only not put in it what might be in the picture, but that I should also throw into it all the fire I possess, and the larger picture would, in consequence, become cold. This would also be making a sort of copy, which it would annoy me to do. Thus, sir, after thoroughly weighing and examining everything, I think it best that I should be left free to act as I like. This is what I require from all those for whom I wish to do my best; and this is also what I beg your friend, towards whom I am desirous of acting conscientiously, to let me do. He can tell me what size he wishes the picture to be, with the general subject of it, such as calm, tempest, sun-rise, sun-set, moonlight, landscape, marine-piece, etc., but nothing more. Experience has taught me that when I am constrained by the least thing, I always succeed worse than usual.

“ If you wish to know the usual prices of my pictures, they are as follow:—For every one four feet wide, and two and a half, or three high, £60; for every one three feet wide, and of a proportionate height, £48; for every one two feet and a half wide, £40; for every one two feet wide, £32; and for every one eighteen inches wide, £24, with larger or smaller ones as required; but it is as well to mention that I succeed much better with the larger ones.”

When he wrote this letter, Vernet had already begun the “Ports of France.” A member of the French Academy of Painting, as he had long been of the Roman Academy of St. Luke, he enjoyed the rare privilege of listening, while he yet lived, to the praises of posterity; for when the public were viewing, at the exhibition, some of those “Ports,” to which he often joined shipwrecks, moonlights, or marine-pieces by sun-set, he could proudly read in Grimm’s correspondence, the vivacious and witty pages which fell from Diderot’s too facile pen, to pay just flattery to Vernet, and to gull all others. “Vernet,” exclaimed Diderot, “is a great magician; it might be said that he commences by creating a country, that he has men, women, and children in reserve, with whom to people his canvas as they people a colony, and that he then presents them with what sky, what temperature, what seasons, what happiness, and what misfortunes he likes.”

It would be necessary to remain whole hours before the “Ports” of Vernet, in order fully to understand all the labour, all the picturesque and imaginative power, and all the talent he has lavished on them. What is more difficult to paint than a seaport? If you raise the point of view, you obtain an hydrographical map; and if you lower it, you have nothing but a flat horizon, inelegant lines, and an immense sky to fill. The effect of these pictures, which are naturally cold, was greatly increased by Vernet’s talent for drawing figures; he grouped them in great numbers under light skies, sometimes gray and silvery, sometimes scorching hot, but always cloudy; and he varied the posture, the action, and the attitude of the figures in a thousand ways. Some are selling fish, mending nets, carrying coffee, and rolling barrels, while others are walking and talking in the sun. Here, some girls from Marseilles are stopping to listen to the gallant conversation of a dandy abbé; while at Bordeaux, some men are loading a cannon to return the salute of a frigate; here, a magazine is in course of construction, or a tartan is being caulked; there, men are piling up cannon-

balls, or the soldiers of the watch are bringing along a quarrelsome sailor; while in another place, men engaged in fishing for tunny, impart an unexpected and lively appearance to the “View of the Gulf of Bandal.” Thus filled with animation, the “Ports” of France met with great success when they appeared; and this success was increased when Louis XV., after speaking of them in terms of the highest praise, remarked with shameless nonchalance, that “the only ships in France now, are those in Vernet’s pictures.”

On returning to his landscapes and marine-pieces, Vernet again found all the fire of his genius. His famous “Tempest” (p. 57), engraved in so admirable and finished a manner by Balcchou, spread his reputation through Europe. The Czarina wished for some of his pictures to decorate her private gallery of the Hermitage, into which the sensual Empress allowed nothing but paintings and love to enter. And when the prince of the Asturias was preparing for himself a mysterious retreat, beneath the shades of a valley in the environs of the Baourial, he wished to have the panels of his rooms painted by Vernet, and sent him the dimensions of them to enable him to execute them. The Marquis of Lansdowne purchased a “Shipwreck” by Vernet, which sold at the sale of his lordship’s pictures for 115 guineas. But the most charming productions of Vernet were to be found in France, in the possession of Diderot and of Madame Geoffrin, and in the celebrated cabinet of the Duc de Choiseul. “The Bathers” (p. 56), which was sold at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul’s pictures for £238, is a delicious painting, far superior to the sweetest productions of Poussin. Some rocks which are kept upright by leaning against each other, have formed a natural grotto, which affords the women a retreat full of mystery and coolness. On seeing these voluptuous creatures, who, as they think they are unperceived, fearlessly abandon themselves to the caresses of the rippling waves, one would at first imagine it was Calypso surrounded in her grotto by her nymphs; but the female attendant, with a basket of wine and fruit, reminds you that it is a Calypso of every-day life, that her nymphs have come from the neighbouring town, and that they will soon be troubled not by the arrival of Telemachus and Mentor, but by the deriding remarks of some young urchins from Marseilles, who are perceived at a distance in boats and on the shore.

Vernet’s figures may be blamed for one defect, and that is, their being generally lighted by a special light, narrow enough to allow of the model of the breast, the shoulders, and the naked legs being brought prominently out. It appears as if the general light of the picture was not sufficient for him, and that he kept in reserve a particular ray for the purpose of bringing out the figures of the ground; but the eye of the spectator, entirely taken up by the shipwreck, does not remark these *rusts* and imperfections, which, however, lend a great degree of piquancy to the work, and cause the figures to stand prominently forth, in a manner admirably in keeping with the place they occupy in the talent of the painter and the sympathies of the beholder. Sometimes, too, the never-varying costume of his fishermen is out of place; this is the case, for instance, when he represents the shores of Greece, and different views in the East, on which occasions Chardin’s “Manon” and Greuze’s “Loinette” are met, side by side, in the same scenes as the Sultans of the “Arabian Nights” and Louthembourg’s “Armenian.”

No one, we think, ever surpassed Vernet in the art of composition. At first sight, the spectator would be inclined to assert that, viewing by mere chance vessels, towers, old trees, and rocks, Vernet painted them in the same confusion in which they were presented to his gaze; but, if we analyse the composition, it is easy to see that the lines are perfectly balanced, that the groups answer to one another, that the masses are skilfully calculated, and that, in the midst of apparent disorder, the painter has assigned to each different object the most favourable position as regards the satisfaction of the spectator’s eye and the general plan of the picture. How happy is he in the composition of his marine pieces! See, for instance, in “The Tempest” (p. 57), immortalised by Balcchou’s graven, how well the strange-looking rocks on the left harmonise with the simple lines and the bold forms of the Roman buildings that extend into the sea itself! Is it not pleasing to behold the graceful acanthus, in all its mild, soft elegance, springing up between the fantastic rocks and the angry waves? How great, too, is the effect

invariably produced by the old trees, with their knotty, twisted, and shaken trunks, and which are placed in the positions they occupy, simply to show the violence of the wind! These trees have no leaves, save at the extremity of some of the branches, whither the sap still mounts, while their other limbs have been carried away by the force of the storm, or hang down from the trunk, almost snapped off and dead.

A curious anecdote is told of Balcchon in connexion with one of Vernet's pictures, called "The Storm," and which the former had engraved. This engraving was much admired for the fluidity of the water, and the spirit of the figures. One hundred of the prints were consigned to an engraver in London, and part of them sold; but some persons having objected to the very clumsy manner in which a long dedication inscribed under the print, was written, Balcchon said he would soon remedy that, and with his graver drew a number of black lines over the dedication, on the copper, so as, in some degree, to obliterate the words, and then sent a hundred impressions to England. All connoisseurs, however, soon discovered these to be "second impressions," and eagerly bought up the first; but no man of taste would look at a print with the lines. This mortified the English printseller, who wrote to the French engraver, and complained that he could not sell the second set for half price. "Morbien!" cried the Frenchman, "how whimsical these English *virtuosi* are! yet, they must be satisfied." He, therefore, set to work with his punch and hammer, and, having repaired the letters, sent out the print with the inscription apparently in its first state. A few of these were sold; but the supposition was soon discovered by the faintness of the impressions; and then those who did not possess the first impressions were glad to have the plate in the second, rather than the third state; so that nearly all the third set lay upon the hands of the printseller. This produced a complaint; and the complaisant Frenchman, ever eager to satisfy his English customers, again punched out the lines, and brought the inscription to its second state.

Vernet has sometimes been reproached with certain inaccuracies in the disposition of his rigging. Even during his lifetime, the Abbé Leblanc, one of his great admirers, affecting, perhaps, a more profound knowledge of nautical matters than he really possessed, exposed some errors of this kind in the pictures which Joseph Vernet had just sent to the exhibition of 1748. "Words would not suffice us," says this keen critic, "if we endeavoured to bestow on the marine pictures of Monsieur Vernet all the praise which they deserve; of the four he exhibited, and which all are nearly equally fine, two in particular, the second of which represents a moonlight, in which the sea is covered with fishermen's boats, and which is rendered with great truth, have more especially attracted attention by their singular effects. Monsieur Vernet here shows in a very clear manner how different vessels may pursue different courses under the same wind; a circumstance which the spectator is enabled to comprehend very easily by noting how the sails are trimmed. However, there is one of the barks which he has not represented sufficiently inclined; I allude to that one which, in nautical phrase, is *hugging the wind*, and which does not heel over enough. However well a vessel may behave under sail, she is always more deeply immersed on the side to leeward than on the other." When persons speak of matters so important as the movements of a ship, it is doubtless allowable for them to avail themselves of all the knowledge they possess, and even to be severe in their judgment. But, although it may be true that our great marine painter laid himself sometimes open to criticisms of this description, it is certain that, by pushing this spirit of observation too far, the critic will become ridiculously minute. The end of the real painter is not this scrupulous exactness in the rig of a vessel. His object is to paint the terrible deep; and who, when contemplating a fine representation of a tempest, would ever think of the pulleys and gaskets? If Vernet now and then forgot some trifling details of the rigging, it was because his great wish, above every other, was not to sacrifice any of the boldness of his composition. In painting, truth in small things sometimes injures the effect of the great ones. The naval draughtsman, who draws the plans for a vessel about to be constructed on the stocks, is, doubtless, obliged to observe the necessary accuracy even in the smallest details, but the same obligation is not binding on the artist, whose object is to

move the human passions. Vernet's eye seized the general features with sufficient accuracy for a sailor, who can perceive things at a glance, to see what manœuvre the painter wished to depict; but he did not stop to count the nails, pegs, and other objects which artists of small talent have such satisfaction in painting, to the great detriment of the general effect of the whole mass.

Joseph Vernet died on the 3rd of December, 1780, at the Louvre, where the king had assigned him apartments.

Towards the end of his long and active life, which he had ever spent in a manner that did honour to himself and country, he began to fear that his well-earned pension would be stopped by the troubles arising in France; and as seventy-five years of age is rather too late a period for a man to take a very active part in national disputes, he meditated a retreat to England, which was, however, prevented by his death. Vernet left behind him two disciples, Lacroix and Volère, but the true inheritors of his talent were in his own family. That Diderot, who was a contemporary of Vernet, should have allowed himself to share in the inordinate enthusiasm then universal for the marine pieces of this great painter is easily comprehensible, especially when the writer is one so apt to become intoxicated with his own writings, and who criticises under the influence of passion, and makes reason subservient to poetry. But the feeling of admiration for Joseph Vernet which took such a hold on the eighteenth century, and which was expressed on every occasion by the great men of those times, from Voltaire to Laharpe, has come down to, and been sustained in, our own age. In spite of the excessive variation that public opinion has undergone with regard to painting, the school of David, which had a horror of every one who had ever held a pencil under Louis XV., and which included in its contempt even the inimitable Chardin—the school of David, we repeat, made an exception in favour of Vernet. Taillasson has written some eloquent pages, when speaking of this great artist. "He represented," says Taillasson, "better than any other painter the beautiful form of the clouds, those immense, light, dazzling, or dark bodies, those floating mountains, raised, overthrown, and dispersed by the wind. No one expresses, as he does, the raging of the fearful storm, by a sublime distribution of light and shade. Who, we ask, has lent, like him, beauty, grace, energy, and, so to speak, expression to the waves of the deep? If others have drawn all the ropes of a vessel, he alone has endowed them with soul. Their dismantled rigging, their shattered masts, their torn sails, and their melancholy fragments, are full of the most powerful interest. What painter of this style of pictures has displayed in his works scenes of such truth and pathos? At one time painting the freshness and mild light of morning, he represents the sun starting from the bosom of the motionless sea; while at another he paints it descending into the waves, surrounded by gold and fire, and seeming at one and the same time to kindle into flames the earth, the heavens, and the sea! Sometimes again, he shows it almost invisible beneath a thick fog, which lends nature a new sort of interest by scarcely allowing her to be perceived. Fires in the middle of the night—those ravishing, painful, and horrible sights, especially in a seaport—have been rendered by him with frightful truth. Oftentimes he depicts the moon shining upon the placid scene below; and the watch-fires, lighted by the sailors, form a striking contrast to her silvery rays. It is delightful to see them playing on the sombre immensity of the waves; the spectator feels a pleasure in discovering, in the distance, ambitious mortals in frail vessels, traversing the universe in the midst of the silence of the night. Although these pictures of tempests must be ranked as his most sublime efforts, he has also painted some admirable views of the sea becalmed, at different hours of the day. Sometimes these views represent an arm of the sea, whose azure waves are cradled, all sparkling, in the midst of a delicious landscape; sometimes they portray the tranquil sea, ploughed by vessels urged forward by a light breeze; or else some peaceful shore, on which happy fishermen, in the midst of their easy labour, seem to be singing the praises of love and liberty." It was thus that Vernet was appreciated long after his decease, for at the period when Taillasson wrote these lines, a great revolution had taken place in painting as well as in politics. At the present day, all great foreign nations still place Vernet in the first rank. He him-

self, however, pronounced judgment on himself. The sentence deserves to be preserved, for it is a noble one. Comparing himself to the great painters, his rivals, he says :—"If you ask me whether I painted skies better than such and such an artist, I should answer 'No !' or figures better than any one else, I should also say 'no !' or trees and landscapes better than others, still I should answer 'no !' or fogs, water, and vapours better than others, my answer would ever be the same ; but though inferior to each of them in one branch of the art, I surpass them in all the others."

In speaking of Joseph Vernet, Chalmers says : "His works will live as long as those of any artist of his day. In a light and airy management of his landscape, in a deep and tender diminution of his perspective, in the clear transparent hue of the sky, liquid appearance of the water, and the buoyant air of the vessels which

Joseph Vernet is one of the most fertile painters of the French school. He enjoys, with his illustrious countrymen, Claude Lorraine and Nicholas Poussin, the privilege of figuring in nearly all the public picture-galleries of Europe, and of there maintaining the brilliancy of French genius by the side of the greatest masters of Italy and of Holland.

Mention is made of more than 200 landscapes or marine pieces in the "Catalogue Raisonné du Cabinet d'Estampes de Brandes," compiled by Huber.

More than fifty engravers have been employed to reproduce with their burin the works of this painter. Among those who have understood and rendered his genius the best, are two female artists, Anne Coulet and Madame Lempereur ; J. J. Avril, endowed with superior talent for rendering the motion and waves of the sea ;



THE BATHERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

he depicted, he had few superiors. In small figures employed in dragging off a boat, rigging a ship, or carrying goods from the quay to a warehouse, or any other employment which required action, he displayed most uncommon knowledge, and gave them with such spirit (though sometimes a little in the French fluttered style), as has never been equalled by any man except our most excellent Mortimer ; and to be the inferior to Mortimer in that line is no dishonour. It has been the lot of every painter who ever lived, and will probably be the lot of all who ever will live. He carried this branch of the art to its highest degree of perfection. As a proof what estimation he was held in, it may be mentioned that two of his pictures were purchased by Madame du Barry for two thousand pounds sterling. It was said of him, that his genius knew neither infancy nor old age.

Bertrand, Veiotter, Dandet, W. Byrné and the elegant Jacques Aliamet, Longueil, Bernardi, Le Gouz, Cathelin, the skilful De Marcenay, J. Ouvrier, Auder, Bazan, Quarry, Farhouy, Maillet, Gayot, Lameau, Devilliers, Hermann, Fortier, Marchand, Cochin, and Lebas, to whom we owe the fifteen "Seaports of France," painted by Vernet, by order of Louis XV. ; Belle, Flipart, whose facile talent as readily reproduced a raging sea by Vernet, as it did a tranquil scene by Greuze ; Palmucci, Masquellier, the celebrated Woollett, Helman, Charpentier, Chéreau, Nicolet, De Flumet, N. Dufour ; and, perhaps before all, Balcchon, the celebrated engraver of "The Storm," "The Calm," and "The Bathers."

Like all great painters, Joseph Vernet did not entirely confine himself to painting : he has left a few etchings, executed with the same spirit and facility which he employed in his paintings—they

consist of:—"A Landscape, with a Bridge, and part of a Village;" "A Shepherd seated by the side of a Shepherdess, and playing the Bagpipes;" "A View of a Market-place;" "A Canal bordered by steep Rocks, with Fishermen;" "A Sea-shore, with Figures." All these plates are very rare, and are marked at the bottom with *Joseph Vernet, fecit.*

By taking a survey of the different public picture-galleries, we shall be enabled to form a pretty correct catalogue of his paintings, for there are but very few in private collections.

The Museum of the Louvre has the twenty-seven pictures it contains of this master hung round one of its chambers, in the middle of which is a white marble bust of Joseph Vernet on a pedestal. We must, first of all, mention the fifteen "Sea-ports of France," which were valued, under the Restoration, at £15,000. The most remarkable are:—"The View of the Entrance to the

Vernet: "A View of Rome, taken from the Banks of the Tiber, near the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Church of St. Peter."

The Pinakothek of Munich contains ten pictures by Joseph Vernet, among which are: "A Morning;" "Ruins of the Imperial Palace at Rome, by Sunset;" "A Maritime Town in Flames, by Night;" "The Sunrise, Calm Weather;" "A Tempest;" and "A Thick Fog."

The National Gallery of London possesses "A Seaport," containing a large number of figures, bequeathed by Mr. Simmons in 1846.

In the Dulwich Gallery is "A Marine Piece, with Vessels."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg possesses six pictures by Vernet: namely, "A Landscape;" "A Shipwreck;" "A Marine Piece, Morning;" "A Fine Night at Sea;" "A Seaport," seen through an arch of rocks; and "A Mountain on the Sea-shore."



THE TEMPEST.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

Port of Marseilles," valued, under the empire, in 1810, at £960; "View of the Interior of the Port of the same City," of a like value to the former; "The View of Toulon," valued at £720; "The View of the Old Port of Toulon," valued at £800; "The Port of Bordeaux," of equal value; "The Port of Cette," valued at £600; "The Port of La Rochelle," valued at £960; and "The View of the City and Port of Dieppe," valued at £800.

After the above pictures, come "A Marine Piece by Sunset in Misty Weather," valued at £320; "A Marine Piece," valued at £600; "A Marine Piece by Moonlight," valued at £320; "A Tempest," valued at £480; "A Calm by Sunset, valued at £320; "A Marine Piece, Morning," valued at £326; and six others, valued at £60, £80, £160, and £240.

The Gallery of Vienna possesses but one picture by Joseph

The Royal Museum of Berlin contains "A Marine Piece."

The Royal Museum of Madrid contains "A View of a Large Rock," cut into arcades, through which is seen the sea, where there is a boat with men in it; "A Landscape;" "A Mountainous Country, traversed by a River;" "A Landscape, by Sunset;" and a picture, representing children running after a kite in the fields.

In the rich Gallery of Florence, the French master is represented by two pictures; namely, "A Cascade," with fishermen at the foot of it; and "A Tempest."

Rath's Museum at Geneva contains "A Storm, by Sunset;" and "A Storm, by Moonlight, on the Shores of the Mediterranean."

We will now take a survey of the museums of the departments of France:—

The Museum of Nantes possesses five pictures by Vernet: namely,

"A Marine Piece," a view between two rocks, in the style of Salvator Rosa; "A Gale;" "A View of a Port in the Mediterranean, by Sunset;" the same view, by sunrise; and a small marine piece.

In the Museum of Rouen there are three pictures: namely, "Stormy Weather;" "A Tranquil Landscape;" and "A Marine Piece."

The Museum of Lille contains "A Marine Piece, by Sunset."

The Museum of Montpellier contains "A Landscape," signed and dated 1774; "A Tempest;" and two marine pieces.

The Museum of Grenoble contains "A Marine Piece, representing the Effect of Fog," dated 1764.

The Museum of Lyons possesses "A View taken on the Shores of the Mediterranean."

Joseph Vernet's pictures are rare in private collections; we are, however, acquainted with five very remarkable ones in the possession of M. Delessort, the banker, at Paris. They are: "A Rainbow," from the Tolozan collection; "The Entrance to a Port," from the gallery of Comte Perregaux; "A Cascade, with an Aqueduct," signed 1769; and "A Cascade" and "A Landscape," both of which formerly belonged to the collection of M. Silvestre.

In the Borghese Palace at Rome there are eight landscapes, or marine pieces, by Vernet.

In the house of the Prince de Lichtenstein, at Vienna, there are also some fine compositions by the same artist.

Count Guernin, of the same city, likewise possesses a large marine piece.

We will now acquaint the reader with some of the prices fetched, at public sales, by Joseph Vernet's pictures:—

At the sale of M. de Jallenne's pictures, in 1767, "A Seaport," engraved by J. Daubé, fetched £156 12s., and "A View of Tivoli," containing eight figures, was sold for £106.

At the sale of M. de Lalive de Jully's collection, in 1770, "The End of a Storm at Sea," and "The View of the Port of Civita Vecchia," fetched £200 Os. 10d.; and "A Moonlight," engraved by De Marcey de Ghuy, was knocked down for £20.

At the Duke de Choiseul's sale, in 1772, "The Bathers," which has been reproduced in this work, and which is one of the finest of Vernet's pictures, was sold for £238.

At the Lempereur sale, in 1773, "A Boisterous Sea," engraved by Le Veau, fetched £80; and a picture, representing "Mountains lighted up by the setting Sun," engraved by Daudet, was sold for a similar sum.

At M. de Blondel de Gagny's sale, in 1776, "A Marine Piece" was knocked down for £48 10s.

At the sale of the Prince de Conty, in 1777, "The Bathers," which came from the cabinet of the Duke de Choiseul, was sold for £204; "The Castle of St. Angelo," with two men in a boat in the foreground, and three others on a rock spreading nets; and "The View of the Porto Natio," which contains several houses, and three men fishing with a line, and which is the companion to the preceding picture, fetched £205; two marine pieces, full of vessels, were sold for £286; "A Moonlight," engraved by De Marcey de Ghuy, fetched £28 6s.; two small marine pieces and landscapes, painted on copper, were sold for £84 Os. 10d.; and "A City on Fire, by Moonlight," fetched £64.

At M. Randon de Boisset's sale, in 1777, "A View of the City of Avignon, from the Rhone," was sold for £200 all but a sou; "A Tempest" and "A Calm," both containing a great many figures, fetched £341 12s.; and "Morning" and "Noon," painted in very small dimensions on copper, and engraved by Allamet, were sold for £160.

Joseph Vernet has signed his etchings *Joseph Vernet, fecit*; and almost all his paintings in the manner indicated by the *fac simile* to the right. To the left, we reproduce his signature, as it appears on the books of the Academy of which he was a member.

J. Vernet S

CAIN.

A TALE OF THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

I HAD already made some progress in the study of painting, when I went over, about sixteen years ago, to France, for the purpose of self-improvement amid the priceless treasures of art amassed in quently Paris.

For some weeks after my arrival I roamed from gallery to gallery, from church to church—dreaming, hoping, worshipping. I spent long days in the Louvre. To me it was a sacred, almost an awful place; and I well remember how I often stood gazing into the golden glooms of a Rembrandt, or lost myself amid the classic groves and airy distances of a Claude, till the quick tears of boyish enthusiasm blinded the picture from my sight.

It was strange, but I allowed almost a month to pass away before I visited the collection at the Luxembourg. Many events combined to occasion this delay. My lodgings were situated in a street branching off the Boulevard Montmartre, quite at the north of Paris, and consequently distant enough from the palace of Marie de' Medici; I had seen the Louvre first, and there was a daily fascination in its portals that I could not resist; I was devoted to the old school of painting, and I knew that the Luxembourg was principally filled with the works of modern artists; in short, it was only by resolutely appointing a day in my own mind that I at last accomplished what I felt to be a visit of duty. I went to Paris with the intention of copying some of the masterpieces of ancient art there assembled; but as yet I had not touched a pencil. Oppressed with the splendour of the Grand Musée, I had wandered from painting to painting, unable to choose where everything was perfection. Now I resolved upon "La Belle Jardinière" of Raffaele; now I was tempted by the youthful beauty of the conquering David, and again by the marvellous grouping and the vivid life of the "Nessus and Dejanira" of Guido. Sometimes a painting of the Italian, and sometimes one of the Flemish school reigned paramount—but only for a day.

I was in this state of luxurious, indolent uncertainty, when one superb morning in June I visited the gallery of the Luxembourg. There had been rain, and the bright drops were yet glittering on the flowers and quivering on the broad leaves of the acacias. The sky was blue and sunny overhead; the dancing fountains, the graceful statues—white among the trees—the glass dome of the Observatoire, and the stately summit of the Invalides, all looked glad and golden in the radiant summer light, as I entered from the Rue de Vaugirard and turned reluctantly from the sight of so much joyousness and beauty into the low portal leading to the upper apartments of the palace. Listlessly I passed through the first of these, pausing but briefly now and then before some of the more striking works of Delaroche or Vernet. At last, in an obscure corner of a small and ill-lighted room, my eyes fell upon a picture that completely rivetted my attention. The subject was, "Cain after the Murder of Abel;" the artist's name, Camille Prével. Never shall I forget the sensations with which I first beheld that dark and fearful painting, or the haunting expression stamped upon the haggard countenance of the world's first fratricide. He stood upon a bold rocky rock forming the brink of a precipice. His head was partly turned, and his wild guilty stare fixed full upon me. The red sun was setting behind a gloomy forest on the horizon; the sky was blood-like, and its sanguine hues were reflected in a copper-coloured glare upon the stagnant ocean far away; a glittering snake was gliding beneath a group of loathsome weeds in the foreground; and a distant vulture hovering in the air seemed to scent the first outpouring of human blood.

But the design, powerful as it was, formed the least part of the picture. There was a wondrous unity, an atmosphere of death and crime, about it that fascinated me with horror. There was a look, almost of madness, in the ghastly face of Cain, the drops of agony seemed starting on his brow, his tangled locks were knotted like the serpents of the Medusa, and an unearthly meaning in the dilated pupils of his eyes appeared to tell of some strange vision passing before them.

The very sea looked thick and lifeless—the distant trees were like funeral plumes.

How long I remained there I know not; but four o'clock came,

the notice for withdrawal was uttered by the guardians, and I was still standing before the picture.

When I went out, the bright glory of the summer afternoon offended my eyes: I chose a shady avenue amid the trees, and there paced to and fro, still thinking of it. Evening came; I went into a neighbouring restaurant, but I had no appetite for the dinner placed before me—I stepped into one of the theatres, but the laughter, the music, the lights, were all insupportable to me—I went home to my books, but I could not read—to bed, but sleep forsook me.

All night the picture was before me, and early the next morning I found myself again at the entrance to the palace. I came too early, and I paced about with feverish impatience till the hour of admittance. Once more I spent the entire day before the painting—I resolved to copy it. The next day was occupied in the purchases necessary for my task, and a week elapsed before I was able to commence; but in the meantime I had paid many visits to the gallery.

Once established there with my easel, I became utterly absorbed in the subject. I got the general effect in the first few days, but I longed to reach that point of finish when the nameless expression of the whole should be my employment.

Gradually, this picture acquired over me a strange mysterious power; I began to dread it, and yet I felt how impossible it would be for me to leave it. Weeks passed on, and I was sensible of a great alteration in myself. My youthful gaiety of heart, my ambition, my peace of mind was gone. My health suffered—I lost appetite and rest. My nerves were painfully overwrought; I started at the slightest sound, and trembled at the merest excitement. Excepting while in the very act of painting, my hand had lost its steadiness and my eye its certainty. I could not endure even the light of a candle unshaded, and was not able to pour out a glass of water without spilling it.

This was but the first stage of my disease. The second was still more distressing. A morbid fascination now seemed to bind me to the picture. My identity of being became merged in the canvas, and I felt as if I could no longer live away from it. Cain became to me as a living man, or something more than man, having possession of my will, and transfixing me with the bright horror of his eyes. At night, when the gallery was closed, I used to linger round the precincts of the palace; and when at last, worn with mental and physical fatigue, I went home and tried to sleep, I lay awake and restless all the long night; or, starting from visions of the picture, woke but to dream again.

Let it not be supposed that I yielded myself a willing victim to this mental suffering. Far from it. I strove to subdue, to fight against it. I wrestled with my delusion, I reasoned, I combated, but in vain. It was too strong for me alone, and I had no friend, not even an acquaintance in whom I could confide, in all that city. I was young—I was imaginative—I was impressionable—the place was new, and the language all around was foreign to my ears. I might die, and there would be none to weep for me. I might go mad—ah! that was the thing I dreaded—thither I was tending—what should I do? Write to my friends in England? Impossible, for of what disease could I complain? I might leave Paris? Alas! my power of volition was gone. I was the slave of the picture, and though it were death, I felt I must remain.

Matters were at this crisis—and I devoutly believe that my reason was tottering fast—when a young man, somewhat older than myself, took his station in the same room, and began copying an altarpiece at a short distance from me. His presence gave me great uneasiness; I was no longer alone with my task, and I dreaded interruption. At first he seemed disposed to open an acquaintance with me, but my evident disinclination repulsed his advances, and our civilities were soon limited to a bow of recognition on entering or leaving the room.

He was very quiet, and respected my taciturnity, so I shortly ceased even to remember that he was in the same apartment. I may observe that his name was M. Achille Désiré Leroy.

It were useless, as well as painful, for me to analyse more minutely the monomania that possessed me. Each day it became less endurable, and each day found me more than ever incapable of resistance. The whole thing wears now, in my memory, the aspect

of a dream—long, terrible, vivid, but still a dream. Even while subjected to it, I felt as one walking in sleep.

At last the time came when I could no longer bear it. It was a dark, oppressive day; and a tempest seemed brooding in the air. The atmosphere of the gallery was warm and close—the bright, bright eyes of Cain seemed to eat into my soul; I felt suffocating; my head swam; my brain was wildly throbbing; my fingers refused to obey, and my pencil fell upon the floor.

I staggered back, dropped into a chair, and, uttering a suppressed groan, covered my face with my hands.

A light touch on my shoulder roused me. It was M. Leroy.

"Come, mon ami," he said in a compassionate tone, "you are not well, and a turn in the gardens below will restore you. Here is your hat; now take my arm, and let us go."

I was passive as a child, and did as he desired. He led me out among the trees, and sought a bench in a retired spot, where we sat down. I had not yet spoken; and after a few moments' pause, he began.

"I have been observing you," he said, "for some days; and I see that you need a change of occupation. That picture of *Prévoist* is not a very lively subject for a nervous man to work upon, and it has a bad effect upon you. Take my advice, Monsieur B——, and give it up."

"Alas," I said, hopelessly, "I cannot!"

"Cannot? Ah, my dear sir, that is a delusion. A man can do anything he wills. There is nothing impossible in art or science. There is no difficulty, real or imaginary, physical or moral, which can long maintain its ground against resolution. A resolution, Monsieur, is the most powerful agent in the world."

"No," I said, "there is something more powerful still."

"And that is—"

"Fate."

My companion laughed aloud. A bright, cheery, ringing laugh, such as I used to utter myself two months previously.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand to me with an air of cordial kindness that was quite irresistible; "I will be your fate, and I will not loose my hold upon you till I accomplish your cure. It is of no avail to refuse the services of your doctor—remember, he is your fate; and against that, you confess, it is useless to strive."

He rose, and making me take his arm, walked briskly into a neighbouring thoroughfare. Then he called a *fiacre*, drove to the Boulevard des Italiens, and, taking me into one of the most brilliant *cafés* of that quarter, ordered a somewhat extravagant repast to be served.

"A generous diet is your best medicine," he said gaily, as he filled the sparkling champagne, and nodded my health.

Well, he would not permit me to bear the least share of the expense; but when seven o'clock arrived, he insisted on my accompanying him to the Théâtre Gymnase; thence we returned to my apartments, where he left me, announcing his intention of visiting me early the next morning.

I slept better than I had done for many months, and had but just risen the following day when M. Leroy arrived. He had an overcoat on his arm and a small carpet-bag in his hand.

"Good morning, M. B——," he said, as pleasantly as ever; "are you ready to start?"

"Perfectly," I replied; "but may I ask where to?"

"Certainly. To Melun, first of all, and then to Fontainebleau. We shall be absent about eight or ten days; and at the end of that time, Monsieur B——, —by the way, what is your Christian name?"

"Frank," I replied; "but really I—"

"By the end of that time, as I was observing, Frank, we shall both be the better for our journey, as regards health and spirits."

"Upon my word, M. Leroy, I am afraid—"

"Come, come, Frank," interrupted my new friend, not suffering me to remonstrate, "we must really lose no time in talking. The train starts at ten o'clock, and you have not anything packed. Where is your carpet-bag?"

And thus, hurried out of my resolution and self-possession, I found myself, in the course of half an hour on the road to Fontainebleau, and inextricably captured by my "Fate."

We went, as he had proposed, to Melun; and from thence proceeded on foot to Fontainebleau, where we remained for more than

a week, visiting the splendours of the palace; wandering for long days in the vast forest, and sketching the ravines, valleys, and tree-clad slopes, in which that most picturesque region is so abundant. Here we saw the Weeping Rock, and had a picnic at the Hermitage of Franchard. In short, at the end of ten days we turned towards home; and when we entered Paris, laden with plants, crystals, and sketches, I was perfectly recovered.

The next day we went to the Luxembourg together. The picture had lost its terrible fascination for me; but I shuddered once more as I stood before it.

"Decidedly, Frank, this 'Gaiety' is not good for you," said my companion, who was attentively regarding me. "Let us both go to the Louvre and copy Titian's 'Mistress.' Nothing could be a finer study. You shall entrust me with the sale of your copy from Prévost; and if you follow my advice, you will never look at either of them again. I will send a porter to-morrow for our property, and there will be an end of the whole. Now, come out with me into the gardens, and I will tell you something about this picture, and why I was so resolute to tear you away from it."

beautiful, and possessed a considerable dowry. She was an orphan, and shared her home with an aunt, who was sufficiently advanced in life to act as her chaperone. Camille Prévost was a proud man, and one who could not endure to owe all to the bounty of a wife. He avowed his love, was favourably received, and resolving to make at least some name, and to render himself worthier of the lady's hand and fortune, he left Paris for Rome, and there applied himself so sedulously to his art, that he carried off not only several prizes from the Italian academies, but, on forwarding to Paris a painting of especial merit, he obtained the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

"When he received intelligence of this distinction, he returned.

"Those who knew him in Rome said, that reserved and taciturn as he was, the arrival of this news seemed to overwhelm him with joy. He gave a farewell entertainment to his fellow-students, and was, for the first time in his life, hospitable, and almost cordial. Before a fortnight had elapsed he was in Paris; but if his absence had been fortunate in one way, it had been fatal in another; if he had gained fame, he had lost happiness.



ITALIAN WORKWOMEN.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

We went out. He chose a pleasant seat beneath the trees, in front of the principal fountain, and thus began:

"Camille Prévost was the younger of two brothers—I knew both intimately—and their father was a *négociant* of moderate fortune. He died; and following the dictates of an unjust partiality, left everything in the hands of Hippolyte, the elder brother; so that Camille had to depend entirely upon his profession as an artist. Neither of them were amiable men. Hippolyte was an excellent man of business, prudent, cold, crafty—Camille was sullen, violent in temper, and somewhat of a misanthrope. After the death of old Prévost I seldom visited Hippolyte; and had I not met Camille almost daily in the Louvre and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, I have little doubt that our acquaintance would altogether have ceased. Unlovable as he was, Camille could love, and that passionately. Men of his disposition love but once—they are frequently jealous, exacting, even harsh to the objects of their attachment; but the feeling has its roots in the inmost depths of their being. The lady on whom Camille centred his affections was by birth a cousin, and by chance a neighbour. Mademoiselle Dumesnil was remarkably

"Mademoiselle Dumesnil was married to his brother.

"Totally unprepared for the blow, he had hastened to her *hôtel* immediately upon his arrival. He asked for Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and was told that Madame Prévost was within. He entered, and found her in her boudoir reading the last new novel by Dumas, with his brother, in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his morning chocolate at the opposite side of the table. Hippolyte had played his cards well, and while Camille was toiling day and night in his Roman *atelier*, the more fortunate and less scrupulous elder had stepped in, and borne away the bride and her twenty thousand livres of dowry.

"The lady received him as if there had never been any affection or understanding between them. Hippolyte affected to welcome his brother with delight, and pressed him to make the *Hôtel Prévost* his home whenever he was in Paris. Camille disguised his rage and disappointment under an impenetrable mask of silent politeness. He neither wept nor stormed. He was outwardly cold and cynical as ever, and did not betray by word or glance the passions that were boiling at his heart. When he withdrew, after

a brief stay of scarcely half an hour, Monsieur and Madame Prévost flattered themselves that he had forgotten all the circumstances of his early passion.

"'Three years' travel and application, *ma-chère*,' said the husband, as he put on his gloves for his daily ride in the Bois de Boulogne, 'make wonderful havoc in a lover's memory.'

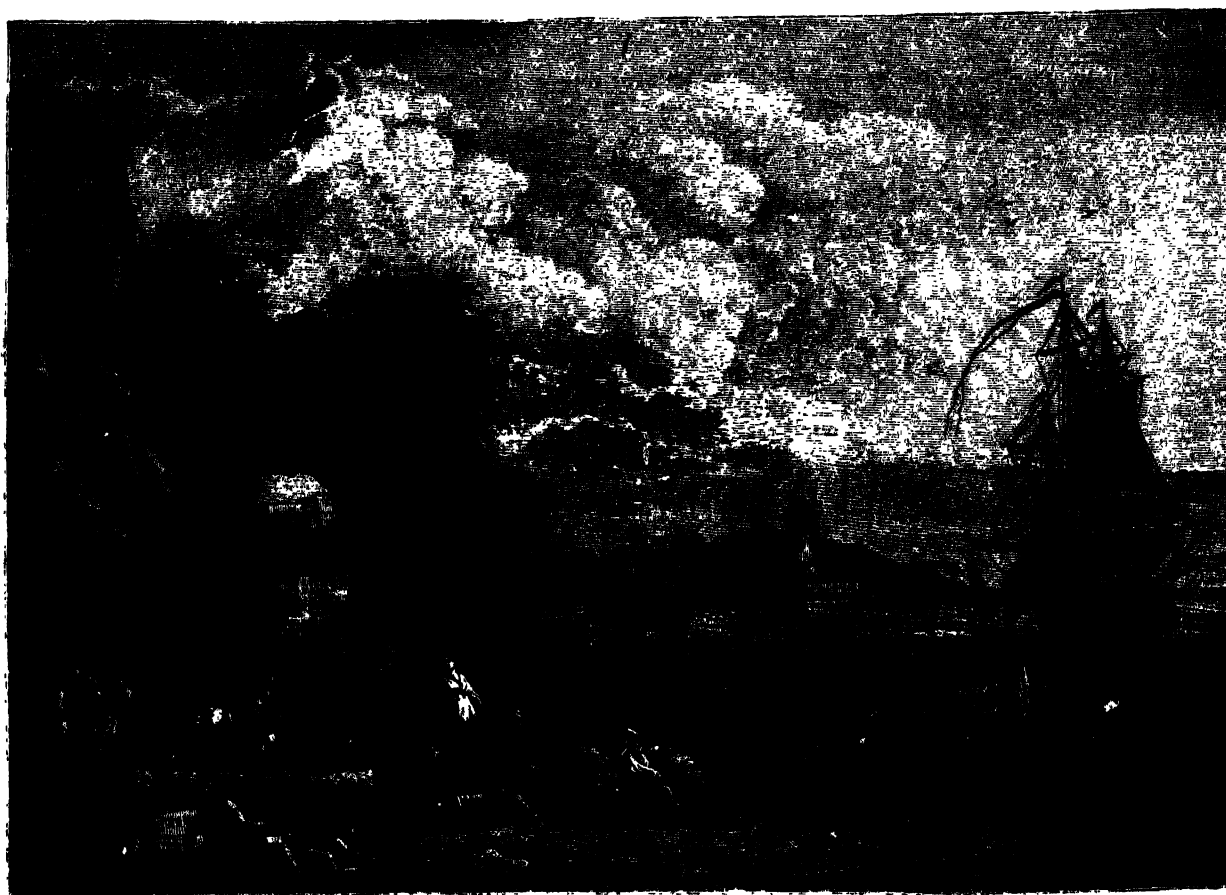
"About a week afterwards the body of M. Prévost was found murdered in one of the retired *contre-allées* of the wood, with his horse standing beside him. He had been shot through the head.

"No suspicion attached to any one--there were no traces of the assassin--the police were completely baffled in their investigations, and after a while the event was forgotten. Camille, who had inherited the bulk of his brother's property, continued to follow his profession with great industry, and many said that he would now, in all probability be united to the fair and wealthy widow; but no, he never re-entered the Hôtel Prévost, and it was at

of nervous terror, at which times he would scream aloud, as if unable to bear the sight of the painting, and once or twice was discovered insensible at the foot of the easel. His servant, on one of these occasions, called in the assistance of a medical man, who, on the artist's recovery, endeavoured, but without avail, to induce him to desist from art for awhile, and try the effect of change of air and scene. Camille, with the fatal obstinacy of his disposition, refused to listen, and treated the doctor with so much rudeness that the visit was repeated no more.

"At last the painting was finished, and has since obtained a place on the walls of the Luxembourg. Doubtless, it will one day--to use the words of the catalogue--receive a last and honourable asylum in the galleries of the Louvre, where it will take a place beside its illustrious predecessors, and continue the History of French Art."

"But the artist!" I exclaimed, when Leroy had finished speaking; "what became of the artist?"



VIEW OF PAUSILIPPO. - FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

last rumoured that he had made a vow to see and speak with her no more.

"About this time he began his last and finest painting--'Cain, after the murder of Abel.' It is not necessary for me to describe to you the merits of this wonderful composition, for you, Frank, of all men, except the artist, can best appreciate them.

"Ever since his return from Italy, Camille Prévost had sunk deeper and deeper into a dark and sullen melancholy. He had always been misanthropic, but now he seemed to shun all contact with his fellow-creatures. He was never seen to cross the threshold of his door, and it was said that he worked all day and nearly all night upon his picture; and during this time his despondency increased continually. People said that the murder of his brother had given a painful shock to his feelings; but whether it was so, or whether the fearful subject, and still more fearful working up of the 'Cain,' dwelt too forcibly upon his imagination, as in your case, I cannot tell. At all events, he became subject to paroxysms

We had some little time since risen from our seat in the gardens, and were now walking arm-in-arm through some of the quiet old-fashioned streets of the Faubourg St. Germain. As I spoke we arrived just in front of the heavy wooden gates of a large private mansion in the Rue de Mont Parnasse. To my surprise Leroy, without replying to my question, raised the heavy knocker, and on the *concierge* presenting himself in answer to his summons, we were instantly admitted.

Leroy seemed known to all there, for when we met a plainly-dressed livery-servant in the courtyard, the man touched his hat and conversed for some moments in an under tone with my companion. He then preceded us up the steps and into the house, where we were received by an elderly gentleman dressed in a complete suit of black, who shook hands politely with Leroy, and desired the servant to conduct the gentlemen to the east wing.

Everything in this house seemed so silent and oppressive that

even Leroy's usual spirits had forsaken him. Since we had reached the door he had not addressed a single word to me, and something appeared to restrain me from even repeating my unanswered question.

The servant led us, silently and swiftly, through several long corridors, and stopped at last before a door thickly clamped with iron. I had observed in this gallery that the doors were all secured in a similar manner.

He drew a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and motioned us to enter. We were in a small sitting-room, neatly but plainly furnished. There was a bookcase at one end and an easel with a half-finished painting (a wretched fantastic dahl, by the way) at the other. The window, like the door, was screened with iron bars.

There were strange sounds in the inner room, I thought, as our guide, still preceding us, went over and entered.

A strange sight, though, met my eyes when I followed him. A raving madman strapped upon a bed, cursing the attendant by his side, laughing, yelling, and crying aloud that *he, he* was Cain, and the murderer of his brother!

"There is the artist, Frank," said Leroy, pointing to the bed, "there is Camille Prévost. This is one of his violent moods. That fatal picture drove one painter mad, my poor boy, and I was determined that it should not do so by another."

"But did he really murder his brother?" I asked, as I turned away pale and shuddering.

"God only knows," said my friend, solemnly, "and He alone can judge the culprit now. Jealousy is a dreadful passion. Pray to Him that you may never know its misery."

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

AMONGST the few honourable exceptions which Mr. Ruskin allows to his severe but just animadversions on "Modern Painters," the painters in water-colours occupy a front place. As a body, he declares they are truthful to nature, careful and loving in their treatment, and learned in their work; and few who have seen the exhibition this year will dissent from that great critic on art.

That which people understand, even partially, will always be a favourite with them. "A little learning" is, to the public, by no means "a dangerous thing." The science of phrenology, the bare rudiments of which are easy of acquisition, will always have its disciples and admirers, whilst more abstruse and useful sciences are neglected; and the recent "revelation" of table-turning or spirit-rapping required so little learning to turn or rap, that in every family a professor was found. Hence, without any disparagement to the peculiar vehicle, water-colour painting is more admired, because more understood, amongst the middle and upper classes, than the more imperishable and difficult art in oils. Most young ladies, whether with taste or not, have attempted at school crude landscapes, after the lithographs of Fielding, or brilliant flowers, a long way after nature. The practice, contemptible as it is (and few can sufficiently reprobate the manner in which "art" is taught in academies for either sex) gives the learners a sufficient insight to make them admire those professors who are noted. Hence the number of real students, if one may call them so, in a water-colour gallery is considerably larger than in one devoted to oil paintings; but the casual visitors and sight-seers are proportionably less.

The Old Society of Artists in Water-colours consists of twenty-seven gentlemen and of five ladies, who are members, and of seventeen associate exhibitors. The society was instituted in the year 1804, the present exhibition is therefore the fiftieth. As the number of pictures exhibited amounts to three hundred and fifty-six, we must in our cursory notice omit many which are excellent and most worthy; but our readers will probably excuse us on account of the exigencies of space.

(No. 6), "The Rosary," by John Gilbert, is amongst the first which arrest the visitor; an upturned head of a girl, praying, with a rosary in her hand, is the subject of the picture; the treatment reminding us very much of Sir Joshua, and the touch is so firm and solid, that one might mistake the picture for a study in oil rather than in water-colours.

(No. 11), "The Foxglove," by J. P. Naftel, is a careful study of the flower named, exceedingly true to nature.

(No. 14), "The Val St. Nicolai," by T. M. Richardson, is a very beautiful landscape. The middle distance is well managed, and the heads of the mountains lost in the sky are very finely painted.

(No. 16), "A Scene on the River Conway," by C. Braunwhite, is a beautiful bit of scenery; pure, English, and refreshing.

(No. 18), "Hudibras and Ralph in the Stocks," by John Gilbert, will have been made already familiar to the reader by the copy upon wood, drawn by the same artist, and engraved for a pictorial contemporary. But the printing-ink and the burin of the engraver cannot render the exceeding beauty of colour, and the truth and feeling shown in the rendering of the ivy-covered wall and the foliage of the trees. The faces of Hudibras and Ralph are admirable; the dejection of knight and squire being, however, scarcely humorous enough. Gilbert does not succeed well in comedy.

(No. 19), "The Cliffs of Folkestone," by Copley Fielding, is a fine picture, breezy, and full of air and atmosphere; the distance is especially natural. It, in common with all this artist's productions, is sold. The possessor of such a picture is to be congratulated.

(No. 23), "Scarborough," by C. Bentley, is an admirable sea-view. The water is motive, deep, and excellently rendered. The scene in the middle distance is, however, too crowded, without being sufficiently busy.

(No. 25), by the same artist as No. 18, previously noticed, is worthy of much praise.

(No. 31), "Evangeline at Prayer," by Joseph Jenkins, is a very pure and natural illustration of Longfellow's admirable pastoral. The figure of Evangeline, in a devotional attitude, is carefully studied and very finely painted.

(No. 34), "The Drug Bazaar, Constantinople," by John Gilbert, is the fruit of that artist's recent visit to the East. The picture bears the impress of being painted on the spot. Turkish women, merchants, and priests, wander through the sombre court. The dresses are accurate and well drawn, the feeling for the subject is very apparent, and the treatment in Gilbert's peculiar style.

Another sketch from Constantinople, by the same artist (No. 137), "A Turkish Water-carrier," is a fine study of a head in a green turban, very much reminding one of Rembrandt in its colour and treatment. The solid manner in which this artist paints, will be especially observable in the first picture, where the colour is laid on very thickly, so as to be perfectly opaque.

(No. 35), "Near Southend, Essex," and (No. 36), "Interior of a Barn, Kilston, near Bath," respectively by George Fripp and Mr. Rosenberg, are not only pleasing, but excellent specimens of the art.

(No. 43), "Eastgate Street, Chester; Autumnal Evening," by William Callow, is a very fine view of part of the ancient town. The foreground is especially worthy of remark.

(No. 52), "Carting Seaweed on the Coast of Guernsey," by E. Duncan, is a favourable specimen of an artist who has rendered himself famous for his marine pieces. The depth and motion in the water, and the colour in the sky, are very noticeable.

(No. 52), "An Interior of Broadwater Church, Sussex," by the celebrated artist of "The Mansions of England," is painted with all his excellence, but also with all his conventionalities. The great fault with this artist is, it seems to us, that his smoothness and finish are carried to such an extent, that his productions always remind one of lithographic drawings. Unfortunately, also, the peculiar brown tone of his interiors serves to keep up the idea.

(No. 54), "A Spanish Lady," by Nancy Rayner, is so pure in tone and vivid in colour, that it leaves little to be wished for, and that little might be expended on the drawing, the leg being too long from the hip to the patella. The face and bearing of the lady are both materially different from those given us by Mr. Hurlstone in his "Spanish Scenes," but yet bear evidence of equal truth.

(Nos. 60 and 63), "View of the South Downs, Sussex," and a View of the same district looking over the Weald, are both very fine specimens of the master, Copley Fielding. The air and breezy freshness of the scene are those so peculiar to English scenery, and which only a very great master in art could render as in these pictures.

(No. 64), "The Witch Acrasia Charming her Lover in the Bower of Bliss," is altogether weak in conception, and poor and puerile in

drawing, and does little credit to the name of the artist, J. Stephano. Very different is (No. 76), "Scotch Fern-gatherers," by Frederick Tayler, which is manly and bold in execution, and without any laboured finish, but which still has, when seen at a proper distance, all the smoothness of the finest and most delicate touches, and, at the same time, a firmness and roundness of contour which could not be obtained by great finish.

Mr. F. W. Topham (in No. 81) has departed from his usual Irish courtships, or peasant worshippers, and given us one of the results of his late visit to Spain, in "A Gipsy Festival at Grenada," so rendered that it makes us regret that Mr. Topham did not earlier seek distinction in this peculiar branch of the art.

(Nos. 82 and 83), by Karl Haag, "The Ruins of the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli," and "The Royal Family ascending Loch-nagar," painted by the command of Prince Albert, are both remarkable paintings—the first for its artistic and poetic feeling, from which the extreme soberness of the sky somewhat detracts; and the second from the graceful way in which a conventional subject, abounding in studied attitudes and in modern costume, is treated by the painter. The royal party is on horseback, Prince Albert leading the van, the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal following, with their horses led by grooms; the Queen, with her attendants, followed by Highlanders carrying guns, etc., completes the group. The costume of the present day, mixed with the tartan, is not ungraceful; and the long folds of her Majesty's dress, her riding-hat, and veil, are so managed as to be almost as graceful as the Vandyck habit. The heather and mountainous scenery are especially well painted; and the harmony of the group—youth, health, and beauty—would be complete, but for the peculiar cap worn by the Prince.

No. 201, "Evening at Balmoral Castle—the Stags brought in," painted by command of her Majesty, is the companion-picture to the foregoing, and is one of those records of a peaceful and happy life which her Majesty delights to treasure up. In this one Mr. Haag has been very successful. The Prince Consort, in a Highland dress, and embrowned by exercise, is laying at the feet of her Majesty the spoils of his day's sport—two or three fine stags; whilst Highlanders, with lighted pine cressets, throw a rich and ruddy glare over the group—over her Majesty in white satin, graceful and beautiful on her matronly form—on the young princes and the attendant ladies—and on the somewhat stiff and foreign-looking courtiers who, decorated with the green ribbon of St. Andrew and in formal black dresses, make anything but picturesque portions of the group. The white satin of her Majesty's dress is, in itself, a triumph of art in its skilful rendering. The only faulty piece of painting appears to us in the coats of the deer, which look very much as if they had been dragged through water.

(No. 86), "The Entrance to Speke Hall," by Jos. Nash, is noticeable from the same beauties and faults as the general productions of this artist.

(No. 92), "The Widowed Lady Richildi consulting the Magic Mirror," painted from a German story by Miss E. Sharpe, is false in sentiment, and as fantastical as it is meagre and poor in execution. The only merit (!) which the productions of this lady can claim is, that the faces have a certain unnatural prettiness very much resembling those artificial ladies and gentlemen which ornament hairdressers' windows.

(No. 210), by the same artist, "All the earth doth worship Thee," is an attempt at pathos which is perfectly ridiculous. Tempted by the popularity of Baraud's "Chorister Boys," Miss Sharpe has plagiarised the idea, by giving us several very white charity girls singing the *Te Deum* with that fervent devotion which we never see in charity girls. So much for the truth of the sentiment; but to give the idea of universality expressed in the word "all," Miss Sharpe resorts to a method as prosaic as it is ridiculous. Amongst the very white charity girls, dressed in the same plain white quaker-like cap and snowy band as the rest, is a very black negro girl. The contrast is perfectly overwhelming, and the solemnity of the Jim Crow face wearing so devotional a look is so purely comic, that few can resist laughter. The bad taste of Miss Sharpe was never more apparent.

(No. 114), "A Roman Monk," study of a head, by Karl Haag, is a very fine study of colour; the character rather intellectual than devotional.

(No. 118), "The Stones of the Lyn," by P. J. Naftel, is one of the finest of the many fine landscapes in the gallery. The subject is one which Ousewick might have handled, but he would not have excelled the present. The artist has an evident feeling with his subject. Seven more subjects by Copley Fielding occupy the next page of our catalogue, all possessing many of the excellencies, and one of them (No. 130) all the faults, as it seems to us, of the artist.

The last that we shall at this time notice is a large and ambitious picture, by Frederick Tayler, called "The Festival of the Popinjay" (No. 144). The subject is from the third chapter of Scott's "Old Mortality," where the "green marksman" exhibits his prowess by knocking down the popinjay. Lady Margaret Bellinden and Edith, the state equipage of the duke, the troopers of Montrose, and all the *dramatis personae* of Sir Walter, figure in the picture, which is of an exceedingly pleasing colour, and exquisite in its finish and correct in costume and detail, with perhaps the exception of the long drum of the mounted trooper. We have seen sketches by Frederick Tayler which, notwithstanding the historical pretension of the present production, please us far more, as being much more true to nature.

A PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT.

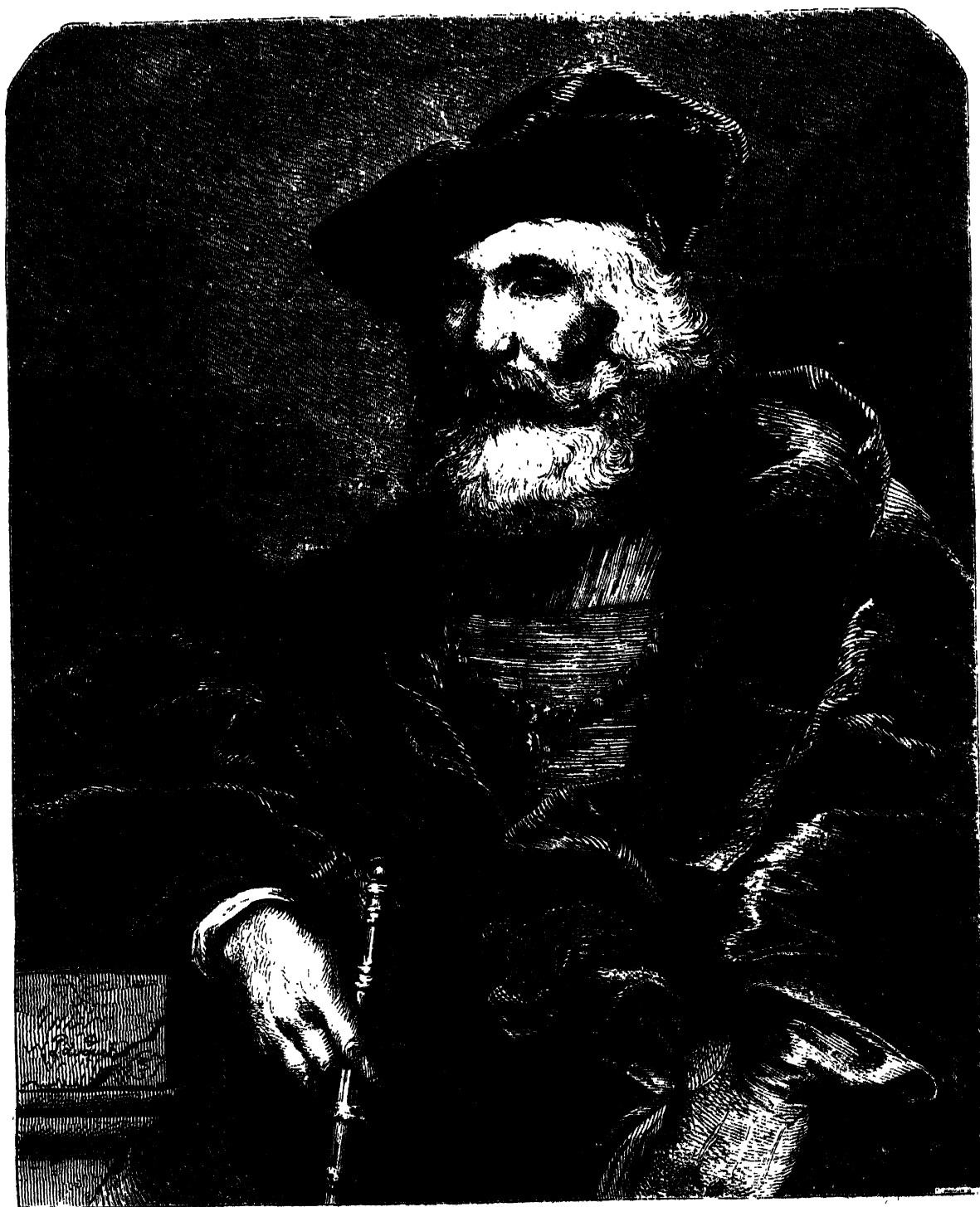
WHEN Rembrandt had before him the venerable old man—with his grave and noble air, his fine white beard, his rich dress of silk and velvet, and his calm majestic countenance—whose portrait by that distinguished artist we have engraved on the following page, he must have been deeply interested in his subject. Thus much may be safely conjectured from the style in which the work is executed. The painter has lavished upon the figure of this fine model all the brilliant hues of his pallet, giving a silvery whiteness to the beard, a flashing brilliancy to the eyes, and a variety of delicate shades to the folds of the cap and cloak. The subject of the picture, and his family, must have been no less gratified than the artist, and we may be sure so fine a portrait must have produced a grand effect in one of those rich Dutch saloons of the seventeenth century, which were decorated with fine tapestry in lively colours and bright lustres, and lighted by long windows of polished glass, twined around outside with festoons of vines and flowers. Nevertheless, if the truth must be told, we do not admire this wealthy personage—estimable though he may have been, and irreproachable in all the relations of life—so much as those poor old men whom Rembrandt painted, sitting in the corner of an ill-furnished dark room, with a heavy worn-out cloak on, and crouching

down over an old Bible. It is in these humble scenes that Rembrandt's genius appears to the greatest advantage.

Those who have had the good fortune to visit the Louvre cannot have forgotten his "Philosopher in Meditation." At the close of a day, the last gleams of which give a glowing hue to the windows of a large saloon with arched roof, an old man has just drawn back his chair from a desk, upon which are a crucifix, a map of the world, and a Bible open. A seat, which was just before close to where the old man is sitting, stands empty in the *chiaroscuro*. A friend has been there, a learned doctor, and a theologian. They have touched upon and discussed a point of doctrine. The old man, having been left alone, has returned to the text; he has read and compared it with others. Then, as the day has begun to decline, he has drawn back his chair and gradually sunk into a profound reverie, forgetful of everything—the time, the place, and even himself. Unconscious of all around, he sits with his head bending over his chest, and his hands grasping his chair, as if to support himself in the midst of those abysses into which his thoughts have led him. His sloudders about among insoluble problems, while the light of day gradually disappears in the long corridors which lead to this retreat, and from the stairs, till at last it is lost in darkness.

Who does not also remember Rembrandt's sketches of poor families? It is well known that he was born at a mill, in the midst of rural scenery. His habit of studying and depicting men among the peasantry by whom he was surrounded, taught him not to despise the poorer classes, when, at a later period of his life, he settled in

blest scenes. He paints the Holy Family in any poor house or cabin. He surrounds it with sunny splendour, and exalts the labour of the workman in such a manner as to awaken almost the envy of the favoured man of leisure, who pursues his studies in quiet retirement. Most of Rembrandt's models from the people



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN.- FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

Amsterdam. As he became more and more penetrating in his views, he showed a preference for the unfortunate and the miserable, whom others are disposed to shun. He took his models from classes which have not the refinement or superior cultivation; but with what genius, with what a touch, with what charms of light and shade did he adorn and exalt his representations of the hum-

are not remarkable for physical beauty, but they are clothed with many moral attractions. They have a soul, and their soul is almost rendered visible by the hand of the great master.*

* Further particulars with regard to Rembrandt, and other specimens of his works, may be found in vol. i. pp. 349 and 385-400.

ARENT, OR ARNOULD VAN DER NEER.



THERE is a constantly-recurring interest in an examination of the lives of Dutch painters. Apparently so similar, their diversity is



real and marked. No two of them are exactly alike. They are all, however, pervaded by a quiet domesticity which has peculiar charms.

VOL. II.

They please us in the same way that White, the historian of Selborne, delights us among writers. They are in general natural and true, even when their subjects are not always in good taste. In forming the artistic mind of modern times, it is to be wished that some of our painters would in this respect study the old men of Flanders, who sought to be true rather than brilliant. They idealised nature, they comprehended and rendered the poetry of landscape and still life, and yet they neither distorted it to serve a purpose, nor painted impossible oaks, nor trees which a naturalist would be puzzled to discover the name of.

The pictures of this school of artists have increased in value, and have been appreciated just in proportion as men have become observers of nature, and lovers of the simple and the beautiful. Mankind at first are dazzled by bright colours, an array of glitter and show quite foreign to reality; but as reason and sound conceptions make way, we are led to better notions of what is true and pure in art, as in other things.

This is pre-eminently true at the present time. Never, in the history of the world, was art more generally a favourite study. A taste for pictures, and pictures of a very high order of merit too, has penetrated to the ranks of the millions; but the painters of ordinary life are always more readily understood than those who take their subjects from past history. Martin is a painter whose name is familiar. His "Belshazzar's Feast" is looked upon with surprise, and almost with awe. But Landseer is understood, and more freely talked of.

The artist of whom we are about to treat is eminently calculated

to be popular; and yet, though his pictures are in so many great galleries, the greatest uncertainty exists with regard to him. We have not his portrait, and we do not exactly know his name. Some call him Art; others Arthur; some say Arnould; and the learned M. de Burtin baptises him by the name of Arent Van der Neer. We do not know with any precision either the date of his birth, or that of his death, or by what magic in study he succeeded in the rare and difficult art of rendering night effects with so much poetry and truth.

The historians of the day do not condescend to speak of him; and Descamps himself, who wrote at a period when the paintings of Van der Neer were already celebrated, has only given him two or three lines in a short biography of Eglog Van der Neer, speaking of the father *à propos* of the son, as if so eminent a landscape-painter were not worthy of a frame to himself.

Van der Neer was the painter of winters and fires; but he was also the painter of the melancholy beauty of night. He loved and studied night, of which the poet, Young, thus says:

"Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world;
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause
An awful pause, prophetic of her end."

The life of this solitary and unknown artist was passed wholly in contemplating landscapes sleeping 'neath the moon, when it shows itself from behind a wooded hill, or when it rises behind a pool bordered by huts, or lined by a hamlet. From the first sign of twilight to that undecided and mysterious hour, which the delicate La Fontaine has painted so pleasingly in one line—

"Lorsque n'était pas nuit, il n'est pas encore jour,"

when we observe passing before us, like a panorama in the sky, a slow and solemn succession of peaceful *tableaux*, which appear monotonous to the ordinary man who has only noticed them once, but which, to the judicious and romantic artist, present an infinite variety of effects and shades. We are familiar with artists who have improvised moonlight effects with ability, either by means of a few dashes of black and white pencil upon azure paper, or by some pencil-strokes learnt by heart, and cleverly dashed off upon a blue ground, with accessories of architecture, and some gently-rippling water. Those who have seen these rapid pencil sketches dashed off, will with difficulty be persuaded, at all events will scarcely understand, how Van der Neer has been able to see in the course of the night and in its aspects almost as much variety as Joseph Vernet in day effects—that he even noted the different hours of the night so distinctly, that on examination we can readily recognise them. This is indeed what has made Van der Neer a painter of the very first order of merit in his peculiar way.

The study of the effects which are produced at night by lights and shadows has introduced into painting one of the great and successful charms of poetry, and that is mystery. Certain landscapes which, in the broad daylight, would have been completely wanting in interest, are wrapped at night in fantastic tints, are elevated to lofty proportions by the way in which the shadows stand and fall, and are idealised beneath the influence of those pale lights, which, no longer illumining and showing the ordinary life of man, make the earth appear more tranquil and great, and water more solemn and vast in its effect. What a picture does Shakspeare give us of moonlight:—

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still chiding to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

We all know the effect of moonlight scenes upon our own individual emotions. If in the silence of the country we suddenly discover a little glimmer of light from the window of a hut; if presently, behind the distant trees of that sleeping landscape, we fancy we behold a cavalier gliding away like a ghost, how many emotions rise within us, and how ready are we to cry—

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?"

Such a picture, and such a subject, finds us prepared to be interested and attentive. Why does that lamp burn at such an hour? Is it that some terrible drama is being prepared; or is there sickness—a watching mother, a babe near to death? No matter what; we are interested. And then why is that man creeping along as if afraid to be seen? Imagination—which would have been quite tranquil had such a thing been noted in the day—when "the moon is up, and yet it is not night," for "sunset divides the sky with her," is moved and warned directly there appears that veil of mystery which always attends the movements of night. All seems to become greater, to be poetised under the influence of the moon; and though the earth is still, there is yet sufficient of motion and life in the quickly flying clouds, reflected on the surface of the river or in the deep bosom of the sea. What strange, majestic, and sublime spectacles do we sometimes see! Sometimes the moon advances, surrounded by a procession of light fleecy clouds, which shine as she borders them with a luminous fringe; at others, leaving her court far behind, like a saddened and deserted queen, she crosses the vast plain of the air alone; sometimes, clearing her red and sulphurous disk from the vapour of the horizon, she hangs for a time suspended over a dark brown mass, until by degrees her azure forehead is quite cleared up, and she stands out upon the firmament whose dark azure is slightly dashed with green.

The moon has ever been the favourite subject of poetry; and never has it been better described than by Milton and others, whose words have suggested many a brilliant and successful picture. The crescent moon has been a favourite phase, because it presents a singular appearance in the sky. Under favourable circumstances, the whole lunar circle may be seen, the dark part appearing of somewhat smaller dimensions, in proportion to the illuminated. The appearance is popularly described as that of the new moon with the old one in her arms. It arises from the light reflected from the earth to the lunar surface; hence called *earthshine*; and *lumièrre réfléchi* by the French, or *ashy light*, on account of its inferiority, in quantity and brightness, to that which is directly received from the sun. It only serves to render the unenlightened portion of the moon very faintly visible; and the dark part of her body appears disproportionate to the size of the crescent, owing to the optical illusion which the presence of a strong light creates—that of apparently augmenting the magnitude of objects. Two causes contribute to render the dark portion of the lunar disk invisible in other stages of her progress: the increase of her directly-illuminated part diffusing a stronger light, which proportionally nullifies that which is reflected from the earth; and the actual diminution of the earth itself. When the moon is a crescent to us, the earth is about full to her; and, consequently, more light is then transmitted from the earth than in other circumstances, which has the effect of then bringing that portion of her disk not exposed to the solar rays into feeble visibility. The effect is not produced when the moon is half full, owing to the cause, for the reason stated, being less influential.

Arent Van der Neer did not live in a land which was of itself much suited to the poetry of grand effects. Had he exercised his art on the borders of the Rhine, amid the accidents of flood and field presented by a varied style of landscape, with ruined castles on mountain-tops, he might readily have found landscapes naturally accessible to the majesty of night. But in Holland, near Amsterdam, Van der Neer had only before his eyes long level plains, great lakes surrounded by huts on a level with the water, common trees, and a lowering sky. Nevertheless, to this flat country Van der Neer succeeded in giving an interest quite poetical, when he painted

his moonlights; and with no other resource than clumps of trees, thatched roofs, and marshes, he had the art to produce pictures full of charm and sentiment. The Dutch easily recognise the villages he has painted. They are nearly all situated between the city of Amsterdam and that of Utrecht. As you leave the borders of the sea and approach Utrecht, you see, it is true, the fertility of the country increase, the canals are bordered by gardens, which are a kind of framework of verdure for them, vegetation is more abundant and more lively, the trees send forth more vigorous shoots, the meadows are of a brighter green, and the trelliswork of the avenues disappears under the weight of foliage. But though nature becomes brighter here to the eyes of the traveller, it still offers to the painter nothing but perspectives without life and without grandeur; and it required all the genius of Arent Van der Neer to render for ever celebrated pictures where the beauty of the model is so little compared with the power of art. One of the most famous is that which is called "The Van der Neer of Zamputz." That is the German name of a Dutch family called Van de Putte, for a long time naturalised at Cologne, to whom the picture belonged. It passed to the gallery of M. de Burtin, who has given us the following description of it, which is worthy of being read carefully, and which gives a very good idea of the general style of Van der Neer.

"It represents," says the amateur, "the village of Brambrugge, traversed by the Vecht, whose limpid and transparent waters are bordered on both sides by houses mixed up with trees as far as Nieuwersluis, from which we can see land in the distance far away in the horizon. Amid the numerous barks which ornament the river, we notice two sail-boats, one of which is drawn by a white horse, the driver of which is on its back; the other, full of passengers, is stopped near a wooden bridge over a piece of water communicating between the village and the Vecht, and from which the men gaze at the boats. Two boats are placed conspicuously in front, one with fishermen in it, the other with a peasant, who is ferrying over some oxen. Several trunks of trees lying on the ground, reeds on the edge of the water, willows, fish reservoirs under the bridge, a stockade, and some trees which hide a part of the church and houses in the foreground, add beauty to this admirable composition, in which, despite the shades of night, nothing is black, not cold, nor dry, as in many other works of this master; but, on the contrary, everything, even to the sky itself, is warm, clear, transparent, soft, harmonious, and of a charming velvety hue. The water reflects everything as in a mirror, and the light of the moon, shed upon the right of the river, produces a very pleasing and piquant contrast to the demi-tint of the left side."

This description, leaving out some details, is applicable to many pictures by Van der Neer. These landscapes have, in truth, a family likeness, from the elements of which they are composed. They are, in general, sheets of sleeping water gently rippled by the night wind, barks which serve as a set-off in the foreground, and villages, the streets of which are planted with trees, their tranquil and stumped masses being in contrast to the clearness of the star, which of itself makes up the drama of the picture. But if there is some monotony in the way in which Van der Neer composes his moonlights—we mean in the style of managing the lines, of distributing the masses of light and shade, and of arranging the different grounds—on the other hand, what variety is there in the tints, and how many shades delicately observed, distinguish landscapes so like one another at the first glance! Other painters have reproduced the same effects, while varying their models. Van der Neer, without scarcely changing his models, has infinitely varied the effects of his pencil, or rather his own impressions. Some particular village floating on the water, with its moored barks, fishermen's nets spread out in the foreground, and the wretched clothes which are drying on the bush, has often served as a subject for the landscape-painter. But, then, the village has been studied by the artist at different seasons of the year, and at different hours of the night. Sometimes the whole magic of his effects is concentrated in the west. While the earth, wrapped in deep shadows, is yet unable to participate in the light which is rising on the horizon, some few feeble rays, scarcely visible, escape from the upper part of the luminous disk, work their way between the boughs of the trees and the rustic boats, glide over the surface of the canal, and

break in sparkling pearls over every tiny wave raised by the motion of the wind. On other occasions, having attained its utmost height in the heavens, the moon looks down upon the prairies, the woods, and hamlets, of Van der Neer, and everywhere spreading its blue glimmer, forms a great layer of light over a similar layer of gloom. Often the same landscape passes through all the degrees of twilight, and appears indistinct and fantastic at that hour when, in the absence of the stars, a mysterious veil hangs over the country, and would make the dawn of day look like its setting, if a painter like Van der Neer did not know how to seize the exact shade which separates the fresh and silvery tones of morning from the golden and vigorous tones of evening—shades and tints which can be more readily recognised in his pictures than in the engravings, admirable as they are, of Jacques Philippe Lebas, of whom we shall speak more fully by-and-by.

Nature is, in some respects, like living beings. True painters readily represent her to themselves as a woman with passions, radiant joys, sadnesses, and moments of calm and uneasiness. Sometimes smiling and agitated, tempestuous and serene, she pleases, by her rapidly-changing caprices, those who really love her. Some love her melancholy, like Ruysdael; others delight in her merry moods, like Berghem. Van der Neer, while yielding to varied impressions, has followed the bent of his character, which impelled him to seek in nature only the variations of his sadder moods. Not only did he in preference choose her night-scenes, but in his day-scenes he preferred selecting the winter. Often to the melancholy of his moonlights he added the additional painful excitement of night fires. His finest picture of this kind—a picture which has made him illustrious—is that which is to be seen at Copenhagen, in the gallery of the king, representing a fire seen from the grand canal of Amsterdam. Nothing more solemn can well be conceived. Between the spectator and the fire are several bridges covered by people, and the agitated outline of the crowd is relieved admirably against the sinister light of the centre of the picture. The vague colours, the uncertainty of the distant masses, the indecision of forms—of those, at all events, which are not relieved with vigour upon the fire—and the depth of space—all contribute to make the picture seem larger than it is in reality. The houses of Amsterdam, arranged in perspective along the quays, and rendered with an exactness and a charm which are quite worthy of a Van der Heyden, give the idea of a considerable town, so that upon a small canvas the picture of the fire appears immense. On this occasion, the painter has cautiously refrained from attempting a struggle between two lights, by opposing a contrast between the vast blaze and the moon. To make a sublime picture, all he needs is the night and a fire. This is, then, truly the finest Van der Neer which can be seen. The fire effect is observed twice, in the town, and in the water of the canal, which ripples and shakes, resembling a running stream of hot lava. The flames sparkle, crackle, and produce a thousand piquant effects on the windows of the houses, and wherever the waters of the Amstel reflect the sparks; but all these brilliant details are admirably toned down, and the ensemble presents a spectacle so imposing, so dramatic, of such lugubrious beauty, so full of life, so full of grandeur and unity, that we are rarely more affected by any production in the history of art.

"Fire," says Valenciennes, "does very well by night, when its light contrasts with that of the moon; but what is essential to produce a good effect is to paint water at the same time. Without water a landscape is dead, especially at night. Great tranquil masses admirably bring out the reflection of the moon and that of the natural or accidental fires which are introduced into a picture, like volcanic eruptions, torches, and burning houses. Nevertheless, if the eruption or the fire is too great, the effect of the moon will disappear, and in this case its light will only be accessory to the light of the fire which is to be represented. There is more charm in allowing the moonlight to predominate, and leaving the fire to be but a secondary effect."

There is much sense in these reflections; and we could almost fancy that they were a kind of criticism on some works by Van

* "Éléments de Perspective Pratique à l'usage des Artistes," with advice and reflections on painting and landscape. Paris, 1801.

der Neer, if the writer had not said a little before of this excellent and admirable landscape painter—"Van der Neer has scarcely painted anything but moonlights; and he has succeeded in rendering them with a charm, a transparency of tone and colour, and a warmth of tint, which give us great delight. His waters are limpid and deep, and of astonishing planimetry. In truth, we believe we can say that this painter has most fully succeeded in rendering such effects as those to which we allude."

A man, who loved nothing but silence and night, and who delighted in painting elegies of the moon, and who preferred the country when it was covered by ice, or feebly lit by poetic glimmerings of light,—such a man, we say, must have lived and died obscure. It is, therefore, not surprising that we know nothing of his private life, of his habits, nor of how he began to be a painter. Some have thought that Albert Cuyp was his master; but this is scarcely likely, if we recollect that Albert Cuyp often painted in the figures of Van der Neer's landscapes. It is very unlikely that

and which bears as its title, "The Life and Works of Dutch and Flemish Painters," has little to say of Van der Neer. "Some foreign writers fix the date of his birth," he says, "in 1619; others in 1618; and that of his death in 1688. With Huber,* we may allow that the time at which he flourished was 1660. These same writers, Pilkington and others, fancy that he was born at Amsterdam. It is beyond a doubt that he lived for a long time in this city—a great number of his landscapes, chiefly taken by moonlight, representing views of villages known to be in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, and between that city and Utrecht. We find also, some similar views by him taken at sunrise, and during the day. But, in general, his paintings are moonlight effects, this being the style in which he excels, and, indeed, in which he has no equal. His pictures are composed of villages built on the borders of the water and near river-banks, where the moon is reflected on the water, and the scene is animated by ships, boats, and numerous figures. His skies are the parts in which he shows most art and



EVENING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

the master, instead of taking his pupil for assistant and comrade, should become the assistant of the pupil; that is, that he should consent to embellish—by painting in the accessories—the pictures of one of his disciples. However this may be, and without denying that Albert Cuyp was strictly the master of Van der Neer, we believe that this landscape painter was seduced by the works of Elzeimer, which had been brought into Holland by a gentleman of Utrecht, the Count Palatine, Henri de Goudt; that he adopted and continued the traditions of this unfortunate painter; that, in fine, the love of study, and a passionate love of nature, did the rest. It is remarkable, moreover, that the Dutch historians, living in the country where Van der Neer flourished, and writing in our day, have found nothing new during two centuries to tell us about their countryman. Since Houbraken, who assures us that Arnould Van der Neer, in his youth, was major in the house of the lords Van Arkel, we must accept the theory that no new fact has come to light relative to the life of a painter so well known by his works. In fact, M. Immerwail, in the book he published in 1843, in Dutch,

beauty. His winters are also admirable and excellent representations of nature. They are very rich in composition. His colours are varied, his touch easy and prompt; and in all his pictures there is a harmony of tone which enchants. In former times, his pictures were found in abundance in Holland; and that is what explains why his talents—less common than his pictures—were not appreciated at their full value. Foreigners, taking advantage of the low prices at which the pictures of Van der Neer were sold, have not failed to fill their cabinets with them, and his works have now become exceedingly rare in Holland. They are now, therefore, sold for very high prices when they appear in public sales. In 1825, 'A Winter,' from the cabinet of M. Vranken van Lokeren, was sold for £120; it is now in England, in the possession of Mr. Henry Bevan. But another picture by the same master, engraved in the gallery of Lucien Bonaparte, under the title of

* Author of "Notices on Engravers and Painters." Dresden, 1787.

"*Pesce con Figure ed Animali*" (Landscape with Figures and Animals), was sold by public auction at London, in 1837, for £808."

It is rather surprising that an Amsterdam writer, in order to trace the life of a Dutch painter, should be reduced to repeat what has been said about him by foreign writers. And what would have been the value of the memory of so many great painters, if they had not taken the trouble to raise monuments to themselves, and written their own history, in their masterpieces?

Winter and its icy plains, and its sad and dreary amusements, necessarily excited the attention of a painter who loved nature in her melancholy moods. But if Van der Neer is inimitable in his fires and his moonlights, he is not without a rival when he represents frozen canals, covered by aledges and skaters (p. 76). He may then be readily confounded with Isaac Ostade, his contemporary. Some naked trees, with a foliage of snow, mills, boats fast in the ice,

and making it fall on the subjects of the picture before and behind, and on the side, a little more faintly than in the representation of day; "in order that it may be taken for a true moonlight, and not for the light of the sun, which it greatly resembles in its sudden touches of light and its sharp shadows," with some stars shining in an azure sky, appearing here and there between the clouds. If we were to follow up the lessons of Lairesse, the moon would have to be supposed out of the picture, and it would only be from the flat masses, the decided and sharp outlines of shadow, and the full colour of the local colours, that we should make its presence felt in the sky, without exposing it to the eye. We should then have to weaken the reflections, which are never so intense by the cold light of the moon's rays as by the warm beams of the sun.

If beside these lessons of the learned professor, we place a fine night-scene of Van der Neer, we shall see how difficult it is to



THE RISING OF THE MOON.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

a crowd of skaters—some timid learners, motionless in their awkwardness, while others, launched out like arrows, cut the frozen mirror in straight lines, or turn in elegant and spiral curves on one foot. Such are nearly all his winters; and, if those of Arnould resemble those of Isaac, it is because the two masters, in their perfect masters, both resemble nature.

It is curious here to make a comparison—and perhaps we shall never find a better occasion for so doing—between the academic precepts of a professor and the examples furnished by an artist who allows himself simply to be guided by a sentiment of art. Gerard de Lairesse, in his "*Grand Livre des Peintres*," declares, that if he had to paint a moonlight, he would not conceive that he departed from truth by following the principles which he has indicated in his representations of the sun; that is to say, never introducing into a picture the luminary itself, but only its light;

establish absolute rules in painting. Sometimes, it is true, it has occurred to Van der Neer to hide the moon behind a clump of trees; but then we must say its effects deceive us; there, where he has endeavoured to render a bright night, we fancy we see twilight spreading over the earth after the setting of the sun. And nothing can possibly be more unfavourable to the force of the impression than this uncertainty in which we are left, as to the nature of the phenomenon we observe. Whatever Lairesse may say about its being more important to light up a picture than to bring in a luminous body, the first duty of the painter is to produce a lively and effective impression, and that it may be lively, it must be one, that is to say, there must exist in our minds no uncertainty, no indecision about the nature of the object represented, unless the vagueness of the scene is the intention, the poetry, as it were, of the picture, as is often the case with those of Rembrandt.

viewing a landscape like those of Van der Neer, the spectator who is not able to say whether he is gazing at the dawn or at twilight, whether it is the sun which has just finished shining, or the moon which is just beginning to shine, must be also unable to feel the proper emotions which the painter intended he should experience. Besides, what becomes of the scene if the principal actor is left out? If the star is not introduced into the picture, the artist loses all those resources which he can derive from the arrangement of the sky, when the moon plays the first part in it. For it is to the firmament that the attention is first drawn in pictures of the night. There the drama of light is going on, and there is seen the movement of the clouds which appear to carry on the life of the earth that sleeps.

"I should like," adds Laireuse, "to render the lights more strong and the colours redder and yellower, to use torches, burning piles of wood, sacrifices, and other artificial lights, the shadows of which would be less defined than those of the moon. This, according to my view of things, would produce a very great effect, principally if these accidental lights were placed in obscure corners. But we must, above all, take care to throw over the whole more obscurity than light, and to introduce colours brighter than the sky."

To these observations of the learned professor, we prefer the simple piece of advice—to follow in all things the principles of unity. We may, doubtless, remain faithful to this principle, even if we introduce into a moonlight the fires of fishermen, the glare of torches, or any other artificial light, so that it be secondary and really subordinate, as is the case in many of the night effects of Joseph Vernet. But Van der Neer appears to us more expressive and more imposing, when, suppressing the contrasts which would attract the eye or occupy the mind, he brings down to us, in all their unity, the grand impressions produced by the spectacle of nature in the solemn hours of silence and of night.

There is in the feeling of melancholy a sweetness which appears, from their own confession, to have remained a long time unknown to the French. It is only at late years that the breath of the North has wafted to them its vague and romantic emotions. The consequence is, that the pictures of Ruysdael and of Van der Neer were never more highly appreciated, or better understood there, than they are now. Alfred Michiels thus speaks of them:—"What dreams, what wandering thoughts, rise in the mind when gazing on the canvases of Van der Neer. Above all, this painter loves the moonlight, and pictures it to us with magic ability. A slow, winding river flows through the picture. Tufts of reeds stick up along the banks; some buildings rise a little further off, and behind the huts we see the dented line of the forest tops. The melancholy star silvers the surface of the water; a brilliant train divides it; a pale light is reflected into the smallest cracks, now casting them with a light gliding of illumination, now giving them a frame of white. The clouds which surround the radiant orb are touched by different shades, and a dim, religious light falls over the darkness. The queen of night is the centre and the divinity of this shadowy world, the focus of which would disappear without her. The genius of Goethe could not have invented anything better."

At the time when Van der Neer painted his silent and nocturnal landscapes, nobody in France would have thought of discovering any sentiment which might have moved the heart of the painter in his productions—nobody would have written such a page. These poetic ideas were beyond the intelligence of the rude, profligate, and warlike men of those days. They were gross and material in everything. They knew nothing of what old Montaigne so quaintly says, that to translate is to spoil: "J'imagine qu'il y a quelque ombre de friandise et de délicatesse au giron meisme de la melancholie!"

Bryan says: "Some place his birth in 1616, and it was said that he was living in 1691. The picture by Van der Neer and Gyp, in the National Gallery, was offered for sale in Lucien Bonaparte's collection, and bought in at 360 guineas; at Brard's sale, at Paris, it was purchased by Lord Farnborough for more than

double that sum, and bequeathed by him to the nation." The same writer gives an account of a son, Egion Hendrick Van der Neer, born in Amsterdam in 1643, who received his first instruction from his father; but his taste leading him to a different branch of the art, he was placed under the care of Jacob Van Loo, a painter of history and portraits at Amsterdam. When he was twenty years of age he went to Paris, where he passed four years and painted some small portraits and domestic subjects, which are generally admired. On his return to Holland, he attempted some historical and fabulous subjects, which have little to recommend them but delicacy of colour and careful finishing. He was more successful in his pictures of conversation and gallant subjects, which are tastefully composed and carefully drawn, in which he appears to have imitated the style of Terburg and Netscher. His pictures of this description are justly held in high estimation; they are very highly finished, and though less mellow and harmonious than those of Metsu and Miéris, they are well coloured and touched with great delicacy.

Pictures by Van der Neer are very rare, and this necessarily adds to their value. Still there are some found in almost every museum in Europe, and in most of the celebrated private collections of France, England, and Germany.

The Louvre only possesses two pictures by this master:—

1. "A Border of a Canal in Holland." This is an evening effect. On the right are three cows, of which two are lying down near a boat; to the left is a row of trees and houses along the canal. In the foreground is a man leaning on some wooden pailings. Further off, we see a man impelling a boat along with a pole, and, among the houses, the spire of a church. We read on a plank to the right the monogram of the artist, AV. DE. The animals, says the catalogue, are ascribed to Albert Gyp.

2. "A Village on the Road-side." To the right are houses on the borders of a canal, and in the foreground we see the reflection of the moon and some ducks; on the road are some fallen trees, a dog, and some figures; further on, a peasant, and a cavalier followed by a footman. To the left are trees and houses, surrounded by an open fence. At the foot of a tree is the monogram of the painter, AV. DNEB. This picture was bought for the Louvre at the sale of M. de Monay, the 24th May, 1852, for 2870.

Dresden Museum. Three Van der Neers:—1. A little landscape, representing some buildings on a lake. It is painted on wood. 2. A Dutch landscape. The day is falling; it is already moonlight. A river, the banks of which are bordered by trees and buildings, cuts the scenery in two. In the distance, a large town. 3. The fellow to this. A plain, water, banks, clouds, very admirably executed. The whole makes a magical moonlight effect. Both these are also on wood.

Pinaothek Museum of Munich. A fine large picture, representing a lake in the midst of a forest, the trees of which are reflected in the water. This picture proves that the most celebrated of moonlight painters was equally able to paint nature by daylight.

Bordeaux Gallery at France. "A Moonlight." We see a beautiful meadow and a building on the banks of a river cut by a dike. In the distance is a town, near which some ships have cast anchor.

In the Copenhagen Gallery is "The Fire," to which we have already alluded.

Ducal Gallery of Gotha. There are here six pictures by Van der Neer. In this number is one with the monogram of the artist, and the date 1643. This is also a moonlight. On the foreground is a river, with a bridge. The second is a country site, lit up by the light of the setting sun. Of the four other pictures, the majority are night effects, with the monogram M, composed of the letters AV. DE. interwoven.

Her Majesty the Queen possesses a fine Van der Neer. It represents, as usual, the borders of a canal in Holland, with a night effect. We see a carriage and horses; to the right, a children surrounded by trees; in the background, a city.

Bridge-water Gallery, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. 1. "A Dutch View by Moonlight." 2. "A Dutch Village and Neighbourhood by Moonlight."

There are no Van der Neers, or were not recently, in either the collection of Sir Robert Peel, which is so rich in Dutch masters of the first class, or in the Grosvenor Gallery, or in the possession

* "I fancy there is some shade of daintiness and delicacy beside the frowns of melancholy itself."

of the Earl of Westminster, or the Marquis of Lansdowne, or the Duke of Sutherland.

A picture by Van der Neer, representing a winter scene, was in Mr. H. Beckford's gallery in London. M. Waagen speaks of it in his book on the arts of England as a prodigy of truth and transparency.

Goettingen Gallery, belonging to the famous university of that name, has one of the masterpieces of this painter: it is "A Fire."

In the famous collection of pictures of Winckler, of Leipsic, sold towards the commencement of the century, there was a "Winter" and two "Moonlights."

The pictures of Van der Neer, being all principal pictures aiming at effect, have been engraved, and by the best masters, in the landscape style. We find the list of engravings of this master in the catalogue of the celebrated Winckler Cabinet, the sale of which took place at Leipsic in 1801.

The prices of Van der Neer's pictures have been variously estimated:—

Sale de la Roque, 1745. "Landscape" painted on wood, representing a setting sun, the edge sculptured and gilded, £5.

Lebrun Sale, 1806. "A Moonlight, with a River," on which are two boats. To the right a fisherman's bark; the men drawing their nets. This picture was sold—it is scarcely credible—for £2. At the same sale, "A Landscape" by Monchesson, the figures by Adrian Van der Velde, was sold for £8 2s.

Cambry Sale, 1810. "A Dutch Site," with the perspective of a village to the left, and a river on the opposite side, £9.

Erard Sale, 1832. "Landscape by Moonlight." A marshy plain, with dwelling-houses to the left; on the right trees. A little enclosure, several roads, many trees, posts, a river, etc., £230.

Sale of Count C—, at Antwerp, 1842. "Skaters on the Amstel," £200.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845. A large "River," with a bank on its several fishing-boats, a fine open country; some beautiful houses peeping through trees. On the foreground, three persons in a lane; the moon, a lovely sky, clouds exquisitely painted. 400 francs (about £100).

Same sale. A "Winter." There are about a hundred figures skating on the icy river, beyond which is a large town with its steeples, occupying a considerable space of ground. All the different features of such a landscape admirably rendered. A poor man with a log. £41.

Sale of William II., King of Holland, 1850. "A Landscape," (Dutch) as usual, with a canal, moonlight, boats, and figures. A fine night effect. 1000 florins.

Montebello Sale. "Moonlight." £260.

JACQUES PHILIPPE LEBAS.

We have already alluded, in our biography of Van der Neer, to this eminent man. A sketch of his life will be interesting—the more, that it was considerably chequered by events of an amusing character. Son of a *maître-perruquier*, or hairdresser, Lebas was born in Paris, on the 8th of July, 1707. His mother, having become a widow, had no resource but the interest of the sum derived from the sale of her husband's business, which brought her in about six pounds sterling a year. On this, it will be readily understood, she could scarcely exist with her child. Certainly, she could not send him to school. All the education he had, was simply learning the letters of the alphabet; and Lebas often, in after-life, would express his gratitude to the merchants and artisans of the city of Paris, whose signs and names over their doors had been his first spelling-books. The mother of Lebas, seeing that he had a natural aptitude for drawing, placed him with an architectural engraver, named Harlequin, of very ordinary talents. For a young apprentice, full of fire and hot blood, this cold, geometrical work

was very unsuitable. Fortunately, Lebas having one day met with some engravings by Gerard Audran, was at once struck with the true character of his own genius. He seemed to foresee his destiny; and, despite the ardour of his temperament, he resolved to acquire all the qualities necessary to an engraver—the first of which, undoubtedly, is patience. At the age of fourteen, his mother took him to an old-clothes man, and dressed him from head to foot, before launching him upon the world. But how was he to make himself known? and how to get work without being a little known? This is the eternal circle in which the early genius frets and fumes. People will not employ him because he is not known; and yet all must be tried before they gain renown. Poor Jacques Philippe had no credit, no protector—unless we regard his indefatigable activity, and his ambition to be one day a celebrated artist, and the feeling within him that he is destined to be so, as his safeguard and impulse to that arduous exertion, which was his characteristic through life.

In these days flourished the Drevets, the Cars, the Dupins, the Ducanges, and the Cochina. The eighteenth century was a fine time for engraving. Everybody was trying to beat others in bringing out splendid publications adorned by plates—series of portraits, books of art, of science, and books of travels—illustrated in a very magnificent style. The richer nobility who possessed pictures, began to engrave them—some to give more value to their collections—most of them to encourage artists, who were then, with literary, learned men, and philosophers, at the head of French society. Lebas had a few plates to execute for the Crozat gallery. The first was "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist," which was executed in the broad, vigorous, and admirable manner of Gerard Audran, by whom the youth had been so marvellously struck. "Roman Charity," after Noel Nicolas Coypel, and an engraving after Paul Veronese, completed his *débuts*. He was not as yet a master in style, and yet his "Roman Charity" is engraved in a good and striking way, which leaves little to be desired. The work was executed according to the laws of perspective; that is to say, with that lightness of tint which leaves the distant figures on their proper ground and which it is difficult to attain to with an instrument so precise as the burin. Coypel was so delighted with his engraver, that he insisted on Crozat's giving him double the price agreed on.

Jacques Philippe Lebas was of a warm, passionate, impetuous, and singularly impulsive nature. At the age of twenty-six, he thought of getting married; and one day, walking in the street, suddenly saw a woman of majestic mien and with a very charming face. He was struck by her, admired her, followed her, reached her home, proposed, was accepted, and married at once. It was only on inquiry that he found she was poor—far poorer than himself. This young woman's name was Elizabeth Drevet. Her marriage with Lebas was a very happy one, though the severity of their sky was troubled by a few clouds, one of which was that they had no children. "When I married," Lebas would often say, "I acted exactly like a young man without thought. I gave my wife lace, diamonds, and fine dresses. The day after my marriage I had no more money. This made me serious. Without saying anything, I took the diamonds and lace in my hat-box out into the street and sold all. When I came back, I showed the money to my wife, and said, 'My dear (*ma bonne amie*), I have sold all your finery, but I have got money. I am going to spend it in copper plates. Be patient, keep up my courage. I ask nothing but the time to finish a few plates and bring them out, and I promise to give you back with interest what I have taken from you to-day, without your having had the time to enjoy it.' I kept my word. I shut myself up. I sagged away at the copper (*j'ai pioché la cuivre*). Madame Lebas attended to her household affairs, and swept her own staircase. In a short time I found myself in a position not only to give her back what I had taken from her, but to be useful to her in every way, and procure for her all the luxuries of life."

To acquire the fortune which he desired to make for the sake of his wife and his mother, Lebas hit upon the idea of establishing a business as an engraver—becoming a dealer, in fact. This required considerable capital, and compelled him to open a school. He collected all the young artists in whom he saw any signs of talent,

With an infinity of tact and judgment he soon saw what each one of his pupils was fit for. He employed them all, each in his peculiar way, and the best results ensued. He was an excellent master of a school. He encouraged some by steady and well-directed praise, others by ironical laudation, being a great master in the art of flattery and joking. If a young man showed any signs of being pleased with himself, Lebas complimented him, embraced him warmly, and sent him away overwhelmed with delight, until the moment when his comrades explained the true character of the perfidious flattery of Lebas. No pupil ever allowed Lebas to embrace him twice. The school was large and well attended. There were out-door scholars and boarders, that is, pupils whom Lebas fed, lodged, and taught gratuitously; they, however, giving him their time. While amusing the class by his fun and humour, he also set them an example of unwearied activity, worked every day until five or six o'clock in the evening,

the name of the master, and the usual address of the dealer: "*A Paris, chez M. Lebas, Rue de la Harpe, Maison du Feytaud, à la Rose Rouge.*" "Lebas," says Watelet, "quite convinced that the number of connoisseurs is very small, thought that the artist whose name is oftenest seen in print is the best, and the reputation he acquired proved that he was correct. But it would have been more solid had he acknowledged only those pieces which he engraved himself, or, at all events, which he had touched up after his best pupils." It must be allowed, however, that his *piquante* and delightful touch gave life, movement, and grace to even the worst productions of his pupils. At all events, such is the opinion of good judges, and especially of Watelet.

In art, as in everything else, reputation brings money. Madame Lebas saw the prediction of her husband verified. Opulence fell upon the house commenced under such humble auspices. But Lebas, a true artist, naturally disinterested and generous, used his



MORNING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

without ever leaving off those merry characteristics of mind and language, which were the most marked features of his character.

Assisted by so many arms, the impatient engraver was able to undertake and carry out many very vast operations, such as "*The Ruins and Monuments of Greece,*" with the text of Lerot; the large views of Flanders after Teniers; the battles and camps of the Emperor of China; the festivals, rejoicings, and illuminations of the city of Havre, at the time of the visit which Louis XV. paid to it; the vignettes for the Paris breviary; and other series of engravings, some of which, it must be said, seemed rather publishers' speculations than works of art. These speculations succeeded. Lebas soon saw himself at the head of an extensive house, which had connexions and correspondents all over Europe. The engraving trade was inundated by pictures bearing the name of Lebas. Landscapes and historical subjects, geographical charts, subjects from natural history, fire-works and public festivals, theatrical decorations, vignettes, frontispieces and tail-pieces for books, all coming out of the numerous school of Lebas, and bearing

fortune without precaution, without care, and without order, as many men do who have no children, and who believe themselves beyond the reach of want. Too witty, too impulsive to become a business man, Lebas, if he sold a picture on credit, took a note of it on a stray piece of paper, which he was sure to lose before the day was over. If he accepted a bill, he never thought of entering it in a book, and was in the habit of being startled by the sudden presentation of the forgotten document. One day, when, as usual, he had been surprised by one of these bills, he asked the bearer to give him till the next day. The creditor replied by a threat of protesting the bill. Lebas rose in a towering passion, seized the creditor, put him down by main force in an arm-chair, looked him in the room, and rushed out in slippers and dressing-gown. In half-an-hour he returned, having borrowed the money of a friend.

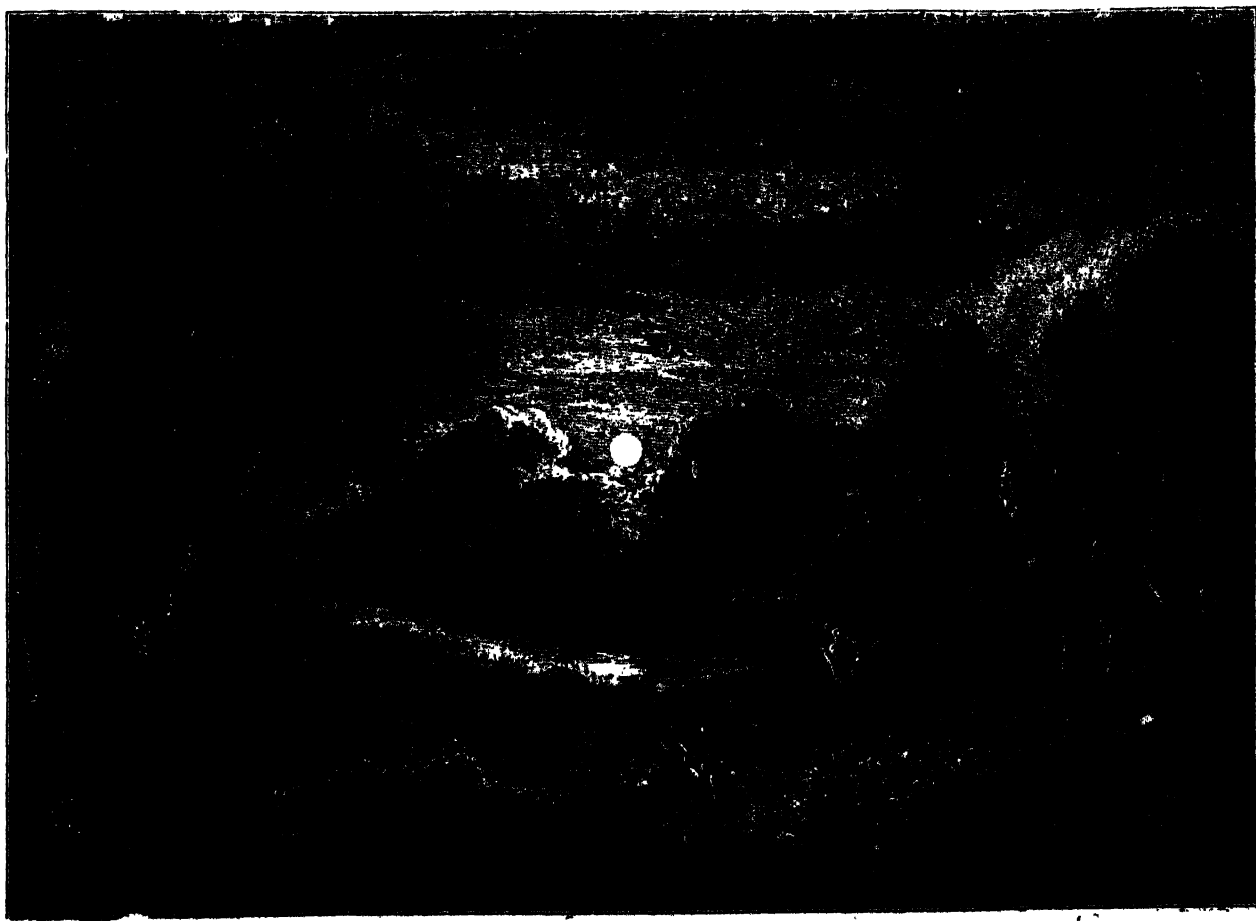
The liberality of Lebas was inexhaustible, and assumed various delicate forms. His generosity was shown particularly to artists. Having one day called to see a landscape-painter of some reputation, named Lacroix, he found him ill and short of money. Presently

Lebas rose and went away, returning, however, after a short period, under pretence of having lost something. He looked about a long time for the article, and took the opportunity of putting down a packet of louis. Laorix having recovered, went round to Lebas, and spoke to him of his money debt, and especially of his debt of gratitude.

"I don't really know what you mean," said Lebas quietly, and changed the conversation.

After having published his "Works of Mercy," "The Prodigal Son," "The Chemist," "The Black Pudding Maker," and other subjects from Teniers, which are really masterpieces of the engraver's art, Lebas was compelled, as he himself relates, to give up the manner of Audran—that beautiful and warm manner which showed even the clamminess of painting—to create one more expeditious and more in consonance with the taste of the public. This concession

like the penell in the hands of one drawing. Free from all the caprices, which, in the biting of aquafortis, may defeat more or less the intention of the artist, the dry point, by its movement, its suppleness, its shades of lightness or energy, perfectly expresses the will of the engraver—his way of comprehending and feeling—his individuality, in fact. Wielded by Lebas, the sharp graving tool has done wonders. It has produced unexpected results—inflections full of elegance and grace, and, to use a strong word, full of wit. This style, of which he was almost the inventor, Lebas made use of with success in his agreeable pictures after the Flemish, Dutch, and French painters, which, by their great variety and number, astonished and enchanted all amateurs. They were landscapes from Teniers or Ruysdael, portraits of Berghem, his "Four Hours of the Day," cavalry halts of Wouvermans, his "Italian Hunt," his "Milk Pot," little landscapes from Van Ostade, his



MOONLIGHT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

was a weakness; the more so that Lebas could not plead necessity as an excuse, and because, moreover, so superior an artist ought rather to have sought to firm public taste than to have bowed to it. But, by great good fortune, Philippe Lebas, when changing his manner, took up another quite as good, though rather more superficial. Before him, the dry point (that is to say, the point acting on the nude copper) had only been used for some light demi-tintes, and even for this very rarely. Rembrandt alone had made use of this process with his ordinary genius. Lebas used this style of work, and perfected it to such a degree that he engraved whole skies, however coloured they might be, with the dry point, and succeeded even in rendering the shades of his figures by uniting, when necessary, a dashing vigour with a cleanliness which had in it nothing monotonous or stiff.

The dry point is, of all styles of engraving, that which best realises the conception and idea of the engraver. In his hands it is

"Dutch Family," familiar scenes by Chardin; and love-makings in swings and in bowers, by Lancret. He gave, too, "The Early Morn," of Karel Dujardin; "Daybreak," by Vandervelde; the landscapes and water-pieces of the great Claude, and "The Seaports" of Joseph Vernet.

To each of these masters Lebas gave a character and vitality. He was free and off-hand with Teniers, mannerist with Lancret, piquant with Berghem and Dujardin, soft with Vandervelde, liquid with Wouvermans; he imitated the precision and firmness of Chardin; he rendered what were called the *fouillis* (the dark lights) of Boucher, and made them much more agreeable in the engraving than they ever were in the original picture. He engraved, after Claude, two of the masterpieces of the Louvre, "The Ancient Port of Messina," and "The Village Reward." He showed himself, in this case perhaps, less broad, less grand than Woffels; but it is remarkable that, on the present occasion, he

thought fit to temper the habitual coquetry of his point, introduced much style into his manner, and reached a rich tone of harmony, if not the intensity of effect which Woollett had obtained.

The five hundred pieces engraved by Lebas—an enormous and almost incredible figure, when we reflect that they are pieces engraved with the burin and the sharp graving tool—did not prevent him giving himself to pleasure, to the cultivation of the world, nor from shining there by the liveliness of his fancy and the exuberance of his spirits. This amiable temperament was combined in him with a true sense of the dignity of the arts and his own self-respect. M. Hocquet, his friend, quotes many examples of this. A lady of the court, of distinguished rank, begged him to give lessons to her son, at the same time taking every due care for the young man. Lebas consented; but having perceived, from the very first lessons, that he was made to wait, and that the young nobleman often only came in to give his master a *cachet*,* paid for very dearly, was by far too delicate to receive money he did not earn. Having one day noticed in the ante-chamber a valet with a very pleasing countenance, he ordered him to announce him in the mother's apartment. "Madame," said he on entering, "I wish you to allow me, when Monsieur the — is not prepared or not inclined to take his lesson, to allow me to give it to this young man," pointing to the lackey; "I shall then not lose my time, nor will you, madame, lose your money; and as your lackey will take lessons much oftener than his master, he will derive more advantage than him, and will soon know enough for Monsieur the — to continue his studies under him, and learn all that you appear to wish he should learn." The proposition of Lebas was received as he anticipated, and the master took his leave of his noble pupil.

A few years before his death, a noble lord having lent him a picture to engrave, Lebas, when the plate was finished, asked permission of the proprietor of the original to dedicate the production to him as a testimony of his gratitude. The reply he received was, that permission was granted to him on condition that the affair cost nothing to the person who accepted the dedication. "I will make a present to Mouseligneur," said Lebas, "of the right to call himself the protector of artists; and will give him an engraving framed with his arms, and twelve copies as a proof of his title!" Haughty with the great, Lebas was delightful with his equals and with the humble. In their company, he laughed at his obscure birth; and if he took upon himself to criticise the wig of a visitor or the hair of a portrait, he would add in the simplest tone possible: "I know something about it; I am the son of a hairdresser."

Portraits were not in the style of Lebas. He was, in general, rather weak in them. That of the painter Cazes, which he executed for his reception to the Academy in 1750, did not merit the reception it met with. It was the custom at that time to require, that candidates who presented themselves to be received in the class of engravers, should execute the portraits of two academicians, the plates of those received being the property of the Academy. Lebas competed for the prize, and sent the two portraits of Jacques Cazes (after Aved) and of Robert Lorraine, after Drouais. But Lebas failed in his attempt, less from the errors of his burin than from the imprudence of his tongue. Some words imprudently uttered by him with regard to an academician, were repeated to this person by an officious friend, such as are always to be found; so that on the day of arbitration our academician made a bitter criticism on the work of Lebas, and by chance found in his pocket a burin, with which to touch up and demonstrate the defects. According to this impartial critic, the engraving had too many faults; and it was really like the coolness and impudence of M. Jacques Philippe Lebas to have said the day before to his pupils: "To-morrow, gentlemen, you will be received at the Academy!" So Lebas was rejected, but not without violent protestations from the minority. Dumont le Romain went so far as to say, that he should like to see a pencil put into the hands of any of those gen-

tlemen and Lebas. He was certain that the engraver would beat them all.

It was thirteen years after this failure that our artist presented himself again. This time the Academy departed from its ordinary rules in favour of Lebas; and, instead of two portraits of academicians, they gave him as his trial-engraving the pretty picture of Lancret, known as "*La Conversation Galante*."† The picture is well known, and as much admired. What brightness, what freshness, what transparency! It seems to have been dashed off under an earnest impulse of enthusiasm, without hesitation, fatigue, or doubt—a very labour of love. The somewhat fantastic trees of Lancret, transported by him from the gardens of Watteau, were executed boldly by Lebas with his point, as the painter had grouped and massed them with his brush.

Received unanimously in 1743, Jacques Philippe Lebas obtained the following year the brevet of engraver to the king's cabinet. In 1771 he was elected "councillor of the king in his Academy," and also received, with the pension of 500 livres, granted by Louis XV. to Laurent Cars, who had not lived to enjoy it. Nothing was now wanting to raise the name of Lebas with foreigners. The reigning prince of Deux-Ponts and the king of Sweden attached him to their courts as engraver, and gave him the title.

Lebas was often accused, and not without propriety, of executing his plates in the same way that people painted fans—that is to say, with the assistance of several artists fully up to each speciality of style. One did the heads, another the draperies, another the landscape. This was true in the case of a great many plates, to which Lebas put his double signature as an artist and as an engraver. He himself groaned over this custom, of which he regarded himself as by no means the inventor; and he sought to correct the evil effects of it by making his pupils apply to different branches of art. He had, moreover, quite sufficient tact to see their particular aptitude of style, and always showed them models of masters who could be imitated without peril, reminding them always of the words of the French fable-writer:

"L'exemple est un dangereux leurre:
Où la guêpe a passé, le moucheron demeure."‡

During his whole life, Lebas was on the best terms with artists, learned men, and men of letters. Voltaire, of whom Madame Lebas requested as a favour some pit tickets for the first representation of "*Merope*," sent her tickets for the best boxes, saying that he owed this mark of respect to a comrade. Lebas was intimately connected with many artists, especially with Chardin, after whom he engraved four pieces so much sought after now-a-days: "*The Morning Toilet*," "*Good Education*," "*The Drawing Lesson*," "*Economy*." One day, when he went to call on his friend Chardin, he found him in his workshop before the picture of a dead hare, which he had just finished painting. "I should like very much to have that picture," said Lebas; "but, then, I have got no money." "That can be arranged," said Chardin: "you have got a waistcoat on there that takes my fancy very much." "Done! Take the waistcoat! (*Va pour la veste!*)" cried Lebas. He immediately stripped off his coat, threw the waistcoat on a chair, and walked off with the picture under his arm.

We must not omit to quote, among the friends of the painter, Cochin, who, before being the friend of Lebas, had been his pupil, or at least his assistant. For a long time Cochin had gone to work every morning at Lebas's unknown to his father, whom he allowed to think that he had just begun his day, when he had already gained his *three francs* by two hours early work. At a later period the younger Cochin made himself a name in literature, by writing on the subject of art. He had acquired great influence, and a powerful name. When it was determined to engrave "*The Ports of France*," which Vernet had painted for the king, Cochin was charged with the undertaking. He confided the whole of them to Lebas, reserving to himself the right of touching up the plates and sharing the profits. We read at the bottom of several of the plates, *Lebas et Cochin socii sculptorunt!* But the most intimate friend of

* It is usual in France, when you take lessons at so much a lesson, to buy of the professor so many *cachets* or medals, which he gives to him one at a time. When you have no more, you renew the supply. The same is done in eating-houses, where a diminution in price is made on twenty dinners.

† WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, Vol. I. p. 104.

‡ Example is a dangerous lure: where the wasp has passed the gnat sticks.

Lebas was Descamps, the author of "The Lives of Flemish Painters." A confidant of the domestic quarrels, he was always the means of making peace in the family. Our readers should peruse in the *Memoirs* of M. Hequet, already alluded to, the acts and deeds of this jealous husband, who had no excuse to be so; and, above all, a certain adventure which amused the pupils of Lebas for a very long time. Uneasy about some of his wife's walks and journeys in the town, our French husband rushed one day out into the street, called a cab, and dashed after his wife in his morning costume, which was none of the most complete. The cab, instead of following the carriage in which Madame was, followed another, which was taking a worthy abbé to the Marais. The coach stopped, the abbé got out, the jealous husband rushed furiously into the house which he believed his wife to have entered, abused the *concierge*, made a horrible noise, called for his wife, burst open a door and fell upon the unfortunate abbé, who, seeing the angry artist in a very simple *négligé*, burst out laughing in his face.

The admirable woman and devoted wife, Madame Lebas, died in 1781. Her husband, who was then seventy-four years of age, was profoundly affected by her death. At an age when one wants repose, he for the first time felt annoyances, afflictions, discouragements, and distress. His undertaking, the figures of "The History of France," which required considerable advances of money, had placed him in great pecuniary difficulties. The wilful slowness of Moreau the younger, with whom he was on cold terms, in giving him drawings for this work, which was brought down only to Louis IX.; the necessity he was under of leaving the house where his wife had just died, after living there forty-five years; all combined to overthrow the courageous old man, and he died. This event took place in 1783, just as it became evident that his "History of France" was a great success.

Amid all the annoyances of his last days, he still had some remnant of his old fun and humour. "In 1782," says Hequet, "we were at the Trianon. We were in the apartment of Madame the Princess of Montbazou, whose windows opened upon a little garden with water and fountains, where the dauphin was walking, or rather carried about, by his attendants. The little prince having stopped before the window, Lebas began, by making faces, swelling out his cheeks, and striking them with his hands, to make the child laugh. It was hinted to him that these demonstrations were not respectful, considering the rank of the child! Lebas immediately checked himself, and, turning round, addressed the heir-presumptive to the throne, who was but one year old: 'I am Jacques Philippe Lebas, engraver and pensioner of your grandfather. I am delighted to have been the means of making his grandson laugh.' More natural than those who were silly enough to take him away from the contamination of laughter, the child showed, by his cries and lamentations, his regret at being taken away from such joyful company!"

On the 24th Thermidor, in the year IV. (1796), the National Library purchased the collection of the works of Lebas, made by Hequet, for the sum of £120. It is a very valuable part of the riches of that great and admirable institution, which, with many defects, is so superior in many other things to our British Museum. We have the more readily told the story of Lebas's life—he whose name is put to so many engravings with which connoisseurs are familiar—because his life has scarcely ever been written. In fact, the materials have only recently been discovered to exist, since the revolution of 1848, when some of the eminent literary men who took a part in that demonstration obtained access to certain of the archives which had been buried and lost to the world from the carelessness and negligence of certain parties. Bryan says of him: "A celebrated French engraver, who has left a considerable number of pieces, executed in an excellent manner. He was born at Paris in 1708, was instructed in the art of engraving by N. Tardieu, and was one of the most ingenious artists of his time. He excelled in landscapes and small figures, which he touched with infinite spirit and neatness. He availed himself much of the freedom and facility of etching, which he harmonised in an admirable manner with the graver and dry point. The popularity of his works procured him a number of scholars, whose talents were employed in advancing the plates which he afterwards finished and published

with his name. His prints after Teniers are more than a hundred."

He was a very great man in his way, and deserves a niche amid the many who have a claim to a place in the wide world-history of art, which is of all countries, even more than literature, because art requires no translation. The eyes and the heart are alone required for us to comprehend and feel its beauties. It is an excellent and notable sign of the times that art is understood and appreciated."

A PICTURE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, June, 1854.

DURING my residence in this city, about which cling such memories of the past—memories of conquest, of war, of terrible struggles for the world's mastery—and which is yet the centre of so much that is important, I have become acquainted with very many facts which, if all recorded, would be worthy of a volume. I am fond of wandering about into the darker alleys of this "city of the soul," this "mother of dead empires," this "Niobe of nations," which stands

"Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;"

and, though glad at times to mix with the gay throng that crowded the halls of princes, prelates, and bankers, I have sought, according to my usual characteristics, as much as possible to initiate myself into the mysteries of humble life. I have never neglected art, that study which, of all others, repays so well the labour and time bestowed on it; and though I have not, with Coleridge, experienced "an acute feeling of pain on beholding the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo," because they owe their preservation solely to the durable material on which they are painted, I have studied them with earnest love. In fact, my days have been spent, and would be still, but that I am about to leave for Florence, in marvelling at the beauties of painting and sculpture I see around me—my evenings in wandering in Rome and the outskirts in search of studies of manners. I aim, in my artistic productions, at the style of Ostade or Cuyp, rather than that of our Titian. It was in consequence of this feeling of mine that I met with an adventure which I purpose recording at a future time on my canvas—the more, that it has a connexion with a countryman, and is, therefore, interesting.

I had extended my walk to some distance one evening. The night came on suddenly while I was wrapped in contemplation; and, turning round, I scarcely knew where I was. I saw distinctly before me the ruins of an old tower, which told me about what distance I was from Rome; and yet I felt little certainty of finding my way. I was not sufficiently familiar with the road to trust to myself as a guide, but after a few minutes' hesitation I set off, as I thought, along the path which I had followed in the light. In ten minutes I had lost my way. I could speak Italian, and could have asked the road, but there was nobody to ask. This made me reflect on the sage remark, that a man may be a fool in many languages, and I said many things to myself which were of a nature scarcely worthy remembering. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was on the right road, but it was of no avail; so at last I stood still and looked around. I was near a ruin, whose

"Broken arches, black as night,"

just allowed a glimmer of departed day to peer through them, and show me a little of the scene around.

I soon found that I was also near a little stream, as I heard, not by the roar of waters from the headlong height, but by the gentle rippling of the tiny waves. I began to suspect that I really did not know where I was. I stood still. The scene was new to me; and yet, at sight of that pile of ages long ago, as the light began to stream from star and planet on oriel, buttress, and scroll, I suspected I had seen the place before from a distance. My eyes began to accustom themselves to the gloom, and presently I distinctly saw a kind of rude hut, such as are commonly built in out-of-the-way places by Roman peasants.

I at once felt fatigue. Before I had never thought of it, but now hunger, thirst, and weariness, came all upon me at once.

The hut was below me in a kind of hole, and I had to descend some rude steps to this dwelling, perhaps purposely concealed, for what I knew, and I conjectured hardly safe for any one who had with him aught to lose. But I had nothing to lose, and on that score was easy. My dress was plain. I wore a blouse and cap, and my shoes were heavy and rudely fashioned. Still I clutched my stick as I turned to the hut, and approached a side whence came a light.

"Is there any one at home?" said I, in a loud and, I hope, cheerful tone.

"Si, signor," cried a rough and rather harsh voice. "What do you want? Who are you?"

"I am hungry, tired, and thirsty; and I am an English traveller and artist, studying nature, who has lost his way."

There was a dead silence for a moment—a silence I could feel, but not understand.

head, and altogether a pretty simple face that might have been little noticed but for her eyes. They were of that deep, dreamy cast which strikes the painter because they tell a tale of sorrow, or regret, or hope; at all events, always indicate some passion which it is useful for him to study.

My attention, however, was called away by my supper, of which I partook freely; all the while, however, casting glances towards the young woman, who was absorbed, I began to fancy, by some memory of the past.

"You seem partial to Englishmen," I said at last, addressing the old man.

"We have no cause to be," grumbled he in a half good-natured tone.

"Hush!" said the girl, rising and standing erect, her right hand held out;—this is the instant I hope to seize in my picture—"hush, father! Do you not remember it was thus he came?"



THE SKATERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

"Welcome!" then exclaimed a voice—a voice of touching sadness and melancholy. "Welcome, stranger: no Englishman was ever turned from this door."

I was, I confess, a little startled by this reply, but certainly more gratified than startled; and I advanced to the open door and entered the hut. It was only a hut, a poor, mean building with one room, as I at first thought, and three occupants. There was an aged pair, still active and healthy, in the dress of peasants, and a young woman, not far from thirty, of handsome, yet melancholy mien, on whom my eyes were the more fixed, that she examined me with a curiosity and anxiety quite painful to behold. She then sat down by a table, and gazed with a vacant look at the wall, as I thought, it being dark, and the place illumined faintly by a sorry lamp.

The old people gave me a stool, and I had leisure to examine the young woman while they prepared a frugal meal of bread and cheese and wine, with some grapes, always welcome. She was dark, with black hair, black eyes, a small but well-shaped fore-

head, and altogether a pretty simple face that might have been little noticed but for her eyes. They were of that deep, dreamy cast which strikes the painter because they tell a tale of sorrow, or regret, or hope; at all events, always indicate some passion which it is useful for him to study.

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It was a dark and gloomy night, and he had lost his way; do you not remember?"

"Well, certainly, I think I should remember it," replied the father.

"To what does your daughter allude?" said I; "if I may be so indiscreet as to ask."

The young woman seized the lamp, and holding it close to the wall, bade me look. I rose quickly and gazed at the place on the wall indicated by her, and there I saw, to my utter amazement, a delicious little oil painting, representing a young man of fair and delicate features, beside a dark-eyed beauty, which I readily recognized as the holder of the lamp in her younger days. It was a perfect little gem, and astonished me so much I could not at first speak; but presently the peasant girl calming down, I resumed my seat and entered into conversation with her. And she told me her story, I suppose, because my lips had imparted to her the secret of my birth in the land of his origin.

It was about ten years before that a youthful traveller lost his

way under somewhat similar circumstances to my own, and sought shelter in the same hut, where then dwelt Francisca Patrana and her parents. He was a gentle but enthusiastic youth, who felt grateful at once for the hospitality offered and accepted. He spent the evening in conversation, chiefly with the young girl, and went away next day, promising to return. He did return, though they did not expect it, and so often that it soon became clear he was smitten with the charms of the young girl. His visits were discouraged. He cared not. He painted the hut at first, and then, after some coaxing, the young girl, who began to take a deep interest in him.

At last he offered his hand and his heart. A romantic and fervent spirit, he knew only that she was beautiful and good. She was uneducated, but that was a delightful thing for young love to remedy. He was refused at first, because of the difference of religion; but his earnest and sincere eloquence overcame all difficulties, and it was finally settled that the whole party should at an

them, and not a single stumbling-block stood in the way of their great happiness. How she longed to see the happy land he painted in such glowing colours! and how he too desired, with pride and joy, to be the being who should open up to her its beauties and its new graces!

To marry in Rome was difficult, if not impossible. Every preparation was then made for their departure. At last the letter came, and all was ready. Just then he died. He was of a delicate, frail nature, and caught a fever, against which youth laboured in vain. He died, and left behind him one who, though not his widow, because she had not been his wife, yet was determined to be in everything his relict on this earth. She saw him to his lonely grave, and returned to her hut saddened, blighted, hopeless, and yet—for he had conquered all her prejudices—hopeful of another world, where they must meet again.

She kept his picture, *that one*, and the lesson-books he had given her; but she touched them no more; the chord was snapped that



A SEA-PIECE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

early period emigrate to England, and there the young couple should be united. The old people heard the plan at length with complacency, and the youthful artist wrote to his home for money to return.

All went well. He painted and taught. The young girl was apt and willing, and she learnt to read and write, and imbibed much knowledge from her enthusiastic lover. His studies were now confined to nature. He was always near the ruin, and it was in the hut in which I was listening to the tale that he painted his picture, which gave unbounded delight to all parties. And there it was, too, that she conned over her books, her grammar, and her little elementary works—a very school-girl in earnestness and devotion.

And he was never tired of teaching, nor she of learning. It must have been a pleasant and cheerful thing to see that couple, so attached, so earnest, so single-minded, pursuing their mutual tasks; he, yearning and battling for fame, she, for simple knowledge. And the time passed so pleasantly all the while, for all smiled on

made them musical. And yet I saw with what veneration she still regarded them. All efforts to make her change, to induce her to wed, were useless; she was the bride of the departed, and as such she solemnly announced herself to her parents. They combated her will in vain. She would not be comforted, and would not be left.

And thus I found her and a subject for my pencil, which, if I can ever realise, I am sure will place my name in some little niche where the smaller specimens of art may find shelter. And there I left her next day, much moved by meeting with one to whom she could speak unreservedly of the lover who had been dead ten years, and yet whom she looked on with such freshness of memory. I saw her no more, my stay in Rome being but short; but I write this hurried letter to record the deep impression the scene made on me.

Perhaps I should have rather told of the seven-hilled city's pride, of what remains besides the cypress and the owl, of broken thrones and temples; but thus it is ever with me; one little bit of nature

makes me forget all the glories of the greatest art, because it moves my heart. Not that I despise the mighty monuments of times past, but that real life moves me more deeply when it presents itself to me in such a form, and especially—egotist that I am!—when it comes wrapped round in the enchanting witchery of a subject for a picture.

'AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ENVIRONS.

THE East has always been the peculiar ground of the artist. Thence he has drawn his most rich materials. Martin, and Turner, and many others have made us familiar with much that is great and splendid in the fields and hills of Orient, now to be made further familiar as the scene of military operations. It is pleasing, however, to turn from the terrible stories of "our own correspondent," narrating all the horrors of war, starvation, and cholera, to the views of an artist. Mr. F. Hervé visited the land some time back as a portrait painter, and brought back, not only rich sketches of the country, but communicated much pleasing information.

He visits the place to paint; and hence it is natural that he should tell us, that though there are few spots in Europe which have called forth more panegyrics than the charms of the Bosphorus, yet the reality far surpasses all preconceived ideas. The position, the very sensation that you are between the extreme points of the great divisions of the globe known as Asia and Europe, is enough to rouse the mind to a certain degree of enthusiasm. It is hard to say on which side most beauty lies.

You gaze on palaces of the purest white marble, with doors of bronze and gilded cornices, tall minarets; rising with chaste and taper elegance beside the round and massive tower, light trellises, shaded terraces, latticed windows, all savouring of mystery and romance. Then you turn from the present to the past, as your eye catches a sight of the heavy castles of other times, with their gloomy turrets frowning on each other from the opposite banks as they peer up in solitary grandeur—here a fantastic and ephemeral style of architecture, there a heavy massive line of solid walls and lofty towers, which raise their proud heads on high.

Every form of habitation is to be found in the Bosphorus, from the habitation of the peasant to the palace of the monarch. There is the lowly fisherman's shed, formed of a few planks, pitched up and plastered together with mud and clay, with a hole to creep in and a hole to look out from, the waves oft dashing against its base, and the rain entering its roof; whilst not far off stands the Sultan's gorgeous palace, where the sculptor's art is profusely displayed, where gaudy painting and the richest carved work unite their powers to adorn the splendid monument of Ottoman pride, and its polished marble walls, its granite balustrades, its porphyry columns, are crowned by a resplendent crescent of gold. All this may outrage the pure and classic eye of the chaste architect, for we know that it is in bad taste; but the effect is most brilliant and imposing; and as there is a succession of these palaces on either shore, when the sun shines upon them, it produces one dazzling blaze of eastern magnificence.

But art alone has not lent enchantment to the view. It is not possible for us to comprehend, here at home, what nature is under the

"Blest power of sunshine!"

in a land where it may be truly said, on many occasions:

"There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Careered, shining in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave!—one glowing green expanse:
Save where, along the bending line of shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst
Embedded in emerald glory."

And all this lights up a place gifted by nature with almost sublime charms. It is nature that has given the bold and varied outline,

the rocky mazes and the myrtle bowers; she it is that gives us that gigantic and overshadowing plane-tree, the growth of centuries, and the shelter of thousands of men and herds, to gaze at and admire. See the rugged oak, the spreading elm, the weeping ash, the bright sycamore, the dark-green fig, the stately cedar, the orange, the lemon, the soft acacia, the trembling aspen, the drooping willow, the sable yew, the tall poplar, and, the loftiest of all, leaving every other far beneath, the sombre cypress, rears its aspiring stem. And then, above, there is the almost bare rock, clad at times by the hardy pine of the North.

And then, besides these and many other trees, there are fruit-trees innumerable. The mulberry and the vine are the most frequent. The latter climbs about the awnings and palisades in all directions, and producing, in almost all parts of the East, a vile compound, has been the fertile source of death in our army. The shrubs are endless and innumerable; the laurel, the myrtle, the box, the arbutus, and laurustinus are everywhere to be seen. Of the flowers it would be in vain to attempt to speak.

The palaces, harems, and villas of the rich Turk less frequent now than in Hervé's time—and of the foreign merchants, are a graceful and pleasing addition to the beauties of nature. Their gardens are perfectly fairy-like in many instances. They surround the dwellings, and then go back, getting wilder as they ascend, until they, too, reach the barren orig. There they rise, terrace after terrace, communicating by winding steps, often of marble, with beds of flowers and dark-green shrubs rising on all hands; and then the bowers, arbours, alcoves, obelisks, kiosks, pagodas, fountains, temples, awnings, lattice-worked screens and trellises.

Elsewhere upstart the blue cupolas of a mosque, very much like the Panopticon in Leicester-square, half hid by an imbricated curtain of trees, except where the fluted minarets rise alongside the dark trees. And then from some window peers a dark-eyed Greek girl, watching the boats as they pass; or an Armenian or Turkish lady darts a modest look and drops her eyes; while Turks smoke lazily near the water, boats richly carved and gilt float by, filled by men in embroidered costumes, though now, in general, the European garb is alone seen. The boatmen alone preserve their old dress.

Well, and with all this beauty of scenery, with such a sky, and such temptations, neither Turks, nor Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Jews, nor any other of the mixed and nondescript dwellers in Turkey have the slightest conception of art, or the slightest leading towards a study of it. The Greeks are very behindhand. They neither comprehend music nor painting, as the dials in the inside of their churches will readily show. As to music, some Souliotes were once singing very sweetly the air of "H Pœtastot," and an Englishman remarked to a Greek friend how well they did it. His reply was curious. "They sing well indeed! they have some knowledge as to using their mouth, but they have no idea whatever of using their noses!" It is through the time that the Greeks usually sing.

There have been many young Greeks sent to Europe to learn various accomplishments. Singing and painting they could never compass. We have heard Greek singing enough, and the less we hear for the future the better. What half a century of civilisation may do we know not, but the arts are nowhere in so deplorable a state as amid the ruins of temples and monuments in Greece, in Athens itself, and in the country of the Turk, where religion sets its face against every form of the art of painting and sculpture.

The prejudice is wearing away, however, and this—like everything else—denotes that there is a crisis of civilisation about to take place. The presence of the allied armies may be the cause of Turkey awaking to real civilisation, literature, and the arts, and finally to Christianity—not the Christianity of Greeks and others in Turkey, but to the purer Christianity of countries where civilisation has gone hand-in-hand with religion. Then may we hope to see even high art taking root in a country formed by nature for all that is lovely and great, and they too may produce works from which

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fullness; there—for ever there,
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captive, and would not depart."

As one indication of the approach of a better state of things, we may mention that, as the French army in the East is accompanied by Horace Vernet—whose business is to produce worthy pictorial representations of any striking scenes, any remarkable objects, and any brilliant exploits that may meet his view—so Omar Pasha has an artist in attendance upon him for a similar purpose, who is said to be engaged upon a painting of the siege of Silistria, that glorious struggle in which Turkish valour, assisted and directed by the English skill of the gallant Lieutenant Butler and his friend, effectually repelled all the attacks of a Russian horde, in spite of a great disparity in numbers. It may, perhaps, be some time before Omar Pasha's enlightened views on general subjects and just appreciation of the value of art are shared by the mass of the subjects of the Sultan; but the influence of his example, seconded by the high position he deservedly holds in the estimation of all, must, sooner or later, bring about this desirable result.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ART UNION.

SOME of our readers may smile at the fact of an exhibition of the Art Union of London being included in matter, great part of which relates to the works of EMINENT MASTERS. But the article will not be so irrelevant as it might upon the first blush appear.

The object of our work is to cultivate amongst all classes in England a taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful includes, according to the sententious German, the good! It is not unnatural, therefore, that any glaring departure from the rules of Taste and of True Art should be noticed and reproved, for it is by reproof that education is promoted, and by the example of the bad that the good is inculcated.

Very few people are ignorant of the constitution of the Art Union. It is a society, instituted in 1837, and incorporated in 1846, having for its object a promotion of the knowledge "and love of the fine arts, and their general advancement in the British Empire by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists," and also "the elevation of art and the encouragement of its professors, by creating an increased demand for their works, and an improved taste on the part of the public."

That an institution having so generous and so great an aim, should have so signally failed, as this and other exhibitions will show, is more to be deplored than to be wondered at. Taste requires education, and is by no means a mere natural production. It requires also time to grow. It is not to be presumed, that because a man or a woman wins a prize at the Art Union, they should be sufficiently judges of pictures to select the most meritorious out of so many galleries; and the fortunate prizewinner has the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the National Institution, the Water Colour Society, and the New Association of Painters in Water Colours, to select from. It might probably happen that if the fortunate or unfortunate prizewinner had only one gallery to choose from, something like a good selection might be made; but under the present system the body of prizewinners, with a perverseness which is puzzling, clear the whole of the galleries of their dress and refuse.

It is another unfortunate circumstance that the drawing of the Art Union takes place very late in the year. Therefore, if there be a good picture by a rising artist, prizewinners are pretty sure not to get it, because buyers of taste and of art education have had the run of the galleries before them; and, moreover, to render, we suppose, any collusion between the buyer and the seller impossible, the committee of the institute have framed their by-laws in such a manner that one may be construed into a direct prohibition of the prizewinner's using any judgment other than his own—a good rule in some respects, but exceedingly injurious in others.

Thus it is, that the result is frequently very seriously injurious and noxious to British art. Those who have to choose the pictures are of all classes, and the sellers of the pictures are as various. Some there are who get a pretty good painting; but the majority are so bad, that the effect of the gallery to an eye accustomed to good art, is really very sad indeed. But, besides this evil, the Art Union has another effect. It disheartens the artist who may be

very clever, but may not have sold his picture, when he sees one with not a tithe of the talent which he has, get for his production a price which is preposterously high. But it has a worse effect upon the artist who sells his painting. Having an eye to the Art Union prizewinners, he has put an enormous price on his production, because he is just as likely to get it as a smaller one. Judges do not buy his pictures—but others do; and the prizewinner must give the full price, or else return part of it into the reserve fund of the society. We happen to know a case, wherein a young artist asked £200 for a picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, purposely to catch the Art Union prizewinners—a work for which, had a dealer bought it, he would gladly have taken £50. He sold his picture; and it so elated him, that his works had such prices put on them that he never sold any more. He is now in one of our colonies, taking portraits, and gaining a very fair living; but a great or even a talented artist he never will be.

The pictures, also, on account of the advertisement which their exhibition affords, are obliged to be exhibited, and therefore to be chosen from exhibitions of the current year. Artists are not, consequently, allowed to paint upon commission; but, if they were permitted to do so, surely something more creditable might be obtained. In a word, as a purpose of art education for the spread of taste, this society is a dead failure; and, although it undoubtedly gets rid of a great many pictures, still there is not one out of the one hundred and ninety-nine exhibited, for which we would give—and we believe there is no professional person in London would—half the price which the artist has obtained for it. From this censure we may, however, except three; and also the lithograph by Maguire; and the whole of the statuary models, from 195 to 199, both inclusive.

A hasty run through the gallery will, we have no doubt, convince the reader of the truth of remarks which, however harsh, have for their aim the advancement of art and the improvement of taste. The society ought, without any hesitation, to remodel their rules; so that it might be an honour, instead of the reverse, to be selected by a prizewinner of the Art Union.

The present exhibition is held in the rooms of the Suffolk-street Gallery. In the great room the first picture which attracts the visitor will be, in all probability (No. 4), "Common Fare," painted by Mr. Sidney Cooper, and selected from the Royal Academy at the very large price of £367 10s. Mr. Cooper is a first-rate artist when combined with Mr. Lee as a landscape-painter; but in "Common Fare," which represents a group of sheep and a half-starved donkey on a common, he, to a certain extent, fails. The landscape is unpleasant; the position of the donkey, on the apex of a hillock in the centre of the picture, being too prominent; and the effect is, on the whole, unpleasant. Parts of the picture are unexceptionable; the sheep are excellently painted. The amount of the prize is £250, the prizewinner having added the remainder.

(No. 13), "Gipsies leaving the Common," by E. Williams, sen., for which a gentleman has given £60, is a very common specimen of a picture manufactured without the slightest attention to nature; vivid colours and crude greens being the staple commodity.

(No. 19), "A Scene from the Play of the Hunchback," by A. J. Simmons, has, luckily for the artist, fetched £40. Had it to be sold in any sale to-morrow, it might realise £10.

(No. 21), "The Lady of Shalott," by R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., has been chosen from the new institution at a price of £80. It bears the quotation from Tennyson:—

"But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

But it is in reality nothing but a very pallid specimen of humanity, with a pretty but unmeaning face, looking into a mirror. What relation it bears to Tennyson's mystic poem we cannot say.

(No. 22), which hangs just below, is a contrast in every particular. It is a sweet landscape, "Evening on the Mackno, North Wales," with a wild duck flying quickly over the still waters of a lake. The colour and the feeling are both good. The taste exhibited in the choice of this does honour to Mr. Allen. The price affixed by the artist, Mr. Dearle, is twenty pounds.

(No. 26), "Game and Fruit," by Duffield, is a very fine picture, which we noticed when before exhibited. We would particularly

call attention to the painting of the blackcock and the partridge. Mr. Cooper, a prizewinner of one hundred pounds, has selected it.

(No. 28), "A Fishing Village," from the coast of Normandy, by J. Wilson, jun., for which Mrs. Saunders has given one hundred and fifty pounds, is a meritorious but by no means a first-class painting.

(No. 81), "The Siesta," by C. Landseer, exhibits a girl lying upon two antique chairs. The position is awkward, and the drawing, especially the foreshortening, not well-managed; but on the whole, the picture is more worthy than nine-tenths of the others.

(No. 34), "The Young Boat-builder," is so bad, that it should be gibbeted, not exhibited.

(No. 36), "The Rehearsal of the Village Choir," by F. Underhill, is the production of one, who, with more time and finish, may do much better. The faces of the young girls, whom the music-master is drilling, are very sweet and arch.

(No. 37), exhibits the sort of picture which is likely to be bought by prizeholders. It is of the genteelly pious order. Not that we quarrel with simple piety, but with its theatrical exhibition. It is called the "Mother's Prayer." A lady with a doll-like face, without one atom of devotion in it, watches over her child in bed. It

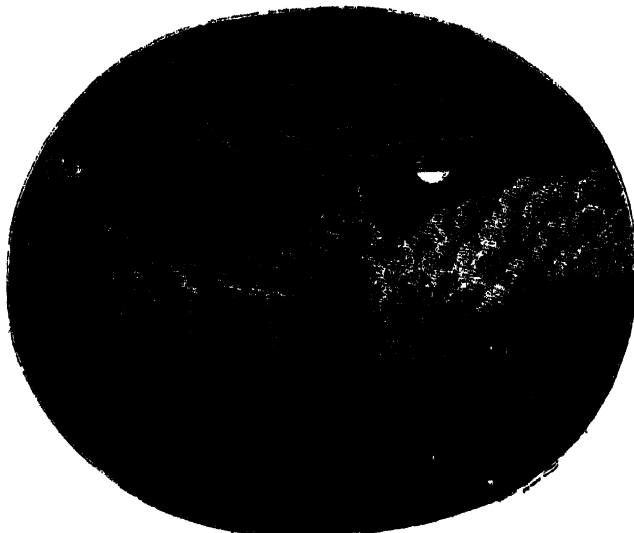
(No. 68), "The Youthful Hairdresser," exhibits quite as simple an incident; but, from the nature of its treatment, is very much better. A little girl is nailing the wig on a wooden doll, the stolid look of which gives the piece a very comical air. The dress and face of the girl are well painted by the artist, Miss M. A. Cole.

(No. 76), "Keeping Guard," by J. Hardy, jun., is interesting and well painted, with the exception of the sky, which is exceedingly murky and heavy. A dog is watching by some game, which his master has deposited near him.

(No. 84), "The Monastic Life of the Emperor Charles V.," exhibits great knowledge of drawing and a good eye for colour and arrangement. The present little picture is but a sketch, and some crudeness must therefore be pardoned. The picture is decidedly the best ten-guinea prize in the exhibition.

(No. 90), "The Brunette and the Blonde," of course being the portraits of a pale young lady, and of another with a Spanish chocolate complexion, is a work by Mr. R. S. Lander, for which he has been lucky enough to get sixty guineas.

(No. 103), "A Bible Class in a Scotch Parish School examined by a Committee of Presbytery," is one of those pictures which strike you with two subjects for wonder—the one, that it ever got hung in any gallery; the other, and the greater, that having been hung, it ever got sold; the artist mistaking coarse caricature for character,



MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER AUER.

is calculated to touch maternal hearts, and we have no doubt that Mr. Fisher, in selecting it, was guided by his female friends.

(No. 46), "Isola die Pescatori," an Italian landscape, by G. R. Hering, is very meritorious. With the exception of a certain harshness in the shadows, it leaves little to be wished for.

(No. 54), "A Cabin in a Vineyard," has at least a great name to help it, that of Mr. Uwins. We criticised it in our notice of the Royal Academy. A mother who has left her children asleep in the *cabane* of the *garde de vigne*, returns to look at them. The figure of the mother is somewhat graceful, but beyond that the picture is unmeaning and lackadaisical.

(No. 61), "Evening," by E. Williams, sen., is excessively after the manner of a tea-board in its finish and treatment. It bears a great many more marks of manufacture than of study from nature.

(No. 66), "What shall I sing?" instances one of those prettinesses with little meaning and small skill in execution, which, nevertheless, captivate the many. A young lady in a curious dress, a mixture of modern and fancy costume, holds a guitar in her hands, and seems to ask the beholder the question which gives its title. It is perfectly unworthy both of the artist and purchaser.

and being content to exhibit a picture without tone, or finish, or colour, properly so termed, in it.

But we will not detain the reader any longer. The water-colour department of the exhibition is perhaps a little better than that of the oil paintings; the best amongst them being "A Head of a Roman Monk" (No. 186), by Carl Haag, to which we called attention in our notice of the Water-colour Society. The statuettes are much more creditable, especially "The Dancing Girl reclining" (198), and (199) "Innocence," after an original by Foley.

The print, to which subscribers are entitled next year, is not worthy even of the Art Union; the artist, Mr. J. J. Chalon, seldom producing anything worthy of engraving, and, in this instance, Mr. Willmore, the engraver, by no means doing what he should have done. Any one familiar with the works of Woollett will at once see what a tremendous distance there is between the water which he represented, buoyant, sparkling, and deep, and the heavy graver and point lines of Mr. Willmore, which look like nothing in nature and little in art. The thirty wood engravings, illustrative of "Ulrich Harold," promise much better; but we must decidedly register our opinion, that the Art Union is every year less worthy of its position and of the patronage it obtains. Unless the council makes some very great efforts towards improvement, the sooner it gets replaced, or extinct, the better for British art.

Tupffer says, "I see, like the poet could cry:—

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The wood and lawns, by living streams at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave.
Of fancy, reason, virtue nought can I bereave."

None but masters ever inspire in the refined the thoughts which we have noted above, or raise any question important or interesting to art. Asselyn was a master—decidedly not of the first order of merit—but so pleasant, so agreeable, as Tupffer says, so naively in love with rural beauties, so luminous in his execution, that we must give him a place in the history of landscape between Claude Lorraine and Both, of Italy; and, in the history of animal painting, between Karel Dujardin and Bamberge. It will scarcely be credited by those who have at all extended their researches in art, that the name of Asselyn is not even mentioned in *Beuyscamp*. Houbraken just alludes to him, and that is all. As for the other biographers, they have fallen into innumerable errors on the point. Some say that he is a pupil of John Miel, some of Isaiah Vandervelde. Harnis, in his chronological table of painters, fixes his birth in the year 1567: D'Argenville makes him born in Holland, about 1610. In the midst of all these uncertainties, what appears to those who have examined into the matter in modern times most likely and reasonable, from every indication and known fact, is, that he was born in Holland, about 1610, and that he was the pupil of Isaiah Vandervelde, who doubtless taught him to paint battles, which, as we shall see, was one of his peculiarities. This inference we are led to draw from a passage of Sandrart, who knew Asselyn personally, and whose testimony appears to be incontestable. His words are:—"Inter Amstelodamenses subdialium pictores valde celebris erat tam quoad equestrum, quam aliorum animalium hominumque figuras et quoad prolia. Discipulus enim fuit Isaiæ de Velde, artificis in hoc pingendi genere qui Haga comitis habitabat." Elsewhere Sandrart speaks of Amsterdam as the country of Asselyn. *In urbe patria Amstelodamensi.*

We are able to say with tolerable certainty, that Asselyn started at a very early age for Italy, that he travelled much, and lived for a long time at Rome, where the community of painters of his own country gave him the name of *Crabbetje* (which in Dutch means little crab), "because of his crooked hand and crooked fingers." It is a remarkable fact, that a dwarf had an easy and ready touch—a pencil ready to follow his whimsies and elegance. But, surrounded by so many masters, he fell upon two whose manner seduced him at once. These were Claude Lorraine and Bamberge. The mixture is singular; and it is rather difficult to conceive of the man who could have a passion for any two artists so dissimilar. One, grave and solemn, devoted to the study of light, and the more solemn phases of landscape; the other, from taste, a student of the cross road and the tap-room—a painter who dashed upon the canvas all the humour of a tavern wit—a poet beside a buffoon. But so it was with Asselyn. He was thus able to satisfy at the same time the impulse he felt for representing Italian nature and the natural taste which, as a Dutchman, he had for the ordinary things of life; especially

"The parlour splendours of that festive place,
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The tarnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;

"Among Amsterdam painters of out-door scenes he was very celebrated for his figures of horses as well as of other animals and men, and for battles. He was a pupil of Isaiah De Velde, an artist in this style of painting, who lived at the Hague."

"Academia nobilissime artis pictorice, Norimbergæ, 1683."—Lecointe says that Asselyn was surnamed *Petit-Jean*, because of his small stature. Hence many writers have confounded Asselyn with *Petit-Jean* of Holland, an artist who also painted landscapes with very minute figures. But D'Argenville states that this painter, whose name was Bellen, died at Amsterdam the year 1631. The name, then, he borrowed

The threat, restricted a people able to say,
A bed by night, a cheer of dawn, by day,
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of chess,
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and ferns and moss,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Hung on the chimney, glisten'd in a row."

Following in this respect the example of Claude, Asselyn spent much of his time wandering about the environs of Rome; and so early to study and note the effects of the sun upon the country, as to draw some of the noble ruins he met with at every step, and which he laid by as subjects to be introduced at a future time into his landscapes. Whether it was that he possessed a more intuitive and grand conception of nature—one more elevated and sublime than belongs in general to the artists of the Low Countries—or whether it was that association with Claude Lorraine had elevated his ideas, Asselyn at once showed himself possessed of a style which did not wholly prevent him from retaining his Dutch *naïveté*. Those ruined monuments of Roman power were observed and studied by him under every phase and intonation of light, at every hour of the day; but in preference, when the sun shone in all its brilliancy. He knew them by heart. Opening his mind to the poetry of ruins, he attached himself from choice to those which remind us of the great deeds of history—of the events of the heroic era. Here he would find a vestige of the house of Cicero—venerable ruins—where trees have taken root and have spread their green boughs over the disjointed stones. There he would fall upon some arched of the ancient aqueduct of Frascati, which conducted water to the palace of Augustus. Further on, he would discover and sit for hours before the temple of the Tiburtine Sybil at Tivoli—a circular temple, still supported by mutilated columns, the Corinthian capitals of which have lost their acanthus.

The ruins of the Amphitheatre of Marcellus, known familiarly as the Coliseum, and which the Frenchman, Jacques Callot, was then engaged in engraving with his learned and admirable point, were portrayed by Asselyn many times in all their majesty—that is to say, with their decorations of verdure, with those thousand flowers and shrubs which have started up on the steps of the amphitheatre—there, where once a gladiator expired amid the roars of the brutal populace. When examining with an artistic eye the representations of the artist, we feel that poetry alone can render the beauty either of the reality or the copy. Both in presence of the picture and the ruins, we would fail to recollect the oft-quoted lines of Byron, which we scarcely make any apology for transcribing, so wondrous is the affinity between the Dutch artist's mellow tints and the noble author's suggestive words!

"But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head;
When the light shines serene, but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle rise the dead!
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust we tread."

A ruin—yet what ruin? From its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;
Yet off the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spot could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or been cleared?
Alas! developed, come to decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is marred,
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years man have reft away."

Chateaubriand appears to have before him a picture of Asselyn when he says, in his *Travels in Italy*,—"I took refuge in the Hall of the Banks near the Tiber, under a picture which had been painted by its ground. It is a noble original and serene view of the ruins of the Coliseum, and the surrounding country, with a large number of figures, and a very fine sky."

point of view, the Roman country, with those ruins fit the landscape. The picture of nature was hurried over by the leaves of the artist's sketch, the main feature of which appeared like monumental on the white marble. "The summits of the ruins looked like towers and bouquets of verdure."

But amid all these august ruins, where almost any artist would have been elevated to a lofty and admirable style, even without knowing it, Asselyn found means to satisfy his natural *bonhomme* and his love for the true, by the simplicity of the figures with which he adorned his landscape. Having arrived at Rome at the time when Nicolas Poussin inaugurated historical painting, when Claude Lorraine shed his flood of light over the Arcadian countries, with his rich and fertile imagination had invented, Asselyn saw nothing moving abroad but herds of goats, rough hermits taking their animals to drink, with their half-savage mares. There, where the more pompous French artist would have introduced Coriolanus, or Pyrrhus, an antique philosopher, or else Antony and Cleopatra, the Dutch artist naturally and without effort painted the Sabine peasant whom he had seen pass with his mules utterly unconcerned beneath the trophies of Marius. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he created in his picture a contrast that showed the innate poetry of his mind. But then the Dutch had none of that frantic love for Roman antiquity, which was carried to such an absurd extent in France, even by people who knew so little of the past as to introduce consuls and proconsuls, Lucretia and Brutus, Scipio and Nero, in bag wigs, swords, slashed doublets, red heels, hoops, and powdered hair!

It was in the style of Bambocce that Asselyn painted his long droves of oxen with immense horns, horns that would carry a haystack on fire, as they did for Hannibal, his horses, his asses, and all his favourite rustic animals. Nevertheless, as he introduced a little less of rudeness, a softer touch, a more peaceful and gentle sentiment, he rather resembled Karel Dujardin* in this particular. The reader may, for example, remark among the engravings of Claessens a very pretty and piquant etching, admirably executed, which reminds us of the wit and the unexpected and striking grace of this master—that is to say, of Karel Dujardin—in a composition which at first sight might be attributed to Bambocce, or at all events to Jean Miel. A cavalier has led his horse down into a kind of cave which appears formed by the fall of some enormous rocks, and in the bottom of which is a well. Draped elegantly in his cloak, the gentleman, whose rank is clearly shown by the fineness of his features and the ribbons adorning his beaver, is standing on the ground, and waiting while a young peasant is drawing some water for his horse to drink. A ray of light, which has doubtless fallen through the fissures of the rock, falls upon the crupper of the white horse, brought up vigorously on the transparent obscurity of the subterranean cavern. At the other extremity of this grotto we see a series of steps cut in the rock, which a multerer is ascending. Pierre de Laef, Dujardin, or Wouvermans, never produced anything more striking than this picture; nothing more correct in character. Nothing more generally true. It is a masterpiece (p. 84). Of course, the engraving wants the advantages of colour; but it is admirable as it stands; and shows the importance of correct colour.

This picture is but one proof of the correct taste of Asselyn, for when the following appears almost to have been written:—"There is but one school of art—nature. But to read her volume profitably, artists must study profoundly the antique and ancient Italian school, formed by the work of Leonardo, Angelo, and Raphael. It may precede, or follow, or coincide with the study of the living figure; and these immortal works must be your guide; for whether it be composition, or colouring, or design, you are likely to find that these masters read nature more clearly than you ever can. But do not copy or imitate them further than as objects of study. Learn from them by all means; but do not forget the object. When you have finished him, be sure to sketch the living one beside it, and you may at once contrast them, and note the difference. In drawing from the statue figure, contrast your sketch with the antique, and you will find in it many defects. Never forget this precept: the study of a high specialisation of nature is law of

individuality, and the opposite that is imitated, the result of a tendency to unity of organisation, is by far the more common."

It is very seldom that Asselyn makes any use of concentrated light. In general it is in the open air, in the broad daylight, that is laid the scene of his pastorals and *bambocches*. Doubtless it cannot be pretended that the light of Asselyn has the intensity, the dazzling brightness, the magic power of Claude. The artist of whom we now speak presents us only with a reflection of it. But, in a lower key, the Dutchman has correctly observed and admirably rendered the phenomena of the sky, the freshness of early morn, the warmth and glow of evening. The masses of rocks and leaves, which he in general introduces into his foregrounds, are never in any instance opaque and obscure, but always enlivened by reflection; for with him light is everywhere, and aerial perspective, which he has studied like a true pupil of Claude, sends back his horizons to a depth which is really surprising. A luminous vapour spread throughout the atmosphere softens the rudeness of the rocks and the too crude outlines of the mountains and their steep and arid sides, whose towering summit is

"Almost too small for sight."

The ambient air of his pictures unites the different tints of the landscape, combines the earth, the heavens, and the water, and forms a harmonious, gentle, and calm whole. It is the same process adopted by the mighty Claude, with less of genius in the handling. We must confess that the colours of Asselyn are often ill prepared; his skies, his land, lit up by the sun, are rendered heavy by a ruddy tint. His painting, instead of being delicate, insensible, we might say almost immaterial, like that of Claude, is too redolent of the palette, and sometimes wants transparency. But these faults are not found in all his productions. There are some which are eminently successful, where the graduated tones of the setting sun are admirable, and in which we gaze enamoured on the beauty of an Italian evening sky, warm and glowing, —

"Till the moon

"Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

These subjects, while less rough and crude than those in the same style by Jean Both,† are nevertheless less magnificent and grand than those of Claude Lorraine.

The walks and wanderings of Asselyn about Rome,

were always those of a man of intense earnestness as a painter never allowing himself one moment. Villages, antiquities, animals, the figures found in his way, were always dotted down in his note-book. "It is really astonishing," says D'Argenville, "how many pictures he left in Rome and Venice during his residence in those cities. One day he was accosted by two amiable lady pilgrims, who, noticing him drawing in the open air, were curious to see what he was doing. They were very enthusiastic, and praised his work very much. Presently, familiarity making them more intimate, the artist presumed to ask them what was the cause of their having started on a pilgrimage. 'We are Germans,' said the younger of the two. 'Our father, who has married a second time, guided by the counsels of his new wife, wishes to force us to take the veil. Both my sister and myself, who have neither of us the least taste or vocation for convent life, upon serious reflection, have taken our jewels and valuables, and adopted the only plan which remained for us to try.' 'And do you not fear, beautiful as you are,' replied the painter gallantly, 'that you may meet with unpleasant adventures on your journey?' 'No!' they replied, 'we have vowed ourselves to the goddess Cytherea until we each find a husband, and we advance on our journey in the full confidence of being protected.' The opportunity was rather a tempting one for an artist free from all engagements. But his hour was not yet come. He escaped victoriously from the danger."

We learn from this simple anecdote, that Asselyn visited Venice as well as Rome, and that he must, therefore, have gone through

all Upper Italy. We, however, have no precise information as to the time when he visited Venice, but it appears likely that it was about 1648 or 1649. As he was proceeding on his way towards his own country, he passed through Lyons, which was then a city that abounded in painters and amateurs. The eagerness of the latter to pay their court to him, and also to buy his numerous pictures and drawings, kept him a long time in that celebrated city. Luckily for him, the innumerable treasures of his portfolio, the studies he had confided to his memory and his talent, gave him every opportunity of satisfying his admirers without copying himself.

Here it was that Asselyn felt the power of love, of true love

"Founded on reason, loyal, just and pure."

he had been tempted to yield to the blandishments of the young German nymphs, but this passion

"Swift as a shadow, short as a dream,

Brief as the lightning in the collied night,"

passed away. Not so in Lyons. Here he met with one Houwart Koorman, a merchant of Antwerp, who had two pretty daughters.

blue tones of Brueghel" and Holland. Bavy. Jacques Fines, the master of Rembrandt, and Rembrandt himself, had accustomed the Dutch to effects of landscape which were rather fantastic. The manner of Asselyn, which was that of Claude, must have necessarily surprised and delighted the schools of Holland, that had never seen so much light either in nature or in pictures. They were in utter darkness as to the lands where were to be seen—

"Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowy clusters cling.
There poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies."



THE CAVALIER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

More fortunate than the pilgrims of the Venetian plains, the daughters of Koorman, who had placed themselves under the protection of Lucia, both found husbands. The elder had already married a painter of the Low Countries, Nicolas of Heldt-Stocade, whom Asselyn had known at Venice. He himself married the younger daughter in 1645, and the two brothers-in-law returned together to Holland with their pretty wives. "This is what Genoele tells me," says Houbraken, "having himself heard it from the lips of Laurent Franck, an historical painter, who lodged at that time in the house of the said Houwart at Lyons, with Artus Judinne, who was the author of the admirable sculptures so much admired at the Maison de Ville of Amsterdam."

The productions of Jean Asselyn made a very great impression on the general world of amateurs. Their novelty pleased them. Their clear and fresh tints appeared all the more charming because they contrasted in a most unexpected manner with the crude and wild green of Paul Brill, with the no less crude and no less wild

And as at the same time, Herman Swanevelt and Joan Both returned from Italy, the rays of the great sun of Claude Lorraine illuminated all the painting of the North, until the great and excellent Ruysdael, casting over the fields and meadows the melancholy and sombre veil of his genius, made them feel what hidden poetry there was in the absence of the sun and in nature covered as by a funeral pall. Ruysdael was the opposite of Claude, and with Young could cry—

"Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd popperies, the sun adore;
Darkness has more divinity for me!
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself our point supreme;
Here lies our theatre; there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;

"Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out,
Twining man and vanity; 'tis reason's reign;
And virtue's too; these tatchery shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng."

What proves, in a very marked manner, the pitch of fashion and favoritism to which Asselyn had reached in Amsterdam, to use the florid expression of D'Argenville, we may mention, that Rembrandt, who was either painting or engraving the portraits of all the celebrated men of his country, executed an etching of Asselyn, which has come down to posterity as one of the best and most precious productions of that great master. Asselyn is represented in the bust, one hand on his hip, the other clenched, and leaning on a table, where are placed his palette and his books. He wears a high hat, pointed and peculiar, which by no means resembles those of Clement de Jonghe, of Ansluo, and the other portraits of Rembrandt—an Italian hat, of which, doubtless, our

by titles and claims never to be forgotten. Without any real striking originality, his landscapes are yet to be distinguished at the first glance from all the masters whose influence he felt, or whose manners he voluntarily imitated. If he is compared with Claude Lorraine, whom he almost directly copies, we see at once that he differs from him in style while even copying the same effects of light, the same sites. Claude ennobles everything that he touches; he interprets nature, giving it at the same time some of his own personal grandeur. His trees are not only those oaks and elms and larches which he may have drawn in the garden of some picturesque villa; they become rounded, are contrasted, wavy in outline, not exactly as they are seen in nature, but as the painter would have planted and disposed them. Imagine the gardens of a Crystal Palace, with trees planted and fixed in positions by the hand of Claude Lorraine. Edifices, terraces, figures, sky, the heaven—there is nothing in Claude but what recalls



THE WATERING-PLACE.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

artist had adopted the fashion of Rome. While at the same time giving his model a free-and-easy air, Rembrandt has very cleverly contrived to disguise the deformed hands and crooked fingers of *Crabbe's*, so that he has made very good use of a defect which would have much puzzled many other painters. The background of the picture represents an easel, on which rests a landscape with some buildings worked in. This easel serves to show us which are the original proofs—that is, the proofs before letters. They are very rare.

To return to our landscape-painter, we cannot but believe that it was a piece of good fortune for him to have his portrait painted by the hand of Rembrandt. It was the province and the peculiar glory of that great man, to immortalize those whose portraits he either engraved or painted. Who would have ever heard, in these utilitarian days, even of Abraham Fraunce, of the burgomaster Six, or of Coppenol, if they had not been the friends of Rembrandt? Asselyn, however, made himself better remembered by posterity

antique times—the days of Saturn and of Rhea. Asselyn, on the other hand, accepted naively the great impression produced by Italian landscapes; and he, too, produced in his pictures the lovely and luminous effects. Incapable of rising to the ideal conceptions of the French painter, the reality sufficed to him; he simply admired the beauty of those Roman solitudes, where ruins cluster in every corner; he allowed those eloquent ruins to speak for themselves; and finding them, doubtless, poetical enough, he did not need to add to them the poetry of his own mind. How could it be possible to gaze with a calm and indifferent eye upon those distant remains, crowned with wild flowers, and wrapped in the mists of evening, if you could believe that you were gazing at the roof of Cicero's house, or the remains of the baths of Mæcenas at Tivoli? However this may be, it is, above all, in the figures introduced into his pictures that Asselyn differs from his master. Those that fill his landscapes are, above all, modern, and like those we see peopling the rugged roads of Both of Italy, or the works of Bani-

boche, and in some of the engravings of Berghem. Here it is a peasant in his sheepskin cloak—like some Greek or Hungarian shepherd—driving an ass before him; a traveller on horseback hurrying on to reach the distant inn; or a herdsman crossing a ford with his flock, and about to seek the pasturage which may be seen at the foot of yon pretty hills, of which the wavy lines are lost in the distant horizon. And, while speaking of the figures of Asselyn, we may be allowed to reproduce the singular remark of a French critic, to the effect that, when they do not play the principal part in his picture, they may almost always be seen turning their backs to the painter, as if they were about to fly into the recesses of the picture, to hide themselves in its far-distant gloom.

We have already remarked, in an early paragraph of our present notice, that Asselyn painted battle-scenes in the style of Isaac Van der Velde, his first master. When he came back from Italy, he brought with him the rough and merry manner of Rameboche, which was so well adapted to this style of subject. It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that the amateurs of Venice, Lyons, and Amsterdam, asked him on several occasions to paint battle-pieces, doubtless with a view to combine in one picture all the excellences of so able an artist. Sandrart himself possessed one of these pictures, representing the Solario bridge, near Rome, attacked by the Croats, and defended by horsemen covered by steel armour.* Sandrart speaks highly of this picture, full of life and motion and truth. D'Argenville adds that we may readily accept the criticism of a man who was himself a distinguished painter.

If we compare Asselyn to Karel Dujardin, whom he resembles very much, we shall discover, on critical examination, that the sentiment of Asselyn is less profound, less intimate. Asselyn rarely goes beyond the exterior of things, and sticks to the taste for surface, and to varied effect, and this is the reason why he is so struck with the appearances of light. Actually burning under the heat of the sun, the country appears to him magnificent, imposing, but utterly devoid of mystery. Less grand in the whole, Karel Dujardin is more complete and admirable in his details. He allures us for whole hours by useless, but charming and seductive, nothings. He interests us in a thistle, which a little donkey is enjoying with supreme delight; and sometimes we find quite unexpectedly that he has thrown his whole soul into some at first unnoticed corner of his picture. There are, however, certain points in which the two masters resemble one another very much, which only proves with irresistible force how true both are to nature. We allude more particularly to those representations of the picturesque scenes which may be noted at the entrance of Italian inns. The stone staircase is on the outside, as often happens in hot countries; down these steps we see a Maritonne descending with refreshments for the travellers, who are cracking their riddle jokes with the chamber-girl. Ope has remained in the saddle, and is drinking out of a pitcher; the other is arranging or plaiting the bridle of his horse, while waiting for the wine which is being fetched. The children of the house stare with open eyes at the fine gentlemen and their handsome steeds. Add to this a vine which runs up over the stairs, and then an Italian sky, and you will have a delicious picture, which might be signed either by Karel or Asselyn.

How at home Asselyn would then have been, had he visited the sunny lands of the East; and what a picture he would have made of such a scene as may be daily gazed at in some of the outskirts of certain Turkish cities, where "a large gateway," says a recent traveller, "generally forms the entrance to the gardens of these dwellings, having on each side of it stone seats capable of containing, perhaps, a dozen persons; and here the family sit at sunset regularly every evening, if the weather permit. I was much struck with this custom the first time I visited the village, as, in riding through its whole range, I saw on either side, at every gate, groups of well-dressed people, of which the greater proportion were females, and who greeted us as we passed, as Mr. Whitnall, an English merchant, to whose house I was proceeding, was known to all; therefore, salutations of recognition were exchanged with every

family from each side of the road, as we continued our course toward our destination. From the balconies of some of these agreeable country seats, the view is exquisite; beneath you lies the garden, consisting of plants of the most varied and richest foliage that fancy could have flung together; some they have whose leaves are of the deepest crimson, which contrasts beautifully with the pale-yellow and light-green, which twine themselves together and climb up the trellises, which form a sort of awning round the lower parts of the mansion; masses of beds of flowers display a bright variegated carpet, which compose a groundwork from which rise, somewhat higher, the rich and spreading vine, with its purple, clustering treasures, which, in big profusion, are seen reeling to the earth; then the dark-green orange and lemon trees, with their bright fruit, looking like spots of sunshine glittering amongst the shade; above, in broad clumps, the timber-trees extend their round masses, occasionally broken by the dark, melancholy cypress rearing their pyramidal heads, sometimes, in the distance even to the clouds."

Bryan says of Asselyn, that his pictures were in the style of Berghem. "His pencil is remarkably firm and neat, and the trees and plants are touched with great sharpness and spirit. His pictures are highly esteemed, and are worthy a place in the choicest collections."

Asselyn, despite the charm and grace of his pictures, is not counted in the list of precious masters. We mean that he is not one of those painters whose productions go on always increasing in price, such as Vandervelde, Wouvermans, Both, Ruysdael, Claude Lorraine; but he holds an honourable position in museums and in private collections.

In the Museum of the Louvre are the following works of his:—

1. "View of the Lamentano Bridge, on the Tevereno." A woman mounted on an ox, conversing with another woman, is about to ford the river. Several animals are also crossing.
2. "A Landscape" (p. 81); a tower, surrounded by trees and built on a rock, overlooks a river. At the foot of the rock is a muleteer discharging two mules; near him is a galley-slave pointing to two bars. In the foreground a man with a dog, carrying a packet. An excellent effect of the setting sun.
3. "View on the Tiber" (p. 92). To the left (reversed in the engraving), a mass of rocks. In the background a bridge with four arches, protected by a tower, and ending in an eminence with buildings on the summit. Herdsmen mounted, one upon an ox, another on an ass, pass the river. The effects of light and shade in this picture are excellent.
4. "A Ruin in the neighbourhood of Rome." Two herdsmen are seated by the side of a hut, erected at the foot of an aqueduct in ruins. Near them are some goats and sheep.

This picture and the preceding were in "the Cabinet of Love," painted by Lesueur, at the hotel Lambert, says the catalogue of the Louvre, prepared by the conservator Villot.

In the museum of Amsterdam is to be seen a very singular picture, painted by Asselyn. It is an emblematical composition, intended to immortalise the zeal and vigilance of the great pensioner John de Witt. It represents a swan defending her nest against the approach of a great dog; an allusion to the person and name of De Witt.

The museum of Brussels has an "Italian Landscape." This is a very fine picture, full of light and richly adorned by the human figure.

The Pinacothek Museum of Munich has a "Landscape with Figures." It represents an Italian view with buildings. Some travellers on horseback enliven this excellent picture.

Berlin Museum. "A Seaport," signed J. A.

In the Bridgewater Gallery is "A View on the Tiber, with a lofty bridge." Herdsmen and flocks are about to pass the river by the ford.

Neither the National Gallery nor Hampton Court contains any pictures by Asselyn. They are rare also in the rich collections which exist in this country.

Asselyn never engraved himself, and it is to be regretted. But he has been successfully engraved by several, and especially by Perelle, who has given us the following subjects.

* Remains of the Aqueduct of Trajan, which carried water to

In pinacotheca mea ipsius manu elaborata habeo pontem Solarium, propè Romanam, qui a cataphractis custodibus equitibus, a Cræticis oppugnatur, ubi velintio quam proximè ad veritatem accedens summa cura exhibitus est."

the Palace of Augustus;" "The Grotto of Aquafredda, where Charles V. erected a table;" "A View of the Coliseum or Amphitheatre of Marcellus;" "Ruins of the Trophies of Marius;" "Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil at Tivoli;" "Remains of the House of Cicero;" "View on the Tiber (remains of the Sublime bridge and the Santo Paulo gate)."

Classens engraved the "Horseman in the Cave," already alluded to in this notice.

Weisbrock engraved a piece representing "Travellers passing under a Roof of Masonry."

The pictures of Asselyn are very seldom to be found in public sales. The prices they have fetched in public and celebrated sales in times past are worth recording.

At the sale Blondel de Gagny, in 1776. "A Landscape." To the right and the left are to be seen houses and rocks. In the foreground is a woman dressed in blue, mounted on a white horse, with eight other figures. £98.

Neyman sale in 1776. Two fine pictures by Asselyn, "The Remains of the Temple of Peace at Rome," and its fellow-picture, drawn in Indian ink, with elegant figures. £1 10s.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. "A Landscape." In the foreground is to be seen a woman, who pours water out of a wooden bowl. She is on horseback, and the horse is drinking out of a trough. £48.

"A Landscape" and "A Seaport," with figures and animals. These pictures, according to the catalogue, were richly composed and very fine in colour. £86 4s.

Two "Landscapes," on copper; one of them representing Tobias and the Angel. £36.

The sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. Two "Landscapes." In

one, a woman on a mule holding a bird. Near her, a dog, with a man, who is pulling on his stockings. To the right, cows and sheep in the water. In the other, two cavaliers, a child and a dog on the borders of a stream. £180.

The Sale Laperrière, 1817. "A Seashore." To the right an arched door in ruins. In the centre, the open sea. Several figures coloured in an agreeable manner. £24. "A Country Scene," in which a lady and cavalier, seated on the ground, are introduced. The latter holds his horse by the bridle. Behind them is a servant with a loaded ass. £10.

Sale of the Duchess de Berri, 1837. Ruins of some ancient bath, seen from an arch, under which is passing a peasant leading a horse and an ass. A young girl is fording a river, leading a little boy by the hand. £44.

Sale of Cardinal Fesch, 1845. "The Baths of Mœcena at Tivoli." The spectator sees a covered portico, a little fountain falling in a cascade into an antique sarcophagus. £36.

"The Road across the Rock." Under a spacious vault of rocks a peasant drives before him a loaded horse and ass, to lead them to a ford, which a herdsman and two cows are already crossing. £6 5s.

"The Watering-place" (p. 85), is an excellent specimen of the style of this painter. The scene is on the Tiber.

Asselyn seldom signed his name to his pictures.

A J.A. A

HERCULES BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE.

FROM A PAINTING BY LAIRESSE, IN THE LOUVRE.

We have already spoken of Gérard de Lairese, who was surnamed the Dutch Poussin. The picture we now present by this artist is a very excellent specimen of his style. It is a familiar subject, and one which tells its own story. The fable, as given by Xenophon and Cicero from Prodicus, a disciple of Protagoras and native of Ceos, who lived about 400 B.C., runs thus:—Hercules, the celebrated hero of antiquity, when still young, and but newly his own master, lay recumbent in a solitary position, musing on the prospect of life which lay before him. Suddenly, while his thoughts were thus bent upon his fortune, two women of majestic mien presented themselves before him. One, who combined noble simplicity of manners with beauty, struck him almost with awe. She had no tricks of ornament about her. She was simply clothed in white. The other wore all the appearance of one accustomed to luxury and ease, while her face was covered with paint, and her hair full of perfume. With a proud and haughty walk, with impudent looks, and adorned by every art of the toilette, she seemed bent on admiring her own person, and gazed upon herself in the water as in a mirror. When they both came to within a short distance of Hercules, the first advanced towards him with a grave and solemn step, but was quickly passed by the other.

"Hercules," said she, "you do not seem to know what road to take. Make me your friend, and I will lead you by a gentle and easy road. You shall want no pleasures and know no pain.

"And what is your name?" said Hercules.

"My friends," replied the beautiful temptress, "call me Pleasure. My enemies, who calumniate me, call me Vice."

"Listen to me, Hercules," said the other woman. "I know whence you come, and who you are. Your education has revealed your character. I hope, then, if you follow my road, that you may shine among great men by your virtues and your mighty deeds, and that by so doing you will give renewed brightness to my name. It is labour, industry, and self-denial that make life happy and bright. If you would have the gods propitious to you, bow to the gods. If you wish to be loved by your friends, be generous and noble. If you ask for honours, be useful to your fellow-citizens.

If you wish all Greece to admire you, be useful to all Greece. If you would have the earth bring you forth good fruit, cultivate it. If you would increase your flocks, watch them carefully. If you desire a robust and vigorous frame, practise temperance and habituate yourself to fatigue. If you aspire to rule your fellow-men, obtain the mastery over your own passions."

"See you not," said Pleasure, "how difficult is this road? That by which I would lead you through life is smooth and strewn with flowers. Follow me to happiness."

"Be silent, wretch!" cried Virtue. "Of what happiness do you speak? What pleasures are known to you other than to eat before hunger is felt, to drink before thirst is known, to seek the couch of luxury, not for repose, but for the indulgence of idleness? These are pleasures of the senses only, indulgence in which sinks man below the level of the brute creation. Your votaries, instructed by your pernicious lessons, pass their days in sloth and inactivity, and their nights in guilty pleasures, which enervate alike the mind and body. A youth of voluptuous idleness is succeeded by a painful and premature old age, when palsied limbs, bleared eyes, weakened brain, and the stings of unavailing remorse, show the fearful price at which your boasted pleasures are purchased by your deluded followers. Those who know you avoid your society; while mine is sought by all the good and great, by all who wish to live and die happy and respected. The humblest of my followers is happier than the most elevated of yours. It is I who give happiness to the domestic circle; true nobility to the humble; to the great their most meritorious distinction; to friendship a tie more sacred. It is I who cause youth to be regarded with pleasure by old age, and old age to receive the respect of youth. Those who take me for their guide never fail to obtain the favour of the gods, the affection of their friends, and the homage of their fellow-citizens; and when at last the period arrives when the soul must leave its mortal tenement, they surrender life with calmness and resignation, looking for their reward in everlasting felicity."

Hercules listened attentively, and his decision was then made. He rejected Pleasure, and followed in the track of Virtue.

FRANCIS DE PAULA FERG.



"You are aware, sir," says Hagedorn, in his letter to an amateur of painting, "of the talents of this famous painter, of his power of

representing figures of a small size, those German dancing-pieces, where a multitude of people occupy themselves in gazing on a quack mounted upon the platform of a theatre. Sometimes the painter represents, just as you may have noticed in the pieces of this cabinet, some architectural ruin, white marble and its crevices expressed with extreme delicacy; sometimes a pyramid and neighbouring wall, with a door leading to a long arcade. Here, again, is a fountain surrounded by muleteers, who lead their mules and their horses to the water; one restive or kicking, the other trotting gently along with a village girl on the saddle, who presses her child in her arms, and chats familiarly with her travelling companions; there, in a corner of the foreground of the picture, a young shepherd chats with a shepherdess, who has left her sheep to their own guidance, or to that of a mischievous little urchin, who torments a dog; and, as if to prove that there are troublesome people everywhere, even in pictures, the village lovers are disturbed by a passer-by, who asks the way."

From this animated and living description, a very tolerable idea may be formed of the talent and manner of Francis de Paula Ferg, a clever painter, very little known in France, and not even very popular in England, but very much esteemed in Germany. He was born at Vienna, the 2nd of May, 1689, and received the ordinary college education. He had almost concluded his studies when his father, Pancrace Ferg, a very mediocre painter, placed him in the hands of one of his colleagues, named Baschneher, at

* There is no known portrait of this master. The authenticity of that engraved in 1767 by J. F. Basse is contested, though it bears on it "Franciscus Ferg, ætatis suæ pinxit Dresda."

Wienerish-Neustadt. The selection of the father did not prove of very great service to the son, and it is really wonderful that the natural and rising talent of Francis de Paula was not wholly stifled; for his master turned out to be but a dauber, who employed him only in rough and coarse work, and taught him rather to smear than to paint. Ferg accordingly wasted four years in the house of the painter of Neustadt; but his father, having his eyes opened, at last recalled him. It is rare that the education of artists has not been interfered with or falsified by their parents. Though a painter himself, Pancrace Ferg did not comprehend the natural taste of his son, and destined him for the higher branch of historical

Sometimes he delighted in introducing jockeys, horses, and sumpter animals into the centre of a back-yard full of fowls. Landscape, with him, was in general the accessory. Ferg, who was very fond of this style, and did not consider it secondary to that which he adopted, went to one of the most celebrated landscape-painters in Germany, Joseph Orient, took him for a master, and, in order the better to profit by his lessons, dwelt in his house. No one could have gone to a better school. Joseph Orient combined with a lively sentiment of nature a poetical invention, which reminds one sometimes of Hermann Zaft-Leven; and a liking for a style which made him turn towards the heroic landscapes of Guaspre. However this



THE VILLAGE FAIR.—FROM A PAINTING BY FERG.

painting. This was in exact opposition to the inclinations and aptitudes of Francis de Paula. He had a natural leaning for familiar subjects and small figures. The studies he liked best were the engravings of Callot and Sebastian Leclerc, who inspired him, moreover, with a taste for line engraving, in which he was destined to excel. But as he must first learn to paint, he entered the studio of a master well known in Vienna for his little figures, named Hans Graf, whose influence over his new pupil was decisive.

Hans Graf succeeded very well in fanciful pieces. He was admirable for representing great fairs in little pictures. He could people a public place, and give a moving rumour of a crowd.

may be, his studies in the mountains of Tyrol had gifted his manner with a certain savage taste and naturally grand style, which made up in some measure for what he had borrowed from the conventions of the schools. Orient himself delighted in making those little figures in his landscapes; but as he perceived that he took a great deal of time without succeeding as much as he could wish, he had recourse to the pencil of his pupil; so that, by an unexpected interchange of services between the disciple and the master, Ferg painted figures in the presence of Orient, while Orient taught him how to frame his little personages in rural sites, but of a more select character and nature.

After living three years in the house of Joseph Orient, Ferg was

taken with a fancy for travelling. He started from Vienna at the age of thirty-one, and his master, from whom Hagedorn derived all the preceding information, lost sight of him altogether. It appears that he travelled through Germany, and stopped at the court of Bamberg, in Franconia, where his works found many admirers. Ferg, passing through Leipzig, met with a painter of Erfurt, Alexander Thiele, a well-known landscape-painter, who had had to retrace from nature the finest views in Saxony. Thiele was painter to the court of Dresden. He invited his comrade to come and live at Dresden with him; and, in order to induce him to do so, offered him half his lodging. Ferg accepted this proposition, the more readily because Thiele could etch, and this was a bond of union between them; while the landscape painter of Erfurt doubtless saw an advantage in associating himself with a comrade from whom he could ask figures with which to enrich his landscapes.

Ferg lived several years at Dresden with Thiele, and, in fact, he often painted animals and figures for the canvas of his friends. The consequence has been, that the landscapes of Thiele—those at all events that he painted at that time, though somewhat too brown—are more sought after than those of his second manner, because of the traces which are seen of the assistance of Paul Ferg. After a residence of five or six years at Dresden and in Lower Saxony, Ferg started for England, and established himself in London, and there entered into the bonds of marriage, without deriving any happiness therefrom. At first fortune appeared to be favourable to him, and amateurs, on account of the extreme finish which characterised his works, paid him a price in proportion to the time he had spent over his work. But no sooner did his domestic affairs turn out unfortunate—and the marriages of foreigners to English women, and *vice versa*, generally do—than he became the prey of that race of false amateurs who, taking advantage of the distress of an artist, give themselves very cheaply the airs of a Mæcenas, and crush under their pretended protection, the wretch who believes himself bound to give them gratitude and thanks, despite their meanness.

The painter, discouraged, painted very little or very slowly. Ferg became at last invisible even to the amateurs, whose sincere generosity might have drawn him from the sad situation in which he lived. We are told that he was found dead one morning, sitting before the door of the house in which he lived, to which he returned, it appeared, on the eve, so weak and exhausted, that he had not the strength to strike or to cry loud enough to make himself heard. The date of his death is not exactly known. It is fixed by some about 1740.

Ferg lived about fifteen years in London; and so long a residence in a country, and among a people "so different from all others," says one of his biographers, could not but have much effect in modifying his manner. Curious critics have certainly discovered this distinction, which is not wholly arbitrary. He became transparent, clear, and fair. There were some of the engravings of Ferg in his English style, in a famous cabinet—probably that of the Count of Brühl—the description of which gave rise to the "Historic elucidations" of Hagedorn. These pictures were on copper, and had on the back the mark of the painter.

Bryan says: "He visited England in 1718, where his pleasing style, and the agreeable subjects of his pictures, brought him into immediate employment. Ferg passed twenty years in this country, and might have lived in affluence and respectability; but an imprudent marriage involved him in difficulties, and kept him in continual indigence. He is reported to have been found dead in the street, near the door of his lodging, according to the anecdotes, about the year 1738." M. Deschamps, in 1740, says: "The landscapes of Ferg are of very agreeable scenery, enriched with architectural ruins in a very picturesque style, and bear some resemblance to the works of Berghem. His small figures are correctly drawn, and very delicately touched." Other critics say: "It would be difficult to point out in what respect his pictures resemble

Alas! he having executed some engravings at Dresden, after the picture of Ferg, sent the proofs to him to London, and asked for his opinion of them. Ferg replied, under the date of the 21st of August, 1726—a precious date, because it fixes a time when

Ferg was no longer in Germany—that he found the pictures very good, for a beginning, and added that he had serious intentions of executing eight engravings himself the next winter. He kept his word. These eight pieces were engraved with much spirit, and an agreeable and fine point. The frontispiece bears the name of the painter, with this inscription, on a stone: "Capricci di Fr. Ferg." The little figures are admirably drawn; that is to say, with that clever illuiveness which was needed for such small proportions.

As for his paintings, Ferg certainly merits the first place among artists who have represented a multitude of figures in small pictures. Baul, the well-known fellow-workman of Baudouin, and old Michault, may be compared to him, but take a position below him. Ferg has the advantage of avoiding, or, at all events, making up for the vulgarity of his subjects by some accessory in good taste. He ennobles his sites by excellent buildings, by ruins in an elevated style of art; and his colours, admirably prepared, add to an idea which is not precisely poetical, the charm of that velvety brightness which was so much sought after by Wouvermans and Poelenberg. He neither omitted nor neglected any of the happy accidents supplied him by nature. His fountains, his arcades, his remains of columns, are reproduced in his paintings with shades of marble, the transparency of alabaster, the rough solidity of freestone. His touch is substantial, and yet we notice sky lights which bring up the figures and detach the groups one from the other. Hagedorn, who studied Francis Ferg well, observes, that his animals are executed with less finish and ability than his little personages—particularly in an anatomical point of view. "I could wish," he says, "that when representing white horses, he could have studied the variety of Philippe Wou-vertmans, rather than the evenness of Breughel."

There is no doubt that any man who had shown in great things as much talent as Ferg did in little ones, would have taken his position among the distinguished artists of history.

THE VATICAN AND THE ARTISTIC TREASURES OF ITALY.

"Italia! O Italia! thou who hast

The fatal gift of beauty, which became

A funeral dower, of present woes, and past,

On thy sweet brow is sorrow-ploughed by shame,

And annals graved in characters of flame.

Would that thou wert in this thy nakedness

Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim

Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press

To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;

Then might'st thou more appall; or, less desired,

Be homely, and be peaceful, undeplored

For thy destructive charms."—BYRON.

THE clever author of "The Real and the Ideal," a work full of information and valuable matter for reflection, says: "We must feel conscious of some degradation in taste, when we go from the majestic immutability of the Egyptian school, the tranquil, the repose, and the simply beautiful of Grecian sculpture, to the terribly afflicting and savagely ferocious exhibitions of modern art in painting." There is much truth in this, and the author has so well justified his remarks, that we must feel degraded when he adds: "The following are the subjects which succeed almost continuously in the present small picture-gallery of the Vatican: a woman showing a bloody handkerchief; the burial of a corpse; tearing the entrails out of a man and winding them round a riller; two men beaten to death with sticks; a dying man receiving the sacrament; and the possessed in 'The Transfiguration' of Raffaele, which Matthew of the Diary says is disgusting."

The fact of such pictures being selected for the adorning of the walls of a gallery, which must necessarily be visited by a large portion of the educated in Europe, involves the existence of an amount of bad taste which it is painful to realise to the mind. It must have indeed fallen low, when such are its modern masters. We are told that the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino,

"The Real and the Ideal in Florence and Rome."

though showing the visible emanation of a naked body, is certainly, as Poussin says, one of the three finest pictures in the world; where death is painted in the happiest colour, where the medium between joy and sorrow, for a departure of a soul from this world to regions of everlasting happiness is nicely observed. There is in this picture all the developed power of genius. We see the mingled pains of parting and the certain reward. We are sure that the consolations of religion are not wanting; and we feel a solemn awe as we gaze on the calm confidence and the resigned air of its ministers, the earnest and believing awe of the youth around, and the heavenly welcome of the youthful cherubim, that gaze out from the heavens on the dying saint. An observant critic says: "Corinne is made to express astonishment that Nero, with the Apollo ever before him, in the soothing and retiring moments of the bath, could resist the imitation of such perfection; but would not this picture rather have awakened Nero to a sense of righteousness—might it not have inspired him with faith, hope, and charity, and converted him to those divine doctrines of Christianity?"

But, like many other despots, born to be the scourge of the world, Nero had no belief in anything but himself. Unrestrained supreme power so demoralises the perceptions, that a man who looks down from that giddy height cannot recognise himself as one of the units of creation. Hence the insolent rejection of belief which characterises tyrants in all ages. Nero was not a man likely to be moved by any feelings which involve heart sensations he might have, but not emotions.

Nicolas Poussin's third finest picture—that is to say, the work which he places amongst the three masterpieces—is not here. "The Crucifixion" of Danielle da Volterra is in one of the chapels of the St. Trinita. Certainly he must have been an eminent artist to have won such high and golden opinions from one so great, and to have received the support of Michael Angelo as the best man to execute in sculpture the monument of Henry IV. of France. Still he has not taken a high place in the history of art, and is generally considered to have been more studious and patient than he was great.

We have already spoken at considerable length, in our biography of David, on French art, and we have alluded to many of its phases. One of its characteristics is a love for the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school; the horrible, the worst features of the battle; the painful, and even disgusting. Even Poussin was tainted by this defect—"a precedent to the David school, who dipped their brushes in gore!" "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele is, therefore, very naturally in his estimation one of the three great pictures in the catalogue of Poussin. It is reputed to have been painted as a kind of competition against the celebrated "Raising of Lazarus" by Sebastian del Piombo, from the design of Michael Angelo.

We have as much admiration for Raffaele as we have difficulty in comprehending either the *Pre-Raffaellites* or their eccentric imitators in modern times. But we must say that this picture, instead of exciting the gloomy horror which it was intended to convey, rouses rather a feeling of disgust and an extreme wonder at the introduction of the revolting details in the lower compartment. We can scarcely criticise it reverently, and therefore pass it over.

In the Vatican, among other agreeable subjects, we have the instruments of torture used for the martyrdom of the early Christians—a delicate branch of art, truly, but one which, if not agreeable, is, at all events, interesting in an historical point of view.

When Raffaele painted for popes, princes, and cardinals, instead of painting merely for fame, he had changed the simplicity of his life, and with it had adopted a more gaudy style of art. Still, we cannot gaze on any of his pictures without marvelling at the wondrous genius of the man; and his Holy Families, Madonnas, and Magdalens are still what Catholic art has best to show. The painter seems inspired with a deep faith in his subject, which, however, fades away and becomes colder as his life changes, and the temptations of pleasure wear him from more gentle thoughts.

"The Marriage of the Virgin" is one of the wonders of the pencil of Raffaele. His Virgins are most gracious and admirable. There is

loyalties and modesty, a deep show of maternity, in the Madonna's looks; there is something prodigious in the child-like face of the Saviour, already giving token of coming power, that is recollect of genius. The Madonna and the goldfinch which St. John presents to the youthful Jesus, is a masterpiece never to be surpassed. His St. John itself is a mighty effort of pictorial excellence, portraying, as it does, the character of the prophetic man.

Raffaele had not always fortunate subjects. His patrons, the popes, were some of the worst who ever reigned. He could not make Borgia temperate, Julius worthy, or Leo averse to luxury. There are his pictures, in the second apartment, painted before the death of Julius. There is Heliodorus, Prefect of King Seleucus, plundering the temple. He is attacked by a soldier and by angels. The allusion, which was meant to be complimentary, was unhappy, as was the subject of "The Miracle of Bolsena."

The cartoons are well known. There is a history in connexion with them which is interesting. "Another work of Raffaele," says a recent writer already alluded to, "destroyed by a succeeding pope, was embellishing, in a similar manner to the loggia, a saloon, where, in odd conjunction, but rather in character with the Roman amalgamation which we have remarked, the apostles and saints were coupled with the figures of various animals, which had at different times been presented to the pope. We know Leo was passionately fond of hunting—and royalty indulges in menageries;—fond of a superficial acquaintance with natural history, and of the royalty and aristocracy of nature, such as lions, tigers, etc., as well as of the plebeian subjects of the chase, to be run down and abused by them. Lorenzo the Magnificent probably gave his son Leo this taste; the father is reputed to have had the first grand menagerie which was kept in Europe; and though he was not a prince, yet it was ever after made a part of royalty in crowned courts. But when we come to the cartoons, we see the shaft of appreciation which this Augustus measured out to the most valuable and insignificant objects, now acknowledged to be among the most perfect specimens of Raffaele that exist in any one place; and by some preferred to his works either in the Vatican or Farnesina." Roscoe says, "Leo employed Raffaele in designing them as models for Flemish tapestry. Besides the time of the artist, the pope expended the enormous sum of 70,000 thousand crowns upon the loom; and these productions of Raffaele's pencil were left as mere waste paper in the hands of the Flemish workmen, to be transferred to the keeping of heretics."

Duppa informs us that the cartoons were destined for the hall of Constantine, when they were diverted to the purposes of tapestry. The subjects are rather primitive and apostolical.

It may be truly said, that Leo has been far too highly rated by his excellent biographer Roscoe, and that Raffaele was unfortunate in such a master. The artist has avenged himself by painting him. His fat and corpulent figure exhibits all the appearance of a heavy and luxurious tyrant. He looks the glutton he was; and his fingers, bedizened with rings, demonstrate his bad taste.

The Vatican has found for its historical frescoes better subjects than the sensual pope. There is "Paul Preaching at Athens;" there is "Constantine;" there is "The Battle of Lepanto;" and last, and by no means least, "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," a kind of revenge for Rome captured by a Bourbon.

In the long gallery of the Vatican there is a very interesting collection of ancient sarcophagi, with fragments of figures of all shapes and sizes. The "Torso Belvedere" of Michael Angelo stands out in bold relief. It lives and breathes, and though wanting so much, is yet full of vitality. One would almost guess the limbs which have been lopped off from the parts that remain.

The terrible group of the family of the Laocoon is here also. It has been restored by Bernini. He has given it arms of plaster, which, however, do not suit with the marble. This statue must necessarily have been a favourite with the Roman people, from the mere fact of its subject being terrible. "It was," says our traveller, "found in a chamber of Titus's palace, where he might feast his eyes on artificial as well as natural horrors, on the cruelty of the gods as well as of men; a divine example, giving human excuses, for some say he felt divine inspiration, and was impelled to the destruction of Jerusalem; and, perhaps, he could not better

showed his sacred and profane disposition, his twin directors, who showed such taste for human slaughter, than by the erection of the Coliseum."

According to Winkelmann, this group of a father and his two sons was executed by a father and his two sons. If this be correct, it would explain what otherwise appears inexplicable, its incongruity and disproportion of size. There have not been wanting critics who have asserted that the head of "The Venus de Medici" was the work of a distinct sculptor. We cannot accept this idea.

The Laocoon group was found during the pontificate of Julius II., though it was adopted as his own by Leo. The Laocoon and the Ugolino are very alike in subject, and are, as it were, the poetry of the terrible. They have fed the imaginations of many, artists and poets—Agesande, Virgil, Dante, and Reynolds. But the best

stands for beauty. The only portrait of Caesar, in the form of a statue, stands beside the wolf.

"The Dying Gladiator" tells better in Rome than any other subject. It is suited to the place. The gentler subjects around are merely Grecian. Who could believe the soft and gentle "Psyche and Cupid," typifying eternal youth and beauty, to be Roman; or the matured charms of a Venus to be like a Roman matron; or an Apollo to be of the same race as the tyrant lords of the world? No! the savage faces of the brutal men of the circus better suit Rome.

The statues of the new chamber of Pius VII. are interesting, though not of the first order in fame. In gazing at the "Apollo" we admire while we are excited; the "Torso," "Laocoon," and "Gladiator," make us suffer. But when we gaze on the "Minerva Medica," to which Canova has given the name of the



A VIEW ON THE TIBER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

statues are not Roman, but Grecian. We wonder when we think what Greek art might have done, had the Greeks but had a country. They invented these subjects when Athens was no longer free.

Ease, poetry, the arts, were the resources of the Greeks against despotism. When the Romans lost their liberty, they flew to the circus, to combats of wild beasts. Their arts, statuary, manners, poetry, all came from the Greeks. There was no royal road to success in the pursuit of the beautiful. When the Romans brought a statue of Hercules from Carthage, they prostrated it on the ground, so little had they the sentiment of even nobility of soul.

The Romans have had virtues given to them to which they never were entitled. They were coarse and savage barbarians until, conquering Greece, they adopted the civilization of the captives. Their barbarism is shown in their own original sculptures, where size

draped Apollo, our mind is attuned to gentle harmonies. It is the symbol of wisdom at rest. The intellect is carried back to its sublimest heights when we admire Demosthenes, and remember how he poured forth in the forum the floodgates of his eloquence. All the statues of this room are pleasing and agreeable.

While we are on the subject of Rome, we may allude, as the opportunity may not occur again, to "the modern dead" there; all subjects for the poet, painter, and sculptor, as interesting, at least, as those of the room of Pius VII., as it is called. Rome, indeed, is boundless in its stores of wealth, intellectual and moral. What thoughts of poetry and art rise before us, when we think of the tomb of Tasso on the retired height of St. Onofrio's monastery. The words of the poet can so little be dissociated from art, of which it is a branch, that Tasso appears to be but another Michael Angelo or Raphael, though the poet belongs to a higher disposition, because he is a larger and poorer.

The greatest names in the world's history are its beggars. Genius has been generous to the poor. Tasso was but a gambler-lunatic; Virgil's hunger for of course; Milton a poor schoolmaster; Dante and Ariosto poor; Tasso a prisoner and a beggar; and William Shakespeare worked hard for a living. And yet there are no names in history, not one, of the rich and great shall live beside them. Who is there in Rome that will have his name remembered with that of Tasso? He sang, as it were, on the wings of his soul, in his dungeon: "I weep my death, and not my death alone, but the manner in which I die: my renown is only a funeral sound, and appears to me buried with my name; I should not be consoled to have for a tomb pyramids or brilliant mausoleums—I who thought to elevate to myself the most noble monument by my verses."

And he succeeded. No monarch who lies crushed beneath a pyramid, no statuary who lives in his marble, no artist who depends on his canvas, has for his memory so secure a hold as Tasso. His name is eternal; and there is his tomb on one of the highest hills of Rome. He ever loved the beautiful. He was born

and like a man under our feet, but when we breathe the warm atmosphere of any large group at that central attraction with hopes of fame, we cannot but be carried away by our emotions and love Rome. Soon we come to the river, which less, perhaps, than any other has felt the revolution of time.

The Tiber waters no other town. It flows dark and secret until it reaches the city, and then, having washed the walls of Rome, wends its way, desolate and unknown, to the sea. The Arno, on the other hand, which rises on the other side of the same hill in the Apennines, considering the short length of its course, flows through a populous territory, and two as glorious towns as any in Italy—Florence and Pisa.

Away we go to the Ponte Molle, by which Constantine entered Rome, and before which the road to the Vatican, the Emilian, and the Cassian, meeting before the bridge, make a wide area, where there is a house of entertainment, much frequented by the Romans in the summer. The triumphal arch and statues were only erected in 1805, as if commemorative of the Pope's struggle over Napoleon.



HERCULES BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE.—FROM A PAINTING BY LAIRESE.

at Sorrento. He died at Rome. His name is as eternal as that of the city. It is not the few words on his paving-stone—"Here lie the bones of Tasso, lest the convent host may be ignorant,"—that ensure him remembrance, but the fragrant force of genius which never dies.

It is strange to turn from Tasso to another unforgotten name—we need not linger on Poussin—which is ever remembered by the visitor to Rome. At no great distance, in the English burial-ground, is the tomb of Shelley, who lies within ground consecrated by that religion he unfortunately knew not. His ashes lie beneath a wall, underneath the ruins of a broken tower; there is a chapel formed by two broken buttresses, and there are cypresses waving over his grave. Peace be to his restless spirit!

There is an interesting monument to Rosa Bathurst, who perished in the Tiber. It is by Westminster. Her fate is familiar to the visitor to Italy.

Everything is artistic in Rome, even the approach by Acquafredda. The name is musical and poetical. Hence do we catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, letting us know that we are in sight of Rome. It is not so beautiful as the sudden appearance of Switzer-

The classic visitor, entering the Piazza del Popolo, finds all vulgarised, frippery ornaments, with crowds in the costume of modern times. There is an Egyptian obelisk, reminding one of the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It is dedicated to the sun, and three streets strike off from it like rays. They take you in straight and regular lines of buildings along the valleys. The buildings are not what they were. Go along the Corso to the Capitol; you will see the palace of the Austrian ambassador; imagine it, gentle reader, built from the bricks of the Coliseum. It is the largest in Rome, and fitly represents the power which has crushed Italy under the leader influence of Germanism. An interesting monument is the house of Madame Letitia, Napoleon's mother, who represented there the dead empire of France, so inexplicably revived. It is scarcely, however, so interesting as the house of Riccioli, near the river, which Bulwer has so admirably made us familiar with.

It is a ruin now, and was once the abode of Trecentino, a gentler reformer than Riccioli, who relied upon the old without being able to reconstruct the new. No ruins of his, but of the slaves he vainly tried to make his enemies.

It was the mistake of all the reformers and friends of the Roman

people to believe that because they were born in Rome, they must necessarily be the descendants of the sterling old stock. They were nothing of the kind. They were a hybrid mixture of slaves and free-born, reared by long oppression and mental bondage to comprehend even the name of liberty.

What meaning could art have for the mental? He gazed around stupidly at the statues and works of genius which had been collected by the will of tyrants, from vanity more than from taste: and they came to him no more than the rugged unheven stones of the quarries he lived in. Debased and degraded by long years of suffering, nothing but a remedy impossible in Rome could elevate him to a fitness for freedom.

Many a time before now have careless observers envied the fate of the millions born beneath the happy climate of the South, surrounded by the miracles of nature and the wonders of art, and compared them with the millions of the North, who have a more uncertain clime, and less beauty, both natural and created, to survey. It is a great mistake. Art, literature, science—everything useful and agreeable, has followed in the footsteps of liberty. In this country, the treasures of ancient art collected in palaces are innumerable. This is laying the foundation of an artistic greatness equal to any dreamt of in past days.

Debarred by climate of the rich sequery and the warm atmosphere here which is the natural hotbed of taste, we northerns, by bringing around us the treasures of Greece, and Rome, and modern Italy, are elevating the taste of the millions, and exciting that public appreciation which is necessary to success. The difference between the past and the present is very great.

In past times painters owed their success to the good-will of princes. When there sat upon a throne a man of taste, able to appreciate talent and genius, there was an opportunity for art to develop itself. There was no widely-spread and discerning public to continually cherish and support a long and steady series of artists. That is what we are doing. We are educating a people; and there can be little doubt that the ultimate consequence will be, that none but really good artists will be successful. The influence of Rome, however, upon art is still mighty indeed. There, and at Florence, we must always feel that we are at least on classic ground — ground which should be visited by every one aiming at excellence in his profession.

To return to the monuments of Rome. In Thorwaldsen's monument to Pius VII. we have an admirable specimen of the statue portrait. It has been placed beside the production of David and Lawrence. Some have imagined that the angels are too much lost in the height, and are thus crushed by the much greater size of the figures below. The design, however, is simple, ingenious, and beautiful. In the one, Time is represented looking upwards, and seeking, as it were, to dive into eternity. The other represents the genius of history. The idea of the sculptor relative to religion is truly magnificent. It is a figure standing with arms folded, and resting upon a club. Near this is Wisdom, drawing counsel from the Bible in its hand; the owl at its feet. Various have been the criticisms on this work. Valery only approves of the sleeping Hon. "The Hon. roaring," says Hazenier, "is not natural; the figure of Hon. in stiff drapery, is feeble; and the geni appear rather annoyed than afflicted."

Nature's grandest scenes are to be seen in the mountains and valleys of the Apennines, and in the last great range, but the view is not so tempered by the reflection that the worst has passed away. The feudal castles are in ruins, and the villagers in the valleys underneath the hill no longer dread the pillage and rapine of their masters. But their remains tell a dreary story at the same time that they afford good subjects for the pencil.

Often, says a writer on "The Country of Rome," on the highway a classic fountain will refresh yourself and animal; a bridal company on their horses will pull up on their way to the nearest town, there to make merry; the bride, magnificently dressed—with a shawl of many colours on her arm; and sitting astride in white trousers—will lead, in full gallop, the bridesmaid, bridegroom, and four or five friends pursuing. The flash of the fire-fly flares along the grass; as evening sets in, the owls hoot and the frogs croak till darkness comes on; the watch-dog barks but timidly in the almost entire absence of man; when the voice of one is heard, one is afraid it may be evil, but one only discovers drivers and their cattle.

One of the greatest attractions to some persons—near the stern approaches of the Apennines—is the Cataract of Velino, of which Byron has left us an admirable description, when he tells us of

The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flushing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
The hall of waters! where they howl and hiss
And boil in endless torture; while
In their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence, again,
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal Apeil to the ground,
Making it all one emerald. How profound
The gulf! and how the giant clement
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world; than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly
With many windings thro' the vale:—Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its tract,
Charming the eye with dread—a matchless cataract—
Horribly beautiful! but, on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering Morn,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
Its steady dyes; while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues, with all their beams unshorn,
Reminding, 'mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unutterable mien."

Why have so many men, who have had the courage to leave home and wander abroad in the world, succeeded, and left a great name as painters? It is because they have not been satisfied with the lessons of a man—of a master—who may err and lead them astray; but have lived in the clash and heat of art, imbued themselves with its light and life, and caught a spark from the ever-burning fire of genius. There has been scarcely an instance known of a student of art making the pilgrimage to Rome and coming back disappointed. There is something in the air, in the constant recurrence of beauty, in the climate, the sky, the people, which attunes the soul to the harmonies of high and elevating art.

Every man who would raise himself above the rank of ordinary painter, must go to the Alps! As you go along you will find the most necessary to the art-student. Every man who goes to the Bernese Alps will be useful to himself, and the Bernese Alps will be useful to the world. The Alps are the most powerful of the most powerful of the world, and the most powerful of the world.

It is a panorama that, if prepared by any man, would be a masterpiece of art. It is a panorama that, if prepared by any man, would be a masterpiece of art. It is a panorama that, if prepared by any man, would be a masterpiece of art. It is a panorama that, if prepared by any man, would be a masterpiece of art.

And then where will be your little bits of scenery, when you elevate your looks to Mount Blanc? One glance at that vast production of creative power silences pride for ever in the heart. Nothing done by man can appear sublime afterwards. And it is amid such scenes that men have sought for the sublime, and sometimes found it. But on, to the Alps! and at every step the artistic soul of the painter will find new food. Every instant his soul will be raised to higher contemplation, until he treads the classic soil itself.

In all attempts that are to be made to create a great school of art in this country—an attempt which we have every reason to believe may be eminently successful—two things will be needed. In the first place, we must generalise the studies of our art-students. They must not be satisfied, as they are in general, with learning to draw and paint. They must devote themselves to history. They must know as much or more than other men. They must be ready to paint an historical picture without a sudden cram which is apt to prove indigestible.

Then they must be sent to Italy to see what has been done before, and to learn the importance and value of arduous study. When they learn how Raffaele and Michael Angelo and Titian laboured, they must be encouraged to labour and study themselves, in the hope of living in the memory of man rather as a Gyp, a Lawrence, or a David, than of perishing like a Francis de Paula Ferg, whose untimely death was doubtless more owing to his own errors than to the faults and want of appreciation of others.

The English, American, and French artistic population of Rome is already great. It is becoming greater every year. So much the better. The competition is a good and useful one. The French system of sending a certain number of pupils at the expense of government is a good one. It enables some to receive their early nurture in art on the right spot. The result has answered every expectation.

The Vatican museum, to which we have alluded so often in the present sketch, was founded by Julius II. It is in reality the finest collection of statues in the world. Mr. Schraf says: "Julius employed the famous Bramante to erect a vast niche surmounted by a gallery, called Belvedere, and in front of this he collected in a garden the choicest statues extant in his day. There were the 'Nile' and 'Tiber,' a sarcophagus with the fable of 'Molester,' the famous 'Torso of Hercules,' and the celebrated group of 'Laocoon' which was kept in a separate alcove. To these his successor, Leo X., added the famous statues of the 'Mercury' and the 'Apollo.' The reclining 'Ariadne' at that time adorned a fountain in the adjacent corridor."

Towards the end of the last century, Clement XIV., Ganganelli, and Pius VI. (Breschi) formed the magnificent galleries in the Vatican, which bear their conjoined names in the Museo Pio Clementino. Many purchases were made from the collection of the Villa Negroni, previously Montalto, formed by Sextus V., and from a series of excavations carried on among the ruins of Hadrian's Villa and elsewhere, by an energetic Scotchman named Gavin Hamilton. At the treaty of Tolentino in 1717, all the most celebrated works of art were removed to Paris; but in 1816, they were, with the exception of the colossal 'Melpomene,' the statue of 'Augustus' in the toga, the 'Velletri' 'Minerva,' and 'Tiber,' restored to the Vatican. Pius VII. added a long gallery of sculpture, which bears his name Clisto Monti; a magnificent hall, erected by the same pontiff, was opened in 1821, under the name of the Braccio Nuovo. It contains the beautiful 'Minerva Medici,' the 'Nile,' the standing 'Demosthenes,' the 'Fame of Praxitiles,' and the little 'Ganymede' of Euphrates.

The progress of artistic discovery has been very great since the Florentine, Poggio Bracciolini, wrote in 1430, he counted six statues as all that remained then visible in Rome. These were the two colossal, the two reclining, and the 'Tiber,' a reclining statue of 'Ocean,' and a reclining statue of 'Narcissus.' Since that time, many more have been discovered.

NATIONAL PICTURES.

THE chief means of exalting the taste of the people and giving them a thorough knowledge of the end and purpose of art, is the formation of galleries destined to receive the pictures of a nation. Nor do galleries serve that purpose only—although that were indeed a great one; they stimulate artists who behold their treasures, with the hope of having some day their works classed amongst those they behold, and of their being cherished as some of the treasures of the country.

It frequently happens, however, that the country most rich in pecuniary wealth, most capable of forming fine collections of pictures and works of art, either awakes at too late a period to the necessity of their possession, or is gifted with so little taste, that although the selection may have cost an immense sum, yet the pictures may be totally unworthy the wealth given for them, or of the honour of being placed in a national collection; and this, we take it, is unfortunately the case with England. It is only lately, indeed, by the publication of the work of a foreigner—of "Dr. Waagen's Treasures of Art"—that the people are made aware of the immense quantity of pictures, the treasures, the superabundant wealth of art which exists in England, but of which there is as yet no worthy collection in one place.

True it is, that although many of the pictures may be worthy, the English have a knack of making a government "job" of the building, whereby the architect raises an immense fortune, and the so-called gallery is, like that of Trafalgar-square, totally unworthy the name. If, on the contrary, any chance may render the place of exhibition passable; yet the pictures are for the most part so ignorantly arranged, that effect is spoilt, and the possibility of education on the progress of art entirely cut away. But as if these accidents were not enough, we find the government lavishing thousands of pounds upon a baby-house—and worse than a baby-house—for George the Fourth; and yet refusing to make room for a fine collection of pictures bequeathed to them for national purposes, which therefore fly off at a tangent, and at Dulwich form a gallery of themselves. Such, indeed, is the fact with the Bourgeois collection.

The faults of public people do not, however, excuse our own; and the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square, to which we purpose a short visit, notwithstanding its total inadequacy on the score of a "National" gallery, its architectural enormities, and the faults of its conservators, is still—on account of the many very beautiful pictures which it contains—worthy of a visit, and a visit not only of curiosity, but for the purpose of serious and attentive study.

We shall not, we may premise, in our short review follow the numbers given in the catalogue, sold, by permission of the trustees, outside the gallery, as that catalogue contains pictures, for instance, those by Hogarth, which have for these two or three years past been moved away to Marlborough House, and there exhibited in what is called the "Vernon Gallery."

The pictures which belong to the nation form an altogether imperfect collection, and our notice will be but piecemeal and cursory. In some masters we are comparatively rich; of others we have none; and of some but one, and that a poor specimen. Thus, of Claude we have no less than ten pictures; of Bartolomeo none; and of Salvator Rosa but one; and so on. Of our modern, and as a school by far most meritorious, English artists, we had, before Mr. Vernon made his munificent bequest, absolutely nothing.

Of the Claudes, that known as "The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba," and marked 14 in the catalogue, will attract some notice. A picture of a seaport, with the sun in the midst of the sky, with about two feet of very brilliant colouring on each side of the picture, a sea-tower, an archway, rocks, and trees; riggings of ships, and ships themselves; all form accessories of the picture, and all are painted with but one idea—that of scenic effect. There is an utter want of learning or care in this picture. The trees are of no class or kind in nature: the rocks are such as are never seen by the sea-side; the ships are carelessly drawn, &c.; but the great reputation made by this master for such carelessness lies in the colour and pleasing arrangement. The picture is nothing less than an ill-considered

A Correggio, marked 10, of "Mercury and Venus instructing Cupid," has for some years been the admiration of all critics. The reason of this is sufficiently evident; for although the figure of Venus is not beautiful, and Mercury, instead of being all light and vivacity, is dull and heavy, yet the beauty of the Cupid, the excellent drawing in the form, and, above all, the prodigious beauty of colour, must win our admiration. This picture was once in the possession of Charles I. The colouring contrasts especially with that of Rubens, but is in its nature equally fine.

"The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," either a duplicate or copy of the picture by Claude in the Doria Palace, known as "Claude's Mill," is one of those hasty compositions of the artist which have called down the anger of Mr. Ruskin. People are dancing near some water, which is a lake formed by an impetuous torrent, but which runs nowhere. In order not to break the repose of the scene, the very water into which a cascade falls has no motion in it. The only beauties in the picture are the sky and the colour.

"Christ disputing with the Doctors" (No. 18), is a very weak composition, put down with much effrontery to Leonardo da Vinci. The celebrated John Hunter used to extol the deep anatomical studies of this artist; yet the figure of Christ in this picture is badly drawn, the head unmanly and weak, and the hand drawn without the slightest knowledge of anatomy.

"Adonis quitting Venus for the Chase," said to be by Titian, is another pretended original, but also a very popular picture. The display of form in the Venus is very graceful; but the Adonis is heavy, ill-drawn, and deficient in elegance and dignity. The colour and mode of painting are both good; the former, especially, rich, harmonious, and, in the flesh, soft and fleshy. There is another copy of this picture at Dulwich.

"The Sabine Women," by Rubens (No. 30), is a fine specimen of force in a painter, accompanied by knowledge of drawing and colour. Beyond this, the Romans are not Romans, the ladies are those of the seventeenth century, and the architecture of the same period. Yet with all these anomalies, the picture is free, bold, and fine; the colour so bright and glorious, that it forces one to admire it.

"Portrait of Cornelius Van der Geest," life-size, by Vandyck, ignorantly called "The Head of Gervatius," is one of those pictures of which the nation may indeed be proud. The sentiment and thought, the feeling and refinement, in this face, it is impossible to surpass. One can linger over it for hours. The painting of the mouth and beard, if shut out from the rest of the picture, are alone worthy of the most minute attention; the delicacy and truth of detail, and the breadth of light, are also beyond praise. The interest attached to this portrait of a person almost unknown is to be attributed to the genius of Vandyck alone.

(No. 59), "The Brazen Serpent," by Rubens, is another triumph of power. The agonised expression of the women, the pallid countenances of the dead, the majesty on the face of Moses, and the wonderful knowledge of anatomy in the drawing, are equally to be admired. A critic, Mr. George Fogg, has objected to the fat and bulky persons of those stricken with the plague. He should have recollected that the plague was sudden, and that no previous sickness could have emaciated the forms of the sinful Israelites.

(No. 184), "The Murder of the Innocents," called a Raphael, is the largest picture in the Academy. The board under it informs us, that it is the property of the governors of the Foundling Hospital, and that it is by them deposited in this gallery.

The outline alone has any similarity to the works of Raphael. The murderers are remorseless brutes; the mothers are fighting mad women. There is no delicacy in the painting, which, besides these defects, cannot be seen to any advantage, from any point of view, being covered with a glass, which catches the light, and entirely destroys the picture.

Our space forbids us at this time to say more. We purpose, however, returning to the subject, and going through, during the time that new pictures are not to be seen, some of those of important masters which are the property of the nation, or of other gentlemen and gentlemen whose liberality enables the public to become acquainted with their galleries. By so doing, we believe that we shall be doing good service to art.

VALENTIN.



There exists among painters a race of rough, haughty men, always ready to fall back and take their stand upon mere matter, imme-



diately, there is any question of acknowledging the influence of mind. Follow them as they walk down the gallery of the Louvre,

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between the double row of *chefs-d'œuvre*; you will see them look with an eye of indifference at those mystic compositions where the expression of the faith of former times is concealed beneath spare wan forms and sometimes faded colouring; they will scarcely stop before those sublime works of Lesueur, where the pious personages of past ages appear to the spectator as mere shadows, so timid, so humble, and so subordinate to the ideal is the actual execution; but if they meet with some vulgar scene, where the palpitating flesh stands out boldly from the obscurity of the ground, they want no more to induce them to give way to their feelings and launch out into enthusiasm.

What they admire and hold up to your admiration is the energy of the action, the expression of the gesture, and the success of the foreshortening in a picture. "Look!" they exclaim, "how well those muscles are attached, and how freely they act! how naturally those shoulders are joined on! how forcibly you are impressed with the presence of the bones and the solidity of the tendons! The eyes are humid, the nostrils are full of breath, and the blood flows beneath that flesh!" But not one word do they say of the painter's intention, or of the thought that should pervade his work. What matters to them the value of the principal idea and the choice of the subject? A band of brigands, seated round a table in some cavern, and singing over their liquor with courtesans, interests them far more than the "Christ on the Mount of Olives" or "The Tomb of Arcadia."

They are enamoured of mere matter. They look upon it as a portion of divinity itself, and cannot understand that there is the least preference to be given to any one of the different parts of which it is composed. In their eyes, all forms in nature possess the same charm, all members of humanity are of equal value, each one being endowed with some peculiar beauty, which the spectator must discover for himself. This being the case, the less trouble a painter has taken to choose his subject, the greater is their preference for him, and as mere imitation is quite sufficient to satisfy their ardent love of form, they do not require matter to think, but merely to exist. It is especially among these pantheists that the admirers of Valentin are to be found.

Valentin, one of the most celebrated French painters, was born in the little town of Coulommiers, in Brie, the 8th June, 1601, in the Rue du Monteil-Sainte Foy, at the corner of the Inqussée des Remparts. We do not know why some authors have chosen to consider him as belonging to the Roman school, for if France can claim him as one of her children, it is not only because she witnessed his birth, but because his taste for painting manifested itself long before he went to Rome, to seek inspiration among the marvels of the Vatican.*

* It always struck us as an extraordinary circumstance that the Christian name of a French painter, and especially of one born in the province of Brie, should be Moïse, according, as it did, but little with the genius of the French nation, which, especially in the seventeenth century, was greatly prejudiced against the Jews and their customs. However, as a considerable number of authors always called him Moïse Valentin, and as there were no documents to clear up our doubts on the subject, we at last believed, as all other persons had done, that Valentin's Christian name was really Moïse. Since then, we have received some curious information from a distinguished painter and author, Monsieur Anatole Dauvergne, and we crave the reader's permission to transcribe at full length the notes which he has furnished—notes which are the more interesting as they prove the necessity of always going back to the fountain-head, historical errors most frequently proceeding from historians of the second or third generation.

The following is an extract from the genealogical table of the family of Boullongne de Coulommiers, drawn up, about 1780, expressly for the family, by Michel Martail Cordier, Juge de Paix at Coulommiers previous to 1789, and a Member of the Convention, who died in exile, at Brussels, in 1824.

This table was drawn up from documents which are at present dispersed, but which were then accessible to Monsieur Cordier. Eighteen of these dates are given as corroborative proofs. The Boullongne family still flourishes at Coulommiers, and has preserved from father to son a certain pride in its relationship with the painter, who is known by the name of Valentin alone.

I. Stock Jean de Boullongne, called Rasset, in 1495, born at Bologna in Italy, lived at Coulommiers, at the corner of the Cul-de-Sac, near the church of Sainte Foy. This Cul-de-Sac now bears the name of Boullongne. Title-deeds in 1519.

II. He had issue: in 1538, Denis de Boullongne: II. Jean de Boullongne.

III. Jean de Boullongne, 2nd of the name, married at Coulommiers. He had issue (1576):—

1. Perrin de Boullongne, plumber and glazier.
2. Simonne de Boullongne.
3. Jacques de Boullongne, carrier.
4. Valentin de Boullongne, painter on glass.

IV. Valentin de Boullongne, 1st of the name; died in 1618. He had, by Jeanne de Monthion, his wife, three children, viz.:—

1. Marie de Boullongne, born the 28th August, 1599.
2. Jean de Boullongne, born the 8th June, 1601.
3. Jacques de Boullongne, born the 15th October, 1603.

Monsieur Cordier did not take the trouble to look for these three certificates of baptism of the children of Valentin de Boullongne, father of the celebrated painter. Monsieur Dauvergne found them after a long search, but the name of Valentin does not exist in any one of them. No gap occurs in the parish registers of Saint-Denis de Coulommiers, during the period in which it is probable that the painter was born; and yet, from 1547 to 1777, we very frequently find the Christian name of Valentin. Valentin Pidoux, uncle of La Fontaine, the author of the Fables, was baptised in 1613.

Monsieur Aubert de Fligny, who was bailiff of Coulommiers, speaking of the painter Valentin, writes as follows, about 1770:—

If it is true that he made a journey to Paris, it was not, at any rate, to become a pupil of Simon Vouet, as some of his biographers have asserted; a mere comparison of dates is sufficient to refute this error. Simon Vouet left for Constantinople, with Monsieur de Sancy, in 1612, at which time Valentin was only eleven years old. Vouet, according to the testimony of Félibien, did not return and found his school in Paris before the year 1627, at which period Valentin already enjoyed a high reputation as a painter in Rome. He had resided in that city for a considerable time, and was doomed to end his days there. D'Argenville contradicts himself, when, after having asserted that Valentin began his studies under Vouet, he affirms, in another portion of his work, that Vouet's taste had something of Valentin's in it. This would be to suppose that the master had subsequently taken lessons of his pupil, which is not likely. We are inclined to believe, with some more recent writers, that the two painters were in Rome at the same epoch, and that they studied Caravaggio's manner together.

However this may be, when Valentin arrived in Italy, Caravaggio was just dead, and painters were beginning to free themselves from the influence which he had exerted during his lifetime. Like many other reformers, he had led away his contemporaries by supplying

"I believe that his name was Valentin de Boullongne, and that he was son and grandson respectively of two painters on glass, who both resided at Coulommiers, and who painted the fine windows, most of which still exist, in the parish church there. His father's name, like his own, was Valentin, and his grandfather's Jacques."

These two written traditions, as well as the tradition preserved in the Boullongne family, prove most satisfactorily that the painter belonged to this family, which was founded by Jean de Bologne, called Rasset, who came from Italy, and was probably a painter on glass.

We have still to explain the name of Valentin. The eldest of Valentin de Boullongne's children married Jean d'Alençon. We lose sight of the two sons.

Monsieur Cordier proves that Valentin de Boullongne's second son is the painter. The following is the boy's certificate of baptism:—"Die Veneris, octava Junii, 1601. Joannes filius Valentini de Boullongne et Joannæ de Monthyon ejus uxoris, fuit baptisatus. Patrinus dominus Joannes de Boullongne, pictor, et Petrus Baltazar-Matrina-Ludofca, Francisci Reboulé, procuratoris fiscalis."

The absence of the name of Valentin proves nothing against the fact of this certificate of baptism being that of the painter. At Coulommiers, it is the practice to call the son by his father's Christian name. We have met with twenty examples of the custom. Le petit Valentin ended by retaining the name Valentin.

There now remains the Christian name. As regards that of Moïse, it is simply absurd. It was D'Argenville who misread the manuscript in his possession, and mistook Moush for Moïse—*Vide* Lanzi, Mariette, Victor Schœlcher, Brulliot (p. 369, Biographie de Caravage, 1845), Beyle, etc.

Ticozzi (Milan, 1832), calls him Pietro.

Félibien, who wrote about 1670, thirty years after Valentin's decease, does not give him the name of Moïse, which is first found in D'Argenville's book, whence, since 1787, it has been copied by a great number of the painter's biographers. The following writers call him Valentin—Le Valentin—Mr. or Moush Valentin:—

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|------|------------------------------------|------|
| Anonymous | 1679 | Roland Le Virloys | 1771 |
| Félibien | 1688 | L Abbé De Fontenay | 1786 |
| Florent Le Comte | 1702 | Huber | 1787 |
| Depiles | 1715 | Lanzi | 1795 |
| Dubois De Saint-Gelais | 1727 | Henry Laurent | 1818 |
| Lepicé | 1762 | Beyle | 1826 |
| Dom Pernety | 1767 | Brulliot | 1833 |
| Daudré Bardon | 1765 | Catalogue of the Vatican | 1840 |
| Cochin | 1769 | Schœlcher | 1845 |

The following writers call him Moïse Valentin:—

| | | | |
|----------------------------------|------|--------------------------------|------|
| D'Argenville | 1787 | Viardot | 1842 |
| Gault De-Saint-Germain | 1808 | Catalogue des Musées | 1847 |
| Bogard | 1810 | Ch. De Pointel | |
| Méhaut | 1827 | Duchêne Aîné | |
| Weyss | 1833 | Feller | 1837 |
| Robert-Dumoulin | 1842 | Hagedorn | 1852 |

The family name De Boullongne, is written indifferently De Boullongne, De boullongne, de Boualogue, de Bologne; but it is still the same De BologNE, and depends upon the whim of the writer. In the books of the last century, do we not also meet with the town of Bologne (Bologna), written Boulongne, Boulogne?

a false system on *chef-d'œuvre* and bad principles on great examples. At his death there were only two parties remaining in Rome; that of Josephin and that of the Caracci, represented respectively by Domenichino and Guido. All that these rivals had left them to perform was the no very difficult task of proving that nature is not black, and that the genius of Caravaggio neither excused his contempt for noble and carefully-chosen forms, nor his horror for a strong light.

Valentin came to Rome during the period of this re-action of feeling, which was destined to receive additional force from the presence of Poussin, for it was not long before that great painter published his opinion on the different parties, and assigned to each its proper place. On the one hand he pronounced Domenichino to be the greatest painter after Raffaele; and, on the other, when speaking of Caravaggio, said, "This man came among us to destroy painting." In spite of this, however, Valentin was irresistibly led to an imitation of Caravaggio; his instinct prompted him to take this step from the very first, and nothing could turn him from the path he had taken, neither the general tendency to leave it, nor the authority and advice of Poussin, whose admirer and friend he was; so true is it, that in his conduct he obeyed an organisation which was more powerful than the influence exerted by a great mind.

To work he went, therefore, carried away by his enthusiasm for form which others despise, preferring force to grace, and ready, with Guercino, to sustain the theory of contrast against the defenders of unity. His genius was rough and plebeian, and it is among the people that he looks for his subjects and his models; he finds that the reality is always sufficiently noble there, provided that he can succeed in portraying it, palpitating and striking. In his love for nature of this kind, which appears to him unjustly neglected, he lavishes his light and shade, in order that the subject may possess relief, vigour, and brilliancy, and not knowing how to ennoble it, he surrounds it with darkness, and lends it the poetry of night. In the evening, he frequents the taverns of Rome, and sits down amid volumes of tobacco smoke, in order to study the physiognomies of gamblers, or seize the poses of drunkards, or the grimaces of itinerant musicians. Mixed up with this people of tatterdemalions and vagabonds, he observes their mode of life, their now reckless, now impassioned bearing, and their proud and manly beauty peering through their rags. Sometimes, in order that nothing of this reality which he is pursuing may escape him, he forgets himself in places of bad repute, where he meets low bullies and high-bred cavaliers, huddled together in the same strange and philosophic confusion; and where the same light which falls upon the naked shoulders of some robust courtesan displays the misery of a ragged beggar, and sparkles on the sword which beats against the heels of the nobleman in his doublet.

In this respect, although differing in one particular point, to which we shall have occasion to allude in another part of this notice, Valentin's taste mostly led him to select the same class of subjects as those chosen by Callot. Speaking of the latter, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye says: "What struck Callot most was Man. In his time, humanity still possessed a thousand distinct characters; the parent tree had a thousand different graftings; either through chance or the will of the Creator, each man was then more thoroughly imbued than now with the spirit and manners of his part in the drama of smiles and tears which is played on the stage of this world. Jacques Callot, instead of studying the mysteries and grandeur of Nature, gave his attention to everything that appeared fantastic, extravagant, or original. In a word, of all the actors in life who played their parts under his immediate observation, those who pleased him most were boastful soldiers, religious ballad-singers, who opened a mouth that was bigger than their money-bowl—mountebanks who prefaced their buffoonery with unlimited promises—mendicants in picturesque rags, and pilgrims with doublets slashed with time, spangled with box-rosaries, studded with artificial flowers, and covered with leaden medals, as well as with all the holy marvels of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours." In another part of his work, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye says of Callot: "He had the passion of creating tatterdemalions, bullies, and mountebanks, as other men have the passion of play. Whenever he sat up to work, he used to tell his friends that he was going to pass the night in the bosom of his family."*

* "Philosophers and Actresses." London 1852.

Meanwhile, the celebrated Cardinal Barberini, the nephew of Urban VIII., a great patron of artists, and especially of Nicholas Poussin, having heard of *Monsieur Valentin* (as he was then styled in Italy), expressed a wish to see and patronise him as well. Among other pictures, he ordered of him a view of Rome with the *Anio* and the *Tiber*. In this picture Valentin was very successful, according to the account of the historian Baglione, who saw it exposed during his time in the Palace of the Chancellor's Office of the Apostolic See. It was for the same Cardinal that Valentin painted the "Desolation of Saint John the Baptist;" a large canvas covered with numerous figures, remarkable for their being executed with that bold firmness of touch for which he was already known, *gagliardamente*, as the Italian account has it. But his principal work was the "Martyrdom of Saints Processus and Martinian," which he painted for the Basilica of Saint Peter's, in that Caravaggian manner which he had now made his own, and in which he had the opportunity of displaying an incredible energy of style. The two sufferers are stretched out on a mechanical apparatus, and tied together, with the head of the one in the direction of the other's feet, while the cord which binds their feet and hands is attached to the axle of a capstan which the executioner is turning round. His assistants are scourging the two martyrs, or preparing to pass red-hot irons up their bodies until they are torn to pieces.

Valentin's picture was brought to Paris, after Bonaparte's conquests, at that memorable period when Rome was merely the chief town of a French department. But, after the second invasion, in 1815, it was again seized and carried off in the waggons of the conqueror, who did not think, as the Consul Mummio once did at Corinth, that the gold of the conquered was sufficient to redeem objects of such value, or that it was an easy task to find a second Valentin who could produce other works of the same description. What a singular privilege is that possessed by objects of art, which can thus travel without the slightest danger throughout the world, among the baggage of victorious troops, for which the mere possession of a *chef-d'œuvre* is often a pledge of the honours of war and the most precious of all trophies!

However, as if the Popes had foreseen these vicissitudes, they had caused a copy of Valentin's picture to be executed in mosaic. The original was preserved in the Palace of Monte-Cavallo, and the copy, which was the work of Cristo-Fori, still constitutes one of the finest monuments of Saint Peter's at Rome, where it is placed next the "Martyrdom of Saint Erasmus," which is also a mosaic, and after Poussin.

It may, however, safely be affirmed that religious subjects were not adapted to the natural bent of Valentin's mind; nor to his very peculiar style of talent, which was remarkable for its easy boldness of execution, but not for its merit of conception. A painter, whose acquaintance with Poussin had been insufficient to lead him back to intentions of a more elevated nature, and to a graver manner of feeling and practising his art, was certainly incapable of understanding that kind of beauty which takes its rise in Christianity. It would have been as absurd to ask Valentin to paint devotional subjects with the sentiment which befitted them, as to expect a representation of the brutal excesses of an orgy from the melancholy and chaste pencil of Lesueur. In the dominions of painting, there often arise beings of an exceptional nature, with fixed principles that nothing can move—individualities in one piece, possessing an incorrigible kind of beauty which must not be touched imprudently, for in tearing away what is bad we run the risk of sweeping off what is good. We must accept them as nature presents them to us, to please the imagination or enchant the sight.

When, therefore, Valentin had worked sufficiently for popes and cardinals, he returned to those subjects for which he felt a predilection; he resumed the course of life which his disposition had first induced him to choose. Despising, as did his master, all rule, propriety, or philosophy in art, he abandoned Christians and Pagans, religion and the antique, Phidias and Raffaele. The *Laocoon* appeared to him as dull as saints and martyrs; anatomical nobleness and ideal nudity interested him much less than the jokin of a drawer in an inn, or the coquetry of a heiducke. "He took Nature in her every-day garb, exactly as she presented herself," says Monsieur Felix Pyat. "In his works there were no Venuses, but gipsies; no flowing drapery, but rags; no consecrated forms, no traditional

lines, but the form of the first-comer, and the arms and legs of the passers-by. No more gods or demigods, but itinerant musicians, soldiers, toppers, smokers, and beggars with garments full of holes and patches; the most ordinary scenes chosen by mere chance; the strange, motley, disorderly, but always harmonious and always poetic prism of extreme reality."

This opinion is exceedingly just and well expressed, but we must not believe that Valentin painted only rags, or always took pleasure in the contemplation of ignoble, wild, and deformed nature. Although his arrangement possesses less grandeur than that of Caravaggio, and his manner is neither as broad nor as imposing as that of the Lombard painter, he succeeded in imparting a certain air of distinction to the most trivial scenes; but, as if fearful that he should not obtain sufficient effect by the mere contrast of light and shade, he sought for additional effect by the juxtaposition of the draperies,

poor servant, whose hands are red with washing dishes, a simple girl of the lower classes, coarse and harsh in her charms, modest without affectation or coquetry, hardly understanding what is required of her, and not believing that her beauty is capable of reanimating the ardour of old age.

The two elders who have cast upon this woman the eyes of concupiscence, are men in whose breasts passion is still struggling with age, still vigorous and well preserved in spite of the innumerable wrinkles which furrow their foreheads. One of them, dissimulating his embarrassment and shame under an appearance of rage, endeavours to justify himself by accusing her; there is a tolerable degree of nobleness in his face, and energy in his gesture, while the drapery falls in graceful folds; he is one of Poussin's models rendered with Manfredi's pencil. The other elder, forgetful of the soldiers who have led him to the tribunal, and of the judge who is about to



FIVE SOLDIERS QUARRELLING OVER DICE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

invariably painting the satins and velvets of the rich side by side with the woollen garments of the poor.

The works of Valentin in the Louvre, however, are more than sufficient to enable us to appreciate the vigour and originality of his talent; for they contain all his distinctive qualities, and may therefore be taken as the basis of an exact definition of his style. Among these pictures, there are some, it is true, which are drawn from sacred history, but they are really connected with it merely by the nature of the subject and the complaisance of the spectator. With Valentin, the "Chaste Susannah" (p. 109), is not one of those timid women whose modesty is enhanced by their beauty, and whose charms leave a feeling of regret in the breasts of those who have been unable to triumph over them; such women, in a word, as the skilful and gracious Santerre loved to paint a hundred years later; no, she is a

condemn him, is solely occupied with the young girl, the sight of whom still excites his desires; his glance is humid and dimmed, his mouth gives him the appearance of a satyr, and his head is covered with hair that is turning gray, but which is still thick and well set. It is a common head, treated in the manner of Espagnolet, with some light dryness in the folds of the skin, but unexampled for the vigour of its model, the justness of its tone, and the accent of truth pervading it. In the notices in the *Musée Français*, Eméric David has very successfully criticised the remarkable error committed by Hagedorn concerning Valentin, when he says: "It is not so much for the choice of his subjects as for the weakness of his execution that this painter is to be blamed; we should be more indulgent towards him, had he been able to attain vigour of touch, and express the roundness of form belonging to his model." This error is such an inexplicable one in so enlightened an appreciator as Hagedorn, that we cannot help thinking that he never saw a single

* "Revue Britannique," Library of the Fine Arts, May, 1837.

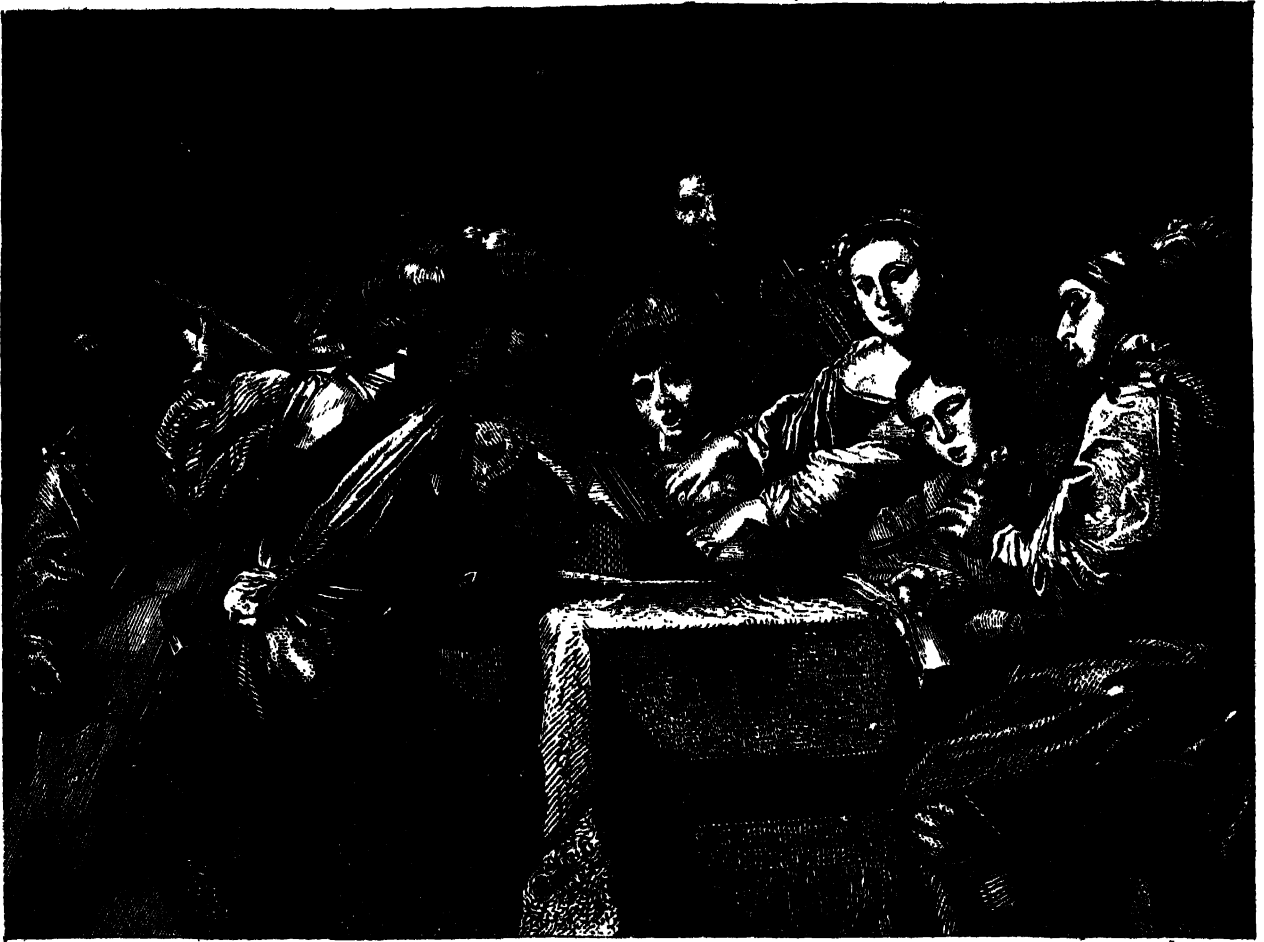
picture by Valentin, or that the painter of whom he speaks is not ours.* Monsieur Levesque, on the contrary, says: "Valentin possessed the faculty of passing artistically, by gentle and transparent tints, from the brightest light to the very strongest shade."†

The Italian writers have confirmed this last opinion. Not only do they place Valentin above all the imitators of Caravaggio for the art of composition, but they reckon him, although a Frenchman, among the disciples of the Roman school, and look upon him as one of the greatest colourists that this school ever produced.‡

Valentin was unskilful in expression, unless he had to depict the most vulgar emotions of the soul. So far from appreciating the shades of sentiment, and the varied language of the passions, he could only seize their coarsest and most simple forms; and, with him, the word expression may be taken to mean not only the contraction of the face, but also historical and philosophical propriety, and a number of circumstances inseparable from the subject.

that the knowledge of the value of gesture and the power of pantomimic expression ought to belong to a painter who confines himself altogether to reality; and yet these qualities are only possessed by the philosophical artist, by him who, not content with observing the external signs of the various passions, endeavours to discover that which causes them to spring up in men's hearts. In order to become well acquainted with the effects of the passions, it is necessary to know exactly their origin.

In his "Judgment of Solomon" (p. 105) the true mother is a beautiful woman, whose black hair causes her large white shoulders to stand out in bold relief. She is turning round, in order to snatch her child from the soldier who appears about to cut it in two, and this movement of hers allows us to perceive the type of the Roman face in the severe lines of her profile. It is by this that she is distinguished from the false mother, whose gesture is full of hypocrisy, and whose physiognomy is stamped with a character of baseness, as



THE CONCERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

In order to obtain a correct idea of what he wants in this respect, it is not even necessary to compare him to Poussin. It would, without doubt, be unjust to place Valentin's Solomon, a beardless young man, badly clad, of a lymphatic temperament and clumsy joints, without dignity or grace, by the side of the other Solomon, so majestically draped, and yet so simple, calm and impassive, seated with an air of grandeur, expressing his impartiality by his attitude, and pointing out with his finger the true mother, almost without a movement. It would at first appear

if the painter, in his ignorance of the play of the features, could find no other means of characterising the good and the bad mother, than by giving beauty to the one and ugliness to the other.

In this work of Valentin, we may notice one of his most frequent defects, which consists in giving the flesh a metallic appearance. On the second ground, we perceive some old men's faces which glisten like bronze; and as for the dead child that is stretched out at Solomon's feet, and which, as a model, is a *chef-d'œuvre*, it resembles far too much a brazen statue. This defect of execution, in a painter who has so few, is no doubt occasioned by his putting in the light portions of his pictures with leaden half-tints, while he exaggerates, in certain cases, the transparency of the reflexes, by which means he gives a body that is naturally dull, an appearance belonging only to hard and polished surfaces; for light has not merely the effect of giving different objects the colour which is peculiar to them,

* "Réflexions sur la Peinture," vol. i. p. 369.

† Monsieur Levesque, "Dictionnaire des Arts," vol. iv. p. 380.

‡ Bellori, "Vit. de Pitt.," p. 216. Baglione, "Vit. de Pitt.," p. 224. Lanzi, "Stor. Pitt.," vol. i. p. 187.

but it also possesses the wonderful power of enabling us to distinguish their nature by the manner in which they reflect or absorb it. However great the intensity of the light may be, when it comes in contact with flesh, its rays are slightly deadened by the surface of the epidermis, exactly as in a landscape they glide gently over the ploughed land and green hills, while they shine fiercely upon the rocks. With regard to the "Judgment of Solomon," we will again quote Monsieur Eméric David, who has perfectly appreciated Valentin's merit, and the peculiar character of his talent.

"When Poussin painted 'The Judgment of Solomon,' the principal object he had in view was the king's profound wisdom, and this is what he wished to represent; no other painter has ever composed Solomon's face as he did. Valentin was moved by other feelings. He saw a mother—a mother whose child had been torn from her; the child is on the point of being killed, of being cut in twain; and one-half of the bleeding body is to be delivered over to the mother. Such was the subject as he saw it. Poussin, acting in consonance with his feelings, directed the attention to the head of the king, and left that of the real mother in half-light. The principal objects for Valentin were the child and its mother; he was daring enough to attempt the portrayal of maternal love, and he succeeded. On the woman's face, love, terror, and especially innocence, are depicted. Her breast is exposed. She is not looking at the king, but at the child, for whose possession she is praying. All these circumstances reveal a mild disposition and a soul incapable of deceit. The false mother, on the contrary, is seen from behind, which is an ingenious arrangement. In that portion of her face which is exposed to view, the spectator is sensible of a certain harshness inherent to her disposition. The body of the dead child, placed upon the steps of the throne, possesses in this picture an amount of merit in the drawing which is but rarely met with. The tones of the flesh are different in all the figures. The breasts, necks, and shoulders of the two women are endowed with a vitality and warmth which has rarely been attained by the colourist's art. The head of the good mother is a *chef-d'œuvre* of colour and expression. These two personages stand out boldly from the canvas in spite of the heaviness and uniformity of the ground. The heads of the two old men, placed in half-light, are energetic and perfectly transparent."

If we allow Valentin to be an admirable painter, it is especially on account of the truthfulness and force of his execution, and whenever the subject does not require those qualities of mind in which he is deficient. To understand and admire him more at our ease, we ought to study him when he represents the picturesque episodes of that life of reality which he has chosen for his epic. We ought to follow him into the thick and smoky atmosphere of the guard-room, where soldiers are playing at cards, having their fortune told them, or scraping on a fiddle.

Behold us in a retreat of gipsies. A dirty and sallow-faced sorceress, with a napkin bound around her head, like the women of Frascati, and hiding her countenance in the shade, is examining the hand of a kind of militiaman, who is having his fortune told. The tranquillity of this low witch forms a striking contrast with the lively emotion that is visible in the soldier's features; and, as if the strangeness of the figures about him, and the appearance of the cavern, into which only a mysterious light finds its way through an air-hole, were not sufficient to trouble his thoughts, the companions of the propheteess succeed in exciting his imagination still more effectually by the noisy music which they are playing close to his ears. To the left, in the obscurity, is seen a man putting his hand into the gipsy's pocket, from which he draws forth a living cock, a sort of symbolical animal, such as the old sibyls usually possess. In truth, it is not merely impossible to paint with a more vigorous and masterly touch; but, what is more, to initiate the spectator with greater success into the mysteries of the life led by the gipsies of those days—by that proscribed and vagabond race, with their eccentric costume and copper-coloured complexions, who lived by rapine, or on the credulity of the public, who covered themselves with garments of glaring hues, and found in every town some dark retreat or other, unknown to justice, and offering a place of refuge to every adventurer without hearth or home.

As we have already remarked, the substance of Valentin's pictures is the same as that of Callot's engravings. The former, as well as

the latter, offer us a lively representation of the manners of a certain period; but, although the epoch of Valentin's works is the same as that of Callot's, there is a marked difference in their manner of seeing things. The reason that this brilliant arabesque did not unfold itself before the eyes of the painter of Coulommiers, as it did before those of the engraver of Nanay, is, that each of them gave the fruits of his observations the tinge of his own disposition, and stamped them with the impression of his own mind. The one chose the burlesque, the other the poetic side of the subject. Callot was more particularly struck with the gait of the passer-by, the easy swagger of the cavalier, and that kind of misery which, in his day, was coated with a varnish of elegance. He represented the agitated and wandering episodes of out-door life, which he had seen defiling before him,—those joyous caravans of tatterdemalions who used to feast upon the sword, share their booty under the vault of heaven, and gild their rags in the sun. Valentin, on the contrary, directed his attention to the in-door life of this wandering race; he entered with them the unknown retreats where they reposed themselves from their fatigues, or where, during the night, and by the light of their torches, they indulged in all kinds of pleasure; he entered with them into those places whose sorry aspect was redeemed by the brilliancy of the varied drapery, the poetry of mystery, and the exhibition of false luxury.

Callot worked with a smile upon his lips; he studied this mode of life, which had long ceased to be his own, without deranging his ruff, or losing aught of the spirit of a philosopher or the manners of a man of birth. Valentin mixed with his models. He shared their habits; he thought these beings were grand, and copied them seriously and passionately. Callot conveyed a moral with aqua-fortis; Valentin made use of his pencil to portray vagabonds of good family, the *Don Césars* of his day.

What, in fact, are these so-called "Family Concerts," which figure in the galleries of the Louvre, and which are admired there under that title? What name can we give to the personages executing a concerted piece, and ranged round a table covered with a rich cloth? Would not any one take them for amateurs of the highest rank in society? All their costumes are perfect; some wear superb breast-plates, which the spectator thinks he hears resound—so true to nature are they; others have magnificent doublets, with a plumed hat, and a dagger in their girdle; the stout and haughty woman who beats time upon a spinet is a common type, but she is well-dressed and worthy of those around her. The party is brilliant and complete; there is a violoncello, a guitar, a violin, and a cornet. Nothing is wanting. Each of these instruments adds to the general harmony of the colouring by the beauty of its tones; you think, in a word, that you are in good and honest society; but, if you look more closely, you perceive sinister faces, you behold glistening, in the background of the picture, a certain countenance with a gallowa-look, which warns you that the place is a suspicious one; you feel that these pompous garments resemble those which have been stripped from the back of some traveller, and that all these fine gentlemen may possibly be nothing but highway robbers.

In order to be certain that we are not mistaken, we will stop before another of Valentin's pictures, which also represents "A Concert." Is it not rather a wine-shop, where the quartett merely serves as an interlude previous to the different personages proceeding to other amusements? Would you ever take for honest *virtuosi* those young men with their illuminated faces, who are accompanying on the violin and mandolin the lady who is singing, while their companions are cutting themselves slices from a pasty, or placing their lips to demijohns, surrounded by wicker-work? In sober truth, this concert is one which, in the eyes of an observer, cannot appear aught but the most decent portion of an orgy; and in the songstress, with the dishevelled locks, who is conducting the orchestra, we can only see the mistress of a low den of iniquity. But, after all, what vigour! what animation! how the picture captivates you by the magic of the *chiaroscuro* and the unexpectedness of its contrasts! Who would expect to see by the side of a *signor Cavaliere*, of such a graceful appearance, a thick-set, fleshy courtesan, exposing her breast to view, and with a skin which shows no sign either of the colour or the circulation of the blood under its coarse exterior?

But there is another point to which we would call the reader's

attention. Works in which there exists so high a degree of faithful observation, possess not only the merit of composition, but also a certain historical value of which the painter never thought. In that man with the well-turned leg and elegant appearance, who still retains the costume of the Medici, and whose face bears the traces of a merely semi-state of brutishness and moral degradation, it is impossible not to recognise the type of the mysterious heres who led a romantic life at Rome, who handled equally well the sword of the gentleman and the poniard of the *shorre*, who frequented places of bad repute, and thought that everything was permitted them, because they were nephews of a cardinal or bastards of the pope.

But, not to speak of the strange medley of persons, what shall we say of the block of marble, ornamented with bas-reliefs, which serves the musicians as a table, and on which there figures a large pasty, with the knife which has been used to cut it! "The idea of degrading the antique so far as to represent it in such a position! . . . Poussin would never have allowed himself such a liberty!" exclaimed a severe disciple of the classic school. "But to this depth, however, must all those come who despise beauty, and profess a contempt for all established principles. They are unable to produce any effect without having recourse to the powerful aid of contrast. Out of the ideal they form a pedestal for the actual; and whenever they introduce anything beautiful into their works, it is only to make ugliness stand out with greater prominence."

Every one knows the subject of the picture which is placed at the commencement of this monograph—it is "Cesar's Penny." The countenance of our Saviour is fine, but a little more nobleness in the look would be desirable. The faces of the Pharisees are expressive and natural. The group is skilfully arranged, and the drapery, which falls in graceful folds, is in Poussin's manner. The light is very properly directed on the principal personage, but that which is especially worthy of attention is the fine tone of the colouring and the broad bold manner of Valentin's execution. The only thing that really can be blamed in the whole picture is the anachronism of the spectacles.

Valentin's dissipated mode of life was the cause of his death. One day, during the great summer-heat, he had gone with his companions to amuse himself unreservedly in a certain place, where, according to his usual custom, he smoked and drank to excess, and heated himself to an extraordinary degree. After night had set in, he was returning to his own residence through the deserted streets of Rome, when, in passing over the Place d'Espagne, near the fountain Del Babuino, he felt a desire to throw himself into the basin, in order to quench the fire which was consuming him. This act of imprudence brought on, doubtless, a pleurisy, for he died a few days afterwards, in the year 1632, and the flower of his age, being only thirty-one years old.*

Was not this exactly the kind of death we might have expected for this strange being, who had always been carried away by the impetuosity of his character, and whose mode of life resembled so much his mode of painting; who was as unsparing of his powers as he was unmindful of all the established rules of his art, and who was as inaccessible to the dictates of prudence as he had been forgetful of the remonstrances of Poussin. With such a disposition Valentin could not have continued a rich man, supposing he had ever succeeded in becoming one. It is not surprising, therefore, that he died so poor, as not to leave sufficient for the expenses of his

funeral. It was the Cavalier Cassiano del Pozzo who defrayed them.†

Moyse Valentin holds the same place in the French school that Caravaggio held at Rome, Salvator at Naples, Ribera in Spain, and Gerard *della notte* in Holland.

*After the great movement of the Renaissance, which was only a return to the materialism of antiquity, there were still some men who were not yet contented. Michael Angelo had treated the "Last Judgment" like a large anatomical plate; he had dissected the human body and observed the play of the muscles in every possible position. Raffaele had invested matter with all the importance of which it was susceptible; unlike the successors of Cimabue, he had not thought it imperative on him to mortify the flesh. After having shared the apparent fervour of Perugino, he had gradually abandoned it, and finished by almost adorning form for its own sake. But this grand re-action against Gothic asceticism, this re-action to which Michael Angelo and Raffaele gave, at any rate, the finishing stroke, even if they did not begin it, did not appear sufficient or complete. The innovators wanted to go still further. The two great men we have just mentioned had borrowed from Nature her purest and noblest forms only; but the disciples of Caravaggio acknowledged no distinction, no choice of subject. They devoted themselves to the coarsest phenomena of matter, and believed that the value of their works consisted exclusively in the beauty of the execution.

Speaking of Valentin's death, Fabien Dillet says:—"Some critics think, but without giving any very good reason for their opinion, that had this artist lived longer, he would, by important modifications in his style and execution, have obtained a greater right to our admiration. But elevation of thought is not to be acquired; and it is evident that this was a quality in which Valentin was altogether deficient. Like Caravaggio, he appears to have strictly confined himself to a mere imitation of material nature. He preferred vigour to elegance, and seemed to be more desirous of making the various objects in his pictures stand out in bold relief, than of pleasing by the charm of his colouring. His flesh possesses less freshness and suppleness than that of Caravaggio, and he even outtrials this master in his too frequent use of black shade and concentrated light, which would very often almost induce us to believe that he was in the habit of painting with the aid of a lamp. But his drawing, which is generally correct, possesses a great deal of precision, his expression is frank and naïve, while his touch unites delicacy with firmness; and although the general tone of his colouring is open to the charge of being too dark, he was most eminently successful in his management of *chiaroscuro*. What a pity it is that an artist endowed with such powers of execution hardly ever represented any but personages of the lower classes, such as gipsies, toppers, and gamblers; and that, in most instances, he confined himself to painting kit-cats! Such as they are, however, his works are greatly prized by amateurs, and fetch, at present, a higher price than they probably would have done had they not been so scarce."‡

In this opinion we cannot help coinciding. Had Valentin lived to have painted more, he would merely have depreciated the value of his productions. He had attained, in all probability, all that he ever would have attained—a remarkable vigour and truthfulness of execution. His want of anything approaching the ideal was a fatal barrier to his ever rising to the first rank in his art. To all who, like him, advocate this principle of the actual in lieu of the ideal, we would say, in the words which Sir Joshua Reynolds used to the students of the Royal Academy, but which may be read with advantage by many others:—

"Nature herself is not to be too closely copied. There are excellencies in the art of painting beyond what is called the imitation of nature; and these excellencies I wish to point out. The students who, having passed through the initiatory exercises, are more advanced in the art, and who, sure of their hand, have leisure to exert their understanding, must now be told, that a more copier of

* The majority of writers make Valentin's death occur in 1632. Monsieur Duchesne, sen., fixes on August, 1632, as the date of it. According to the author of the "Catalogue of the Vatican," he died in 1623. The historian, Baglione, relates the circumstance of his death in the following terms:—"Era nella stagione calda della state, e Valentino andato co' suoi compagni a diporto in un luogo, e havendo preso gran tabacco (si come era suo costume) e co' quelli soverchiamente bevendo vino, s'inflamò di modo che non poteva vivere del grand'ardore che egli s'estiva. Ritornando a casa di notte retrovessi si a via alla fonte del Babuino e raportato dal gran' incendio che col moto ogni hora cresceva, gettosi dentro a quell' acqua fredda, e pensando d'acquistarvi ristoro, vi trovò la morte. Il freddo maggiormente riconcentrò il calore, e gli accese una febra sì maligna, che in pochi di fa estinto dal gelo della infidiale morte."—*Vite de' Pittori*, p. 223.

† "Si non era la pietà o la cortesia del signor cavaliere Cassiano del Pozzo, non v'era da dargli sepoltura."—*Vite de' Pittori*.

‡ "Biographie Universelle." Paris, 1827.

nature can never produce anything great; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator.

"The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive; instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination.

"The principle now laid down, that the perfection of art does not consist in mere imitation, is far from being new or singular. It is, indeed, supported by the general opinion of the enlightened part of mankind. The poets, orators, and rhetoricians of antiquity

true standard of beauty. So that Phidias, when he formed his Jupiter, did not copy any object ever presented to his sight, but contemplated only that image which he had conceived in his mind from Homer's description.' And thus Cicero, speaking of the same Phidias: 'Neither did the artist,' says he, 'when he carved the image of Jupiter or Minerva, set before him any one human figure as a pattern which he was to copy; but having a more perfect idea of beauty fixed in his mind, this he steadily contemplated, and to the imitation of this all his skill and labour were directed!'

"The moderns are not less convinced than the ancients of this superior power existing in the art, nor less sensible of its effects. Every language has adopted terms expressive of this excellence.



THE CONCERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

are continually enforcing this position: that all the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is to be found in individual nature. They are ever referring to the painters and sculptors of their times, particularly Phidias (the favourite artist of antiquity), to illustrate their assertions. As if they could not sufficiently express their admiration of his genius by what they knew, they have recourse to poetical enthusiasm; they call it inspiration—a gift from heaven. The artist is supposed to have ascended the celestial regions to furnish his mind with this perfect idea of beauty. 'He,' says Proclus, 'who takes for his model such forms as nature produces, and confines himself to an exact imitation of them, will never attain to what is perfectly beautiful. For the works of nature are full of disproportion, and fall very short of the

The *gusto grande* of the Italians, the *beau idéal* of the French, and the great style, genius, and taste among the English, are but different appellations of the same thing. It is this intellectual dignity, they say, that ennobles the painter's art, that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic, and produces those great effects in an instant, which eloquence and poetry, by slow and repeated efforts, are scarcely able to attain."

There is a singular circumstance connected with Valentin's fate, or rather with that of his pictures. They were greatly admired by Louis David, the restorer of classical art in France; yet they contained the first germs of that Romanticism whose advocates were destined,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Discourses."

at a subsequent period, to destroy the works of David and his school. Compared with Nicholas Poussin and Le Sueur, Valentin played a part nearly similar to that which, two centuries later, was reserved for Gérôme with regard to David and Prudhon. The Greek and Roman traditions, which, since the time of the Renaissance, ruled the art and literature of France, had not succeeded in completely obliterating all traces of the energetic instinct of reality which formed the foundation of the Gallic mind, and which had manifested itself in Poussin himself, through all his aspirations towards the Ideal. Valentin was, in France, the grandest example of that materialism, which was so striking and robust in the pictures of Le Nain, and which subsequently assumed so pleasing and naïvely elegant a cha-

genious Fymandre, does not fail to remark to the latter that Valentin's manner would have been less black if he had not imitated Carravaggio.† This profound reflection forms the extent of the appreciation felt for Valentin by one of our masters in the famous "Entretiens," of which many people are in the habit of talking without having read them. It is only in our own time that literary amateurs, belonging to the new school, have written some few pages filled with sympathy for Valentin, because they clearly perceived that if Valentin confined himself to the maids in an inn, to cavaliers lost in places of equivocal reputation, to dark-complexioned mendicants, to bravi and to heiduques, it was because, in their garments and cuirasses, he perceived the elements of a school of



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

● racter in the compositions of Chardin, down to the time when the disciples of the so-called Romantic School added the charms of a new species of poetry to this sentiment of the Real, this passionate love of Nature. As a necessary consequence of this, we find that the first persons to praise Valentin with any degree of warmth were the writers of the present school. In the books that were published on Painting during the last two centuries, Valentin is treated as a skilful artist who misapplied his talent. He is reproached with having produced low and vulgar types, and chosen subjects deficient in natural dignity.* Félibien, in his endless dialogue with the in-

painting which possessed its own peculiar kind of poetry, and because, in the wandering, mysterious, and singular life of these persons, he had the faculty of discovering a species of interest which was not that of mere reality alone. It is thus that Valentin was understood by his admirers, when they acknowledged him as one of their ancestors. It was not in spite of his materialism that they praised him, but because, on the contrary, they discovered in it a strange grandeur and an unexpected charm.

rendered. But you will everywhere find the most ignoble examples of nature, and that very frequently in subjects which require more dignity."

* "You admire in Valentin," says Cochin, "a vigour of colouring, a projection and roundness of the different objects, which is produced by half-tints highly coloured, and a truth of detail boldly

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres," p. 183, vol. iv., small edition.

Valentin was the representative of this modern pantheism, and, in our own time, his admirers should be more numerous than ever. Nevertheless, no one copies his pictures in the Louvre. This is either because our young painters despair of ever attaining such skill in execution, or because they have the good sense to understand that they should not imitate those men whose genius is only an excuse. In spite of this, Valentin, who is now deserted, is a master possessing every requisite to charm the spectator, namely, the poetry of colour, the artifice of exaggerated shade, the relief of the flesh, and those striking beauties, in a word, which move us at first sight, and prevent us from discerning those portions of the picture which the artist has sacrificed for the general effect; for it was only by these means that he was enabled, in so short a period, to command our admiration.

One day, when some person was showing Poussin Caravaggio's picture of "The Death of the Virgin," as the very finest production of art, Poussin replied, "It is an assemblage of servants." This opinion of a great man should have decided for ever this much-contested question. It is a crushing argument against all those who deny the intervention of judgment in the choice of forms, and who acknowledge neither the importance of the principal idea, the value of the subject, nor the preponderating influence of thought.

Dying at the age of thirty-one, Valentin left but few pictures, and a very small number of sketches behind him: his productions, prized as highly as those of the very first masters, have always been sought after for public collections, which their merit, still more than their size, pointed out as their proper place.

As is natural, the French museums are those which contain the greatest number. There are eleven of his works in the Louvre.

"Susannah's Innocence acknowledged" (p. 109), of which there is an engraving in this account; "The Judgment of Solomon," which we have also given (p. 105); "Cæsar's Penny," otherwise called "Le Christ à la Monnaie," which is placed as a head-piece to this chapter; "A Concert," which we have given (p. 104); "Two Soldiers accompanied by two Women," one of the women has got a soldier's hand in hers, and is telling him his fortune; another "Concert," which we have also engraved (p. 101).

In the Palace of Versailles are the four Evangelists—*"St. Matthew," "St. Mark," "St. Luke,"* and *"St. John."* We have engraved the one which is considered the finest, namely, *"St. Matthew"* (p. 108).

Previously to 1789, this ancient abode of royalty contained a composition representing *"St. Francis kneeling,"* also previously to this period there was a *"Christ's Descent from the Cross,"* at Coulommiers, Valentin's birth-place.

In the Palais Royal, previous to 1789, there were three of Valentin's pictures: *"The Four Ages," "A Woman playing the Guitar," "Music."*

In the Museum of Toulouse there is a *"Judith."* London describes this picture in the *"Annales du Musée,"* vol. xiv. p. 87; it once formed part of the collection in the Louvre.

In the Museum of Lille, *"Soldiers casting Lots for Christ's Garment."*

In the Museum of Valenciennes, *"A Concert;"* a young man is singing, while three other persons are accompanying him on different instruments; in the background there is a man lighting his pipe.

In the Museum of Nantes, *"Supper of the Pilgrims of Emmaüs;"* one of this master's most splendid pictures, and one of the most remarkable in the collection.

In the Museum at Rouen, *"The Conversion of St. Matthew."*

In the Museum at Tours, a *"St. Anthony."*

In the Museum at Dijon, *"St. John, St. Peter, and the Angel;" "A Recluse in Meditation."*

In the Vatican at Rome, *"The Martyrdom of St. Processus and St. Martinian." In the Capitol, "Jesus before the Doctors." In the Suarda Palace, in the same Capitol, "Rome Triumphant;" "The Devollation of St. John;" "A Copy of 'The Transfiguration' by Raffælle." In the Doria Palace, also at Rome, "Roman Charity;" "St. John," an academical study. In the Corsini Palace, "St. Peter denying Christ." In the Justiniani Palace, also at Rome, "Jesus washing the Apostles' Feet."*

In the Museum at Florence, *"A Guitar-player."*

In the Palais Madame at Turin, the *"Christ with the Column."*

In the Pinacotheca at Munich, *"Christ Reviled,"* or *"Christ in the Prætorium,"* the figures half-length; *"Queen Artemesia visiting the Basket-maker,"* figures half-length and size of life.

In the Dresden Museum there is a picture by Valentin, representing Homer: an old blind man is playing the violoncello, while a young boy is accompanying him with his voice.

In the Old Gallery at Düsseldorf, there was formerly *"The Game of Morra,"* painted by Valentin; five armed soldiers are seated round a table, in a guard-room, playing at the Italian game called *Morra.*

In the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg are two admirable pictures by Valentin. The one is *"St. Peter denying Christ."* It is described in the catalogue in the following terms:—"Four soldiers, amusing themselves at play, are seated in the vestibule of the palace of the high-priest; as the apostle is approaching them in order to warm himself, a damsel accosts him and questions him on his connexion with Jesus. Her questions excite the attention of one of the soldiers, who comes up to her. St. Peter yields to the weakness of human nature, and, raising his two hands, obstinately denies the truth of the accusation brought against him, while, at the same time, his looks betray him."

The other picture is entitled, *"Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple" (Jésus vengeant la Sainteté du Temple profané).* This picture possesses less merit than the preceding one, but still redounds to the glory of the painter.

There are two pictures of this celebrated artist in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

The only specimen of Valentin's talent in the Museum at Madrid is a *"Martyrdom of St. Lawrence."*

In the Belvedere at Vienna is a picture by Valentin, representing *"Moses with the Tables of the Law and the Rod."* In Prince Esterházy's Gallery there is *"A Repast."*

In London, in the Earl of Milnesmere's Gallery, in Belgrave-square, there is a picture by Valentin, representing *"A Concert;"* the figures are half-lengths. In Lord Northwick's Gallery there is a composition by Valentin, representing *"The Heads of two Angels smiling."*

Almost all Valentin's pictures, as the preceding nomenclature proves, are to be found in the various public galleries of Europe; the number of those which have remained in the hands of amateurs and been sold by auction is too inconsiderable to enable us to form a decided opinion on the commercial value of this master's works. We will, however, notice the few whose price is stated in the catalogues.

At the sale of the Duke de Tallard's collection, in 1756, under the direction of Remy and Glomy, two pictures by Valentin, one of which represents *"Soldiers playing at Backgammon,"* and the other, *"Soldiers playing at Cards,"* were knocked down to the Baron de Thiers for £16.

At M. de Julienne's sale, in 1767, a picture by Valentin, representing *"A Roman Soldier,"* more than half-length, size of life, was sold for £20.

In 1802, at M. Robit's sale, a picture, painted by Valentin on copper, and representing *"Susanna brought before the young Samuel,"* fetched £33.

These are all Valentin's pictures which we found mentioned; but when, on running through the various catalogues, we saw that the works of this master, as well as of Lenain, Chardin, and so many other illustrious artists of the French school, fetched nothing, while the most ordinary productions obtained the high price of £200, or £250, we felt justified in thinking that it was time for amateurs to devote their attention to a more profound study of the art, and learn to distinguish good from bad painting; by so doing, they would avoid throwing away large sums, and subjecting themselves to gross imposition.

With regard to Valentin, more especially, we shall conclude by observing, that he left no pupil, if we except a certain Tournier, a painter of Toulouse, who, according to D'Argenville, painted the *"Chapel of the Black Penitents"* in that city, as well as a *"Descent from the Cross,"* at Saint-Etienne, and a picture at the Mausoleum of St. Thomas.

Gilles Rousselet engraved the four plates of *"The Evangelists,"* which are at Versailles; Coëlmans, a *"St. Sebastian;"* Garlières,

two subjects of "Gamblers;" Boulanger, "The Accusation of Susannah;" Baudet engraved "Cæsar's Penny." Four pictures in the cabinet of the Archduke Leopold were engraved by Lisibetten, N. Soutter, Q. Boel, and Vansteon. Subsequently to this, Krüger of Dresden engraved, for the Musée Français, "Susannah's Innocence Acknowledged," drawn by Fragonard; Brouillard, "The Judgment of Solomon," also drawn by Fragonard; and Claessens, "Cæsar's Penny."

This last picture was also engraved by Et. Baudet. "Two Soldiers playing at Cards" was engraved by Cl. Donat Jardinier. "Five Soldiers quarrelling over Dice," a composition full of energy, and which we have given (p. 100), was engraved by W. Baillie.

To Valentin, as an etcher, we owe the engraving which we are about to describe. It does not bear his name, but François Langlois, called Ciartres, is reported to have brought the plate from Italy, as having been really engraved by Valentin, after one of his own compositions. It is executed with tolerable care, and is not common.

"Fortune-telling," a soldier between two women appears to be asking them to tell his fortune, which they are doing. A man seen to the left is picking the pocket of the woman near him, while he is making a sign of intelligence to the soldier with his left hand. The figures are half-length. On the right-hand side, in the margin, is the inscription, "F. L. D. Ciartres excudit." *

The National Library of Paris, so poor in specimens of the masters of the French school, possesses only one very small volume dedicated to Valentin's works. This volume contains a few bad engravings of his, and a large number of blank leaves, discoloured by smoke, and which time will destroy before any one thinks of collecting the compositions of this great painter.

Not only is Valentin's portrait wanting in the National Library and the Musée, but also in every other collection. It was first engraved from an artistic sketch, by M. Anatole Dauvergne, after the original painting now at Coulommiers.

Valentin put neither his signature nor any peculiar mark at the bottom of his pictures. Brouillot, however, in his "Dictionnaire des Monogrammes" (Munich, 1832), notices the fact of the letters "V B pinx." on the portrait of Nicolas Poussin, engraved by Louis Ferdinand, being attributed to Valentin. This is too vague to inspire us with much confidence; besides, the inscription in question is one found on an engraving executed by another artist, and not by Valentin.

NATIONAL PICTURES.

THE specimens of Guido—a name famous in the history of art—are in our collection by no means favourable; yet there are no less than eight of his pictures in the National Gallery. Two of them are to be found in the small room on the left hand as you enter, and are pendants to each other, and illustrate in a remarkable degree either the bad taste of Guido or that of his age, or perhaps of both conjoined.

(No. 87), "Perseus and Andromeda," is an illustration of Ovid's fable. Andromeda, chained to the rock, is standing in an execrably false attitude. Her grief is ridiculous, and her manner in the highest degree fantastical; but the method of painting in some measure atones for this, being fleshy and masterly. The colour, too, is very good; but the picture is deplorably dirty, and is not by any means seen to advantage. The bad taste of Guido is further shown in the figure of the approaching Perseus upon a perfect rocking-horse, presumed to be Pegasus. This caricature Guido would have us accept as the

"Gorgonis anguicomæ Perseus superator"

of Ovid. The taste is execrable.

(No. 90), "Venus attired by the Graces," is an equally celebrated, but equally faulty picture. The ladies who attire Venus, as well as her goldsmith herself, affect the most extraordinary

* "Le Peintre Graveur Français, ou Catalogue Raisonné des Estampes gravées par les Peintres et les Dessinateurs de l'Ecole Française," par Robert Dumesnil. Paris, 1844.

attitudes. Nor is Venus behindhand. The leg which one of her nymphs is dabbing rather than wiping is put out in an ungainly attempt at attitude; the head, which Euphrosyne is dressing, is thrown back with a fine lady-like air, which would speak rather of the court of some petty-Italian prince than that of nature. The very Cupid who attends them, and who holds up a glass for Venus, at which, by the way, her ladyship does not condescend to look, is nothing more than a handsome footboy. The draperies are also flat, and treated in by no means an artistic manner. The picture is of large size—no less than nine feet three inches by six feet two inches. It was presented to the nation by his Majesty King William IV. It has been engraved many times; the best engraving of it is by Strange.

The colour is, like Guido's generally, good; but, with that exception, were the picture a modern one, and exhibited, say by Frost, in the Royal Academy, it would be treated very roughly by critics who are able to judge. As it is, it has the prestige of the name of an old master.

Another of this master's works (No. 177), "The Magdalen," was purchased by the government from Sir Simon Clarke's collection, for £2,100. It is a half-length figure, life size, and is about as far from illustrating the subject the name of which it bears as anything possibly can be. Instead of a face full of repentant grief and holy rapture, misdoubting its own worthiness, yet full of faith, worn by watching and prayer, and with its eyes cast rather upon the ground than raised confidently to heaven, Guido has given us, as his idea of the Magdalen, a fat woman, looking boldly up to heaven, in an attitude struck for the occasion, and which begs the on-looker to admire it for its trick. Add to this that our sympathy is, by this unskillful mode of treatment, not appealed to; that the face is out of drawing, and the handling hard and colouring by no means brilliant; and then let any one ask why "government," or the person who at that time managed the gallery, could give so great a sum for so weak a picture.

(No. 193), "Lot and his Daughters," is another of Guido's pictures, which, from the subject, does not admit of criticism. The old man is of a brick-dust colour; and the subject wants refinement, and is thoroughly coarse and vulgar.

(No. 196), "Susanna and the Elders," by the same master, is another purchase of the government for £1,260. We doubt whether, if brought to the hammer again, it would fetch half the price. The figure of Susanna is graceful, but that is all that can be said in praise of it. It is careless in execution. The two elders are placed in the background, and entirely neglected, there being no variation whatever in their faces or attitudes.

The last and least of Guido's productions in this gallery is another sacred subject, one strange to Protestant ears—"The Coronation of the Virgin." It is a kind of apotheosis of St. Mary; angels surround her, and place a crown of lilies on her head. To keep the principal figure very prominent, the angels and the cherubs are, as it were, flattened; but the arrangement is graceful, the drawing is not very faulty, and the colour is vivid and brilliant. The picture, on the whole, is a very pleasing one, and gives a more favourable idea of the powers of Guido than those previously noticed. There is, however, a great want of mind in the picture; and, reviewing the specimens of Guido which we have gone through, one rather wonders at the price his pictures were formerly valued at, than that they have gone down in the market.

The master of Titian, Giorgione, a great artist in his day, and one not now to be despised, contributes one specimen to our gallery. It is (No. 31) "The Death of Peter Martyr." It is sketchy, well drawn, and forcible; but the hard, black shadows give no idea of the ordinary brilliancy of this master. The painting, however, is very interesting beyond its intrinsic merits, as evidencing the progress of the human mind in art.

Titian, the best of the Venetian school, and that painter who shares with Rubens the glory of being the finest colourist the world has seen, has five pictures, or *soi-disant* pictures, in Trafalgar-square. The first (No. 3), "A Musical Professor instructing his Pupils," is, we believe, erroneously ascribed to Titian. It is badly drawn, but its colour, the only merit it has, is excellent. It is questionable whether it has not been spoilt, from the look of the surface.

(No. 4), "The Holy Family," is a very agreeable picture, also by Titian, and in this case a genuine one. The infant Saviour is very excellent, but the St. Joseph stern, undignified, and forbidding. The colour is admirable, and this praise also applies to the handling.

(No. 32), "The Rape of Ganymede," a life-size composition of a boy carried off by Jupiter's eagle, is a picture worthy of Titian. The action of the boy, carried off without a chance of escape, yet looking backwards to the earth from which he came, is fine; the eagle and the sky well coloured; but, from the fact of the fable forming no point of credence amongst Christians, as well as the impossibility of the action, the picture loses its interest to an uneducated, nay, even to an educated mind. In shape this picture is an octagon, and fitted for the centre decoration of a ceiling, for which it was no doubt painted.

his countryman Dante fills in poetry—or Michael Angelo, we have in the National Gallery but one specimen, and that is, unfortunately, a very inferior copy. It is in the catalogue (No. 8), "A Dream—the Vices disclosed at the Last Judgment." It represents a man roused by the angel of futurity to look upon a retributive punishment, supposed to grow out of the vices of man. It is very grand in conception, and the figure of the man is one of the finest of modern conceptions, and will bear comparison with the antique, which Michael Angelo is known to have studied. The fact of imagining so great a picture shows how far superior was this painter to all others in mind. Of his power of drawing and finish, this gives little idea. The original, from which this picture is painted, is considerably larger—more than twice the size—and forms a portion of the royal collection of Spain.

Of the Claudes we have already spoken; those that the national



ST. MATTHEW.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

Of (No. 34), "Adonis and Venus," we have already spoken. The present picture is a copy.

(No. 35), "Bacchus and Ariadne," is the finest specimen of this master which is in this country. Yet to us the action of Bacchus alighting from his car seems awkward and ugly, and such as should not have been attempted; the figure of Ariadne also seems to be destitute of grace. Yet of this picture Mrs. Jameson says, that it "presents on a small scale an epitome of all the beauties which characterise Titian, in the rich, picturesque, animated composition, in the ardour of Bacchus, who flings himself from his car to pursue Ariadne, the dancing bacchantes, the frantic grace of the bacchante, and the little joyous satyr in front, hailing the head of the sacrifice." It cannot be denied, indeed, that this is a very fine picture, depicting of much study, full of excellent drawing, graceful composition, and rich colouring; and that it is one of the pictures well worthy of a national collection.

Of the great rival of Raffaele, the chief of the Florentine school, and the most epic of all artists, filling in painting the place which

collection possesses are very fine specimens, nor have they, whatever may be said to the contrary, suffered by their being cleaned.

Of the two Caraccis, Agostino and Annibale, who both adorned the same school, the Bolognese, and flourished contemporaneously, we are not without specimens, nor are those without worth. Of Agostino, the younger Caracci, we have but two specimens (Nos. 147 and 148), and these are cartoons, both of them, however, of a very fine order, beautifully drawn. The first is "Cephalus and Aurora," and can scarcely be too much admired, for its delicacy of conception and its grace of drawing. The arrangement of the picture, the clouds, and the Cupids, are very beautiful; and, as a cartoon, this may be deemed a very excellent specimen, and one worthy every consideration on the part of the student.

In (No. 148) "The Triumph of Galatea," the artist has been indelicate; but the composition, grace, and harmony of the piece can scarcely be surpassed. Had Agostino Caracci lived longer,

he would undoubtedly have been the first of the Bolognese school.

No less than eight pictures bear witness to the style and mind of the elder Caracci, Annibale. Of these (No. 9), "Christ appearing to Peter after his Resurrection" is unworthy of its high reputation, although it expresses strong devotional feeling and has about it some excellent colour. The blue draperies stand in curiously affected and sharp folds, devoid of much grace.

(No. 25), "St. John in the Wilderness," is open to much the same objection, and is besides monotonous.

(No. 56), "Landscape with Figures," and (No. 63), "Prince Guistiniani and his Suite returning from the Chase," are landscapes and favourable specimens of this style of painting by Caracci. The latter is a fine landscape; the sky is light, loose, and airy; the trees in the distance well painted; and the gay dresses of the

expression, so devout in the faith of the saint, so chaste in character and solemn in tone, that it should perhaps be attributed to Agostino Caracci rather than to Annibale. The reader will do well to study this picture, as a very excellent specimen of the old masters.

Of Raffaello, by many thought to be the prince of painters, we have four specimens, or *soi-disant* specimens. One we have already noticed. Another (No. 168), "St. Catherine of Alexandria," is quite unworthy of his name, and gives us but an indifferent idea of the painter of the Hampton Court cartoons.

(No. 218), "The Vision of St. George," a sleeping knight visited by an angel, is very good indeed for what it was originally intended for, the illustration of a book. The landscape at the back is what he might have caught from one of his master Perugino's pictures, and in composition is exactly one of those to which we now apply the term *Præ-Raffaellite*. The colour of this little picture is very



EUSANNA'S INNOCENCE ACKNOWLEDGED.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

courtiers of the prince light up a landscape which would otherwise be dull and sombre. This picture is one of those bequeathed by the Rev. W. H. Carr.

(Nos. 93 and 94), "Silenus gathering Grapes" and "Silenus teaching Apollo to play upon the Reed-pipe," though both small pictures, are both excellent. The latter is especially so; the grace and youth of Apollo, and the timid yet intelligent expression with which he glances at his old master, have never been surpassed. The attitude of jovial carelessness and the connoisseur look of Silenus are also very excellent; whilst the perfect animal nature of the head, in contrast with the quick intelligence of that of Apollo, is both excellent and remarkable.

(No. 198), "The Temptation of St. Anthony in the Desert," is one of the finest pictures in the gallery; but it is very different from any of the specimens of Annibale Caracci. It is so refined in

bright and pleasing, and cannot but give delight to those who look upon it as an early specimen of the great Italian master. Beneath it, in the same frame, hangs an outline—no doubt, the original drawing—which the artist has punctured, so as, by powdered plumbago or other means, to get the outline down upon the surface on which he painted the picture. The whole contents of the frame are very interesting, and so valuable, that although the panel only measures seven inches square, the British government, in 1847, gave the executors of Sir Mark Sykes £1,000 for it.

We shall again, and in our third paper, for the last time visit this gallery, in conjunction with another near London; and in the meantime we recommend those of our readers who are interested in art to pay another visit to the national collection in Trafalgar-square.

DISCOVERY OF OIL-PAINTING.

PREVIOUSLY to the commencement of the fifteenth century, the colours used by artists were mixed with a solution of fine gums, the yolks and whites of eggs, or with dissolved wax; and the manner in which the paintings executed in that style have preserved their colouring is surprising. It has, indeed, been asserted by some writers, that oil-painting was known in Italy so early as the thirteenth century; but some Tuscan pictures of that period were analysed by Bianchi, an able chemist of Pisa, and though apparently done in oil, the vehicle used proved to be wax, which served to protect the picture from damp, as well as to give a brightness and gloss to the colours. But all the oil discoverable in any picture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries which has been experimented upon, is a very small quantity of some essential oil, which appears to have been used in dissolving the wax. When eggs were used, the canvas had to be prepared with a coating of lime or gypsum, which acted as an absorbent; and gum-water required each covering of paint to be dried in the sun before a fresh colour was added, a process which, besides being very tedious, interfered with the harmony of the colouring.

John Van Eyck, an artist of Bruges, experienced the inconvenience of this process in a painful manner by the splitting of a panel he was painting by the heat of the sun, to which it had been exposed to harden the first coat of colour. This accident led him to turn his attention to the task of discovering a substitute for the vehicles then in use, which would acquire a proper consistency and hardness without the aid of the sun. After many experiments, he discovered that boiled linseed-oil and nut-oil were the most drying; and by mixing these with other articles he produced, says Vasari, "a varnish which, dried, was waterproof, and gave a clearness and brilliancy, while it added to the harmony of his colours." This discovery was made about the year 1410, and appears to have soon become known to the artists of Flanders and Germany; for there is a "Holy Family," by Aeyck, in the Dresden Gallery, creditably painted in oil, with the date of 1410.

The artists of Italy, admiring the harmony and brilliance which colours received under the new method, sighed to possess a secret so valuable to their art. Antonello da Messina made a journey to Bruges to obtain it from the discoverer, and having succeeded, returned to Italy, and communicated it to Domenico, a Venetian artist. The latter, after practising his art at Loretto and Perugia, where he enjoyed a high reputation in 1454, went to Florence, where the success which he obtained excited the envy of Andrea de Castagno, who was the first artist of the day, as regards vigour, design, and perspective. Jealous of the fame of Domenico as a colourist, he obtained the secret from him by pretending the warmest friendship, and then assassinated him, in order that he might be without a rival in the art. The mystery in which the deed was shrouded caused a number of innocent persons to be suspected and imprisoned; but Castagno, on his death-bed, disclosed his guilt, which has rendered his name infamous in the annals of

art. His finest works have perished; but there remain a "Crucifixion," painted on a wall of the Monastery of the Angeli, and another picture in the Church of Santa Lucia della Magnuoli. After the death of Castagno, the secret of painting in oil became generally known, and its superiority was so apparent that it soon became generally practised.

The chief painters of Italy, previously to the introduction of the method discovered by Van Eyck, were Cimabue and Giotto, whom Lanzi calls the Michael Angelo and Raffaele of their period. Some of the works of Cimabue are still preserved, as relics of art, in the Cathedral of Santa Croce at Florence. Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom he greatly excelled. There are several of his frescoes in a chapel at Padua, among which a "Crucifixion" and the "Casting Lots for the Vesture of Christ" have been much admired.

Few of the works of Van Eyck are now in existence. A picture containing the Virgin and Child, with St. George, St. Donatus, and other saints, is in the Cathedral of Bruges; this is in oil, and the colours are still fresh; but it has little of the boldness of composition, vigour of drawing, and brightness of colouring, which characterise the productions of later Flemish artists, of which school this painter and his brother Hubert were the founders. The Pembroke collection contains a small picture of "The Nativity," which is the best of Van Eyck's existing works; it is in oil, and the colours are, for the most part, very pure and fresh. The red garment of Joseph looks as fresh as if painted recently, and the same may be said of all the draperies, except that of the Virgin, which has changed from blue to dark-green.

The new style of painting did not make its way, and achieve a triumph over the old methods, without encountering some prejudices, as seems to be the fate of every discovery, whether in science or art. Even the mighty genius of Michael Angelo did not appreciate it; when requested by the reigning pontiff, Paul III., to paint the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel in oil-colours, he replied that painting in oil was fit only for women, and that if he worked at all it should be in fresco. He did so, and admirably as he succeeded, some connoisseurs have thought that the brightness of the colouring of his "Last Judgment" might have been improved. Leonardo da Vinci did not succeed in this style; the cartoon of the battle of Niccolò Piccinino, executed in rivalry with Michael Angelo, was never finished, on this account. Mecheirno, a painter of the Siennese school, was another who succeeded better in distemper than in oil.

The first of this school who adopted the new method of preparing colours was Matteo di Giovanni, whom some writers on art have designated the Siennese Masaccio; but he is far behind the old Florentine master, though he gave more variety of expression to his heads, more grace to his draperies, and more correctness to the human form, than the school of Sienna had before exhibited. The first of the Venetian school who painted in oils was Bartolomeo, whose last picture, an "Ascension," will bear comparison with the best works of the period in which he flourished—the beginning of the fifteenth century.

THEODORE GERICAULT.

THEODORE GERICAULT, of whose biography we gave some particulars in presenting an engraving of his masterly picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa,"* was a pupil of Guérin; the representative of pure classic art saw grow up in the bosom of his own school the beginning of that violent reaction in favour of the romantic style which became in Géricault a powerful reality. Strange, that the first who protested against the Greek nudities and all the race of Agamemnon should proceed from the studio of him who painted "Phædra," "Clytemnestra," and the "Sacrifice to Asculapius!"

Gros had imparted an heroic sentiment to matters that were really commonplace; Géricault continued the movement, but with more boldness, casting off the traditional rules of the antique school, in all that was antagonistic to the French character, and revealing the poetry of art in a very high degree.

Two passions revealed themselves in Géricault at a very early age, and remained undiminished during the whole of his brief existence; those were a love of the arts and a love of horses. The delight which he took as a boy in being among horses, and witnessing the hippodramatic spectacles and feats of equestrianism at Franconi's have been noticed in the article to which we have directed the reader's attention; and this love of horses he carried with him into the studio. To be a great horse-painter was his earliest ambition, and his first studies were the inimitable horses of Rubens; how far he attained the first, and the results of the latter, may be seen in the illustration which accompanies this notice of his works (p. 112).

Before he obtained a studio of his own, which he was for some time prevented from doing by his father, who disliked the avocation he had selected, he worked in those of his friends, usually in that of M. Dorey. In 1712 he rented an empty shop on the Boulevard Montmartre, where he painted his first picture, an equestrian por-

* Vol. i. p. 42.

trait, in full regimentals, of Lieutenant Dieudonné, of the corps of Guides, generally known as "The Chasseur of the Imperial Guard." The fierce-looking officer, who has his face turned towards the spectator, holds a curved sabre in his right hand, and seems to be ordering a charge. The ground is difficult, being broken and craggy, but the attitude of the horse is at once bold and natural. The plume of the rider's military cap is agitated by the wind, which also spreads out the short hussar's pelisse. The horse is gray; the head is full of fire and expression; and the finely-developed limbs show how well the painter had studied the motions of the animal. The filling up of the picture is in harmony with the principal figures. On the right is seen a field-gun; to which two horses are attached, but of which the drivers and gunners have disappeared. Through the thick cloud of smoke which the fire of the artillery has rolled over the field of battle, several hussars are seen charging, but only imperfectly, for they are partially veiled by the smoke. On the left, a trumpeter is sounding the charge, while about to plunge into the smoke which as yet conceals the enemy. The sky is dark and stormy, according well with the character and tone of the whole picture.

The exhibition of this picture was Géricault's *début* as a painter. Among artists of the old school it excited more astonishment than admiration; it was like nothing they had ever seen before, and the boldness of the young painter was not appreciated. Guérin had assured him that he would never become a great painter, and advised him to give up painting altogether. We are here reminded of the advice given by Sir Walter Scott to the Blirick Shepherd, that he should abandon poetry, in which he would never succeed, and give his undivided attention to his sheep and his pastures. Hogge thought differently from Scott, and Géricault differed from Guérin; the result in both cases proved that the pupil had a more correct perception of his own powers than the master.

Géricault was satisfied with his success, and was not long in producing a companion-picture to the "Chasseur." This was the "Wounded Cuirassier," which was exhibited in 1814. It represents a dismounted cuirassier, standing upon a sloping ground, and holding his horse by the bridle. The horse is a dark-bay, and his head recalls those of Gros. The unfortunate cuirassier raises his eyes to heaven, and sees only dark clouds—heavy, metallic, and bordered with a lurid and sinister light. Weakened by his wound, he seems about to sink under the weight of his distress. With one hand he holds the bridle of his horse; the other rests upon his sabre. The expression of his countenance is sad, yet energetic—such as characterises some of the soldiers in "The Battle of Eylau," by David. The sombre and desolate scene seems to imply that the picture represents an episode in the memorable and disastrous retreat from Russia, when the French soldiers were nightly roused from their Livonian fires by the attacks of the Cossacks, and so many thousands of brave men found their graves among the deep snow-drifts.

It was in the interval between the two exhibitions, in 1813, that Géricault produced his two superb studies of the fore and hind quarters of horses, now in the cabinet of Lord Seymour. The former is a series of seven figures in an oblong frame, and is much admired for the fire and grace developed in the attitudes. The study of hind-quarters is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind. The various attitudes of the animals are portrayed with a fidelity to nature which has never been surpassed; the action of scraping the ground with the foot, the unquiet movement of the tail, all are represented. The horses are of all colours—gray, white, chestnut, and black. These were subjects which few artists would have chosen; but Géricault took a peculiar delight in the representation of horses under every variety of aspect, and he produced them without any apparent effort. Every one saw that the painter had studied the nature and habits of the animal.

Returning to his studies after his brief period of service in the *gardes du corps*, his admiration of the pictures of Gros became more exalted every day, and he passed whole hours in their contemplation. It is said that he even paid nearly forty pounds for the privilege of executing a copy of "The Battle of Nazareth." He always pronounced the name of Gros with great respect, and spoke of his work in a tone of the most elevated enthusiasm. Though he had not concurred in the opinion of Guérin respecting

his own abilities, he seemed to despair of ever attaining the eminence of Gros. Yet, in the representation of horses, he excelled that painter. He was the first painter who, after having studied the different varieties of the horse, had portrayed them all with equal spirit and fidelity. Horace Vernet painted only troop-horses; Gros the Arab of pure blood; Vandermeulen the heavy-built Danish horse; Vandyck the Spanish jennet. Géricault is, perhaps, the only artist who has painted the horse in all its varieties. The free admiration which he professed for the works of others is honourable to his character, proving, as it does, that his soul was incapable of jealousy. When he discovered a beauty in the work of an artist, he pointed it out with a pleasure that was evidently sincere, and seemed to feel as much gratification in contemplating it as he would have done had the work been his own.

His visit to Italy had little or no effect upon his style, beyond increasing his contempt of colour. Regarding him as a painter of horses, what, in fact, had Italy to show him superior to the horses of Rubens, which he had studied in the Museum? It was after his return from Italy that he produced his striking picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa," which now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre. This fine picture, one of the finest productions of the modern French school, which delights in the portrayal of ghastly and horrible scenes of pain and suffering, has been so fully described in the notice referred to at the beginning of this article, that we need not dwell upon it here. It was exhibited in 1819, and occupied the painter six months in the execution.

This fine composition is almost the only one in which Géricault has departed from the representation of his equine favourites. In the "Horse Dealer" (p. 112), five cart-horses, of various colours, are represented, with hempen halters on their heads and tails tied up, indicating that they are on their way to some fair or market. The muscular limbs of the ponderous animals are well portrayed, and the artist has thrown into their heads some of the fire which distinguishes his war-horses. The foremost is bestridden by a rustic, who leads another by the halter, and an old man trudges behind. In his "Coal-Waggon" the horses are of the same kind—fine, powerful animals, five of whom are drawing a waggon, laden with coal, down a hill so steep and uneven, that they have evidently some difficulty in keeping their footing. The attitude of the trace-horse behind the leader, with his extended fore-leg firmly planted upon the ground, and his body thrown back, as if making an effort to save himself from falling, is excellent. One of the coalmen is seated on some sacks on the fore part of the waggon, in a position of easy indifference, while his comrade is holding the head of the shaft-horse nearest the spectator, to prevent the waggon from acquiring too great an impetus. The sea is seen in the distance, with a couple of fishing-boats gliding over the rippled surface. "The Flying Trot" is a picture of a different character, and yet revealing the same traits; two race-horses career over a wide plain—one rode, the other led by a groom; the head and slightly-curved neck of the mounted courser are very fine.

The accident which led to the death of this talented artist, at the age of thirty-three, was an incident in accordance with his whole life. Thrown from a fiery horse on the heights of Montmartre, he received injuries from which he never recovered, aggravated as they were by his rising from his bed before he had regained strength, and attending the races on the Champ de Mars, when he received a violent shock from a gentleman riding against him at full speed. During his second convalescence, he executed some charming sketches of Oriental costumes, most of which are now in the possession of M. Etienne Arago, brother of the eminent astronomer of that name. He even meditated the execution of two grand paintings, the subjects of which were to have been "The African Slave-trade," and "The Opening of the Doors of the Inquisition." From the evidence he has given of his powers in the "Wreck of the Medusa," there can be no doubt that the contemplated works would have added largely to his reputation had he lived to execute them. We can imagine the low shore of Guinea, the tall palm-trees, their feathery leaves hanging unmoved in the still and sultry air, the rude huts of the negroes, and the half-naked forms of the slaves, like the black sailors on the raft, their ebony countenances reflecting the grief, the terror, and the despair which Géricault has given such striking evidence of his ability to portray. And then the opening of the

Inquisition, the liberation of the victims of the Dominican brotherhood—what scope would have been there afforded for the representation of the same strong emotions! But a renewed attack of the malady carried off the artist, whose remains repose beneath a marble monument, the work of M. Etex, adorned with bronze reliefs, copied from his principal works.

Two pictures by Géricault, called "The Village Smithy," and "A Child Feeding a Horse," were exhibited by his friends shortly after his death. He also left a magnificent design of a man holding a horse, several studies for a picture of "Mazeppa" (a fine subject in the hands of such an artist), a pen-and-ink sketch of a mounted negro, and a design, executed in the same manner, for his contemplated picture of "The African Slave-trade." "A Brigand Scene," which he also left in his studio, is a grand composition, containing a number of spirited figures.

victims of shipwreck being represented much nearer to the raft than the painter finally decided upon depicting it. Another design for the same picture, in the possession of M. Ary Scheffer, presents a still wider departure from that which he transferred to the canvas; it represents the mutiny and bloodshed by which additional horrors were added to those of shipwreck and famine.

In the collection of M. Collot is a painting by Géricault called "The Sèvres Diligence," and the gallery of M. Delessert contains a very fine one, representing a brewer's dray, loaded with beer-barrels, and drawn by two stout horses; in the foreground is a black dog. The lithographs which he executed are very numerous, and in the first style of the art. The Bibliothèque Royale at Paris possesses ninety-six subjects; and since the principles upon which Géricault worked have been better understood and appreciated than they were during his life, they have been several times repro-



THE HORSE DEALER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERICAULT.

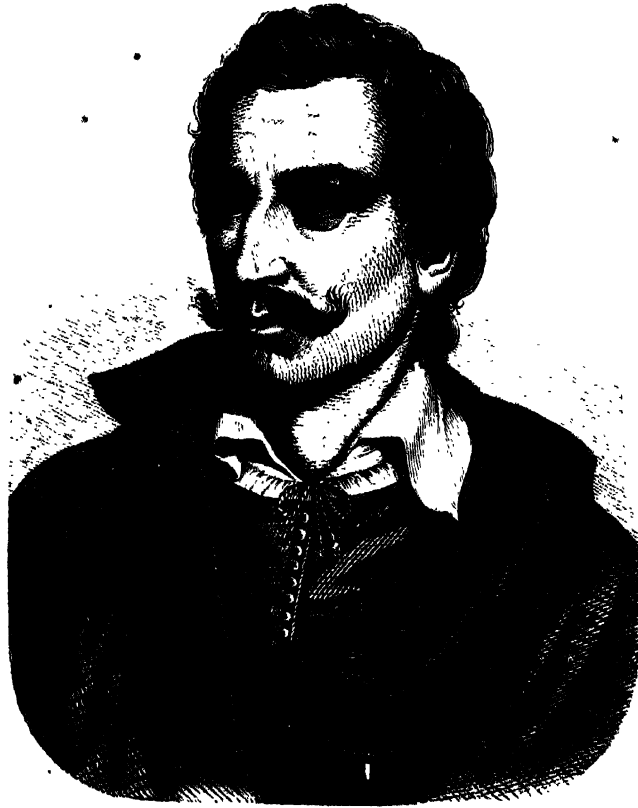
Some of the most striking productions of Géricault are to be seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal. Besides the equestrian portrait of Lieutenant Diéudonné, commonly known as "The Chasseur of the Imperial Guard," that collection contains his "Exercising on the Plain of Grenelle," his "Hussar in a Charge," and his "Wounded Cuirassier," already noticed. "The Wreck of the Medusa," as already stated, adorns the walls of the Louvre Gallery. Many of his drawings are comprised in the collections of MM. Scheffer, Collot, Baroilhet, Eugene Delacroix, and others. The cabinet of M. Nacelle contains a small, but very beautiful painting, in a style which Géricault seldom attempted; the subject is the mythological fable of Leda and the swan. In the same collection is a very fine study of a flute-player, and two pen-and-ink designs for the "Wreck of the Medusa," differing from the picture and from each other; the ship which bore down to the relief of the famished

duced. The celebrated engraver, Reynolds, who assisted to make Géricault known in this country by his engraving of "The Wreck of the Medusa," executed several other plates after his compositions, in the dark and striking style which characterises his works.

The pictures of this master are seldom met with at public sales. In 1837, however, a racing-piece, from the cabinet of M. Ducaa, representing three horses, mounted by the jockeys who are to contend for the prize, and pushed to a gallop, was sold for £14. Another racing-scene, finished by Géricault, produced £22. A picture of a jockey holding a race-horse was sold for £46, and a study of one of the horses of Napoleon, £36.

Géricault seldom affixed his signature to his pictures; the "Wreck of the Medusa" is not signed; the "Chasseur" in the Palais Royal, however, bears a signature.

JACOB RUYSDAEL.



THE father of this eminent landscape painter exercised a profession which brought him into constant communication with artists. He was a manufacturer of those fine ebony frames which were then in such great repute in the Netherlands, and the simplicity of which accorded so well with the tastes and habits of the people. Having acquired a certain degree of competence, he had given his son a



liberal education; and Jacob, after a rapid progress in classical studies, took a degree in medicine, which he is said by Houbraken to have practised with success before he became a painter. We know that Ruysdael learnt to draw, and even to paint, in early youth, his father's shop being frequented daily by the great artists of the day; but we are ignorant of the epoch at which he abandoned medicine and surgery for painting. Descamps asserts, that at the

age of twelve he had painted pictures which astonished every artist; but we may be allowed to suppose that the desire of adding to the glory of this great painter the merit of a marvellous precocity, has led his admirers to attribute to him some pictures of his brother Solomon, who was twenty years older than himself.

It often happens that, in strong and impassioned natures like that of Ruysdael, the ruling passion does not reveal itself until it has been a long time buried in the deep recesses of the mind. It is, therefore, more prudent to rely on the testimony of Houbraken, without heeding the assertions of Descamps, whose notice of Ruysdael contains almost as many errors as words. For instance, this very artist, who is represented as having produced masterpieces at the age of twelve, is described by the biographer at a later period as going to acquaint Berghem with the ardent passion he felt for painting. At what age could he have conceived that passion, if he had practised the art so successfully at the age of twelve? But this is not the only error which this writer has committed. "The works of Berghem," says he, "pleased Ruysdael very much; it even seemed as if there was some resemblance between the genius of both; he paid him a visit at Amsterdam, and acquainted him with his great passion for the art of painting. - It is not said that Berghem was his master, but we are assured that they were closely united in friendship. This is enough to make us believe that so intimate a union contributed to the advancement of Ruysdael. Surmise becomes certainty when, on examining his works, we recognise the touch and colour of him who had been his guide." This passage is a curiosity in its way, for if there ever existed two men of a genius not merely different, but diametrically opposite, these certainly were Ruysdael and Berghem. Grace, spirit, gaiety, were the attributes of the latter; grave sensibility and deep emotion constitute the soul and strength of Ruysdael, and therein lies his greatness. At no period of his life can we discover in his touch the resemblance of which Descamps speaks. As to his colour, it is altogether different from that of Berghem; the gay and bright tones are rig-

rously banished; and red, for instance, never appears in his pictures at all. The probability is, that Jacob Ruysdael, who lived at Haarlem with his brother Solomon, yielded, on seeing him paint, to the promptings of his own genius, and formed his first style upon that of his brother. The works which he first executed are easily distinguished by the hardness of the touch, and the colour and composition of the skies.

An engraving, after Ruysdael, entitled "A View in the Environs of Rome," is sometimes met with in the windows of print-shops, which has led some writers to conclude that he had travelled in Italy. But inscriptions under prints are not always to be depended upon; and in the present instance there is nothing to justify the title that has been given to it. It is a gloomy landscape, under a northern sky, covered with rain-charged clouds. No splendid ruin indicates the vicinity of the Eternal City. Some gentlemen are boating on a canal; but their costume is not very characteristic, and no more Italian than the landscape itself. There is no proof, therefore, that Ruysdael was ever in Italy; not one of his works bears a trace of it—on the contrary, they are all of a sombre green, invariably opposed to a sky of slaty-gray. The gleams of light which sometimes illumine his melancholy pictures, are nothing more than the rays of that sun which, rending its misty veil, warms up from time to time the marshes of the Drenthe, or the moist plains of the Zuyderzee. It is impossible, however, to believe that Ruysdael never quitted Holland, though it is asserted by Descamps, "Ruysdael and Berghem," says he, "only copied the environs of Amsterdam and never quitted their country." With respect to Berghem, we look upon it as certain that he went to Rome, and brought from thence the Greek architecture and ruins which enhance the charm and the value of his pastoral pictures. With respect to Ruysdael, it would be difficult for him to discover, in the environs of Amsterdam, mountains so high that their summits tower above the clouds, lakes surrounded by elevated peaks, and waterfalls, such as are seen in the mountain regions, whence spring the sources of great rivers. Amsterdam is situated in a country presenting the fewest inequalities of any upon earth. Meadows, canals, and the sea, are the chief objects to be seen around the Dutch capital; and an author, who was, doubtless, acquainted with the works of Ruysdael, must have carried his ignorance or simplicity very far when he wrote that their master copied only the environs of that city.

The landscapes of Ruysdael are evidently from nature, and it is equally evident that he could not have found these romantic and picturesque subjects in his own country. It is probable that he resided some time on the borders of Westphalia, and there found those wild and sombre scenes, the aspect of which agreed with the sadness of his own heart.

Though a restless and unsocial poet, a lover of solitude, fond of wandering in the woods in reverie, and soothing his melancholy by the roar of torrents, Ruysdael was linked in friendship with a painter whose character and genius were totally different from his own—Berghem. So true is it that sympathy of minds does not always depend on their resemblance. Berghem was a man of a lively and gay disposition. Being ten years older than Ruysdael, he could give him advice with the authority to which his works, his reputation, and his school entitled him; but there was between these artists a diversity of genius which, though the men were united, must have separated the painters. Ruysdael was little understood by Berghem, and thus the union of their talents generally produced nothing but incongruities. They were as dissimilar as the song and the elegy. Upon the verge of the sombre forest of Ruysdael, or on the banks of his foaming torrents, Berghem would paint gay and lively villagers, careless shepherds driving their flocks to pasture, or a peasant carrying the farmer's young wife in his arms, while his companion pulls an obstinate little donkey along by the tail. Who can be blind to such discordance, or ignorant how grievously the unity of sentiment which reigns in the landscapes of Ruysdael must be broken by the presence of those obtrusive figures, which break the solitude of scenes whose solemn silence enchants the pensive dreamer? The intervention of any strange bond in a painting almost invariably spoils the unity of the first impression, that is to say, its grandeur. For our own part, we would prefer meeting in the forest solitudes of Ruysdael only those small figures, awkwardly drawn perhaps, that

pass indistinctly in the distance, and, by simply realising the image of man, allow the thoughts of the spectator to flow freely, and make no noise in the picture.

Houbraken informs us that Ruysdael had resolved to lead a life of celibacy; and adds that he sacrificed the pleasures of the marriage state to the desire of assisting his aged father, and of never quitting him. Ruysdael had espoused nature, as it were, and this mysterious love was sufficient for his heart. His poverty may have been another reason for this abnegation. Ruysdael continued poor all his life. How could he pursue fortune, who followed poetry alone? Such fine natures are generally all of a piece, and Ruysdael's disinterestedness might be conjectured, even if it had never been proved. He whose works have enriched so many speculators, lived poor, and died young, on the 16th of November, 1681.

That ineffable melancholy, which art has never fully expressed, and which seems peculiar to a few sensitive minds, tormented this great landscape painter to his dying day. While so many artists looked on the country, like Berghem, only in a picturesque point of view, in its happy aspects, its harmonious colouring and its brilliant light, Ruysdael, a prey to this indescribable feeling, pursued, in the bosom of nature, the imperceptible and unknown ideal. Along the monotonous heaths of Keramer, in the marshy meadows of Haarlem, in the forests and at the foot of the mountains of Westphalia, he aspired to penetrate the all-pervading soul which the pantheists ascribe to the world. And as a proof that the real torment of this great painter was an aspiration beyond the invisible world towards that infinity which seems to be represented by the undecided lines on the horizon of his landscapes, he abandoned an honourable profession, the exercise of which he had successfully commenced, to seek by painting to give expression to his secret thoughts and the mysterious effusions of his melancholy.

Ruysdael is the painter of nature's elegies, and the poet of souls tried by sorrow. He seeks out the most mysterious solitudes, the most hidden recesses; he reclines at the base of a ruin, he wanders amid forsaken tombs, he walks in melancholy mood on the banks of torrents, whose murmuring fall lulls suffering humanity to rest, contemplating at times the creeping ivy as it embraces the stems of giant trees, or is reflected in the inundations of the plains. If there be a corner of the earth forgotten by human-kind, where mourning nature seems to bewail her isolation, it is there he stops. He seems in fact, to have enjoyed that voluptuousness which Montaigne had vaguely divined, without having felt it, when he wrote: "I fancy there must be some relish of epicurism and delicacy even in the lap of melancholy." It often sufficed him, to inspire this feeling, to represent a lofty pine, whose foliage spreads out at the summit of a tall and naked stem. The background of the landscape, ornamented with wood, mingles with the vapours of the horizon; the tree rises, isolated and detached from all surrounding objects, into the deep cerulean sky. Its immovable shadow darkens the waters of the lake which surrounds the narrow promontory where its roots are imbedded. A few cows are enjoying the refreshing fluid a little further on, and the gurgling of the water against their sides is the only sound that disturbs the solemn silence of the retreat. The idea, the arrangement, and the composition of this picture are all of the greatest simplicity, but the effect is nevertheless great.

But if we would fully comprehend the pathetic beauties which Ruysdael knows how to spread over his works, even the most simple in appearance, we must pause with deep respect before that celebrated picture, which represents the "Cemetery of the Jews at Amsterdam." Three or four tombs, composed of large stones, hewn in a rude and simple style, lie scattered in disorder at the foot of a great elm-tree. The uneven and stony ground, rarely pressed by the foot of man, is covered with a rank growth of weeds and long grass. In the background is seen a clump of trees, above which rises the spire of a church. *The sky is dark, but a bright sunbeam breaks between the clouds, and falls upon this field of death. The light of this sunbeam is dazzling; and the whiteness of the gravestones, which are vividly illuminated, is enhanced by the strong shadows which cover the other objects. There is something in the very brightness of this light which it is impossible to define—something which seems to remind us that it falls in vain on the tombs of the departed, that—

"The sun of life can warm the dead no more!"

The sky, too, has a character mournful beyond the power of language to express. It is veiled, like the earth, in a funereal hue. What solemn thoughts must fill the minds of those three Jews, clothed in long robes, who are threading the narrow path between the tombs! How touchingly suggestive! The great painter has represented soaring above those men, so faithful to those who are no more, a flock of swallows, birds of remembrance, whose nests may be found every summer in the same place.

Every one who walks through the Dresden Gallery, where this picture hangs, is struck with its melancholy aspect, which so eloquently reminds the spectator of the dark history of a race everywhere anathematised and proscribed. In the midst of those landscapes of the Dutch school, of those smiling pastorals of Karel and Van der Does, this sublime picture imparts a shock to the mind. By the side of those pale Dutch skies, we are only the more forcibly struck by the sunbeam which falls upon those tombs, and brightens a large broken stone, on which are cut certain illegible characters. There is nothing more solemn than such a spectacle, and nothing more sad. The epitaphs become green under the weeping willow. A dead and naked trunk elevates its leafless head near the tombs, which are already themselves in a state of ruin, offering a strong contrast to the fine group of trees which rise vigorous and verdant, as if to remind us, in the very bosom of death, of the ever-springing youth of nature. There is in this picture an abyss of melancholy, and to render it still more overpowering, the painter has introduced into it the fall of a torrent, which disturbs the silence of the tombs with the dashing of its waters.

A modern critic tells us that, in gazing upon this picture, he found it impossible to shake off the thought that Ruysdael might have himself belonged to that persecuted race, which, at that time sheltered in Holland, produced so many illustrious men. There appeared to him, in this pathetic picture, something more than the feeling of a great artist, and he was impressed with the idea that so fine a work must have been inspired by the sensibility of one of the faithful over the tombs of his brethren. We know to what an extent the Jews carry their respect for the graves of the departed, and that this feeling is amongst the number of their most cherished traditions. Mourning amongst them was always excessively rigid: they beat their breasts, rent their clothes, covered their heads with ashes; and, mingled as they are with the Christian nations of the West, they still preserve among them the vivacity of manifestation peculiar to the Oriental races. Whether Ruysdael really belonged to the Hebrew nation, whose burial-place he has so devotedly painted so often and with such a marked predilection, is a point which must still continue in obscurity, since this conjecture of the critic is based upon no other data than that afforded by this picture. The lives of painters, however, are often written more truthfully in their works than in books; and how are we to explain the frequency and the evident pleasure with which Ruysdael reproduced this picture, if he was not led into such scenes by some impulse of religion and of the heart?

It is a remarkable circumstance, that Ruysdael excited the same thoughts and produced the same emotions at different epochs, and that Taillasson, a writer of the time of Napoleon I., who belonged by education to another class of literature, and had different ideas from our own, criticised Ruysdael, and comprehended him as he is comprehended and criticised by the present generation, and with precisely the same feeling. He speaks of those sylvan retreats, "those wild heaths surrounded by sombre woods, where, separated from the rest of mankind, far from the fatigues of pomp, in the midst of silence and repose, one listens with respect to the sublime voice of nature. The landscapes of Ruysdael frequently offer similar retreats, in which very few figures are seen; the imagination delights to roam there, peopling them at will. He was fond of painting those nooks and corners of woods, mysteriously illuminated—favourable retreats for dreaming lovers and philosophers, where we seat ourselves with a book, which we soon neglect for thoughts we delight to indulge in; these spots are almost always divided and enriched by limpid brooks, which, in their tardy progress, are embellished by the reflection of the sky that illumines them, and of the banks and trees whose freshness they nourish, while the latter in return shelter them from the all-absorbing heat of the sun. Sometimes ducks, geese, and silvery swans are seen

upon these pacific waters, undertaking voyages which are not of long duration.

"We cannot find in the works of the painters of his country such touching poetry as he has imparted to his own, which inspire a tender melancholy; this, doubtless, arises from the sensibility of his mind, from his choice of subjects, and from the deep tint of all his greens. He has often painted the tombs of the Jews at Amsterdam. Those silent resting-places, surrounded by trees, while moulding the mind to sadness, please the eye by their unity, by the simplicity of their forms, and by the harmony of their colour. We do not see in his pictures the proud and terrible sites of a mountainous country; nor do we see in them pompous edifices, or the noble ruins of splendid architecture; no broken pillars or overturned capitals—the sorrowful remains of faded grandeur; but we see a rich soil, covered with abundant vegetation, the strong and harmonious colouring of nature, the airy vapour, the brilliancy of light, and the modest habitations of a prudent people enriched by their own industry."

There exist some very fine marine views by this painter, the more precious because they are rare. He had not far to go to seek his subjects and his inspiration. At two leagues from Amsterdam, where he had established himself, he found the Zuyderzee; and not far from that all the coast of Holland bathed by the ocean. The Dutch school boasts many painters who have shone in the representation of maritime scenery; but those of Ruysdael are easily distinguishable from others of the same description; like all the rest of his works, they bear the stamp of his genius. His is not the smooth and transparent sea of Van Goyen, the foamy, billowy ocean of Bakhuysen, nor the blue and rippling water of Vandervelde. Ruysdael's waves are deep and sombre; his tempests have an indescribable distraction, and recall the genius of Rembrandt. The Louvre possesses a marine picture by this master, in which are seen some vessels in a squall. The deserted beach offers no other object than a wooden jetty, shaken by collision with the waves. The colour of the water, which becomes yellow at the approach of the hurricane, is admirable for its truthfulness. The waves, in breaking, bend the long reeds which have taken root in the mud round the jetty. They are seen writhing and mixing with the swelling flood, still transparent, though stirred up. Lead-coloured clouds hide the day; it is the presentiment rather than the spectacle of a storm; we do not see the danger of those at sea, but we can divine it, and the imagination magnifies it, struck by the powerful emotion imparted by the genius of the painter.

We have dwelt thus long on the peculiar and, as German critics would call it, the *subjective* character of the works of Ruysdael, because it is that which essentially constitutes the originality and genius of his works. It is in *feeling* that the superiority of this great painter consists; and it may be said, that he felt nature even more than he studied it. Valenciennes accuses him of having made use of the means which certain artists employ, who take as models small branches of trees and small stones, in order to draw whole trees and large rocks from them. "These artists," says he, "believe they are painting their pictures from nature, while they are only deceiving themselves; for the more correctly they copy these models, the more they increase the falsity of their painting. And, in fact, for the same reason that the proportions of a child do not resemble those of a man, the formation of a branch is of quite a different character from the construction of a tree. The texture of the bark is very different; and on this point the humblest connoisseur cannot be deceived." It is not impossible that Ruysdael may, now and then, have employed this convenient method, which rendered it unnecessary for him to leave his studio in order to consult nature; but to say that the majority of his trees are copies from pieces of wood found in forests, is going too far. Ruysdael has been cited at all times for the truthfulness of his trees, and especially of the foliage, which enables us to distinguish one from another; and also for that sharp and firm touch which determines the profile of the masses, and enhances the silvery colour of the trunks by the vigorous tone of the foliage; for example, the smooth white bark of the birch and the beech, which shines through the thickest verdure.

Ruysdael has at times fallen into the fault of which Valen-

ciennes accuses him, it is in his etchings rather than in his paintings. It may be observed, in fact, in the print known as "The Cottage on the top of the Hill," that the fallen tree which leans towards the right does not appear in proportion with the rest of the objects, and may have been sketched from a small bough. Such a liberty may be pardonable in an etching, in which the artist wished to express for his own use the sentiment, or the recollection which occurred to him at the moment, rather than to draw a correct and precise study; but it would be inexcusable in a finished picture, and this fault Ruysdael never committed. While upon the subject of this master's etchings, we may here give the critique of Bartsch: "His prints," says he, "denote the extreme rapidity and light hand of their author. One might say, they are rather written than drawn. The foliage is a spirited and confused scratching, composed of a series of zig-zags, which serve in a wonderful manner to represent real nature, every form of which should not be too clearly determined, if one wishes to avoid falling into mannerism. There is nothing of what is called method, but a rare taste, and the greatest truth reigns over all."

Ruysdael was the painter of melancholy. His pictures were but the reflex of the workings of his own sombre and moody spirit; and doubtless they owe much of their impressiveness to the awe

was one of those upon whom the burden sat more heavily, and who never sought to cast it off. Those who possessed some buoyancy of spirit, whose attention was more easily diverted, saw in his works the truthful expression of phases of their own inner life. They saw that he had achieved on canvas what the pen could never accomplish--the expression of the sorrows and aspirations of the soul, by depicting the lonely and terrible in nature. What in them was the result of passing caprice or disappointment, was in him an abiding principle. It was in nature, and in nature only, that he found something to sympathise with every phase of his enduring melancholy; in the waterfall there was the monotonous but soothing cadence, sweeter to him than the voices of a choir, or the sound of stringed instruments; and in the hollow moaning of the winds through the pine forests he uttered his own griefs, in accents that none might hear and mock at. The woes of *Electra*, the "Sorrows of Werter," and the gloom of *Manfred*, are combined on his canvas in another form, but expressed no less solemnly and mournfully than in the airy fancies of the poets. No other exponent of this morbid sentimentality has ever met with so much success. The language in which he speaks is that of the eye, the same in all countries; and the idioms he uses are of nature's own devising, everywhere alike, and understood by all.



THE RUINED BRIDGE. -- FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

with which the world ever looks upon complete isolation from itself and its pursuits. It has little sympathy with those who seek it; but if a man seeks to nurse a great sorrow, and let it feed for ever on his own life, nourishing it with the daily contemplation of whatever is gloomy in nature, without seeking relief from his fellows, it watches his proceedings and chronicles his utterances with absorbing interest. The shade of melancholy, remorse, sadness, or despair, which has lent to the genius of Byron so much of its gloomy charm in the eyes of the public, and which has shed interest upon the story of the "Wandering Jew," is seen more distinctly in the paintings of Ruysdael than in either the poetry or the tale. He is the only artist who has fully embodied that passionate longing for rest and solitude, which, though it may be less active or recur less frequently in the lives of some than of others, exists in all. Who is there who cannot recall some hours of satiety or weariness, when the dark glen, the secluded waterfall, the gloomy forest, the stormy sky, the deep mist on the mountain top, or the hoarse dash of the surge of the lonely sea-shore, were sounds and scenes more welcome than any he could find in the busy haunts of men? This gloomy mood in most men passes away like a morning cloud, and they rouse themselves, return to society, and are happy; but Ruysdael

A gallery of paintings is not complete unless it contains some by Ruysdael, who, although he died young, left a great number.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses six, the most remarkable of which are -- "A Forest crossed by a River," an admirable picture, with figures and cattle by Berghem; "A Thicket," with fine effect of light, which rivets the attention of all who look upon it; "A Windmill," with effect of the sun; and "A Tempest."

The Belvedere Gallery at Vienna possesses two of Ruysdael's pictures: "A Forest crossed by a Brook," and "A Woodland Scene."

The Pinacothek at Munich has no less than nine, among which are "A Cascade," "A Steep Road," covered with trees and brushwood, and "A Snow Scene."

The Gallery at Dresden has seven, of which the most remarkable are "A Village in a Wood," "The Château de Bentheim," and "A Landscape," with figures by Adrian Vandervelde, whose additions are more in harmony with Ruysdael's pictures than those of Berghem.

The Museum at Amsterdam possesses only two of his: a magnificent "Cascade," and "A Hilly Landscape."

The Museum at the Hague contains three: "A Cascade," "A Sea-shore," and "A View of the Environs of Haarlem."

The Museum at Berlin contains two, and that of Madrid the same number, all forest scenes.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg is very rich in Ruysdaels, and some of them are of the first order. We may mention—"A Sandy Road," with a peasant followed by his dog; "A Pathway in a Wood," on the verge of a stagnant pool; "A Landscape," in which the principal object is an old beech tree, struck by lightning, and fallen into the waters of a torrent; and "An Oak Tree blown down by the Winds."

The Bourgeois Gallery at Dulwich College, a few miles from London, contains five pictures by this master:—1. "A Landscape," a blasted tree in the foreground, and a single figure coming along the road. 2. "A Waterfall," with a hill in the distance. 3. "A Landscape," with two mills. 4. "A Landscape." 5. "A View near the Hague"—very fine.

The private galleries of England contain many of this artist's pictures; that of Sir Robert Peel possesses two, which are thus described by Waagen:—"1. 'A Grand Waterfall,' of such truth

able, because it shows the influence which Hobbema sometimes had over Ruysdael. In the intention and treatment it so much resembles him, that it is ascribed to him in the catalogue. 3. "A Floodgate," with a windmill and other buildings; a picture which is particularly pleasing by the brilliant sunlight, the clear water, and the powerful colouring. 4. By the side of a wooded hill a stream flows, in which two fishermen are drawing their nets; the coolness of the wood and water is particularly attractive in this picture, the tone of which is dark. 5. A rapid stream rushes through a dark forest. Some charcoal-burners and wood-cutters heighten the feeling and solitude which predominate in this dark-toned picture, which was formerly an ornament of the Lapériere collection.

In the collection of Sir Abraham Hume is Ruysdael's "Corn-field" (p. 117), a nearly flat country, with a number of cows and sheep, admirably executed by Adrian Vandervelde.

There are five Ruysdaels in Lord Ashburton's collection, one of which, representing a village, is of great merit, the others are genuine and pleasing pictures, but not of the first class.

In Mr. Hope's collection there is only one, which represents a stream rushing between two pine clad hills. In the foreground a



CORN-FIELD. FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

that you could fancy you heard it roar; of a force and freshness in the tone, and care in the execution, as we very rarely meet with in such subjects by this master. His model of such scenes was evidently Eberdingen, who was rather older, and, during a residence in Norway, drew from the fountain of nature. This picture, which came originally from the celebrated Brentano collection in Amsterdam, was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel from the collection of Lord Charles Townshend. 2. "A Winter Landscape," with a view of a canal, along which runs a road. The feeling of winter is here expressed with more truth than I have hitherto seen; at the same time, the drawing, light and shade, and gradation are masterly, and the touch wonderfully light and free."

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Ruysdaels:—1. "View on the plain near Haarlem," which is covered with trees; a ray of light falls between dark shadows of clouds. The picture, which is extremely well executed, inspires a feeling of deep melancholy. 2. "A Wood," through which a road leads to a village, the church of which appears. The numerous figures of horsemen, a cart, and other figures, are by Philip Wouvermann. This fine picture, in which the feelings of country life are vividly expressed, is remark-

able, because it shows the influence which Hobbema sometimes had over Ruysdael. In the intention and treatment it so much resembles him, that it is ascribed to him in the catalogue. 3. "A Floodgate," with a windmill and other buildings; a picture which is particularly pleasing by the brilliant sunlight, the clear water, and the powerful colouring. 4. By the side of a wooded hill a stream flows, in which two fishermen are drawing their nets; the coolness of the wood and water is particularly attractive in this picture, the tone of which is dark. 5. A rapid stream rushes through a dark forest. Some charcoal-burners and wood-cutters heighten the feeling and solitude which predominate in this dark-toned picture, which was formerly an ornament of the Lapériere collection.

There are two Ruysdaels in Mr. Sanderson's collection:—1. In the foreground of an extensive, rich plain, where villages, groves, meadows, and cornfields alternate, the ruins of a castle are reflected in a piece of still water, the surface of which is partially covered with leaves. A bright sunbeam from the clouded, stormy sky—one of the finest, perhaps, that Ruysdael ever painted—falls in the middle distance. A profound, serious, melancholy feeling powerfully impresses the beholder of this picture, which is the finest of the kind by Ruysdael. The figures are by Adrian Vandervelde. 2. A grand waterfall rushes between rocks in a wild country; equally distinguished by its size, composition, and careful execution.*

In Mr. Huysch's collection there are two Ruysdaels: 1. A woody and well-watered country, with a dark, clouded sky, scantily

* For engravings of this and another excellent work of Ruysdael, see vol. i. pp. 14—16, and pp. 248—250.

illuminated by the beams of the evening sun. A very poetical, carefully executed picture, in the style of his etchings. 2. A wood on the water-side, with a small fall; the figures by Adrian Vanderelde.

There is a small and very pretty landscape by Ruysdael in Sir John Soane's Museum; and one in the collection of the late Lord Dudley, which represents an extensive plain, with all the attractions which this artist knew how to give to such subjects, by correctness of drawing, delicate gradation, and striking lights. It is marked with the name of Ruysdael, and the year 1660.

The Marquis of Lansdowne possesses, at Bowood, a magnificent "Tempest," by Ruysdael, for which he paid £557 5s. We also find pictures by this master in the possession of Mr. Beckford, Lord Searsdale, and the Marquis of Bute; the latter possesses, at Luton, the "Interior of the New Church at Amsterdam," with figures by Wouvermann. This unique painting comes from the Brancamp collection, and deserves particular notice, as differing from all the other known productions of the artist. Waagen remarks, that as this great master in his few sea-pieces rivals the best pictures of the greatest marine painters, so in this he equals the most celebrated painters of architectural subjects. The perspective and *chiaroscuro* are admirable.

There is a very fine Ruysdael in the collection of Mr. Wells. "Few landscapes," says Waagen, "so thoroughly express the peculiar turn of mind of this master. A still, dark piece of water, on the surface of which the lotus, with its broad leaves and yellow flowers, flourishes in the refreshing coolness, is overshadowed by the gigantic trees of a forest; in particular, an already-decayed and dying beech leans its white stem far over it. On the right side of the picture are some hills in the distance; the bright daylight of the scarcely clouded sky cannot penetrate into the mysterious gloom of the water protected by its trees. The artist has felt, and represented with rare perfection, the sense of solitude and quiet repose, which at times so refreshes the human mind in nature itself."

Ruysdael left a great number of drawings in crayon and Indian

ink; the Museum of the Louvre possesses three—"An Effect of the Sun;" a "Landscape," and a view of a "Road crossed by a Brook." In 1775, at the sale of the rich cabinet of Mariette, the celebrated amateur, a "Landscape," in the foreground a trunk of a tree, and in the background a village spire, sold for £187 19s. Two other drawings, one representing a "Cottage," the other a "Mill," sold for £400.

At the sale of Count Rignol's remarkable cabinet of prints, which took place in 1817, ten etchings by Ruysdael—all that are known to exist—were sold for £97 1s. 8d.

Of all the great Dutch masters, Ruysdael was one whose talent was the slowest in being appreciated by amateurs; it is but very lately that his pictures have begun to command a price worthy of them. In 1745, at the sale of the Chevalier de la Roque's collection, directed by the celebrated valuer, Gersaint, two "Landscapes" by this master were sold at £120 5s. Another, like the preceding two, in a carved and gilded frame, produced only £37 2s. A fourth, with figures by Wouvermann, rose to £72 18s. Twenty-five years later, at the sale of the Duke of Choiseul's collection, the "Entrance to the Wood" was sold at £900; a "View of the Sea-coast of Schevelingue," and a "Sea-shore bordered with Downs," brought £70 17s. Five years afterwards, at the sale of the Prince de Conti's collection, in 1777, these same pictures were sold at £2,401. In 1801, at the Robit sale, a "Cascade," by Ruysdael, rose to £133 6s.; but at the Rouge sale, in 1818, a "Landscape," with figures by Vanderelde, was pushed up to £1,208 6s.; and another, equally admirable, with figures by the same talented ally, to £520. In 1823, at M. Lapérière's sale, a "Marshy Forest" obtained £304 3s.; and a "Snow Scene," £181 9s. At the Duchess of Berri's sale, in 1837, the "Great Oak" was sold at £152 10s.; and a "Wooded Landscape" at the same price. When the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, was sold, in 1845, the "Torrent" was sold for £115 5s.; a "Cascade" for £208 6s., and the "Entrance to a Wood" for £291 13s.

Ruysdael almost always signed his etchings and his paintings in the manner represented below.

Ruysdael J.R. 1661.

J.R. = J.R. Schalk L.
in p. 1649. Ruysdael J.

PICTURE CLEANING.

Of all the vexed questions upon art, that of cleaning and re-tinting pictures is the most vexed. Of other *questions ardeæ*, some get a solution, or are pushed from public notice; but every now and then this again arises. When the pictures of the National Galleries are nearly spoilt through dirt and neglect, they get removed and undergo the process of cleaning. Then it is that the smouldering vengeance and anger abounding against picture-dealers and cleaners burst forth. The "Claude" has been, not cleaned, but "skinned;" such was the name invented some few years ago. "The beautiful middle tone, the divine aerial perspective, has been entirely destroyed by the ignorant and bungling persons employed upon it."

The unfortunate person who gave the very necessary order for cleaning the "Claude" was of course assailed as much, or more, than the unknown operator. The leading journal contains, day after day, oburgations upon him; the other papers take up the subject; the monthlies, which should know, if we believe their professions, something about art, revile him; and the comic journals, not wishing to lose so good an opportunity, bring ridicule at last to overwhelm him.

We purpose, in a short paper, to consider, therefore, what this picture-cleaning is, upon which so much has been said, without producing at all a clear idea in the minds of any.

The non-education of the general public in matters of taste led, some fifty years ago, or perhaps earlier than that, some hundred years ago, to a state of things very harmful both to the artist and

the buyer, and eventually to the seller also. A class of rich people, much ridiculed by caricaturists, sprang up, who called themselves connoisseurs. We need not say that these people had no canons of art, had no taste, and that they were very sorry and silly people. They perpetrated the most egregious blunders, as all people will who pretend to know that which they do not know. They filled their country mansions with great rubbish, and made the name of a rich Englishman synonymous with that of a gull throughout Italy. Their rage was to buy up Italian masters. Age seemed to them to confer every merit; and next to age, foreign extraction seemed to please them. Hence meritorious artists of our own country starved. Vile copies of "Claude" were passed off as originals, whilst Richard Wilson, for his daily bread, was compelled to paint picture after picture, and take it to the pawnbroker, till, indeed, that constant friend failed him, and took him to a room where lay piled his unsold works.

We have seen what effect the connoisseurs had upon the country; their taste led to some mistakes in our own national collection, but it did worse than this: it created that pest of art, the dishonest and ignorant picture-dealer, who joined to his vocation that of "picture-cleaner." The false glows which the manufacturers of Italy had spread upon their Claudes were liable to fade; the very excellent baking which produced the curious and antique cracks—marks of antiquity looked for so earnestly by the connoisseur—were apt to make, after a time, the paint fall off entirely, and leave a great hiatus, alas!—*maxime defenda*—which the restorer's art alone could re-patch. The branch of trade was lucrative; when the restorer

once got into a gentleman's gallery, he seldom went out without cleaning the whole lot, and perhaps taking the order for a few other pictures which he had by him, perfectly genuine.

Well might honest William Hogarth, compelled to raffle his immortal works, rave at such a fate. Connoisseurs could see no merit in William, and he hit them too hard with his pen and pencil for them to relish his productions. Yet he had hopes of some day seeing the ancients defeated, and his "Battle of the Pictures," wherein the "Modern Midnight Conversation" had worsted an old master's group of bacchanals, gives a shrewd hint of what he would like to have seen.

William Hogarth died, however, long before the reign of Madonnas, saints, St. Sebastians, and Magdalens, and the thousand classical pendants which accompanied them died out. Apollo never played Marsyas with more perseverance than did the connoisseurs the moderns. The school also of the moderns was a bad one. There was little or no study in it. What cared Barry or Northcote about costume? What cared Sir George Beaumont about truth in landscape, so long as he could stick in his inevitable "brown tree?" Looking at a green and fresh study of a landscape of early summer, by a rising artist, the illustrious amateur, Sir George, makes this immortal query: "Ah, it is all very well, young man—very pretty, very pretty; but where do you put your 'brown tree?'"

Those dark days were glorious times for picture-dealers, and even later than that many have made fortunes. Latterly they have been driven from town, but seem, for some time, to have gained a standing in provincial towns. Manchester was once a glorious place for them. The mill-owners, immersed in business, had not the slightest idea about pictures; and the gentry "worked" the town. It is upon record that one of them, in the course of a fortnight, sold more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of pictures—we should word the phrase differently—pictures the price of which amounted to that sum; not one of which pictures was genuine! Now, indeed, honest sellers find a difficulty in getting rid of their paintings in that town. The cotton lords have been once bitten and are twice shy.

It was to the interest of such sellers to cry up the old masters. Upon the works of modern artists they could not get so great a profit, nor could they sell fictitious pictures if the artist was alive to deny it. They, therefore, still kept to the old masters, and to cleaning.

The latter art, which, if properly carried out and taken at a proper time, is one of the easiest and simplest imaginable, they made into a mystery. A portrait of a lady—generally, it would seem, by Lely, or some copyist—hung up at their door, divided with much precision in two halves, whereof one is white and the other black, or nearly so. The light half represents that cleaned by an "entirely new" process; it is generally of brilliant colour, and frequently by no means badly painted; so well done, indeed, that people are rather apt to wish that the whole of the picture were cleaned.

The art of cleaning has been termed by some of its professors a "mystery;" and a professor of the art, who has produced a very insufficient and puffing pamphlet upon it,* has told us that "a picture-dealer remarked the other day, that an artist could not restore a painting; and this has been carefully instilled into the minds of the public." We will not follow Mr. Watkins any further in the half-dozen pages which form the pamphlet, but we must remark that Mr. Watkins gives not the slightest solution of the difficulty. The mystery, which he tells us truly enough is no mystery, merely consists in the common fact of fools having rushed in

"Where angels fear to tread."

The artist has been too timid to attempt to restore the work of a great master; the dealer, therefore, has boldly offered to do his work, and has carried off the job and has spoilt the picture.

The dirt which collects upon the face of a picture and which obscures the subject, arises from various causes. If it be only

simple dirt, the best way to clean it is to wash it with clean water, rubbing it with a soft piece of leather. The picture ought then to be rubbed in a circular manner with the fingers' ends, so as to get the dirt off in small patches, and thereby to render visible the contrast between the true colour and the dirt. If it has been varnished with mastic, which has clouded and thus has got the dirt amalgamated with it, the surface of the picture will be covered with a white resinous dust, which may be blown away. This process is a very delicate but a very safe one, as, by carefully proceeding in the manner described, the light and delicate touches of the master need not be interfered with.

Copal varnish, which is often used—some being so mad as to have absolutely used coach-maker's varnish—is of a harder kind. It requires a very different treatment. It is removed by rubbing with India-rubber or with sea or river sand, the particles of which are round, and which do not scratch. Sometimes this, even fails to remove the copal; the method then employed is to use spirits of wine, which, being applied lightly to the picture, in a short time softens the varnish, so that it can then be removed. Oil, also, is used in softening the varnish; but the methods of cleaning are almost as numerous as the professors of the art. Two certain results arise from any picture that is cleaned.

Firstly, the contrast will generally be so great upon the immediate exhibition of the picture to the owner's eyes, that the colours will look raw, and the picture will appear crude, as is the case with the Claudes which have been cleaned scientifically.

Secondly, if the artist has, as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, painted with bad colours, or has himself produced unfair effects with resinous gums and varnish, the spirits of wine will, with the varnish, remove these effects also, and the picture will be, so far, spoilt. The injurious effects of tampering with colours is seen in Hilton's picture of "Sir Calpine rescuing Serena," formerly in the National Gallery; but the eye of the lady and part of the face having given way, and absolutely moved, the picture was removed for repairs; since which, we believe, the public has not seen any more of it.

In restoring a picture, the surface must first be rendered flat, the inequalities ironed or pressed down, and the cracks and injuries filled up. This is generally done with gold-size and flake-white in powder, which, when dry, is rubbed even with the surface with pumice-stone. The next process is to restore the parts by painting over them, which requires, of course, an artist of ability to match the colour and to catch the tone.

Such are a few of the difficulties of picture-cleaning, which, on consideration, resolve themselves into those easily got over by care, knowledge, and industry, and which art has about none of the mystery, only solved by cabalistic performances, with which its ignorant professors have hitherto, to the detriment of art, surrounded it.

EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS IN BRUSSELS.

THE recent exhibition of the works of modern artists in the Belgian capital will, we trust, give an impetus to the progress of the fine arts in a country which, notwithstanding the brightness of its traditional glory, is very much behind its neighbours at the present day, as regards the production of works of art and their appreciation. Since the close of the seventeenth century Belgium has produced scarcely a sculptor or painter of eminence. During the first half of the eighteenth century Belgian artists followed the feeble mannerism which prevailed in France at the same period, and in the latter half they followed David with equal deference, and with no better success. The romantic school of France still influences Belgian art to a considerable extent, though some of the pictures recently exhibited show a tendency to strike into new paths on the one hand, and to revert to the style of the old Flemish school on the other. One of the most striking pictures in the recent exhibition was a very fine one by M. Alexandre Thomas, who is already well known by his pictures of "Judith" and "Hagar in the Wilderness." In every review of the exhibition, a notice of this picture occupies the first place, and the admiration it creates is a worthy crowning of the artist's previous labours. The subject is one of the grandest that

* The "Mystery of Picture Restoring Unveiled," by W. W. Watkins. London, 1854.

ever occurred to the imagination of painter or poet; it is "Judas wandering by night, after the Condemnation of Christ." The evangelists tell us in a few words that the apostate who betrayed the Saviour was struck with remorse when his Master was condemned to the cross, and going to the temple, cast down the thirty pieces of silver—the reward of his treachery—at the feet of the high priest, and went out and hanged himself. The choice of the subject, no less than the manner in which it is executed, shows that the artist possesses genius of no common order. M. Thomas has selected an incident marking a moment of time during the agony of remorse and despair which drove the wretched apostate to fill up the measure of his guilt with the crime of suicide. He has placed the horror-stricken and despairing wretch on the summit of Golgotha, in presence of the cross on which his Master has yielded up

calamity recorded by the evangelists; for the state of mind so forcibly depicted on that haggard countenance there can be no rest—annihilation would be preferable. The thought which inspired this picture is just and profound, and the execution is equal to the conception. Brute strength in repose has never been represented in a more masterly manner than in the figures of the two sleeping carpenters. The entire picture is conceived in that style of blended simplicity and grandeur, which belongs to the narrative from which its subject is taken. The effects of the two lights, the clear and silvery moonbeams and the red glare of the fire, are managed with great skill, and notwithstanding the contrast, a profound harmony reigns over the whole picture.

A picture of totally different character, and of much smaller dimensions, is "The Imprisoned Family" of M. Gallait, which



THE BEACH.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

his soul in torment. At the foot of the cross, two men, the builders of the horrible apparatus of death, are sleeping near a fire made on the ground, which throws a red and sinister light over the scene. It is night, and the clear moonlight falls on other parts, and brings into relief the figure of Judas, whose pale and haggard countenance, disordered hair, and wild eyes indicate a soul rent with anguish and borne down by the weight of an intolerable remorse. With his left hand he supports himself against a rock; in his right he holds the thirty pieces of silver for which he rendered his name for ever infamous. The extremity of remorse and despair have never been depicted with greater power than by M. Thomas in the countenance of Judas. All around him is the tranquillity of nature; he is alone on the scene of his crime's sad result, for the two workmen of Pilate sleep, and profound silence reigns around. It is easy to foresee the

exhibits a considerable improvement on that artist's former efforts. It contains three figures, a young man, a woman, and an infant, who are placed in the light which falls upon the centre of the picture from the grated window of the prison. To soothe their depressed spirits and troubled minds, the prisoner is playing on his violin a favourite air of their happier days. The sentiment is good, but critics observe in the picture some of those defects of execution which M. Gallait has displayed before. The same artist also exhibits a "Croatian Sentinel," which is a fine study, but has no pretension to be called a picture.

The most prolific artist of the modern school of Belgium, if such can be said to exist, is undoubtedly M. Slingheyer. Arrived at an early age at those distinctions which are ordinarily accorded to the veterans of the art, he has not slept under his laurels, but

produced a constant succession of works. Audacity and perseverance are qualities which he possesses largely, and which are important elements of success. He is not uniformly happy in his attempts, but all his works show that he possesses the chief qualifications which constitute the master—genius, enthusiasm, and boldness. M. Slingseneyer exhibits this year a picture of the insane mother of Charles V. holding in her arms the corpse of her husband. History affords some curious details bearing upon this not very pleasing subject. Joanna of Spain was the victim of a monomaniacal passion, a fever of the senses and the brain, which displayed itself during the life of her husband, the Archduke Philip of Austria, in alternations of frenzied ardour, devouring melancholy, and causeless jealousy. When he died, this diseased amativeness, as the phrenologists would call it, was displayed in manifestations of the same wild passion that had preyed upon her while he lived. The painter has depicted one of the melancholy scenes which

and procuresses drink gin around the coffin which contains his mother; but Hogarth's picture conveyed an impressive moral, while M. Slingseneyer only ministers to a morbid taste. Next year we hope to see a more pleasing subject, treated with equal skill. His "Zannikin," the heroic fisherman of Furnes, who fell in the war between Flanders and France, is a very fine study, somewhat monotonous in colour, perhaps, but drawn with the energy and vigour which characterise all his productions.

M. Hamman exhibits several pictures, of which the principal is "The Mass of Adrian Villaert," which possesses all the qualities that have distinguished this artist's former efforts. Adrian Villaert, a musician of Bruges, composed at the Academy of St. Mark, in Venice, a grand mass, which produced a profound sensation. The artist has represented him seated before the organ; the inspiration of genius is seen in his countenance, and his fingers touch the keys with the grace and energy of a master. Near him



THE LAKE.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

followed; Joanna is seated on the foot of the bed, holding in her arms her husband's corpse, on which she lavishes the caresses that were his in life. The infant Charles is present, whose innocent face contrasts strongly with the horror of the scene; one of his hands caresses the livid hand of his father, the other plays with the crown, under which he was destined to domineer over Europe. This picture elicits expressions of opinion the most conflicting; some praising it with as much vehemence as others condemn it. The execution is of the finest order: the head of Joanna is happily conceived, the body of Philip is vigorously painted, and all the accessories are traced with the hand of a master; but the taste which led to the selection of such a subject is very questionable. We are forcibly reminded, in looking at it, of the last picture of that pictorial comedy of Hogarth's—the "Harlot's Progress;" in which the innocent child of shame is winding up his top, while courtesans

sit three monks, who play stringed instruments; and behind them are three others, two of whom accompany him with their voices, while the third is playing a flute. In the background the doge is seated in a chair of state, surrounded by the members of the Council of Ten, and on the left are two beautiful women, all of whom listen to the solemn strains with rapt attention. We see at a glance that the performance is regarded as an event; all the actors are interested in the action, and the music to which they are listening evidently absorbs the whole attention of every one. The heads of the two singing monks are a fine study. The colouring of this picture is more harmonious, and we remark less of that gray tone which characterised some of the artist's former productions. "The First-born" is a charming composition; and his "Family of the Executed Criminal," conceived in the style of the romantic school, is a very fine piece of colouring.

We find in the exhibition the works of three young men, distinguished by very diverse qualities, but all affording promise of a brilliant career. The first, M. Verlat, has already achieved no small success in Paris; the second, M. Cermak, announced himself by a very remarkable work in the exhibition of 1851; the third, whose genius has now for the first time revealed itself, is M. Jules Pecher. M. Verlat made his *début* in Paris three years ago, when he produced "Pepin the Short overcoming a Lion in the Circus," a remarkable work for so young an artist; but his subsequent works have less of the style and manner of the modern French or romantic school, and approach more to the old Flemish school. The picture in the exhibition is a commission from the Belgian government; the subject, "Godfray of Bouillon at the Assault of Jerusalem." It is a fine composition, treated with boldness and vigour; the figures evince the hand of a master. The present production of M. Cermak is "The Propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith in Bohemia," an interesting phase of the history of his country; for this young artist, though long resident in Brussels, and a pupil of Gallait, belongs to the heroic race which produced John Huss, Procopius, and Ziska. The incident is taken from the period when Austria was engaged in purifying Bohemia from the taint of heresy, giving her for apostles the monk and the soldier. The artist has represented the interior of a miserable hut, at the moment that the missionary monk is leaving it, after exchanging the images of orthodoxy for the symbols of the Hussite heresy, leaving the inmates plunged in gloomy reflections. The eyes of the old man, whose gray beard falls upon his broad chest, are fixed upon the ground; the countenance of his son has a menacing expression, though he plays with a noble-looking dog, as if to hide his feelings. The little children play joyously with the images which remind their elders of the martyrdom of Jerome and Huss, and the persecution of their disciples. There are in this picture a profound philosophy and a maturity of thought and execution, which place the artist in the first rank among living painters. The third of the constellation, M. Jules Pecher, exhibits a "Christ bearing his Cross," which reminds the spectator of the manner of Crayer and the pupils of Rubens. The suffering expressed in the attitude of the principal figure, and the serene majesty which beams from his countenance, are conceived and executed in a manner beyond all praise.

There are in the exhibition a number of very large pictures, many of which are not above mediocrity, and may therefore be well passed over without notice. "The Battle of Gravelines," by M. Van Severdonck, is one of these vast compositions; but, unlike many of this class, it is drawn with vigour, and though, perhaps, too full of details, is a work which will repay the time spent in examining it. "Christ calling little Children," by M. Dellacqua, is not without some good points, but rather monotonous in colour, and inferior, on the whole, to his "Christ on the Mount;" but the best picture by this artist is undoubtedly "Mary Stuart insulted by the Populace of Edinburgh." The unfortunate queen is on horseback, surrounded by an angry and menacing mob, whose aspect fills her soul with terror. The cavalier near her is drawn with a masterly hand, and the architecture is treated with remarkable skill; altogether, it is one of the best historical paintings which have been exhibited in Brussels for some years. M. Stallaert, the present director of the Academy of Tournay, also exhibits a commendable historical painting, representing the death of the popular hero, Everard de R'scherches.

That strange phantom of the last days of Charles V., when, after having resigned the imperial crown, and lived for years in the solitude of a cloister, he celebrated his own obsequies, lying down

in his coffin, and joining in the penitential hymns of the monks, has found a pictorial record in the studio of M. Robert. But it is not the funeral which the artist has depicted: when that solemnity was concluded, Charles sat long before the "Last Judgment" of Titian, and then was carried to his bed, which he never quitted till the day he was finally carried to his last resting-place. M. Robert, who has executed this picture for the Belgian government, has adopted the idea that the feeling which influenced Charles, in his abdication and retirement into solitude, was remorse; he has represented him, not as the man of suffering, devoured by religious melancholy, but as the tyrant trembling at the admonitions of conscience. Apart from the interest given to it by this new idea, the picture is a very creditable one; the artist likewise exhibits a well-executed portrait of the Prince of Ligny.

"The Virgin of the Afflicted" is the title of a grand picture by M. Dobbelaere, the harmony and brightness of the colours in which remind us of the old masters of the Venetian school. "The Confederates of the Compromised Nobles" is a composition full of merit, from the studio of M. Hynsmans, the subject being taken from an episode of the revolution in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. M. Gerard exhibits an episode of the Belgic conquests of Julius Cæsar, "The Hostages," in which the two oxen attached to the car containing the hostages are remarkably well drawn, and the whole picture marks M. Gerard as an artist of considerable promise.

M. Leys, one of the most poetic of modern painters, has sent to the exhibition four pictures, all possessing great merit, though the most beautiful is indubitably his "Faust and Wagner," in which he has thoroughly identified himself with the genius of the immortal Goethe. It is the scene before the gate of Nuremberg, the festival of Easter, which M. Leys has chosen for his subject; and one more pleasing could scarcely have been selected. Faust and Wagner are seated on a bench, and before them pass the burghers and artisans of the city, with their wives and sweethearts, clad in their holiday attire.

"Forth from the arched and gloomy gate,
The multitudes, in bright array,
Stream forth, and seek the sun's warm ray!
Their risen Lord they celebrate,
For they themselves have also risen to day!
From the mean tenement, the sordid room,
From manual craft, from toil's imperious sway,
From roofs' and gables' overhanging gloom,
From the close pressure of the narrow street,
And from the churches' venerable night,
They've issued now from darkness into light."

A middle-aged burgher and his wife, with their two children, and a pair of lovers, are the principal figures in the foreground of the picture: the young girl with the book under her arm, and the little cross on her bosom, is much more like the Marguerite of the poet than was the ideal creation of M. Ary Scheffer. The Faust, too, differs from the common type; there is an air of deep thought in the countenance which accords with the character of the daring student at that period of its development. The sentiment and colouring of the picture are equally good, and the character given to the figures shows that the artist has well studied the poem from which the subject is taken.

We have now passed in review the principal works of Belgian artists in the departments of history and poetry, and must reserve our notice of the *genre* painters, and also of the French, Dutch, and German artists, for a future occasion.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE early history of this eminent artist is mingled with the varied fortunes of his father, who had been educated for the law, but, from a fatal unsteadiness of character, became successively an attorney, a dabbler in literature, a comedian, an excise officer, a farmer, and an innkeeper, without prospering in either of these various vocations. The future court painter was the youngest of

sixteen children, most of whom had died in infancy, and was born on the 4th of May, 1769, at Bristol, within a few doors of the birthplace of Southey. Shortly afterwards his parents removed to Devizes, where for several years they kept the Black Bear public-house. Being a fine child, with full dark eyes and a very melodious voice, his father taught him to recite passages from Shakspeare

and Milton for the entertainment of his customers; and his talent for declamation won praises from such competent judges as Garrick and Mrs. Siddons.

At the age of seven, young Lawrence began to sketch portraits with singular fidelity, and two years later, having read Rogers's "Lives of Foreign Painters," and seen the paintings at Corsham House, the seat of the Methuens, he produced some pictures which, together with his portraits, were thus spoken of at the time by the Hon. Daines Barrington:—"As I have mentioned so many proofs of early genius in children, I cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper, at Devizes, in Wiltshire. At the age of nine, without the least instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted."

When young Lawrence was ten years old, his father, having failed in business once more, removed to Oxford, where the juvenile artist was announced as a portrait-painter. His fame had gone before him, and there was a rush to his studio; though of course his sitters must have been actuated only by the same curiosity and love of novelty that prompted so many persons to run after Tom Thumb. He was an infant prodigy, and therefore the rank and fashion of the place flocked to see him. When the excitement was over, and no more money was to be made in Oxford, the Lawrences removed to Bath, where they hired a large house, sent the sisters of the young artist to boarding-school, and raised his price from a guinea to a guinea and a half. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Zaira, was admired and engraved; and his fame spread far and wide. His studio, before he was twelve years old, was the favourite resort of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Bath; young ladies loved to converse with the handsome prodigy, and men of taste purchased his crayon heads, which he produced in great numbers, and circulated them all over the country, and even the continent.

He was seventeen years of age when he first dipped his brush in oil colours, and began to free himself from the captivating facilities of crayons. He aspired to become a great painter, and studied in succession the works of Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Titian; but in the meantime it was necessary to live, and this he accomplished satisfactorily by painting portraits. His fame had hitherto been wholly provincial, and he longed to obtain distinction in the metropolis. A copy of "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele, painted on glass at the age of fifteen, was sent to the Society of Arts, who awarded the young artist a gilt silver palette and five guineas; and shortly afterwards he came to London, and opened an exhibition of his works in Leicester Fields, a situation which had been rendered popular by the fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the attraction of juvenility was gone, and money came slowly in at first. Fortunately, he had stopped at Salisbury on his way to the metropolis, and had there reaped a harvest by no means insignificant, so that he could afford to wait. After a time, he removed his studio to Jermyn-street, and entered himself at the Royal Academy, where his drawings of the "Fighting Gladiator" and the "Belvedere Apollo" surpassed all competition.

Satisfied with his success in this instance, he was now desirous of being introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, a pleasure which was procured for him by Prince Hoare, one of his earliest patrons. The great artist spoke encouragingly to him, and young Lawrence was much pleased with the interview. Persons who had heard of his fame at Bath now began to employ him, and in a short time, though he lived expensively and was very charitable, he was able to allow his parents the sum of three hundred a year. He spent much of his leisure, at this time, in the society of Smirke, the architect, and Fuseli, the great painter; and when the conversation flagged, he would jump up and recite passages from Milton, with a softness of voice and gentleness of manner, "very much," as Fuseli said, "like Belial, but decidedly unlike Beelzebub."

One of the first works he executed in London was "Homer Reciting the Iliad to the Greeks," a commission from Payne Knight; the picture was well drawn, and had considerable delicacy of colour, but it was wholly deficient in sentiment. Indeed, the whole strength of his genius lay in portrait-painting; and though

he seems to have been impressed with the idea that he could have become a great historical painter, his studies prove that he had not the genius necessary to success in that lofty branch of the art. His next picture, however, was in his own field, and laid the foundation of his fame; this was the portrait of the beautiful and fascinating Miss Farren, afterwards countess of Derby. The resemblance was striking; and Fuseli pronounced the eyes equal to any painted by Titian, than which there could be no higher praise; but by a strange want of taste and propriety, the charming actress was represented, though clad in a cloak and muff, with naked arms. This caused the picture to be severely criticised; but the public received it with favour, and Lawrence's portraits in oil of the queen and the princess Amelia, which appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1788, showed that he had won royal patronage and favour.

George III., having been chiefly instrumental in founding the Academy, conceived the strange idea that he had the right to nominate its associates, and proposed Lawrence; but the latter was only twenty-one years of age, and his Majesty had himself approved and sanctioned the rule that no associate should be admitted until he had attained his twenty-fourth year. The difficulty was met by the suggestion, that Lawrence should be made a sort of supplementary associate until he had attained the necessary years; and this proposition was supported by Reynolds and West; but the majority opposed it, and elected an artist, Wheatley, in spite of the royal recommendation. Lawrence was again proposed on the occasion of another vacancy; and, notwithstanding the opposition of several members, who pronounced the evasion of their laws a subversion of order and an attack on their independence, he was elected a supplementary associate—a favour which no one has enjoyed either before or since.

In the following year, 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence received the appointment of Painter in Ordinary to the king. The portrait of Miss Farren had done much for his fame, but this mark of royal distinction did more. His preferment caused some envious murmurings; for Opie, Hoppner, and Romney were then in the zenith of their reputation, and nothing but the gentle and conciliatory nature of the young artist prevented him from making many enemies. He had now become a person of note and consideration, took splendid apartments in Old Bond-street, and made his friend Farington, the artist, his secretary and chamberlain, allowing him to draw twenty pounds per week for domestic expenses. His usual price at this period was a hundred guineas for a full-length portrait, fifty for a half-length, and twenty-five for the head only. His first commission from royalty was for whole-lengths of his Majesty and the Queen, to be presented by Lord Macartney to the Emperor of China; and many persons of distinction were led by this circumstance to have their portraits painted by him.

The envy which his success had excited now found vent in an audible whisper; artists were not wanting who insinuated that he could copy, but not create—that it was well for his fame that the ladies of England were lovely, and the gentlemen rich. Lawrence was annoyed by these remarks; but much as he longed to try his powers as a painter of history, he was sensible that the artist who paints from his imagination is repaid only with applause, while those who minister to men's vanity by flattering them on canvas, receive a reward more substantial. He therefore applied himself with renewed diligence to portraiture, thinking of poetic and historic subjects in the mean time, and making sketches in his leisure moments. At length, however, it began to be whispered that he was engaged on a grand poetic composition, which only his intimate friends were permitted to see during its progress. The sublimity of the conception, the grandeur of the outlines, and the splendour of the colouring, were spoken of in terms of the highest praise. The subject, however, remained a secret until the exhibition of 1797, when it proved to be "Satan addressing the Fallen Angels."

"Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen."

Fuseli, whose success in subjects of this kind probably led him to think the picture an intrusion upon his own peculiar domain, complained that the figure of Satan was his own—that Lawrence had copied some one of his designs. The following account of the

matter, however, was given by Lawrence in a conversation with Cunningham, and seems a sufficient explanation. "Fuseli, sir, was the most satirical of human beings; he had also the greatest genius for art, of any man I ever knew. His mind was so essentially poetic, that he was incapable of succeeding in any ordinary subject. That figure of Satan, now before you, occasioned the only interruption which our friendship, of many years' standing, ever experienced. He was, you know, a great admirer of Milton, from whom he had made many sketches. When he first saw my Satan, he was nettled, and said, "You borrowed the idea from me." "I did take the idea from you," I said; "but it was from your person, not from your painting. When we were together at Stackpole Court, in Pembroke-shire, you may remember how you stood on yon high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in raptures; and while you were crying,—'Grand! grand! Jesu Christ, how grand! how terrific!' you put yourself in a wild posture; I thought of the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the moment; here it is. My Satan's posture now, was yours then."

rival. Owing to his gentleness of disposition, the rivalry continued for a time in good temper; but when the tide of public opinion turned in favour of Lawrence, his rival vented his envy in spiteful remarks. "The ladies of Lawrence," said he, "show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional chastity." That there was some truth in the remark must be allowed; and it was observed by the poet Rogers, who said, "Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence my mistress." These comments were repeated in fashionable coterie, and proved more injurious to Hoppner than to his rival. "All men laughed," says Cunningham, in his biography of the former, "and then began to wonder how Lawrence, limner to perhaps the purest court in Europe, came to bestow lascivious looks on the meek and sedate ladies of quality about St. James's and Windsor, while Hoppner, limner to the court of a gallant young prince, who loved mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of ladies' feet in the dance, should, to some of its gayest and giddiest ornaments, give the simplicity of manner and purity of style which pertained to the Quaker-like sobriety of the other. Nor is it the least curious part



ENTRANCE TO A FOREST.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

The sublime conceptions of Milton, however, required for their embodiment a degree of talent in the upper walks of art which Lawrence did not possess. His "Satan" wants the majesty and stern defiance, the mingled pride, bitterness, and melancholy of the fallen archangel. But Lawrence was satisfied with his picture, as he usually was; for perhaps no artist was ever better disposed to be on civil terms with himself. But he did not trust his fame for the season to "Satan." He exhibited a very fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which excited the admiration of all who saw it. About this time, in the midst of the vexations caused by the criticisms on his Miltonic picture, he lost his mother, whom he dearly loved, and shortly afterwards his father, who, with all his faults, was never unmindful of the blessing he enjoyed in such a son.

A rivalry had sprung up between Lawrence and Hoppner; the latter was portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales, a circumstance which led all the court beauties of the day to flock to his easel. Lawrence turned his attention to the alluring graces and gentle delicacies of his art, and at length began to gain ground upon his

of the story, that the ladies, from the moment of the sarcasm of Hoppner, instead of crowding to the easel of him who dealt in the loveliness of virtue, showed a growing preference for the rival who "trespassed on moral as well as professional chastity."

Lawrence's next exhibition picture was "Coriolanus at the hearth of Aufidius," in which John Kemble sat for the stern Roman soldier. This picture was more successful than the "Satan;" the fine figure and posture of Coriolanus, and the magnificence of the colouring, charmed the public, and nearly disarmed criticism. His "Chief of Kintail," for which Lord Seaforth sat, was less happy; the costume displayed some errors in the details, and the Highland bonnet seemed out of place on a powdered head. These deficiencies of taste and propriety show that Lawrence's true walk was portraiture, and the portraits of Mrs. Angerstein and other ladies, exhibited at the same time, were deservedly admired for that simplicity of style which is the most difficult to attain of all the charms of art.

"Coriolanus" was the first of a series of what Lawrence called

"half-history" pieces, and was followed by "Rolla," "Cato," and "Hamlet." John Kemble sitting for the whole series. Of these pictures "Cato" is the weakest, and "Hamlet" decidedly the best. "Rolla" is a splendid picture, almost faultlessly drawn, and finely coloured; but "Hamlet" is a work of the highest order—sad, thoughtful, melancholy—a perfect realisation of the finest of the great dramatist's conceptions. This picture, which most of our readers have probably seen in the National Gallery, the artist himself placed above all his works, except the "Satan;" but it far surpasses the latter in propriety of action, truthfulness of expression, and grandeur of colouring. The light touches the head and breast, and falls on

Among the ladies of distinguished beauty or of high rank, whom he painted at this period, were the Princess of Wales, the Princess Charlotte, the Marchioness of Exeter, Lady Conyngham, Lady Claude Hamilton, Lady Templeton, Mrs. Byng, Mrs. Thellusson, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Lamb. Of the male portraits of this time, the most remarkable was that of Curran, the story of which is thus told by Cunningham:—"Under mean and harsh features, a genius of the highest order lay concealed, like a sweet kernel in a rough husk; and so little of the true man did Lawrence perceive in his first sittings, that he almost laid down his palette in despair, in belief that he could make nothing but a common or vulgar work.



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

the skull of Yorick, which the prince holds in his hand. It is a noble picture, and many have wished that Lawrence had painted more of the kind; but it is very doubtful whether he would uniformly, or even in a majority of instances, have been as successful as in this.

Portraits continued, however, to employ most of his time, and constituted the main source of his fortune, if not even of his popular fame. He excelled in female portraits, which is saying not a little for his ability in this branch of art, the softness and delicacy of woman's lineaments being more difficult to catch and transfer to canvas than the bolder expression of a masculine countenance.

The parting hour came, and with it the great Irishman burst out in all his strength: he discoursed on art, on poetry, on Ireland: his eyes flashed and his colour heightened, and his rough and swarthy visage seemed, in the sight of the astonished painter, to come fully within his own notions of manly beauty. 'I never saw you till now,' said the artist, in his softest tone of voice; 'you have sat to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator.' Curran complied, and a fine portrait, with genius on its brow, was the consequence." About the same time, Lawrence painted portraits of Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Erskine, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Wyndham, and Sir William Grant.

While in the height of his professional reputation, a charge was made against him which moved him deeply, and seriously affected his practice. For some time he had been a frequent guest at Montague House, Blackheath, the residence of the Princess of Wales, and as he continued his visits to that unfortunate lady after he had completed her portrait, scandal soon began to be busy with their names. "Lawrence was a very handsome man, and possessed a considerable share of vanity; but that he was either a libertine or a male flirt has never been proved, though the charge of being the latter was more than once brought against him.

This foolish affair injured Lawrence considerably for the time; probably no one believed the calumny that had been spread about, but it left its reptile trail behind, and there was a falling off of lady visitors to the painter's studio. The only female portraits which he exhibited for four years after the "delicate investigation" of 1806, were those of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, in the character of a Sybil among the ruins of the temple at Tivoli; and Lady Hood, afterwards Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth. But the number of his male sitters increased, and among them were Lord Amherst, Sir Joseph Banks, William Pitt, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Castlereagh, George Canning, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Aberdeen. In all these he has displayed considerable talent, but the last-named is perhaps the best.

As he advanced in fame he had gradually raised his prices. In 1802 his charge for a quarter-size was thirty guineas, for a half-length sixty guineas, and for a whole-length one hundred and twenty guineas; in 1806 his prices were respectively fifty, one hundred, and two hundred guineas; in 1808 they rose to eighty, one hundred and sixty, and three hundred and twenty guineas; and in 1810, when the death of Hoppner removed all rivalry out of the way, to one hundred, two hundred, and four hundred guineas. The opulent love to possess what is rare and beyond the means of the less fortunate to purchase, and the increased number of his sitters justified his advances. Yet these high prices, and the crowd who resorted to his easel, failed to enrich him; improvidence, prodigality, and generosity combined to keep him poor all his life. One of his intimate friends, who possessed largely the faculty of observation, and had abundant opportunities for its exercise, said of him: "With wealth and honours flowing in upon him, he was, during the last years of his life, a depressed, a saddened, and a failing man. His talent brightened, indeed, and his honours increased to the last hour; but the wealth, great as it was, was too little to meet the claims he had allowed himself to be involved in, and inadequate to afford his benevolence all his heart desired; and—it is a pain to know—too scanty to extricate him, at times, from an immediate pressure for money. He had many friends, and no real enemies; but it was his misfortune to have no confidential friend, with ability and influence enough to do that for him which incessant occupation deprived him of all courage to attempt."

On the restoration of peace in 1814, Lawrence visited Paris, and explored the treasures of art in the Louvre; but he was soon recalled to London to paint the portraits of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Marshal Blücher, and the Czar Alexander. These pictures were exhibited in the following year, together with portraits of Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington, the latter holding the sword of state, as he appeared on the day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. The portraits which he produced about this time are almost too many for enumeration; we can only mention the most remarkable:—The Duchesses of Gloucester, Leinster, and Sutherland; the Countesses of Charlemont, Grantham, Grey, and Auckland; Ladies Ellenborough and Wigram, Lady Emily Cowper, Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, Lady Selina Meade, Lady Mary Oglender, and Mrs. Arbuthnot; the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, the Bishops of London and Durham, the Marquises of Londonderry, Wellesley, Anglesea, and Abercorn; the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Lynedoch, Sir Henry Englefield, Sir Henry Torrens, James Watt, and Canova, the sculptor.

The public honours which began to shower upon Lawrence, after he had painted the heroes of the war, increased until he had as many titles as the great champion of England himself. He received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent in 1816, and shortly afterwards was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Two years later, he was enrolled in the

American Academy of the Fine Arts, an honour which he repaid by sending the society a full-length portrait of Benjamin West. The Academy of Florence thought a picture by Lawrence a prize worth angling for, and instantly elected him a member of the first class; but Lawrence saw through the motive, and sent nothing. The Academies of Venice, Bologna, and Turin accorded him a like honour; he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna; and got the diploma of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen, through the personal recommendation of the Danish monarch. Finally, he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII. of France.

The European reputation which Lawrence had achieved by his portraits of the personages who had figured so prominently in the long war, caused his talents to be called into requisition when the rulers of the destinies of Europe assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle to parcel out territories according to their sovereign will and pleasure. The Prince Regent was desirous of decorating his gallery at Windsor Castle with portraits of those royal and illustrious personages, and Lawrence was commissioned to paint them. The portraits were to be painted at the usual price, and a thousand a-year was allowed him, in addition, for contingent expenses. Advances were made with magnificent liberality; and when the painter's commission was finished at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was to go to Rome, on the same terms, and paint the pope and two or three cardinals. The first-fruits of this splendid commission were portraits of Louis XVIII. and the Count of Artois, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Archduke Charles, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earls of Liverpool and Bathurst, Prince Metternich, Baron Hardenburg and Gentz, Count Nesselrode, Generals Chernicheff and Onwaroff, and George Canning. The Emperor of Austria presented the painter with a superb diamond ring, and he received a similar present from the King of Prussia.

From Aix-la-Chapelle he went to Vienna, to paint the portrait of Marshal Schwartzberg, and while there he painted those of the Duke of Reichstadt, Count Capo d'Istria, and some other celebrities. He worked very hard at this period, and was often exhausted by his unremitting labours and late hours. His portraits gave great satisfaction, and the artist himself was popular. From Vienna he proceeded to Rome, where he visited the Vatican Palace and the Sistine Chapel, and gazed over the glories of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. His continental letters had hitherto been filled more with descriptions of *fêtes* and balls than with notices of the fine arts; but at Rome he was warmed into enthusiasm. In comparing the two great Italian masters, he awarded the palm of excellence to Michael Angelo. "Truth and elegance," said he, "cannot withstand the sublime. There is something so lofty and abstracted in those deities of intellect with which Angelo has peopled the Sistine Chapel, which converts the noblest personages of Raffaele's drama into an audience, silent and awestruck. Raffaele never produced aught equal to the "Adam and Eve" of Michael Angelo. Though the latter is the mother of mankind, there is nothing heavy or masculine—all is elegant as the lines of the finest flower."

Lawrence was introduced to Pius VII. at the Quirinal Palace, and produced a very fine portrait of that pontiff; but that of Cardinal Gonsalvi is considered to surpass all that he painted during his continental tour. While at Rome, he repainted the portrait of Canova, which he presented to the pope; it was a striking likeness of the great sculptor, as well as a magnificent piece of colouring, and thousands flocked to the artist's studio to see it. He was as favourably received in the papal capital as he had been in Vienna, and remained longer than he had intended; his continental tour extended over eighteen months, and wherever he went he inspired admiration of his talents and respect for his character.

During his absence from England, the Royal Academy had lost its president, Benjamin West; and Lawrence was proposed for his successor. George IV., who had succeeded to the throne in the interim, in confirming the election, presented Lawrence with a gold chain and medal, the latter bearing his portrait, and the inscription—"From his Majesty, George IV., to the President of the Royal Academy." His elevation gave general satisfaction; for his unassuming and conciliatory manners were equal to his genius; and

he was ever ready to assist the poor artist, or the youthful aspirant, with his advice, his patronage, or his purse. His generosity, indeed, often compelled him to be importunate in money-matters himself, and having received one moiety of his price for a portrait with the commission, he was often obliged to ask for the other before the work was done.

"I may say with safety," wrote one who afterwards became famous as an artist, "that Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the best friends I ever had. I found him at all times most ready and liberal in his advice and visits; and when the oppressive number of his engagements would not allow him to go out of the house, he would always see the humblest student at home. I had the pleasure of making him a great number of drawings in water-colours—always sketches done on the spot; and I know he frequently conferred this honour upon me, more to assist and encourage my exertions than from any wish to possess the drawings themselves; and for all I did for him in this way he paid me at the moment, and always handsomely; generally more than any one else who encouraged me. He never lost an opportunity of recommending my drawings and paintings among his distinguished friends; and I am even now feeling the effects of this generosity."

It was at this time, while he was at the full height of his professional and personal reputation, that Lord Byron thus notices him in his diary:—"Jan. 5, 1821.—The same evening I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters play on the harp so modestly and ingenuously, that she looked music. I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence, who talked delightfully, and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together." Lawrence was engaged at this time in painting a series of portraits of eminent men for the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel. Of this series the finest is unquestionably that of Lady Peel; for Lawrence always succeeded best with the fair sex; and Cunningham relates that, looking on this portrait, and then on those of Canning, Huskisson, etc., he could not help thus adapting the words of Burns:

"His 'prentice han' he tried on man,
And then he made the lasses!"

Among the portraits of fair and noble women which he painted during the last ten years of his life, we find—the late Queen of Portugal, the Princess Sophia; the Duchesses of Gloucester and Richmond; the Marchionesses of Lansdowne, Londonderry, Stafford, and Salisbury; the Countesses of Durham, Melborough, Blessington, and Jersey; Ladies Vallecourt, Beresford, Melville, Lyndhurst, Dover, and Belfast; Mesdames Baring, Barrow, Harford, and Locke; and Misses Peel, Macdonald, and Murray. All are in his best style; but the most exquisitely beautiful are those of the Countess of Blessington and Mrs. Barrow. Notwithstanding the much greater success of the painter in female portraits, the number of his male sitters was very great, and among them were some of the most illustrious men of the three kingdoms, both in rank and genius. The list of those which he exhibited is alone very great, and comprises the eminent names of the warrior Wellington; the statesmen Aberdeen, Liverpool, Canning, Durham, Brougham, and Grey; the lawyers Stowell and Eldon; the surgeons Abernethy and Astley Cooper; the philosopher Davy; the novelist Scott; the architect Nash; the poets Moore and Campbell; and the painters Fuseli and himself. Of this list, those of Scott, Campbell, and Moore are considered the finest pictures; the last-named was executed for Murray, the publisher, and was his latest finished production. Brougham was a difficult subject, the expression of his countenance is so strange; but Lawrence succeeded in producing a portrait which has been admired for its fidelity. The portraits of Fuseli and himself were left unfinished; and the latter, though inferior to most of his works, was purchased after his death by the Earl of Chesterfield for 470 guineas. It is worthy of remark, that at the time of his death he had commissions for his own portrait from George IV., Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, and the municipality of Bristol.

During this latter period of the artist's life, he supplied the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy with a number of fine portraits, including those of William IV.; the Dukes of York;

Bedford, and Devonshire; the Archbishops of York and Armagh; the Earls of Harewood, Clunwilliam, and Hardwicke; Count Woronzow; Lords Bexley, Francis Conyngham, Robert Manners, and Francis Leveson Gower; Sir William Knighton, Sir William Curtis, Sir Ralph James Woodford; Mr. Angerstein, and Mr. Clarke, chamberlain of the city of London. Sir Thomas was now nearly sixty years of age, and in addition to the satisfaction with which he could look back on his long professional career, no man ever received a larger share of the world's favours and rewards. The King of France sent him a present of magnificent porcelain; the Irish Academy elected him an honorary member; and his native city conferred upon him its freedom. But so true is it that perfect happiness is unattainable in this world, that from this almost unexampled felicity there were many and sad drawbacks. His brothers, to whom he was much attached, were dead; so was Flaxman, the sculptor, whom he loved for the fine genius and gentle disposition that harmonised so well with his own; so also was Fuseli, in whose society Lawrence delighted, notwithstanding his roughness. Mrs. Wolfe, a Danish lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments, between whom and the painter a warm friendship existed for many years, had also departed this life; and so affected was he by her death that he did not paint for a month after he received the news. His pecuniary difficulties were increasing, and to sum up the sad catalogue of his infelicities, his health began visibly to decline. Such is the balance of human happiness and woe, even among mortals the most highly favoured.

Sir Thomas was sensible of his decline, and with it increased the religious feeling which he had always possessed in a certain degree, and which displayed itself even in his correspondence with Mrs. Wolfe. During the autumn of 1829 his health failed rapidly, and he declined many invitations; on the 2nd of January, 1830, however, he dined at the house of Sir Robert Peel, where he felt himself at home. "I sat opposite to him at the table," says Washington Irving. "He seemed uneasy and restless; his eyes were wandering; he was pale as marble; the stamp of death seemed on him. He told me he felt ill; but he wished to bear himself up in the presence of those whom he so much esteemed as his entertainers. He went away early." He had medical aid on reaching home, and recovered so far as to be able to paint for an hour on the 5th, and attend a committee at the Athenæum club-house; but on the following day he experienced another attack, and had to be bled and leeches. On the morning of the 7th he seemed better, but his physicians did not consider him out of danger; and in the evening, when only his man-servant was with him, he slipped suddenly from his chair, stretched himself out on the floor, and died without a groan.

The funeral procession of this eminent painter was an imposing one. The pall was held by the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Gower, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Dover, Sir George Murray, the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Mr. Harle Davis, and Earl Clanwilliam; the carriages of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs preceded the hearse; all the members of the Royal Academy accompanied it; and sixty-four carriages of the nobility and gentry—friends of the deceased artist and patrons of the arts—closed the mournful cortege. In this manner were his remains borne to St. Paul's cathedral, and there laid in the vaults, beside those of his predecessors in the Academic chair—Reynolds, Barry, and West.

As a portrait-painter, Lawrence possessed merits of the highest order. In the exquisite grace and loveliness of his female portraits—in the rare skill with which he represented the expression of human thought and feeling, and in the freedom and elegance of his attitudes—he has never been surpassed. A generation of the great men, and the courtly beauties of England, live to posterity on the canvas to which he has given all but life. There is vigour and often dignity in his male heads, but his women seem about to burst into glowing vitality; the eyes ray forth tenderness and love, and the mouths want only the Promethean touch. His pictures are to be found in every private gallery; there are forty in the royal collection; and fourteen in that of Sir Robert Peel. The National Gallery contains only four—John Kemble, as Hamlet, Benjamin West, Mr. Angerstein, and Mrs. Robertson of Brighton. The first three are in Lawrence's best style; the last is one of his earlier productions, and is very inferior.

THE ÆNEAS GROUP, BY PIERRE LEPAUTRE.

THE group of Æneas and Anchises is placed at the entrance of the Grand Walk at the Tuilleries, at the side of the chateau. It is a piece of sculpture which attracts universal attention, not only from its admirable execution, but for the subject which it represents. Æneas is armed, and clothed with the skin of a lion; he bears his father in his arms, and treads upon the ruins of a temple. Anchises

faithfully represented. But the principal merit of the group consists in the general effect of the whole. If the spectator stands on one side, the composition concentrates all his interest on the figures of Æneas and Anchises, and one feels the filial tenderness of the warrior as he embraces the feeble frame of the old man. On the other side, the effect is completely changed; the attention is concentrated on



ÆNEAS CARRYING HIS FATHER ANCHISES.—A MARBLE GROUP BY PIERRE LEPAUTRE.

wears the Phrygian bonnet, indicative of his Trojan origin, and carries in his left hand the sacred Palladium, or image of Minerva; his right arm is thrown over the shoulder of Æneas, and he holds the boy Ascanius by the hand. The feebleness of the old man—his relaxed frame—his venerable appearance—contrast strikingly with the strength and vigour of Æneas, and with the infantine and delicate beauty of the child. Childhood, maturity, decrepitude are

the form of the boy, as with a wild and terrified expression he looks about him; one hand is stretched out as in surprise, and the other is clasped by the old man, Anchises. It is impossible to convey an accurate idea of this piece of sculpture without representing the effect produced by both sides. We have, therefore, given the general appearance in the forms of the warrior and the old man, and presented a sketch of the boy separately.

NICHOLAS BERGHEM.



In passing through a gallery of the Dutch masters, the landscapes of Berghem may be recognised at a glance. Among these pictures of villages, and of marine and canal scenery, under the cold, gray sky of the North, those of this master may be distinguished by the poetic character with which his genius has invested them—the truthfulness of his foliage, the brightness of his skies, and the lightness of his clouds, which seem to be really floating through the atmosphere. While Everdingen, Ruysdael, Isaac Ostade, Hobbema,



and Van Goyen, are sparing of their light, and paint their dark pines and oaks against a sombre and gloom-inspiring sky, such as characterises the cold regions of the North, Berghem has striven to make his gray tints more warm and his bright ones more vivid. A sombre sky did not accord with the gaiety of his disposition; the scenes of wildness and gloom, which had such an attraction for the melancholy nature of his friend and associate, Ruysdael, had no charm for one of so cheerful a temperament as Berghem. Melan-

choly was unknown to him, and he has imbued his landscapes with the joyousness and warmth of his own nature.

Few painters have had more masters than Berghem. He received his first lessons in the art from his father, an artist of mediocre ability, who chiefly painted fish, fruit, silver vases, and similar objects of still life. This was a poor school for an artist of such intelligence and genius; but he acquired under his father only the first rudiments of the art. The various masters under whom he afterwards studied perfected his knowledge of painting and developed his talent. From Van Goyen he learnt to paint marine scenery; Peter Grebber, a good painter of history and portraits, taught him how to group his figures and give expression to their countenances; under Nicholas Moyaert and John Wils he acquired proficiency in landscape painting; and the example of John Baptist Weenix, his uncle, inspired him with the taste for painting the ships and boats, the merchandise, and the Oriental figures that are shown in his views of seaports.

With regard to the right name of this artist, the opinions of authors who have treated of art are much divided. Descamps says that the family name was Van Haarlem, but the assertions of this writer are little to be depended upon. The Chevalier Karel de Moor gives the same name, however, and relates the circumstance from which he received the name of Berghem, by which he is commonly known. During the time he studied under Van Goyen, his father, irritated by some juvenile indiscretion, pursued him into the house of his master, with the purpose of chastising him; Van Goyen, perceiving his father's purpose, and being desirous of screening his favourite pupil, called out to his other scholars, "*Berg hem! berg hem!*" which signifies "*Hide him! hide him!*" This is, according to the Chevalier, the origin of the name by which he was afterwards known. Stanley, in his additions to Bryan, says that the family name was Claas or Klaas, and that his father was called Peter Claas Van Haarlem, probably to distinguish him from another painter of the same name.

Born at Haarlem, in 1624, Berghem had for contemporaries the most eminent landscape-painters of Holland—Ruysdael, Both, Everdingen, Wouvermans, and Weenix. He lived on terms of

intimate friendship with all of them, and married the daughter of Weenix, but without adding thereby to his happiness. His wife was imperious in her manners, avaricious and niggardly in her disposition; and the artist's character was so different, that harmony was impossible between them. Berghem passed his time before his easel, or in the society of his friends. Pastoral subjects were those which he most frequently painted, because they harmonised with the tendency of his genius to the ideal and the poetic. Some of his pictures represent shepherdesses with their flocks reposing among ruins, or wading through shallow streams, or dancing to the music of the flute; in others he painted travellers in some wild country, struggling with dangers, or alighting at houses of entertainment; occasionally, too, his figures are taken from the higher kind of poetry, or from scenes in the Old Testament. As a rule, his paintings are composed of forms derived from southern nature, and are rarely based upon the scenery of his own country; in all of them, however, these forms are treated in that ideal and brilliant style which we have described; the eye rejoices in the harmony of his lights, and in the richness and power of his pencil; yet his compositions seldom possess the freedom and simplicity which might be desired in such scenes: we are frequently sensible that the artist has designedly contrasted the pastoral feeling of his scenery with the prosaic circumstances of ordinary life.

Less natural than Paul Potter, he is more spiritual, more varied, and more rich. He has imbued common objects with the poetry which he felt in his soul, and yet painted them with a truthfulness to nature which has seldom been surpassed. His animals—oxen, asses, sheep, goats, dogs—are painted with remarkable fidelity. He had a clearness and strength of judgment which, combined with his appreciation of the poetic in nature, led to a judicious selection of subjects; and he possessed remarkable power and ease in expressing the ideas which he wished to transfer to the canvas. His manner of painting was easy and rapid, and he gave to all his works as much of beauty and gracefulness as the subject would admit. Elegance of composition, correctness of design and perspective, just gradation of distances, brilliancy and harmony of colour, nice distribution of the lights, are the characteristics by which the works of this master may be recognised. Though he painted with such ease and rapidity, every part of his pictures is so well done that it is difficult to say in which of the details he chiefly excelled. The truth and beauty of his foliage, each tree having that which is proper to it, and of the clouds that seem to move slowly across his bright skies, have never been excelled.

If the word picturesque had not previously existed, it would have been necessary to have invented it to characterise the genius of Berghem. There is not a picture of this master, heroic or familiar, which does not charm the eye by an agreeable disproportion, more pleasing in a landscape than perfect symmetry. Berghem avoided with care, perhaps only with the instinct of his genius, the parallel figures, the continuation of the same line, the equal contours, which are seen in the works of some of the older painters. For example, if a drove of oxen are crossing a river, as in the charming little "Ford" in the gallery of the Louvre, their uniformity is broken by a herdsman astride on one of them, and by the capricious course which two or three have taken towards the other bank. The smaller compositions of Berghem, those which his brush or his etching-point dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration, bear the impression of an exquisite sense of the picturesque. When he would express the heat of the summer sun, the cattle are stretched upon the grass, but the monotony of the horizontal lines presented by their crouched forms is interrupted by an ass, standing up and erecting his ears. In colouring, too, he always kept in view the effect to be produced; thus, in a drove or group of cattle, he opposed the black-and-white sides of one to the fawn-coloured coat of a neighbouring animal, or to the lighter-coloured wool of a sheep. It was not without reason that Berghem manifested so marked a predilection for the oak in his landscapes. "The bark of the oak," says M. Lecarpentier, on the subject of this painter, in his "*Essai sur le Paysage*," is rough to the sight; it is dark gray, wine-coloured, or brown, according to the nature of the soil in which it is planted, its surface is furrowed in the form of interlaced cords, which gives it a rough and hard character. Very often a hoary appearance relieves the sad colour of the bark, and is sometimes extended over

the outstretched branches, which, little resembling those of other trees, are nearly always fancifully twisted and distorted."

In the management of light and shade, the delicate gradation of aerial perspective, and the treatment of water, Berghem was eminently happy. His masses of rocks and trees are skilfully arranged with a view to scenic effect, in the production of which he never fails. The grouping of his cattle, the contrast of their colours, the manner in which the lights are made to fall on them, have all the same object. His water has the transparency which is so hard to attain in painting, and the manner in which the waving trees and the passing clouds are reflected on its surface has a degree of reality which nearly approaches that of nature.

That this eminent landscape-painter visited Italy in his youth, there can be little doubt, though Descamps claims for him the merit of never having been out of Holland. It is scarcely conceivable that Berghem, if he had seen only the level meadows, low sand-hills, flat marshes, and sluggish canals of his native country, could have painted his pastoral and heroic scenes, aided only by his imagination and engravings of the scenery of more southern lands. Where could he have found in Holland the noble architecture, the imposing ruins, the blue mountains, that he has represented in his pictures? Instead of the sand-hills of the environs of Haarlem, which give such a dreary aspect to the landscapes of Wynants, Berghem borders his seas with green terraces; and his clear skies and pellucid waters have more of Italy in them than of the more northern clime of his birth. It is scarcely credible that his "Ancient Harbour of Genoa," his "View of the Coast of Nice," and his "Gulf of Tarento," were painted from engravings, or from the descriptions of travellers. Those bright skies and sun-dyed clouds must have been seen before the artist could have represented them with such marvellous truthfulness. Under the title of "The Labours of the Sheepfold," who would expect more than humble cottages and a wild country? Berghem gives us a picture of a lofty promontory, on the summit of which are the pillars of a circular temple, dedicated to Venus, surmounted by mutilated statues; under the ruined peristyle some figures promenade, while the wild rustics pursue their pastoral labours in the foreground. The colouring is warm, and a bright light is diffused over the picture. It has all the characteristics of Berghem's style, its poetry, its brilliance, and its warmth.

In the grand style, Berghem did not attain pre-eminence in his figures. One day, he wished to paint the "Rape of Europa." But the lady had more the air of a Dutch farmer's wife, than of a nymph whom Jupiter had thought worthy of his love. The basking in vain replaced the shoe; the drapery, raised by the wind, showed the familiar bodice of a Zealand village girl. This is only another instance of the difficulty of achieving distinction in two separate branches of the art. It has happened that historical painters of the highest eminence have produced landscapes of the first order of excellence, as Annibale Carracci, Domenichino, Rubens, and Nicholas Poussin did; but to arrive at eminence in historical painting, a considerable degree of ability in both landscape and portrait painting is necessary, and thus the fact is accounted for. But for an artist possessing an admirable genius for landscape painting to obtain equal renown as a painter of history is a very different matter, and Berghem was no exception to the general rule.

There is at the bottom of the human soul a sentiment, which certain aspects of nature have the power of evoking from the depths in which it dwells; it is melancholy. Under the sun of Italy, for example, this sentiment is never developed, and we find no trace of it in the great masters of that country. The landscapes of Salvatore Rosa are frightfully rude and savage, conveying the idea of wildness and desolation; but they are never melancholy. Those of Claude Lorraine have the sunniness which belongs to the land of the artist, and, however various in their subjects and the aerial gradations of their tints, have, as Mrs. Jameson has remarked, "something almost cloying in its perpetual and delicious beauty, 'breathing on earth the air of Paradise.'" Melancholy is the fruit of the North—of lead-coloured skies, and fogs and mists which the sun does not penetrate. Though no painter of the northern schools has expressed this feeling so largely as Ruysdael, the works of most of them bear traces of the influence of those sombre skies. The exceptions are those who travelled and resided some time in

Italy; as Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and John Both. The soul of Berghem was never agitated by those profound reveries into which we are plunged by gazing on the dark groves of Hobbema, the rushing floods of Ruysdael, or the wild torrents and sombre pines of Everdingen. Even the season of darkness and sleep is invested in his pictures with an air of gaiety and cheerfulness. Under light fleecy clouds, which half hide the moon, whose beams silver and enliven their edges, travellers journey through a woody country, or cattle ruminant and rest. Or it is a coast scene which is thus partially illumined, and two peasants have kindled a fire of brushwood to catch crabs or lobsters by its light. Sometimes the moon shines feebly; and while the summits of the distant mountains reflect its pale light, the red glare of a fire in the foreground or the middle distance is thrown upon the waters of a river or marsh. This contrast of two lights, so difficult to treat with success, is seen in several of the works of this master. The silvery radiance of the moon is diffused over the distant scenery, while the red light of the fire is confined to some of the details of the foreground. In one of the pictures in which Berghem has exhibited these double effects of light, a lady and gentleman advance on horseback from a mass of trees, touched by the moonbeams, while the light of a torch is thrown upon an ass loaded with paniers, and a dog playing with his shadow. Here we have the deep tranquillity of Elsheimer, united with the agreeable lightness of Van Laër.

Berghem has displayed his peculiar turn of mind in the vigorously painted picture, so full of beautiful effects, which one of the brothers Wischer has engraved under the name of "Night." Other painters, in representing the season of repose, have displayed the sleep of nature. Their moonlit lakes and rivers, half-shaded by trees—their humble cottages by the side of selvy streams, just touched by the beams of the orb of night—convey the idea of solitude and profound stillness. Of this character are some of the landscapes of Van der Neer, which represent a lonely canal, whose tranquil surface reflects the light of the moon; or a city in repose, steeped in the quiet moonlight. Berghem, on the contrary, has given animation to his picture of night, and diffused over it an air of gaiety; a belated herdsman plays cheerfully on his pipe of reeds, and awakens the echoes of the rocks, and cattle and horses give the scene the life and animation which is wanting in the still moonlight of Van der Neer.

The pictures which Berghem produced in the early part of his life have some resemblance to those of his master Weenix, but are touched with more delicacy. Most of these represent seaports and embarkations. His later manner—that which may more properly be called his own—was different and more interesting; it is to this period that those delightful landscapes belong, which present us with classical ruins and charming groups of figures and cattle. The landscapes which he painted in this manner are superior to those of any other painter of the Dutch school, except, perhaps, those of his contemporary, John Both, between whom and Berghem there appears to have been a certain degree of rivalry, which did not interrupt the friendship in which they lived.

Concerning this rivalry, it is related that M. Vanderhulk, the burgomaster of Dort, who was a munificent patron of the arts, engaged Berghem and Both to paint each a picture, for which he gave them a liberal remuneration, and stipulated at the same time to award a handsome premium to the artist whose picture should seem to him the most worthy of it. Animated by a spirit of friendly emulation, both the great painters exerted themselves to the utmost. Berghem produced a picture of great beauty, representing a grand mountainous landscape, with a great many figures, oxen, sheep, and goats, drawn in his best manner and beautifully coloured. His rival painted a charming Italian scene, glowing under the clear, warm sky of that sunny land, and painted with that brightness for which he was so distinguished. Berghem had produced a masterpiece, and the effort of Both was no less successful. When the two artists submitted their works to their patron, he pronounced his judgment upon them in terms as honourable to himself as they were creditable to the talents of the artists. After an attentive examination of both pictures, and praising them in terms of the warmest admiration, he assured the two painters that the display of talent on both sides was so equal as to deprive him of the possibility of preference, without being unduly partial; and that, as they had both exhibited a degree of eminence which he regarded as

the perfection of the art, they were both entitled to the premium, the reward of genius.

In the retirement of the château of Bentheim, this eminent painter lived peacefully and happily, for the natural gaiety of his disposition and a philosophic equanimity of temper enabled him to triumph over the ills of life, from which the happiest are not entirely exempt. From the windows of his studio he had an extensive view of the green meadows in the midst of which the château was situated, which afforded him, without quitting his studio, abundant opportunities of sketching the groups of cattle which he has introduced into so many of his charming landscapes, as they lay down on the level greensward, stood in the shade of the spreading oaks, or drank at the stream that sparkled in the sunlight.

His pictures were in such demand that he was usually paid for them before he commenced painting; and though he was so industrious that very often, in the summer season, he was before his easel from four o'clock in the morning until sunset, his pictures are seldom to be met with, and always command high prices. His wife, whose avarice we have noticed, knowing his passion for old prints, would not allow him to retain the money he received for his pictures, and aware of the facility with which he painted, whether the subject were a woodland scene, a marine view, the passage of a ford, a seaport, or a skirmish of cavalry, she allowed him not an instant of undisturbed relaxation. Seated in a chamber adjoining his studio, she was in the habit of striking against the wall to urge this most industrious and prolific artist to renewed exertions. Tranquil and resigned, Berghem laboured on, singing cheerfully at his easel the long day through; and often when his wife thought he was sleeping, he was doubtless occupied in observing the changing forms of the clouds, as they floated over the verdant meadows outspread before him, and the varied effects of light and shade which they produced in the landscape, as they intercepted in their course the beams of the sun.

Berghem purchased a great number of the finest prints and designs of the Italian masters, as a means of improving his taste; and after his death the rich collection which he had formed was sold by his wife, and realised a considerable sum. Among the prints in this sale was a proof of the "Massacre of the Innocents," engraved by Mark Antoine, after the picture by Raffaele, and for which Berghem had given sixty florins.

Although the manner of Berghem is easily recognised, he could imitate that of other artists so well as to deceive even connoisseurs, and sometimes made a free excursion in the manner of Philip Wouvermans. For example, the "Surprise of a Convoy by the Cavaliers," which is now in the museum at the Hague, and which was sold for £555 16s. 8d., can only be recognised as the work of Berghem by the lightness of the touch and the manner in which the light is thrown in broken masses over the scene of combat.

Berghem had a great many pupils, of whom the most distinguished were Peter de Hooghe, John Glauber, Abraham Begum, Dirck Maas, who engraved some of his pictures; Soonenaker, and Carree, who have imitated him; Theodore Visscher, John Sibrecht, Van der Meer, and probably also the great painter, Karel Dujardin. In the midst of his pupils, and singing cheerfully as he worked, the great landscape painter lived till 1683, having attained the age of fifty-nine. The ingenious Hagedorn has called him the Theocritus of the Netherlands; and without doubt, if we may associate painting with poetry, no other artist of the Dutch school has imitated so successfully the Idyls of the Greek poet.

He was not only an admirable painter, but possessed considerable skill and ability as an engraver. The many exquisite etchings he has left are executed in a much more finished manner than is usually presented by the point of a painter; and, with his numerous drawings, have amply contributed to the portfolios of curious collectors. There is a descriptive catalogue of his etchings, by Henry de Winter, published at Amsterdam in 1762. The following is a list of the most celebrated:—

Six plates of cows, with the title, called "The Milkmaid: C. Berghem fec. et exc.," 1634 to 1644.

Six of sheep; in the title print, a woman sitting on a stone.

Six of goats; in the title print, a man sitting with a dog.

Eight of sheep; in the title print, a woman standing near a rock.

Eight of sheep and goats; in the title print, a man.

Five larger plates upright, one dated 1652; all marked "Berghem fec."

Four smaller plates of different animals, lengthways; marked "N. B."

Six heads of sheep, goats, etc., small; scarce.

"A Cow Drinking: Berghem fec., 1680."

"A Cow: C. P. Berghem inv. et fec.;" fine and rare.

"A Landscape," with two cows lying, and one standing: "Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with cows, and a man riding on an ass: "N. Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with a woman bathing her feet in a brook, and a man behind leaning on a stick; with animals and figures, and a ruin in the distance.

"A Boy riding on an Ass, speaking to another Boy, who is playing on the Bagpipes;" called "The Bagpiper;" fine.

"A Landscape," with a man playing on the flute, and a woman sitting; without a mark; scarce.

"A Landscape," with a man standing, and a woman seated, suckling a child; without a mark; very scarce.

There is a picture by this master in the Royal Council-Chamber at Windsor Castle, representing a landscape, with figures and cattle. In the foreground, near the centre of the picture, two men, one of whom is mounted on an ass, are driving four cows and six sheep over a road. Blue mountains are seen in the distance, and light fleecy vapours rest in their hollows, conveying the effect of early morning.

There is another in the Royal Gallery at Hampton Court; the subject—"A Woman Milking a Goat."

The Dulwich Gallery contains five Berghems:—1. "A Farrier Shoeing an Ass." A woman mounted on a mule, and a ruined building in the background: a very brilliant picture. 2. "A Wood Scene;" very rich and beautiful. 3. "A Landscape," with figures. A woman milking a red cow, and another washing linen in a stream; a small picture, which has become very dark and dingy. 4. "A Landscape." A woman crossing a brook, with a child at her back; a woman on an ass, with a man near her; and a group of cattle. 5. "A Landscape." A woman washing linen at a stone fountain; in the foreground are two other women, one of whom is milking a goat; two cows, three



CONVERSATION ON A JOURNEY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

The designs left by Berghem are done in Indian ink or in bistre, and display remarkable vigour and a fine taste. He painted both on canvas and wood, and sometimes, though rarely, on copper; his works are oftener of small than of large dimensions.

The pictures of Berghem are to be found in all the principal galleries of Europe; but no collection has a great number of them—a circumstance which shows the high estimation in which they are held. The gallery of the Hermitage, an imperial palace at St. Petersburg, contains the greatest number—eighteen, which are all hung in one room, called by the painter's name. Among them are "The Rape of Europa," some fine Italian landscapes, and the picture which, according to Descamps, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Berghem—"A Halt of Chasseurs."

Some of the finest pictures of this master are contained in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna; and the Royal Galleries of Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, also possess a number of his beautiful pastoral subjects and views of the scenery of Italy.

The Gallery of the Louvre contains twelve, among which are "The Ferry," which has been valued at £960; "The Ford," and "The Return to the Farm;" all veritable *chef-d'œuvres*.

sheep, two goats, a kid, and a dog, complete the composition: a brilliant and beautiful little picture. The last two have been engraved by Dequevauviller.

Six pictures by this master, which, we believe, have since been removed to Buckingham Palace, are thus described by Dr. Waagen, as forming part of the collection of George IV.:—1. A group of peasants with cattle, among whom a woman on a gray horse is the most conspicuous, cross the foreground of an extensive landscape, traversed by a river. The impression of evening distance is admirably expressed in this bright, clear picture, which is subdued in the colours, and lightly, yet carefully executed. 2. A hilly landscape, enlivened in the foreground by animals and figures; three women with rushes, and two cows, particularly attract notice. A carefully-finished, pretty picture, in a warm evening light. 3. A very mountainous landscape, with a stream. In the foreground, three shepherds, one of whom is on horseback, with their flock. A carefully-executed picture, of brilliant colouring and clear gradations of the mountains. 4. A bare country, with an extensive prospect. In the foreground, a herd of four cows, an ass, and a sheep, with a herdsman on horseback and two on

foot; groups of cattle also in the middle distance. A picture of his later period; the animals admirably coloured. 5. In a very mountainous landscape, a shepherdess, accompanied by a goat and a dog, wades through a piece of water, in which two cows are standing. A picture of striking effect; more true to nature than usual, and great elegance of execution. 6. A landscape of beautiful leading lines; the distance closed by blue mountains. In the foreground, a peasant woman on horseback, a drover, and some cows. An elegant little picture, charmingly fresh, clear, and cool.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses four Berghems, two of which are at Devonshire House:—1. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich and poetical, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark. 2. "A Seaport." In the foreground, a gentleman and a lady on horseback, with falcons on their hands; in elegance of form approaching Wouvermans. It is admirably touched, and of brilliant effect. A duplicate of this

three cows. Singularly clear and brilliant, in a glowing evening light. 3. By the side of a cool piece of water, which runs along wooded rocks, are a satyr and two nymphs; near them two cows, and goats, which are more true to nature than is often the case. Very delicate in the execution—the distance in particular softly mellowed off. 4. In a landscape with rich, verdant rocks, herdsmen with their cattle, among whom a woman riding on an ass is the principal figure, are returning home along a road. The picture is admirably impasted in a warm evening light, the effect of which, however, is rather injured by the too dark mass in the foreground. 5. A river runs along a range of lofty, rocky mountains. Among the numerous figures, we have again his favourite, a woman riding on an ass. In this picture, the cold, blue, and heavy tone, which is no favourite, and the motley effect, predominate."

The collection of the Marquis of Westminster contains only a single specimen of this master—a rich, rocky landscape, with a meadow in the foreground, in which two women and a man are dancing to the tambourine. Though the execution is very careful for the size (for this is one of Berghem's largest compositions), it is,



RURAL EMPLOYMENT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

picture is in the collection of M. Steengracht, at the Hague. The other two are at the duke's villa at Chiswick:—1. "A Ferry." Cattle about to pass a river, which winds through a landscape, where a ruin is seen. This is thought to be one of the artist's finest productions, but, unfortunately, it is much damaged. 2. "A Landscape." Cattle by the water-side—the time evening; painted with great care in a blueish tone.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Berghems, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen:—1. A long bridge is thrown over a piece of water which traverses a flat country, with an extensive distance. A hawking party, and country people, animate the landscape, illumined with the warm glow of evening, and all nature sunk into a calm. The clearness and force of this effect, the delicacy of the touch, admirably impasted, the refined taste in the disposition, the correct drawing, show the master in the highest perfection of the qualities for which he is so greatly esteemed. This gem formerly adorned the Stingelandt and Oplonna collections. 2. In a bare landscape, in which rises a mass of rocks, there is in front a woman upon an ass, with its foal, and a herdman with

both in tone and feeling, one of his saddest pictures. It was formerly in the collection of W. A. Ellis, Esq.

Mr. Hope also possesses a single Berghem—a waterfall between high rocks, on which stands the temple of the Sibyl. Among the figures in the foreground, a woman, a cow, and some sheep, are the most striking. The execution is particularly careful and elegant, but it is rather complicated in the composition, and cold and heavy in the tone.

Lord Ashburton's collection, at his mansion in Piccadilly, contains three Berghems:—1. At the foot of the ruins of a stately edifice, a herdman with cows, by the side of a piece of water, in which a woman is engaged in washing. The warm evening sun glids all with its rays. In the glow and depths of the colouring, and in elegance of treatment, this is one of the artist's finest productions, and excites in the beholder the poetical feeling of a warm evening. Purchased from the Dijouval collection for £367 10s. 2. "The Lobster Catchers." Four men are engaged in the lobster fishery on a sea-coast, surrounded by lofty rocks; the beams of the rising sun give a warm tinge to the vapours rising from the waters against the

rocks; the foreground breathes the freshness of early morning. The delicacy of the execution, and the magical effects of light in this picture, are indescribable. Purchased at the Talleyrand sale for £262 10s. 8. In the foreground of a bare country, the remote distance of which is closed by blue mountains, a man is carrying a bundle of wood; at his side is a woman on horseback, driving some cows. The time of day is a cool afternoon. Few pictures excite, like this, the yearning after distance, and are at the same time so attractive by the energy of the colouring, and the spirit and precision of the touch. It is in pictures such as this, that we see what Berghem was capable of doing. It was purchased at the Talleyrand sale for £600.

The Marquis of Bute's collection, at Luton House, contains three pictures by this master:—1. A very rich landscape, with steep rocks and lofty trees, beneath which a woman is riding on a mule. Though the sun is already low, and forms large masses of shade, the general tone of the picture is cool. It is a large picture, but superior to most of the artist's productions of similar dimensions in clearness and careful execution of all the parts. 2. In a mountainous landscape, animated with numerous figures of men and cattle, a stream rushes between broken rocks. A warm, harmonious, evening tone is diffused over every object. This rich picture is very carefully finished in all its parts. 3. A winter landscape. Many figures and two horses are on a frozen river, over which there is a rustic bridge. The cold wintry tone is as admirably carried through as in Berghem's "Winter Landscape," in the Royal Gallery at Berlin.

The pictures of Berghem have been engraved by Lebas, Aliamet, the brothers Wischer, Danckers, Laurent, Martenasi, etc. The prices which they have obtained, in every instance when they have been submitted to public competition, affords a good criterion of the estimation in which they are held. It will be seen that their value is increasing in proportion as they are less frequently brought to auction.

At the sale of the collection of M. de Lorangère, directed by Gersaint, in 1744, a very fine landscape, on panel, by Berghem, was sold for £24; while another produced only £6. At that of the Chevalier la Roque, in 1745, a very beautiful landscape, with figures and animals, in the best style of Berghem, was sold for £7; another for £10 10s.; and a third for £12. It was not only the pictures of Berghem which were sold at such low prices at that period: the works of other masters of the Dutch school obtained only proportionate amounts. But as the taste of amateurs underwent a change, Berghem's pictures commanded prices commensurate with their merits. The charm of their composition, the brightness of the colouring, and their usually small dimensions, now cause them to be much sought after by wealthy amateurs.

At the sale of M. de la Live de Jolly, in 1770, a picture of this master, representing a woman riding on a horse, a man on a mule,

and another woman with a child, was sold for £412 10s. Another, engraved by Aliamet under the title of "The Travellers," obtained £85.

At the sale of the Lempereur collection in 1778, a Berghem, representing a man playing on a guitar, to which two women are listening, was sold for £255. At that of the Marquis of Brunoy, in 1776, a landscape by Berghem, engraved by Lebas under the title of a "View in the Environs of Sienna," was sold for £100.

When the rich collection of M. Blondel de Gagny was brought to the hammer in 1776, "The Château of Bentheim," which Gersaint regarded as one of Berghem's finest productions, realised £575. At the sale of the Prince of Conti's collection, in 1777, two views of seaports, enriched with figures, ships, and animals, which have been engraved by Lebas, were sold for £150 each. Another landscape, of the richest composition, formerly in the cabinet of the Duke of Choiseul, sold for £78 10s. A fourth, "The Bird-catcher," engraved by one of the brothers Wischer, was sold for £75.

At the Talleyrand sale, in 1817, a picture by Berghem, representing a peasant accompanied by his dog, bending under the weight of a large faggot, followed by a villager on horseback driving two cows, was pushed up to £600. At that of M. Lapeyrière, in 1823, "A View of a Village in Holland," a beautiful landscape, formerly in the cabinet of M. de Tolazan, obtained the still higher price of £800. "The Passage of the Mountains" reached £570, and "Morning," a landscape, enriched with figures, £605.

When the Duke of Choiseul's rich collection was sold, in 1823, a marine view by Berghem was purchased by Mr. Beckford, of "Vathek" and Fonthill celebrity, for £813 15s. This picture, which has been engraved by Lebas, is thus described by Dr. Waagen:—"Several persons are engaged on a sea-coast in embarking fish, while others are variously employed. A bay is animated with vessels of different sizes. In the background a chain of mountains. In richness, precise and spirited touch, and carrying through of the warm tone of a summer evening, this is one of the finest works of Berghem."

"The Ancient Harbour of Genoa," which we have reproduced in one of our illustrations, was formerly in the same collection, and was sold for £880. It was purchased for the Duke of Berri, and resold, in 1837, at the reduced price of £660.

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard's collection in 1832, "A Stag Hunt" was sold for £750; and "A Seaport" for £330 10s. At that of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1844, "The Passage of the Mountains," a landscape of beautiful execution, was sold for £459. A pastoral landscape, a very admirable specimen of this master, produced £328; a winter scene, somewhat feeble in effect, £325; and a "View in the Mountains," in Berghem's best manner, £312.

Berghem always signed his pictures, and nearly always his plates, sometimes *Berghem* and sometimes *Berchem*. His various signatures and monograms are faithfully represented below.

ABerghem f 1680. NB = B.
Berchem f Berchem f
Berghem fec.
Berghem f

EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS AT BRUSSELS.

We cannot take leave of the Belgian artists without noticing a very fine historical picture by M. Lies, called "The Court of Margaret of Austria," a composition full of talent, spirit, and brilliant local colouring. It is a good specimen of what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls the composite style, in which a certain elegance and grace are blended with grandeur, rather than of the grand style proper, the aim of which is to act on the mind, through the eye, by simplicity and completeness—by the uniformity of the leading lines and soberness of colouring, rather than by ornament and brilliancy.

"The Widow," painted by M. Willems, appeared last year in the Paris exhibition. It is a small composition, revealing the poetry of art, and finely executed. It is destined, we understand, to adorn a gallery which is already one of the finest in Brussels, that of M. Van Praet, who holds an important appointment in the royal household.

M. Madou contributes one of the most amusing pictures in the exhibition; it is called "The Trouble-Fêtes." Two young men, very poor, if we may judge from their appearance, have arrived at a village during the celebration of a *fête*, and have the temerity to

solicit, as their partner in the dance, the prettiest of the assembled villagers. The young girl looks more pleased than angry; but her friends exclaim against the audacity of the strangers, and refer the matter to the authorities. The burgomaster, by his air of ludicrous pomposity, seems determined to avenge the outraged morality of the village. The appearance of the strangers, despite their poverty, seems to have created a sensation among the fair peasants; but the stir does not distract the attention of a group of piquet-players on the left from their game, and an old man, seated on a cask, smokes his pipe and looks on with the characteristic imperturbability of a Flemish burgher. The figures are numerous, and each one seems a character. The hand of a master is discernible in the most minute details; the touch, moreover, is delicate, and the colouring bright and harmonious.

M. F. de Bruckeleer also holds a conspicuous place among the Belgian painters of this class of subjects, and his "Children at Play" is a production of great merit. It is one of those pictures which speak to the heart through the eyes, and is worthy of a place beside the "Fête" of M. Madou. The "Blind Man" of M. Dyckmans figured in the exhibition at Antwerp in 1852, and is not above mediocrity. M. Alfred Stevens contributes two good paintings to the exhibition, "The Siesta" and "The Music Lesson," both coloured with remarkable richness. But in subjects of this kind no Belgian painter of the present day has succeeded better than M. Adolphe Dillens, who treats rural life in particular with great felicity and spirit. In the present exhibition he has four pictures, of which the two best are "The Toll," in which a young peasant is about to kiss the blooming cheek of a buxom Dutch girl whom he has overtaken upon a narrow wooden bridge; and "The Dike of Westcappel," one of those landscapes peculiar to the level scenery of Holland, with the whole of a plump and joyous-looking family out for a ride in a heavy Zeeland cart, drawn by horses as robust and well-fed as the holiday folks themselves. Both pictures are drawn with an easy and graceful touch, and coloured with harmony and brilliancy. M. Génisson has some interiors of churches, painted with his usual felicity in treating such subjects; but the gem of the exhibition, as regards architectural pictures, is "The House of Charity at Malines," by M. Stroobant. The perspective and *chiaroscuro* of this picture merit the highest praise.

While the modern artists of Belgium have, until recently, followed the romantic school of France, founded by the celebrated David, those of Holland, on the contrary, have chosen the path trodden so worthily by their ancestors of the seventeenth century, and followed it out with considerable success. They number among them artists distinguished by the fidelity to nature which characterised the old Dutch painters, and who have obtained a high reputation, particularly in the branches of landscape and *genre* painting.

The Dutch artists are less numerously represented in the Brussels Exhibition than those of France and Germany, but among their productions are some of remarkable beauty. M. Van Hove exhibits two pictures, replete with the poetry which distinguishes the works of this artist, and which constitutes their chief merit. There are many pictures of still life; but, however great the amount of talent displayed in such productions, they must always be regarded as occupying the lowest grade among the emanations of the painter's genius. Groups of flowers and fruit, such as Huysum painted, charm us by their fidelity to nature, of which they are the most beautiful forms, and by the brilliancy and richness of the colours; but a cauliflower and a bunch of carrots, or a cut ham and a loaf of bread, however truthfully they may be represented, excite none

of the finer feelings which it is the mission of the painter, equally with the poet, to evoke. Pictures of this class are as much below the drunken bores and card-players of Bratwer and Ostade as the latter are inferior to the grand compositions of Raffaele and Michael Angelo.

The French school has undergone no change since the first revolution. The pupils and followers of David have successfully entered the regions of history, of poetry, and of dramatic romance; they have imbibed his enthusiasm for the epic style of composition, and have produced, and are still producing, as the present exhibition bears witness, works of dignity and sentiment. Foremost among the productions of French artists, we must notice "The Marriage of Henry IV." by M. Isabeau, a picture spirited in execution, and finely coloured; and two pictures of more than ordinary merit by M. Compté—"Henry III. in his Menagerie," and "The Arrest of the Cardinal of Guise." Inferior to these in some respects, but not lightly to be passed over, is "The Battle of Moscow," by M. Bullange, a subject which possesses a peculiar interest for Frenchmen now that their countrymen are once more engaged in war with the soldiers of the Czar, and the disasters of 1812 have been avenged on the Alma.

Like those of Holland, the French artists contribute a great number of *genre* pictures, but few of them are of the first order. M. Lepoittevin, in his "Spring," though he has not produced a first-class picture, has done more to sustain his reputation than M. Justin Auvrié, whose "Street in Amsterdam" would do equally well for a street in Venice. Among the works most deserving of praise we may enumerate a very good one, but badly placed, by M. Jongkond; a very finely-touched composition by M. Vetter, called "A quarter of an hour with Rabelais;" "Absence," a charming picture by M. Roux; a very meritorious composition by M. Coulon, called "The New Lord of the Manor;" and two delightful little pictures by M. Delfosse, which have elicited much admiration from amateurs. We must not forget the contributions of MM. Pico and Hammon, two artists who possess largely the pleasing qualities of *nature*, sentiment, and spirit, which compensate in a great measure for their deficiency in colour. M. Marchal, a young French artist, has made his *début* this season, and the picture, which he exhibits, "Vandyck in the Studio of Rubens," fully merits the warm encomiums that have been pronounced upon it. The anecdote to which it has reference is as follows:—Rubens having left a picture unfinished one night, and gone out on the following morning, his pupils took the opportunity of sporting about the room; when one more unfortunate than the rest, in striking at one of his companions with a maulstick, threw down the picture, which, not being dry, received some damage. Vandyck, who was studying under Rubens at the time, being at work in the next room, was prevailed upon, as the best able to do so, to repair the mischief; and when Rubens came next morning to his work, and contemplated the picture from a distance, as is usual with painters, he observed that he liked it much better than he did before.

German art does not make a very brilliant figure in the exhibition. Karl Hübner, of Düsseldorf, has sent two pictures, viz. "The Surprise" (a mother discovering her daughters *été-à-été* with their lovers) and "A Conflagration;" in both the drawing is meritorious, but the colouring is weak and inharmonious. The best productions of German artists are two pictures by M. Petenkovén, of Vienna; the subjects are, "A Bivouac," and an "Arrest of a Deserter," and both in composition, vigour of drawing, and harmony of colour, they evince a considerable share of genius and an admirable taste.

CORNELIUS HUYSMANS.

With the exception of the beautiful country around Liege, and the lilly district of Namur, Belgium presents an unbroken and monotonous level, little calculated to awaken a love of the picturesque in nature, or to afford the artist opportunities for the exercise of his talent in landscape delineation. In the environs of Antwerp, of Vilvorde, or of Malines, he may find quiet rural spots, which derive interest from a rustic bridge or an old-fashioned farmhouse, rendered picturesque by the knotted trunks of trees, bending over

a pool of stagnant water; but he will find it difficult to obtain grand effects, and scenery which inspires the poetry of art. How can he convey to others, without having himself received it, the impression of dark woods, broken and piled-up rocks, and gloomy ravines? Yet, notwithstanding the difficulty of all this, it has been achieved by a painter of the Flemish school, in the midst of a level country; this painter was Cornelius Huysmans.

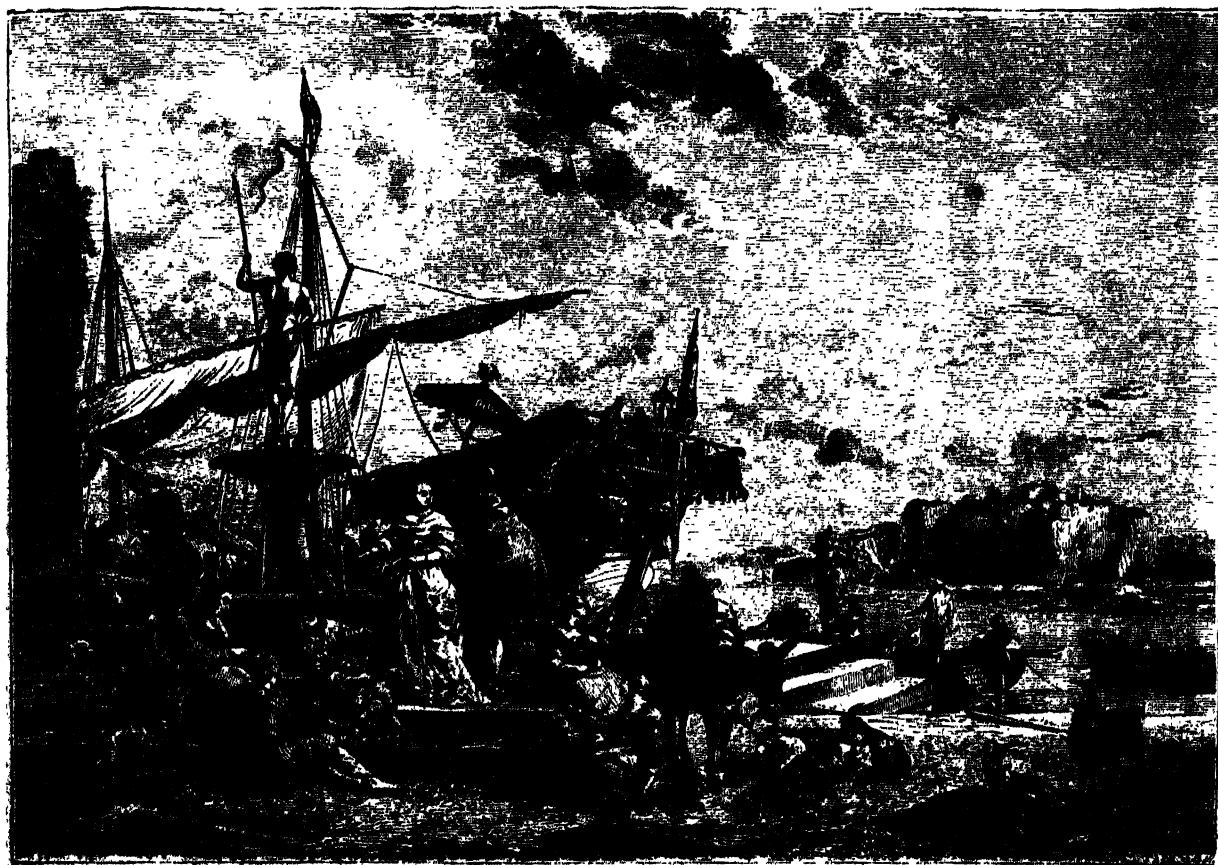
When we are lost in the gloom of a thick forest, and after follow

ing the tangled path a long time without finding its termination, or seeing the sky, except by snatches, we reach an opening on the borders of the forest, where the light breaks through the trees, producing varied effects, and behold a stream rushing swiftly along the bottom of a wild ravine, while the distance discloses a varied panorama of blue hills and wooded valleys, we behold such a scene as this master has often painted. Most of his landscapes, indeed, are of this character; dark streams rushing between rocky banks, venerable oaks and beeches bending over them, with cattle grazing or wading in the stream, at spots where the banks are shelving. Sometimes he presents us with sombre ravines, across which lie the trunks of trees, torn from their foundations by the force of a torrent; at others, with a lonely mountain pass, with the distant country seen through the opening.

The scenery which Huysmans has represented is more Italian in its character than Flemish; his ravines and mountain passes resemble those of the Apennines, rather than anything which can

and Claude, of Wynants and Poussin. The feeling for ideal beauty, which had been developed by Claude, had called forth many imitators, and excited many similar efforts on the part of the artists of the Netherlands. By the full effect of light, by the brilliancy of the air, and the liquid mistiness of the distance, they endeavoured in a similar manner to produce a higher tone, and to ennoble those forms of nature which they saw around them. By adhering partly to the clearness and freedom of Claude's compositions, and partly to the more elevated forms of Poussin's style, they succeeded in producing works of very great beauty. It may be regarded as a distinctive mark of these imitators, that some trace of that feeling for the individual realities of nature which characterised Flemish art, and which was developed in the landscapes of Rubens, is always more or less perceptible in the single features of their works.

The landscapes of Van Artois were in high estimation at that time, and Huysmans went to Brussels for the purpose of studying



THE ANCIENT HARBOUR OF GENOA.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

be discovered in the level and comparatively tame scenery of Belgium. They have, generally, a striking effect of light on the foreground, where the artist has introduced various wild plants, pencilled with remarkable correctness and elegance of form. The foliage of his trees is light and spirited, and the colouring rich and harmonious.

This painter is commonly called Huysmans of Malines, not from having been born there, for he was a native of Antwerp, but because he resided in that town during the greater part of his life. He was born in 1648, and was the son of an eminent architect, who intended to bring him up to his own profession; but having the misfortune to lose his father while very young, the responsibility of his education devolved on one of his uncles, who placed him under the tuition of Gaspar de Witte, a landscape-painter of some eminence, though not of the degree subsequently attained by his pupil. The period in which he was born, the middle of the seventeenth century, was a brilliant epoch in the history of landscape painting; the epoch of Ruysdael and Berghem, of Everdingen

under that master. The fine forest of Soignies, which is in the neighbourhood of that city, afforded him opportunities of studying the features of woodland scenery, and the designs for his finest landscapes were made on its borders. Van Artois united the manners and deportment of a gentleman with the enthusiasm of an admirer of the picturesque and a lover of his art; he received young Huysmans very graciously, gave him an apartment in his own house, and employed him in drawing from nature the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood. These drawings were doubtless very useful to Van Artois, and served to improve the style of his pupil, whose boldly-drawn landscapes soon surpassed those of his master.

On leaving Brussels, Huysmans took up his abode at Malines, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life.

The great merit of the landscapes of this master, as of those of Van Artois, and those also of Louis de Wadder, is the sentiment of grandeur he has infused into them. His spreading oaks, with their masses of dark foliage, have an air of majesty; and his rocks

have the aspect of mementoes of the antediluvian epoch. What separates this master from Berghem and Claude is the manner in which he has treated his skies. Claude paints the forms of earth, indeed, but he veils them in an ethereal drapery, such as is only at moments visible to our eyes; he paints that worship of the Creator which nature solemnises, and in which man and his work are only included as accessories. Hills, trees, ruins are but the external features of his pictures, and they form only the framework by means of which he sets before us the true creative power of nature, shown in the effects of air, and in the brilliant and vivid workings of light. In the landscapes of Huysmans, the sky and the clouds are made subordinate to the rocks and trees, and are painted so as to increase the effect of the latter. The delicate shadows which distinguish the hours of the day, the silent sweep of clouds along the clear sky, the soft mists of evening, and the phenomena of solar light, were

on his landscapes, in spite of the beautiful forms of his trees, and the grandeur of the scenery amid which they are represented. They have a character which resembles neither the joyousness of Berghem, the melancholy of Ruysdael, nor the solemn splendour of John Both. At the first glance, we may believe that his majestic and sombre woods conceal in their deep shades one of those temples of the olden times from which the inspired priestesses gave forth her mysterious oracles; but, instead of the circular colonnade, and the fountain which invites to repose the nymphs of the train of Diana, we discover only a rude and simple hut, the lonely dwelling of a poacher.

The figures of Huysmans, though all of this rustic character, were drawn so naturally, and with such facility and address, that the other landscape-painters of his country had recourse to him for the figures with which they animated their woods and heaths



THE RAVINE.—FROM A PAINTING BY HUYSMANS.

not, in the mind of this master, essential to the production of a grand and striking picture. He relied for effect on the boldness of his masses of foliage, the deep shadows of his forests, and the strong light which he throws on his foregrounds. Yet we have in his ravines and forest-glades abundant evidence of his powers of managing light and shade, of which the picture we have engraved above is an admirable example.

One of the characteristics of Huysmans, which distinguishes him from nearly all other painters, is the entire absence of other than rustic figures in his landscapes. Under the spreading boughs of his majestic oaks, he has introduced only the herdsmen who drive their cattle through the glen, and the labourers who rest or pursue their rustic occupations on the borders of the forest. His figures and cattle are well drawn and pleasingly grouped. The prevailing rusticity of the former impresses their peculiar character

Anthony Van der Meulen, the celebrated painter of the battles and sieges of the reign of Louis XIV., was introduced to Huysmans while on a visit to Brussels, his native city. Seeing that the landscapes of Huysmans were characterised by an air of grandeur, he thought that the talent of the artist could not fail to be appreciated at the court of Versailles, and proposed to introduce him there, that he might paint the landscape portion of the representations of battles, sieges, encampments, and pompous marches, which he was then engaged in executing. But the artist, probably thinking that such an arrangement would place him in a subordinate position, declined the offer, alleging as his motive that he was ignorant of the French language, and did not wish to leave Malines. However, at the solicitation of Van der Meulen, he painted for that master, with astonishing freedom and vigour, the views of Luxemburg and Dinant, and the environs of those places. Being taken from an

elevated position, these views spread out like a panorama, and the charm of art has not robbed them of their topographical accuracy. These pictures, which now adorn the gallery of the Louvre, have been much admired; and so perfect is the harmony between the landscapes of Huysmans and the charging squadrons and opposing battalions of Van der Meulen, that it is difficult to believe that both were not painted by the same hand.

The pictures of this master are not numerous, and unfortunately they have become very dark, and now exhibit a reddish brown appearance, which has considerably diminished their value. Otherwise they are masterly productions. On this account it is difficult, at the present day, to form an estimate of his merits as a colourist, though he has been praised for them by writers who had seen his pictures in their pristine condition. Their *chiaroscuro* recalls productions of Rembrandt, and the effect of his landscapes is imposing, owing to their boldness and grandeur. He has shown that the perfection of the art is the correct representation of the forms of nature, however great may be the differences of manner resulting from the individual temperaments of different masters.

Huysmans died at Malines in 1727, having attained the venerable age of seventy-nine.

As already stated, the pictures of this master are not numerous, either in public galleries, or in the collections of private individuals. There are several of his compositions in the museum and the churches of Malines; and the Royal Gallery at Brussels possesses a landscape, enriched with figures. The Munich Gallery contains a seaport and several landscapes, and the Louvre possesses four fine landscapes, in addition to the pictures which he painted in conjunction with Van der Meulen.

There is a small landscape by this master in the writing-closet at Hampton Court, and another in the collection of the Duke of Bridgewater; but neither of them can be considered as a favourable specimen of his style and manner.

The pictures of Huysmans have seldom commanded a high price; while they preserved their original beauty, works of that character were not appreciated as their merits entitled them to be, and now their value is depreciated by the darkening of the colours. At the sale of the Chevalier Laroque, at Paris, in 1745, two landscapes by Huysmans, in frames elaborately carved and richly gilt, were sold for £3; and two others, in the same style, produced only eighteen shillings. Two landscapes, enriched with figures and animals, from the cabinet of M. de Mesnard, were sold for the sum of £4 the pair.

Justice was rendered to Huysmans, however, at the sale of M. de Galonne, in 1788, when a landscape, enriched with figures and animals, realised the sum of £120. His pictures did not long retain the favour of amateurs, however; for in 1823, at the sale of M. de St. Victor, a landscape of warm tone, with figures and animals, was sold for £2. At that of M. Brun, in 1841, a magnificent landscape by this master, considered one of the best he ever painted, was sold for £9. In the following year, one of his landscapes was sold for £6, at the sale of Mr. Rtienne Leroy; and in 1845, at the sale of M. Meffre, two others were sold for £6 10s.

The works of Huysmans have never been engraved. None of them have either signature or mark.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ART.

To find the rude beginnings of the arts of design, we must go back to a very early age, to the monuments of Assyria and Egypt—so soon did the human mind aspire to the representation of the things which occupied it, and which excited the imagination into action. The faculty of imitation is evidenced remarkably in those arts, in which the images that fill the mind are exhibited to the eye in all the reality of form and colour. While society was yet in the pastoral stage, Laban had his sculptured gods; and the walls of the buried palaces of Nineveh, the oldest city of the world, show that the arts of design were known and practised at a very early period. The researches of Botta and Layard have made us acquainted with the degree of proficiency attained by the Assyrian artists, which all who have seen the reproduction of a portion of the palace of Sennacherib in the Sydenham Palace, or the original

bas-reliefs in the British Museum, must acknowledge to have been remarkable for the period.

The human-headed bulls which adorned the portals of the Ninevite palaces, the statues of their gods and departed kings, and the bas-reliefs which covered the interior walls of the royal chambers, were all coloured; and this with pigments so bright and enduring, as to be perceptible after the lapse of more than three thousand years. We find mention also, in profane history, of colossal statues of Ninus and Semiramis, in gold and brass; and in sacred history of the golden statue, sixty cubits high, which Nebuchadnezzar set up in the plain of Dura, to compel the captive Jews to bow down before and worship it. The walls of Babylon appear also to have been decorated with bas-reliefs, representing hunting scenes, which were executed and painted on the surfaces of the bricks before they were burnt, and consequently must have been vitrified—the earliest approach which we can trace to enamelling.

The ancient Egyptians practised the sculptor's art extensively, and in a style similar to that of the Assyrians, which shows the first rude efforts of man to embody his feeling of the beautiful and sublime. The works of art belonging to the earliest ages are analogous to the first attempts of children—imperfect in conception, rude in execution, without any attention to perspective, and appealing to the eye by bright and strongly-contrasted colours. The constant aspiration to represent the human form, and the use of colours before the art of tracing with correctness any of the forms of nature has been acquired, also remind us of our own juvenile attempts. The general proportions of the human form are roughly given; but there is no attempt at elegance, or to portray individual differences of character. An evidence of their ignorance of the true principles of drawing may be seen in the kneeling figure of the large Egyptian fragment in the British Museum, where, amongst other errors, the eye, but half of which can be seen in profile, is shown in full; the same as it would appear in a front view. As a general rule, it may be observed, that their animals are more correctly represented than their human figures, and that, among the latter, their female forms are superior to those of the other sex. The most comprehensive view of Egyptian art is seen in the plates to Rosellini's great work on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia; but the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum is now quite adequate to convey a correct idea of its style and characteristics.

The Greeks, who received their first ideas of painting and sculpture from the Egyptians, attained the greatest proficiency in the latter art, as a walk through the Greek court of the Sydenham Palace, where the finest emanations of the sculptor's genius are reproduced in plaster, will convince every observer. But their first attempts were as crude and imperfect as those of their teachers. The figures on the early Grecian vases are characterised by the same stiffness and conventionality as those which appear in the Ninevite bas-reliefs and the sculptured obelisks of Egypt. The first essays of the artist were simple outlines, such as are now known as silhouettes; the next step was to add the parts within the outline, but still without light or shade, which Pliny says was first done by Cleophantus of Corinth; and from this an advance was made to monochromatic painting, such as may be seen on the vases in the British Museum. Eumarus was, according to Pliny, the first who gave to each sex its characteristic style of design, so as to illustrate the attributes of each by the figure and complexion, giving a robust and vigorous form to the males, and making the females slighter and more delicate.

Cimon of Cleonae, whose period was anterior to that of Polygnotus by at least a century, improved upon the method of Eumarus by giving variety to the attitudes of his figures, and exhibiting the muscular articulations, the veins, and the folds of the drapery. The most ancient paintings extant are the four on marble tablets discovered at Herculaneum, and now in the museum at Naples; the designs are defaced in some parts, and the colours have been nearly destroyed by heat. The same museum contains two other pictures from Herculaneum, two from Stabia, and one from Pompeii, but these are of later date; the subjects are all taken from the Greek mythology. The Vatican contains a stucco painting, discovered on the Esquiline mount; this is a work of considerable

FRESCO PAINTING.

merit in composition, drawing, and colour, and is executed with much freedom. A well-marked gradation of improvement may be observed in the early vases, the Naples marbles, and the later pictures in the same collection.

Sculpture made the same gradual progress, from the human-headed bulls and hawk-headed kings of Assyria, and the massive sphinxes and gigantic sitting figures of Egypt, to the Belvedere Apollo, the Farnese Hercules, and the Medicean Venus, those models of ideal beauty which are regarded as showing at once the perfection of the art and of the human form. Some of the earliest specimens of Greek sculpture are now in the British Museum; these are bas-reliefs from a monument at Xanthus, which probably belongs to the sixth century before Christ, not far from the period of the destruction of Nineveh. Here the eye is seen in full, though the figures are in profile, and all the countenances have the same character; but an advance on the Assyrian sculptures is seen in the folds of the draperies and the arrangement of the hair. An interesting example of early Athenian art, belonging to the time of Pisistratus, is a bas-relief representing a female figure mounting a chariot, discovered at Athens, and a cast of which will be found in the Crystal Palace. The metopes recently found at Selinus, in Sicily, and now in the museum at Palermo, are in very high relief, coated over with plaster, and coloured so as to soften the appearance of the surface. The faces are represented in full, while the limbs are shown sideways; a very close resemblance may be traced between these figures and the large ones between the bulls on the outer wall of the palace of Sardanapalus. As Selinus was destroyed by the Carthaginians 409 B.C., these bas-reliefs must have been executed some time, probably a very considerable time, previous to that period.

Much controversy has lately taken place on the question, whether the ancients coloured their statues, as is contended by Mr. Owen Jones. That the practice was general, would perhaps be difficult to prove. That the Assyrians coloured their bas-reliefs is not disputed since traces of the pigment were discovered by Mr. Layard. That the statues of the Greeks were often painted, in imitation of nature, may be gathered from passages in Pausanias, Plutarch, and Plato; and that the practice extended to the whole of the statue is evident from the last-named writer, who says, that it is not by applying a rich or beautiful colour to any particular part, but by giving its local colour to each part, that the whole is made beautiful. That

the practice was not general, however, appears from Lycian, who, in the dialogue between Lycianus and Polystatus, informs us that the Venus of Cnidus by Praxiteles, and other celebrated statues, were not coloured.

Mr. Wornum, after mature consideration of this interesting question, has arrived at the conclusion, that "the practice of colouring statues is undoubtedly as ancient as the art of Statuary itself; although they were perhaps originally coloured more from a love of colour than from any design of improving the resemblance of the representation." * This agrees with what we have said upon the love of colour which is displayed in all first attempts. We learn from Pliny that the statue of Jupiter, placed in the Capitol by Tarquinius Priscus, was coloured with minium. What was first done from a love of colour was afterwards followed with a view to effect. "The naked form," says the writer just quoted, "was most probably merely varnished, the colouring being applied only to the eyes, eyebrows, lips, and hair, to the draperies, and the various ornaments of dress; and there can be little doubt that fine statues, especially of females, when carefully and tastefully coloured in this way, must have been extremely beautiful; the encaustic varnish upon the white marble must have had very much the effect of a pale, transparent flesh. Gold was also abundantly employed upon ancient statues; the hair of the Venus de' Medicis was gilded, and, in some, glass eyes and eyelashes of copper were inserted, examples of which are still extant." In statues of bronze, the eyes were often of silver; and in the "Boy extracting a Thorn from his Foot," the original of which is at Rome, the sockets are vacant, in which condition they were found when the statue was discovered.

The earliest productions of the sculptor were undoubtedly the figures of the gods worshipped by the pagan nations of antiquity, and the material first used was clay, the plastic nature of which would readily suggest its employment for the purpose. Clay figures, the work of early Italian artists, are still extant; and clay tablets and seals have been found in the mounds of Khorsabad and Kouyunjik. At a later period wood came into use, and marble was not used until the art had made considerable progress. Metal was used for ornamental purposes and for covering statues long before the process of casting was known, the work being executed by means of the hammer.

* Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities, art. Pictura, page 905.

FRESCO PAINTING IN FLORENCE.

THE convent of St. Onofre, at Florence, was originally designed as a refuge for poor women. But since its foundation it was enriched by so many donations, that instead of being a simple plain home for the homeless, it became both rich and influential. At the end of the last century it was sold, and the sisterhood dissolved. A silk manufactory was then established on the premises, and busy hands soon gave a new aspect to the place. A few years passed and then one Tommaso Masi, a coachmaker, took a lease of the building. He set about repairing it at once, and in cleaning the walls of that part which had once been the refectory of the convent, discovered the dim outlines of a fresco painting. Happily his curiosity was excited, and with the utmost caution he proceeded to remove the coating of dust and dirt which had settled down upon it. Tommaso Masi succeeded to perfection, and the design of some great master shone forth once more in its accustomed place. The next step was to call in a well-qualified jury of artists to determine as to the worth and character of the picture; and Luigi, Sabutelli, Guiseppe, Bezzuoli, Alessandro Saracini, President of the Society of Artists at Sienna, and Professor Dupre, made a careful examination of the composition. This was in 1843. They found it very difficult to estimate the real value of the picture in the state it was then in, and hesitated to express an opinion further than as to the very remarkable character of the work. Patient and diligent exertion was used to restore the painting, and one after another the connoisseurs came to the conviction that it must have owed its origin to Perigino; to him therefore was the meed of praise awarded.

But the artists were wrong, and it was not the first time, perhaps,

that critics had blundered. Other artists of celebrity and numerous amateurs examined the picture; and in 1845 two young artists, Zotti and Della Porta, having examined the work with particular care, avowed their opinion to be that the production was that of the great Raffaele.

The painting represents the Last Supper of Jesus Christ with his Disciples, a subject which is universally selected as appropriate to the refectories of convents. We give a rough sketch of the figures at the table, to convey an idea of the general disposition of the piece. But this is not the whole of the work. A species of canopy surmounts the group, and is enriched with beautiful foliage. The architecture is composed of slight pilasters and graceful arabesque ornaments. Between two of the pilasters, behind the figure of the Saviour a landscape is seen representing the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane. An angel is seen presenting the cup to Jesus, and at a little distance are the disciples asleep. A border of foliage and medallions surrounds the design.

The attitudes of the principal figures in the chief group demand particular attention, and the character that is thrown into each physiognomy has induced us to present sketches of some of the heads. The Saviour is seated at the centre of the table; his left hand rests upon St. John, the beloved disciple, who is half-reclining on the board, and appears asleep; his other hand is raised as in warning; the expression of the face is thoughtful, mild yet commanding; it is the moment when he utters the words—"One of you shall betray me!" In uttering these words, his glance wanders around the table, and then rests upon the figure of the apostle

immediately opposite to St. John. That apostle is Judas Iscariot. The figure of this man is boldly relieved, and separated from the rest of the group; one of his hands rests on the table, and with the

of the intensest malignity, baseness, and disquietude, exhibited in the features of this betrayer. The contrast of these two principal figures is peculiarly striking; and the faces brought thus



THE LAST SUPPER.



OUR SAVIOUR.



JUDAS.



ST. JOHN.

other he holds the bag of money—the means of his temptation. His head is averted from the penetrating glance of the Master, and is turned fully towards the spectators. There is an expression

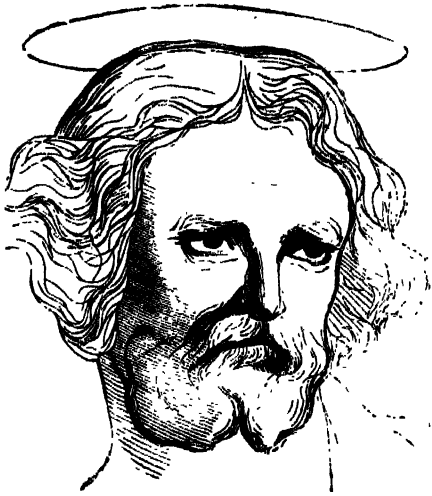
closely together—one so full of highest virtue, the other so vicious and depraved—demand particular attention. The figures of the other apostles are all boldly designed, and are thoroughly charac-

teristic of the men. St. Peter sits to the right of the Saviour; St. Andrew, St. James the Greater, and St. Bartholomew, have their glances fixed upon Judas. St. Peter holds a knife in his hand, and the strongest indignation is written on his countenance; the expression of St. Andrew is severe, of St. James melancholy, St. Bartholomew resentful yet full of pity. The rest of the apostles are, for the most part, calm and indifferent; two, however, should be carefully regarded. The first, St. James the Less, sits at the extreme

engraved by Perpetti; upon the border of the gown of the Madonna, in the picture painted for Lorenzo Nasi; upon the robes of "The Holy Family," in the Palace Rinucci; and also upon various frescoes. In the last year of his life, Raffaele signed his name in full.

The figure of St. James the Less is said to be a portrait of Raffaele, and the same as that in the celebrated picture called "The Contest at the Holy Sacrament."

In 1505 Raffaele was at Florence. At that time he painted



ST. PETER.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW OR ST. JAMES.

left of the table; his profile is gracefully turned towards the spectator, and is remarkably beautiful in its design: the other, St. Thomas, is not less fine; he is represented pouring wine into a cup or glass.

A vast number of connoisseurs were admitted to view the fresco, and, for the most part, they agreed with Zotti and Della Porta, as to the picture being the production of Raffaele himself. Some of

portraits of Angelo and Madeleine Doni. A member of this family, early in that year, became superior of the Convent of St. Onofre. This circumstance explains how the young painter obtained the commission to paint "The Last Supper" on the convent walls.

Among the heads of the saints represented on the medals which adorn the foliage is to be noticed a portrait of St. Bernard, for whom Raffaele professed particular devotion.



ST. THOMAS.



ST. JAMES THE LESS.

the reasons which led them to this conclusion may not be uninteresting.

On the collar of the tunic of St. Thomas are the following letters in gold:— π Λ , ρ and ι united, υ , α and σ , \omicron a little effaced, Λ π π ρ ν . This is translated: "Raphael Urbinas, Anno Domini 1505."

Raffaele was, it is well known, in the habit of thus signing many of his pictures. It is thus written on the robe of the Virgin,

The names of the disciples, placed by the painter under the figures of the apostles, are written in the dialect of Urbino, where Raffaele was born.

The foliage and other ornaments which surround the picture resemble those to be met with in other works of the same master; and the delicate painting of Olivet and Gethsemane, together with the figures which are introduced, remind the spectator of these

beautiful compositions of Raffaele which adorn the walls of the Vatican.

A painter, M. Giulio Piatti, and the sculptor Emilio Santarelli, possessed for a long time designs which were always attributed to Raffaele, and which represented several of the figures—St. Peter with a knife in his hand, St. James the Less, and St. Andrew—the same in every particular as they appear in the fresco.

Upon these proofs, it has been generally concluded that "The Last Supper" of St. Onofre is the undoubted work of Raffaele. But, as we have presented our readers with the evidence in favour of its authenticity, it is but fair to represent the other side of the question.

An Italian writer, named Gargani, believed that he had discovered the author of the painting to be none other than Neri di Bici, on account of a manuscript, bearing date 1461, declaring that a picture of "The Last Supper" was painted on the walls of the refectory of St. Onofre by that artist. On further examination, however, it appears that there were two refectories, the old and the new, and that the one in which the fresco was discovered is certainly more modern than the other. Besides this, there is evidence of the other painting having been destroyed. But, if no other evidence existed but the painting itself, the grouping of the design, the style of the whole, the delicacy of finish, would be enough to prove that it was not painted at the period of Neri di Bici—there being a vast difference between pictures of 1461 and 1505. In the interval between those two epochs, painting made immense progress, and a complete revolution in art took place; and a more positive contrast can scarcely be imagined than exists between the productions of those two ages.

A celebrated German artist, having seen and greatly admired the picture, wrote to MM. Della Porta and Zotti, assuring them that he had no doubt of the authenticity of the painting; that the construction of the piece, the expression of the various faces, all pointed out Raffaele as their author. The objection urged on the ground of its not being mentioned in any of the catalogues of Raffaele's works was easily met by the fact, that many well-attested works of that master were omitted in these lists; that at the period when Raffaele must have executed this work, he was a young and comparatively unknown man; and that the silence of his biographers on this particular work was not to be taken into account.

A great deal of controversy was originated by the discovery of the picture; but at length the critics came to an almost unanimous conclusion that the painting was the work of the great Raffaele. However plain and simple the sketches may be, this fact is, we think, enough to warrant us in presenting our readers with the designs.

The picture was with great difficulty removed from the convent wall. It was sold to the Tuscan government for £13,000.

FINE ART EXHIBITION AT GENEVA.

THE biennial exhibition of works of art at Geneva was established, some years ago, by a society of artists and amateurs, whose efforts to promote the study of the fine arts, and to encourage and reward those devoted to them, have caused the subject to be taken into the serious consideration of the government. Placed, as it is, amid the romantic scenery which has given birth to one of the most celebrated schools of landscape-painting, represented by such able artists as MM. Diday and Calame, Geneva, so famous for the intelligence and commercial activity of its citizens, promises to become one of the centres of art. In the sublime scenery of their fatherland, and no less in the heroic achievements of their forefathers, the artists of Switzerland have a fertile and, indeed, inexhaustible field for the exercise of their talents. Among the most promising artists of the Genevese school, we may enumerate M. Gleyre, the painter of that poetical composition, "The Night of Life," which has been so much admired in the Luxembourg Gallery; M. Lagardon, the interpreter of Swiss history; and Leopold Robert, one of the meditative school of landscape-painters; which had its best exponent in Ruysdael. But what has been wanting to Swiss art has been appreciation and encouragement, for

want of which the beautiful and the picturesque have to be pursued amid difficulties, and fame alone has rewarded the success that has been attained by self-denial. The times are past when such munificence was displayed as that of the senate of Basil, which offered Holbein an annual pension of 1,200 florins to induce him to fix his residence in his native town. Yet, with all these discouraging circumstances, we feel assured that, one day or another, the landscape school of Geneva will acquire renown; and, with this feeling, it was not without disappointment and regret that we walked through the saloon of the exhibition without observing a single picture by Calame—an artist too enthusiastic, and too truly Swiss in his nature, not to have contributed, with all the force of his genius, to the honour of his country.

M. Diday, however, has the honour of giving to the exhibition the *éclat* of his great talent and high reputation as a landscape-painter, by sending two pictures of the highest merit. "The Aar at Hildeck" is a beautiful view, full of grandeur, and drawn with truthfulness and vigour. The foaming torrent bounds from rock to rock, and rushes angrily through the sombre valley; the dark branches of the tall pines are shaken and distorted by the wind; and the clouds, black and heavy, cast their shadows on the sides of the mountain. It is a grand picture, showing nature in a wild and stormy mood, and bears internal evidence of having been sketched on the spot, when dark clouds have rolled over the mountain, and the stream has been swelled by rain into a torrent. The other picture, "Lake Lemán," is of a character entirely different. In this the calmness and serenity of nature are depicted, and the artist has shown great ability in producing two pictures of such diverse character, and at the same time of so much truthfulness and beauty. It is a rich composition, drawn with equal freedom and vigour, and evincing a profound study of nature, and knowledge of her varied forms. The brushwood and wild plants growing on the borders of the lake are drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature. The colouring is clear, but somewhat deficient in warmth; otherwise it is a masterly composition.

Near these two pictures we perceive several landscapes by M. Saltzman, a young artist of Alsace, who has acquired in Italy, where he resided some time, a manner of composition and execution full of boldness and vigour. "A Souvenir of Provence," the best of the three pictures which he exhibits, is marked by those qualities in a high degree, and the clearness and harmony of the colouring deserve the praise which is freely bestowed. The composition is simple: a heath, a rocky bank, and some fine trees, form the landscape, which is animated by some figures evincing a taste for the antique, and drawn with the freedom and vigour which are characteristic of the whole design. The other two productions of this artist are of inferior merit, and have a reddishness of tone which gives them an unpleasant effect.

M. Humbert contributes to the exhibition a series of landscapes, with figures of animals, which do credit to himself and to the school to which he belongs. *Lightness and beauty, truthfulness to nature, and splendour of colouring, are their characteristics.* His skies are bright and clear, recalling those of Claude; his distances correct; and his animals richly coloured, and grouped in a picturesque and effective manner. His best picture represents "A Mountain Pasture," with a goat and several cows; it is of large dimensions, and characterised by all the qualities we have ascribed to him. The light clouds which sweep slowly across the sky, the cool misty air of early morning, and the glistening dew upon the herbage, are finely represented. The picture derives a grand effect from the transparency of the shadows; and nothing can be better than the grouping and colours of the cattle, by which the effect of contrast is obtained, without injury to the harmony of the composition. "A Landscape," with animals, is somewhat similar in design, and resembles it in the transparency of the veil of mist and the truthfulness to nature of the animals.

M. Thuillier, a distinguished landscape-painter, contributes a grand view of the "Lake of Annay." This picture has a pleasing effect at first sight, but on a more attentive view, the spectator is struck by a peculiarity in the treatment of the sky. It is possible that the scene represented, may, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, present a similar aspect, but its representation evinces a want of taste on the part of the artist. The effect produced is

far from good; and the figures and animals, moreover, are executed with reprehensible negligence.

M. Albert Ingardon, a young Genevese artist, in his "Carman of Verrier," has made his *début* as a painter of animals, in which class he is fairly entitled to a place in the first rank, by the vigour and truthfulness of his delineations. The subject is a simple one: one of the hardy and adventurous carmen of Verrier, near Geneva, is leading down a very steep path two oxen attached to a loaded stone-car, used to convey stone from the quarry. The chained wheel, the attitudes of the oxen and of the man, who looks anxiously down the steep path before him, show the difficulties and dangers of the descent. In the background, a man is seen at work with a pick-axe, and masses of rock rise on both sides. The same artist exhibits several other pictures of animals, all displaying the same truthfulness and vigour.

The exhibition is particularly rich in landscapes, and few of them are without merit; but we are compelled to confine our notice to the best, and we must pass on to the painters of history and *genre*. We ought not, however, to pass over "A Torrent in the Upper Alps," by M. Castan, an agreeable picture, painted with great care.

The historical pictures are comparatively few in number, and none of them display a high order of talent. M. Ulman exhibits a scene from "The Martyrs" of Chateaubriand—"Velleda and Eudora," a picture harmonious in design and colouring, but with many defects. In the figure of Velleda there is a want of taste in the proportions, and the posture of Eudora has too much *nonchalance*; neither does the countenance sufficiently reflect the feelings that should be inspired by affection for Velleda.

In passing through the saloon, the attention of the spectator cannot fail to be arrested by a charming little composition of M. Gleyre; it is called "A Bacchante;" but the artist has used mythological forms to convey a moral. His conceptions are always happy, and in the present instance he is particularly so. The picture represents a beautiful female riding on a goat, which is led by a faun bearing a torch, while Cupid flies from her, covering his face with his hands. The meaning which is intended to be thus allegorically conveyed is, that when the fair sex suffer themselves to be carried away by bad passions, they repel love, and the better feelings of our nature lose their empire over their hearts. The idea is well carried out, and, both in composition and execution, the picture merits the admiration it elicits. Another production of this artist, "Ruth the Moabitess," though not without merit, is scarcely equal to the little circular composition we have described.

M. Favas exhibits a portrait of General Dufour, which is a striking likeness of that officer, but not remarkable as a work of art. Its defects in this respect, however, are amply compensated in the portrait of an old man, by the same artist—a vigorous and striking picture, deserving the highest encomiums. Before passing from portrait to *genre* painting, justice and gallantry alike require us to notice a beautiful portrait of a lady, executed in pastel, by Madame Archinard; and another by Mademoiselle Durand, a very tasteful and praiseworthy production.

M. Hébert is known here as the painter of several pictures, which may be described as holding an intermediate place between history and *genre*. He has in the exhibition "The Family of a Condottiero," one of those hardy soldiers of fortune who figure so conspicuously in the history of Italy during the middle ages; the composition of the picture is good, but in the article of colour it is very deficient. In the same category with M. Hébert we may place M. Gaudon, who exhibits a charming military scene; and M. Zuber Buhler, who has sent a picture called "First Education," which marks him as an artist of considerable promise.

"The Separation," by M. Kunkler, is a sweet and pleasing picture, representing a butcher offering to purchase of a peasant the pet sheep of his little daughter, who implores her father not to deprive her of her favourite. The innocent face of the child, full of solicitude and apprehension, is exquisite; and all that the picture requires to render it perfect is a little more vividness in the lights.

Among other pictures of this class, we must not forget "The Love of Study," one of several beautiful compositions by M. Paget; "The Indigent Family," by M. Grosclaude, a picture full of sentiment and interest; and "The Prisoner's Wife," a beautiful conception of M. Van Muyden, painted with extreme care. Nor must we pass over in silence the beautiful specimens of painting in enamel, which the watch and jewellery trade of Geneva has fostered and encouraged, and for which that city has become as famous as Lyons is for its fruit and flower painters. M. Baud exhibits a copy of "The Syrens" of M. Meun, of the highest finish; and his miniature portraits are remarkable for the truth and vigour displayed in their microscopic proportions. The beautiful landscape designs of MM. Delapleine, Fontanesi, and Prévost, attract attention by their fidelity to nature and delicacy of finish. The fine groups of fruit and flowers, done in water-colours by M. Lays, a Lyonnese artist, are also deserving of notice.

Sculpture forms a comparatively small portion of the exhibition, and there are only a few contributions which call for special notice. H. Dorcière exhibits three groups in marble: "Hagar and Ishmael," "Maternity," and "Confidence," in all of which the sentiment is good, and evinces considerable knowledge of human nature, and ability in representing the softer feelings of the heart. "A Bacchante," by M. Fitting, is conceived with taste; but designs of this kind do not appeal to the heart, like the productions of M. Dorcière, though the eye is gratified by their ideal beauty. Among a series of Swiss subjects in terra cotta, we observed "A Chamois Hunter," full of character, and executed in a very good style.

The Genevese exhibition has this year created considerable interest, both in and out of Switzerland; and its effect in promoting and encouraging the study of the fine arts cannot fail to be proportionately felt. Swiss artists need not leave their own country in search of the picturesque; on the shores of their own lakes, in the valleys which resound with the roar of the torrent, and in the passes of their mountains, they will always find both subjects and inspiration.

A PORTRAIT, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS magnificent portrait hangs in the gallery appropriated to the works of the Italian masters in that unrivalled collection, the Louvre at Paris. Its beauty as a work of art is not seen at the first glance; it is a picture which requires to be surveyed with attention. It is not by the grandeur of the outlines, nor by the beauty of the colouring, nor by the elegance of the costume, that this head fixes the attention of the spectator. It is by the expression of deep thought which is read in those delicate features, and which Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest of the predecessors of Raffaele, was the first to excel in representing.

It is uncertain whether this portrait is that of Charles VIII. or of his successor, Louis XII. The artist did not take up his residence in France, at the invitation of Francis I., until 1515, and only survived the change of abode five years, during which he suffered almost continually from ill health. Both the monarchs,

whom it has been supposed this portrait may represent, visited Italy, but in the character of hostile invaders. Charles VIII. was at Florence, where Leonardo da Vinci then resided, in 1494, and at which period the artist may have painted his portrait. Charles died in 1498, and though his successor invaded Italy, in order to carry out his ambitious designs on the kingdom of Naples, it does not appear that he ever resided at Florence. Moreover, he was held in execration by the Italians, on account of the calamities which he brought upon their country, the horrors of the storming of Brescia, the cruel execution of Count Avogadro and his two sons for their patriotic resistance to the invader, and other atrocities. For all these reasons, it is much more probable that the portrait is that of Charles VIII. than of his cruel and ambitious successor.

Leonardo da Vinci may be regarded as the first painter who attempted to reconcile minute and elaborate finish with grandeur

of idea and dignity of form. In the expression of character, and the just delineation of the affections and emotions, he surpassed every painter who had preceded him; and it detracts nothing from his merit to acknowledge, that he was excelled in this sublime department of art by Raffaele, who rose into celebrity as Leonardo disappeared from the stage which he had trod so worthily.

The story of this great artist having died in the arms of Francis I. is now discredited. He died at the Chateau of Cloux, near Amboise, on the 2nd of May, 1519; and, according to the journal of Francis, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, the court was

effectually to court the various graces he pursued. His line was free from meagreness, and his forms presented volume; but he appears not to have ever been much acquainted, or to have sedulously sought much acquaintance, with the antique. Character was his favourite study; and character he has often raised from an individual to a species, and as often depressed to caricature. The strength of his execution lay in the delineation of male heads; those of his females owe nearly all their charms to *chiaroscuro*, of which he is the supposed inventor; they are seldom more discriminated than the children they fondle; they are sisters of one family." Some of the best works of this master were executed



PORTRAIT BY LEONARDO DA VINCI; SUPPOSED TO BE OF CHARLES VIII. OR LOUIS XII.

at that day at St. Germain-en-Laye. His intimate friend and former pupil, Francesco Melzi, to whom he bequeathed his drawings and manuscripts, wrote a letter to Leonardo's relations immediately after his death, in which he makes no mention of the circumstance, as he would assuredly have done, if it had occurred; and Lomazzo distinctly says, that it was from Melzi the king first learnt that the artist was dead.

Fasell thus sums up the character of Leonardo as a painter:— "The universality of Leonardo da Vinci is become proverbial; but though possessed of every element, he rather gave glimpses than a standard of form; though full of energy, he had not powers

during his second residence in Florence, which was probably the period when he painted the portrait we have engraved. His execution is elaborate and careful; and he left many of his works in what he considered an unfinished state, though others could see no defect in them. In subjects which he undertook to complete, he not only imitated the brightness of the eyes, the roots of the hair, the pores of the skin, and even the beating of the arteries, but portrayed each separate garment and every accessory with the same minuteness. At the same time he led the way to a more enlarged and dignified style, and smoothed the path, so to speak, for the appearance of Raffaele.

SIMON MATHURIN LANTARA.



LANTARA has acquired a certain name in France, through the notoriety of having passed his life in a tavern and died in a hospital. Men of his stamp, the Bohemians of art, experience the frowns of society while living, but posterity accords its pardon to all their faults, except that of indolence, and their genius obtains for them the respect and sympathy of the critics.

In this little group of improvident artists, however, there have been some who, more than others, perhaps because more largely

like the lazzaroni of Naples, he yet retained unimpaired, throughout his life, the love of nature and the sentiment of art.

Simon Mathurin Lantara was born in 1745, in the environs of Montargis, or more probably at Fontainebleau. His father was a sign-painter, perfectly incapable of giving him lessons in the higher branches of art. Animated by an ardent admiration of the sublime phenomena of the universe, Lantara passed the greater part of his youth in wandering about the forest of Fontainebleau, following one path or another as fancy dictated, and sleeping on the moss and soft herbage, to contemplate the glorious spectacle of the rising sun, and the warm perspectives of the evening twilight. Those promenades, teeming with inspiration, which Claude Lorraine had enjoyed before him in the environs of Rome, Lantara imitated, but under a sky less epic; and between his works and those of the great master whom he unconsciously took for his model, there is all the distance which separates the romantic Campagna of Rome from the familiar neighbourhood of Paris. Lantara was a dreamer, a man afflicted with that restlessness of spirit, that vague disquietude agitating the mind without ceasing, which we find revealed in the life and in the works of Rousseau. Men of this temperament pursue all their lives the happiness which flies before them. Some seek it in love, others in work. Lantara sought it in the tavern.

Lodged in the garret of a miserable inn in the Rue du Chantre, Lantara sometimes went out in the morning to walk about in the fields, far from the noise and confusion of Paris, and breathe a freer and purer atmosphere. When night came, he carried back his hunger to the city, and, returning to his wretched lodging, sat down to drink, to cease drinking only when he became thoroughly intoxicated. At other times, shut up in his garret, he remained the whole week without going out. This was the life of Lantara; when he worked, and how he worked, are among his unexplained mysteries. One thing is certain, for the rarity of his works proves it—that he worked no more than he was obliged to do. He had to get a living, however, and pressed by necessity, sold landscapes to greedy dealers in pictures, in which he lived.



gifted by nature, retain the poetry of their art amid privations and misery, and the inspirations of whose genius are not extinguished even by the gross pleasures of the Jehannin. Lantara, who is the type of the Bohemian of art, and whose improvidence and poverty have become proverbial among the artists of his country, was one of those blessed children of nature, steeped in poverty, addicted to the devouring vice of intoxication, but safe by nature.

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS

"Lantern," says Alexander Lenoir, "was always poor, yet happy in his poverty; his dragons, his palette, his brushes, and a favourite bird comprised all his moveables. The pet bird was the charm of his miserable habitation," M. Lenoir attributes to Lantern a mixture of good and evil qualities, and thus apologises for the latter: "He had vices, but it is to his want of education, rather than to an inherently evil nature, that we must attribute them; with goodness of heart he combined a simplicity of soul which induces us to pardon all, even his indolence and his epicurism."

An artist so organised ought to be a good landscape painter. For artists who are without care, whether for glory, for fortune, or for honours, are more likely than others to be influenced by that ardent love of nature which is the true inspiration of their profession. The scenery of the woods, the hills, and the heaths, is to them in the place of family and possessions. They live in the rays of the sun, and comprehend the glory and the poesy of its rising and its setting. For them the radiance of the sunbeams is gold, and the moon-tinted edges of the white clouds are silver. They love the splendour of the stars, the mysteries of twilight, and the silence of night; they are enraptured with the beauty of the skies. Thus it was with poor Lantara. Thus he often stood at night, immovable, on the Pont Neuf, contemplating in a holy ecstasy the sun sinking behind the other bridges, and reddening with its slanting beams the waters of the Seine. Afterwards, in a coffee-house, or in his miserable lodging, he painted from memory the effects which had excited his admiration, portraying on blue paper, with the lightest touches of a white crayon, sometimes the tranquil and mysterious effects of moonlight, sometimes those of the sun, the tints, the contrast, and the accidents with which he had made himself familiar in his ramblings.

The name of *Lantara* is not to be found in the dictionaries of Bryan and Pilkington, nor in any of the French works on art, with one single exception. But in the month of October, 1809, a one-act drama was produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville, having for its title "*Lantara, or the Painter of the Tavern.*" As the character of the artist is very ably treated, an analysis of the piece will not be out of place here, and may interest our readers.

Like some of the sages of Greece, Lantara carries all his wealth about him. He is first introduced at a suburban tavern, to which is attached one of those numerous tea-gardens still as much frequented by the working classes of Paris as in the days of Louis XV. The scene changes to a *restaurant* kept by the porter of the Jardin des Plantes, where the painter has an appointment with a picture-dealer named Jacob. The simple artist has always thought that to effect a marriage it is sufficient for the parties to love each other, and hopes for the union of his daughter Therese with Victor, the son of Jacob. But the rich picture-dealer is indignant at the idea of such a *mésalliance*, and thinks it beneath his dignity even to dine with one so wretchedly poor as Lantara; so he goes off, to dine with some other picture-dealers, leaving the angry and humiliated artist alone. To dissipate his vexation and disappointment, he sits down to dinner, and commences by drinking to the health of all mankind. Having thus raised his spirits, he gives them vent in a Boebeanian song, in the midst of which a model named Belletête enters. Lantara makes him sit down, and dine with him; and here the authors have well marked the difference which separates the gluttonous model from the artist, who maintains even in the tavern some sparks of politeness and good taste. On the second course being called for, the *restaurateur* brings in the bill, and refuses to serve the roast fowl that should form it until his demand has been liquidated, for he has formed a shrewd guess that Lantara is entirely without resources.

The artist, upon this, sniffs for paper, and makes a crayon drawing of the head of Belshazzar, in the character of Silenus; during the execution of which he sings a song on the variety and opposite characters of the heads which his crayon has at different times produced. He sends the drawing to Jacob, and fixes the price at twenty francs. The picture-dealer offers twelve, which lantern, who, at the same time, has added by sundry positions to the length of the snail, finally refuses to accept. He now makes a spiteful remark to the daughter and Victor, holding each other by the hand, and looking on each other with eyes sparkling with love. This he also sends to Jacob, requiring for it forty francs. The

picture-dealer is willing to purchase; but his friends advise the drawing so much, that they bid against each other until the price rises to fifty crowns. But Lantara declares that Jacob alone shall have it at the price he himself fixed upon it. Vanquished by this noble trait of character, the picture-dealer consents to the marriage, and Lantara assigns to his daughter the sum of twenty thousand francs, the price of a beautiful moonlight picture.

The character of Lantara seems to be correctly drawn in this vignette. Simplicity, frankness, and disinterestedness form his moral portrait. Respecting the artist's love of wine, the picture drawn by its authors is not in accordance with the brief notice of M. Alexander Lenoir, who says, "Lantara has been reproached with drunkenness; the charge is false; he loved a cup of *bavaroise* (an infusion of tea and *capillaires*) or chocolate better than a bottle of wine. His pictures were obtained at a low price by practising on his simplicity and good nature. He would paint a landscape for an almond-cake, a tart, or any other kind of pastry. Dalbot, the keeper of a *café* near the Louvre, obtained a number of the finest drawings of Lantara by supplying him with *bavaroise* and coffee."

But what was the character of the pictures and drawings which the artist exchanged so freely for tarts and coffee? It might be expected that they were tavern-scenes—card-players and brawlers—sketches made in the low haunts of vice and dissipation. But no: the most beautiful aspects of nature—luminous horizons, moonlit waters, skies empurpled by the sun—these were what Lantara painted in preference. The obscure frequenter of Dalbot's *café* took nature for his model, and had all the poetry of nature in his soul. Lantara is the Claude of a more temperate clime. It is not on the banks of the Seine that we meet with grand ruins, colonnades of circular temples dedicated to Venus, and marble tombs tinged with roseate hues by the declining orb of day; but, in default of these august souvenirs, which fill up the landscapes of Claude, and impress them with a character of solemn poetry, our poor Bohemian of the Rue du Chantre drew from his poetic temperament and his observant love of nature those purple sunsets, those silver-edged clouds, which seem to float across his moonlights, and those magical effects of light, in the representation of which he is inferior only to the great landscape painter whom we have named. "It would be difficult," says a most competent judge, "to carry skill in aerial perspective further than Lantara has done. All his pictures and drawings are characterised by the same pure and refined taste; and if, upon a close examination, disproportion may be observed in some of his compositions, it is a fault which takes nothing from his merits as a colourist. The careful study of his works will singularly facilitate the imitation of the grand and beautiful effects of nature."*

It was from the ingenuousness of his nature that Lantara drew the sentiment of harmony. Of candour and simplicity he possessed as much as it is possible to imagine. M. Lenoir relates that Lantara, having borrowed four-and-twenty shillings, was not ashamed to offer four shillings on account. In his dealings with amateurs he was as simple and as scrupulously honest as in settling with his creditors. An amateur had ordered of the artist a landscape, in which there should be a church and figures. Lantara finished the picture, but introduced no figures, which he was not skillful in drawing. On his taking home the picture, the amateur was struck with its truthfulness, with the brilliancy of the colours, and with the lightness of the touch ; but when the first transports of admiration had subsided, he perceived that the artist had not introduced the desired figures.

"Monsieur Lantara," said he, "you have omitted the drums in your picture."

11. The first of these is the fact that the

"Ah, well," returned the amateur; "finish the picture when they come out."

The awkwardness of the artist in drawing figures led him to avoid himself of the brush of some obliging brother of the art. Among the pictures of this master in the gallery of St. Petersburg, there are three in which the figures are by Nicholas Kozlov and Denisov. In the figures which surround other landscapes by

• *Exposition. Théorie du Paradoxe en Considération générale sur les besoins de la Nature que l'art peut imiter.* Paris, 1812. N.

Lantara, who may trace the hand of Gessner, of Borré, and of Bernard. M. Roux du Cantal, a distinguished valuer, and author of the "Catalogue Robert de St. Victor," says that even Joseph Vernet did not disdain to paint the figures in the landscapes of Lantara. In this catalogue, which was drawn up in 1828, M. Roux du Cantal complains bitterly of the writers who have given Lantara the reputation of a drunkard. He asserts that the artist, though not exempt from caprices and eccentricities, practised an austerity in his manner of living very rare at the period in which he lived; that his tastes were simple as those of a child; and that, owing to his delicate constitution and dreamy temperament, cakes and coffee were his principal nourishment. Unfortunately, M. Roux du Cantal adduces no evidence in support of his assertions; and it is not improbable that the authors of the vaudeville founded on the life of Lantara had been personally acquainted with the artist.

The materials for a biography of Lantara are very few. Nearly every writer who has deigned to mention him has treated him as a creation of the fancy, a representative personage, a type. In Paris his name is in every mouth; it is known to all the amateurs, and to all the print-sellers and picture-dealers. Contemporary with Diderot, who has so mercilessly criticised the productions of Boucher, Fragonard, Tavel, Halle, and others, he would have been a good subject for his bitter sarcasm and his unsparing ridicule; but Lantara never sent any of his works to the exhibition. He was little known to men of the literary profession, and nearly ignorant of literature. The book of nature, spread out in the woods and fields around Paris, was the only page he studied. Otherwise, what a rich treat it would have been to Diderot to have encountered Lantara some fine day on the Quai Conti, or to have entered by chance some mean and obscure *café*, and surprised the artist in the composition of a moonlit landscape! How the poor artist would have fared in those charming pages, which may be regarded as the "Dunciad" of the French artists of that day, we know not; but we can imagine the ridicule, the sarcasm, the irony, that would have been poured forth upon him. A great painter of the taverns! Another Joseph Vernet found in a garret! A second Claude Lorraine discovered in a smoking-room, painting in its reeky atmosphere (having finished his last glass) all the picturesque effects which attend the rising and setting of the sun, the luminous vapours on the horizon, the dew on the grass, the reflection of the moonbeams on the still waters!*

The mystery which enveloped the life of Lantara, the strangeness of his habits and manners, and the contradictory accounts that have been given of his character, have often been themes for discussion and wonder among amateurs. Looking at his landscapes, their composition and their harmony of tone, the spectator would conclude that he must have been a man of regular and sober life. That the painter of pictures exhibiting such fidelity to nature, such richness of colour, such delicacy of touch, and evincing, above all, such a refined and poetic taste, should have been an incorrigible drunkard, careless, fantastic, and indolent, seems more than strange—it verges on the incredible. Men occupying the high places of the world of art are said to have essayed to withdraw Lantara from a mode of life apparently so antagonistic to his nature, and bordering so closely on vagabondage, that he might be placed in conditions favourable to the development of his talents, and acquire the reputation of which they rendered him worthy; but his erratic habits were too deeply rooted to be easily eradicated.

M. de Cayrol, who, occupied as he was with archæological pursuits and studies, did not disdain the artists of his time, gave Lantara advice and encouragement to this end, and placed him in circumstances more favourable for the prosecution of his labours.

Diderot's descriptions of pictures are very characteristic of the writer, full of cleverness and wit, and most powerful in conveying an idea of what he was describing. They were addressed to himself, and were not published in a collected form at least, until after the author's death. Here, in evidence, he was perfectly disinterested as to what he said, provided he expressed what he meant, and his sarcasm and observations will often not have been spared. A. W. Schlegel says: "It would be a true pleasure to see a collection of pictures described for one's self, by the same man."

Lantara, better lodged, better fed, and better clothed, made an effort to accustom himself to a mode of life that was new to him; but his inveterate habits of wandering idly about and drinking in low taverns were fatal to the good intentions of his friends. His carousals at the wretched inn in the *Rue du Chantre*, his long walks in the woods, the joyous liberty of a gipsy-like existence, were to Lantara the charms of life. He soon returned, therefore, to his garret and the tavern.

It is creditable to Lantara that, painting in the most profligate period of the history of France, and exposed by his poverty to temptation, he has not profaned and polluted the purity of art after the manner of Boucher and Fragonard, those arch-priests of what Carlyle expressively calls "Dubarrydom." The French school had declined after the death of Le Brun, and produced only pictures more fitted for the adornment of heathen temples than for the public galleries of a Christian people. Lantara was no imitator of the meretricious style which found favour in the eyes of Louis XV. and the Pompadours and Maintenons. He left the vices, the follies, and the profanities of the capital behind him; to study nature on the banks of the Seine, or in the sun-lit glades of the forest of Fontainebleau. In the midst of misery and vice he preserved in his heart the love of the beautiful, and respect for the pure and holy; a circumstance which probably won for him the esteem of his patron Cayrol, who was as much the friend of virtue as he was an admirer of the arts.

We gather from those who have slightly noticed him, that Lantara was of a delicate constitution; and it is too probable that he injured it by his unfortunate attachment to the bottle. After suffering for a long time in his wretched garret, he was constrained to apply for admission into the hospital of *La Charité*, on the 22nd of December, 1778. He entered at noon, and six hours afterwards he was dead. The unfortunate artist was only in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Lantara had never been a member of any academy, and his death excited little more attention than if he had never lived. The author of the "Secret Memoirs" gave a passing notice of the event in his journal, speaking of him as an ignorant and uneducated man. The continuer of Bachaumont, however, does him more justice. "No painter," says he, "has better represented the different hours of the day; he excelled in aerial perspective, and the vapours of his landscapes approach those of Claude Lorraine in truthfulness and beauty. His daybreaks are marked by a delightful freshness."

Lantara has left but few works, for he was the most modest of artists, and seems never to have worked but when urged by necessity. Prized as they are by those who can appreciate the really beautiful and the true, the compositions of this master are disdained by the majority. In this country his works are scarcely known. In France they are scarce, and, with the exception of a sunset in the gallery of the Louvre, they are only to be found in the collections of the most distinguished amateurs.

The gallery of M. Delessert contains six:—1. "Sunset." A landscape, with rocks and the sea, illuminated by the beams of the setting sun; a bark with fishermen. The figures are by Nicholas Taunay. This picture was formerly in the Perrin collection.

2. "Sunset." An immense rock, on which rise some ruins; in the background, a villa on the banks of a river.

3. "Sunrise." Two masses of rock occupy the left and of the picture; on the right, in the distance, a village. In the foreground, two men and a woman on horseback.

4. "A Landscape." A large mass of rocks on the right, with a chateau on the summit. In the middle, a river, over which is a bridge of three arches. A cart loaded with hay is passing over the bridge. The figures are by Demarte.

5. "A Landscape." On the right, a chateau with towers; in the middle, a group of trees; on the left, a river. A man and a woman walking.

6. "View of a Chateau." The figures in this picture, which was formerly in the Maitland collection, are by Nicholas Taunay.

M. Jules Dupas possesses a drawing "Sunset" by Lantara, in which the figures of men and women are portrayed in a manner worthy of Claude.

Another drawing, which is called "The Sunset," and

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

"Market," which we have engraved (p. 152), is the property of Dr. Roux.

M. Didot is the possessor of three pictures by Lantara:—"A Water-mill," with animals by Berré; a "Sunset," and a "Rising of the Moon," with figures by Nicholas Taunay.

Lantara left a great number of drawings, executed with ease and sentiment: they are done with crayons, in black and white. Some of the moonlight scenes are described by those who have seen them as exquisitely beautiful. The effects of mist, and of the moon shining through a haze, are portrayed with wonderful correctness. There is one of these beautiful designs in the gallery of the Louvre.

In the cabinet of engravings belonging to the National Library, at Paris, there are preserved, between two sheets of paper, some indifferent lithographs, two or three engravings by Mouchy, Née, Beaume, Madame Massard, and Couché; and a landscape, with a bridge, etched with aquafortis by Lantara himself.

was valued at his sale, in 1817, at £22; the same picture, presenting landscapes with figures, at £23.

At the St. Victor sale, in 1823, "A Tempest," by this master, produced £35, and "A Moonlight" £7. "A Landscape," representing the sun breaking through the haze of early morning, with three figures by Bernard, was sold for £25.

At the Vignerons sale, in 1829, a landscape by Lantara produced the comparatively large sum of £120.

M. Alphonse Giroux formerly possessed a landscape by Lantara, representing a sheet of water; on the sale of this gentleman's collection, which took place in 1851, this picture was valued at £16.

Lantara signed all his pictures and drawings; we annex a facsimile of his signature.

S. Lantara



VIEW OF PROO, NEAR ST. GERMAIN.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

At the sale of the collection of Count de Dubary, in 1774, four years before the death of Lantara, a beautiful landscape by this master, with figures, was sold for £2. Two others, enriched with figures by Casanova, rose by competition to £15.

In 1776, at the sale of M. Blondel de Gagay, treasurer-general to the sinking-fund office, two pictures by Lantara were sold for £2.

The Prince of Conti had four pictures by this master, of very small dimensions, which were sold, in 1777, for £22.

At the sale of the Castelmare collection, in 1791, a fine landscape by Lantara, with some figures and a cow by Casanova, was sold for £15.

A picture by this master, representing a rocky coast, and ornamented with figures by Nicholas Taunay, was sold by the Duke of Orleans, in 1809, for £13.

At the Holme sale, in 1813, a small box, ornamented with two pictures by Lantara—one representing a landscape, the other a figure—was sold for £7.

M. Lantara, receiver of the finances of the department of the Seine, possessed by Lantara; one, with figures by Taunay,

PICTURES IN SPAIN.

THE unfortunate civil dissensions to which Spain has been a prey for so many years have not only, by impoverishing the country, deprived the arts of the patronage necessary to their progress, but diverted the attention of the people from the elegancies and refinements of life to the means of preserving their lives and property. Owing mainly to these causes, Spain has produced no great artist since the death of Velasquez and Murillo, with whom the glory of Spanish art may be said to have departed. The efforts of the academies, and the patronage of Charles III., who had acquired a taste for the fine arts while reigning at Naples, were insufficient to rekindle the light that had once shed splendour on the schools of Seville and Valencia. The later artists of the Spanish school degenerated into pedantry and mannerism, and foreign invasions and protracted wars at length caused even painters and sculptors to be without patronage, and the works of the old masters to be neglected and forgotten.

Notwithstanding the absorption of a great number of pictures from the churches and monasteries during the French occupation,

it is known that there must be an immense number of good pictures still in the country, which would furnish materials for valuable national collections, could they be discovered. But public as well as private property has been subjected to such repeated outrages in the course of the wars and revolutions that have so long distracted the country, that every picture of value has been secreted to await the restoration of tranquillity. A great number of private families are known to possess pictures, which have been handed down as heirlooms, and are hidden to prevent their loss in the political convulsions that have been of such frequent occurrence. Whenever a brief period of tranquillity has supervened, a number of paintings have been brought from their hiding-places in vaults and closets, and exposed for sale at the shops of the brokers and picture-dealers of Madrid. All are declared to be by Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, or some other great artist of European reputation; but the majority

check existed upon the destruction or abstraction of pictures to any extent. In nearly every place the local authorities threw obstacles in the way of the commissioners, sometimes, no doubt, from jealousy of interference, but often, it is feared, in order to conceal their peculations, or those of their predecessors in office.

At Almeria, for instance, the existence of any local collection was denied, but a catalogue was accidentally discovered containing a list of 196 pictures, which had been collected in 1837, and had since countably disappeared. At Caceres, again, the commissioners could get no account of the works of art which were known to have existed, especially in the magnificent monastery of the Hieronymites, at Chudaloupe, near Lograsan. On proceeding to ascertain what still remained within the walls of the monastery, they were resisted by the local authorities, who pretended that everything there belonged to the parish, and not to the state. At Cadix, though a



VIEW ON THE SEINA.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

have been ascertained to be the works of the copyists of the 18th century.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the account presented in the report of the commission appointed by royal ordinance in 1844 to make inquiries relative to the works of art contained in the suppressed monasteries. A hope had been entertained of forming a gallery of painting and sculpture in the principal town of each province, but the royal commissioners, Don José Madrazo and Don Valentin Cardenera, were soon convinced of the hopelessness of such an undertaking. In some provinces the pictures had found their way into the possession of foreign dealers and amateurs; in others, many of the most esteemed works of art, the glory and ornament of the most important churches, had perished in their application to the service of the state; in others, scarcely any record was preserved of what had been in existence at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and no inventory or catalogue of any kind had been made. It must be evident that, under such circumstances, no

catalogue had been made, prints had been mixed up with pictures, so that it was found impossible to detect thefts, though many were gravely suspected. Plunder had been carried on to a most disgraceful extent at Oñate, and the investigations of the commissioners were resisted by the superior of the priory of St. Jago de Ucles. At Girona several pictures had disappeared within the last three years. A number of paintings had been abstracted from the museum of Grapada within a shorter period, and no one could tell what had become of them. In the Basque provinces many pictures were missing, which was ascribed by the authorities to the Carlist insurrection. The report says: "while many have been destroyed on the one hand, on the other the state of affairs has thrown a shield over those who have profited by the confusion, and have unjustly appropriated the property of the state." Eight portraits of kings were known to exist in the Benedictine monastery of Logroño, near Ponferrada, but the authorities asserted positively that no works of art whatever existed there. At Seville, again, eight

pictures which, according to a catalogue made in 1835, had then existed, had since disappeared, and no explanation could be obtained from the authorities.

In some other towns the commissioners were more successful. At Alava eighty-six pictures were collected, but there was no place for their reception. At Albacete forty-six pictures, mostly by native artists, with a few specimens of the Italian masters, had been preserved. At Barcelona some pictures were obtained, and placed in the museum; and some by Vanduyck, Zurbaran, and other celebrated masters, were found in the Carmelite convent, near Castellon. Twenty pictures of the Italian schools had been rescued from the Benedictine convent at Corunna; and no less than 480, among which were works of Ribera and Zurbaran, were collected at Guadalupe. Eighteen were collected at Lerida, twenty-nine at Teruel, and a few others at Zamora and Huelva.

In some places museums have been established, where the pictures were numerous enough, and local funds existed, which were available for the purpose; in others the pictures have been placed in convents still existing, or other public buildings. A museum, containing 200 pictures, was opened at Orihuela in January, 1845, and the work of collecting was still going on. At Badajoz a museum was about to be formed in the old Franciscan convent. A collection of 252 pictures, mostly of the Spanish schools, had been deposited in the College of the Assumption, at Cordova. At Huesca 120 pictures had been collected, and placed in the building belonging to the Economical Society. At Jaen 238, including some by Murillo, Zurbaran, Cano, Titian, and Albano, had been placed in the old Jesuit convent. The local commission of Orense had succeeded in securing as many as 120 pictures and some pieces of sculpture, and it was intended to establish a museum. Fifteen pictures were placed in the university of Oviedo; and thirty-six were collected at Palencia, including some attributed to Vanduyck, Carlo Maratti, and Guido, which were to form the nucleus of a local museum. In Salamanca as many as 1,061 pictures were ascertained to exist as public property, which were in various convents and other buildings until a proper place for a local museum could be obtained. This object has not, however, been yet attained, owing to the want of funds, which, in Spain, cripples every undertaking. At Segovia 386 pictures were deposited in the episcopal palace.

The Seville museum is without doubt the richest in Spain, for there Murillo shines in all his glory; but the commissioners were unable to obtain a complete and satisfactory catalogue, of which they complain bitterly in their report. Some of the pictures from the suppressed convents and churches of Toledo had been transferred to Madrid, and an accurate inventory of these, or of the pictures originally in those buildings, could not be procured; such as remained were deposited in the old convent of St. Pedro Martin. The rich museum of Valencia is established in the old Carmelite convent, and contains as many as 600 pictures, mostly by native artists. The collection of portraits of celebrated Spanish poets, which was formerly in the monastery of Murta, was transferred to the academy of St. Carlos. The works of art existing in the suppressed convents of St. Benito el Real, the Merced Calzada, and St. Diego, at Valladolid, have been removed to the museum of that city, which already contained 947 pictures and 229 pieces of sculpture, and is one of the most important in Spain. The little museum of Vizcaya contains thirty pictures, the catalogue of which is mentioned in the report as the only one which fulfilled all the conditions required by the commission—that is to say, it set forth the subjects, the schools, and the names of the artists, the supposed merits of the pictures, their state of preservation, and the convent whence each came. A few pictures were collected at Saragossa, and it was proposed to establish a museum in the old convent of Santa Fe; but the want of funds and the indifference of the local authorities have hitherto prevented the proposition from being carried out.

Of the neglect which works of art have long experienced in Spain, and the manner in which so many of the best have disappeared, a striking picture has been presented by Madame Haub. "It is wretched," she says, speaking of the museum of Seville, and the custody of pictures there in 1841, "to see how the valuable series of pictures are preserved! Enclosed,

without the necessary varnish, sometimes without frames, they lean against the walls, or stand unprotected in the passages where they are copied. Every dauber may mark his squares upon them, to facilitate his drawing; and since these squares are permanent in some pictures, in order to spare these admirable artists the trouble of renewing them, the threads have, in certain cases, begun to leave their impression on the picture. The proof of this negligence is the fact, that we found to-day the mark of a finger-nail on the St. Augustine, which was not there on the first day that we saw it. We can only thank God if nothing worse than a finger-nail make a mark on the picture. It stands there on the ground, without a frame, leaning against the walls. One might knock it over or kick one's foot through it. There is to be sure a kind of ragged custode sitting by, but if one were to give him a couple of dollars he would hold his tongue; he is, moreover, always sleeping, and yawns as if he would put his jaws out. He does not forget, however, on these occasions to make the sign of the cross with his thumb opposite his open mouth, for fear the devils should fly in—such is the common belief. You see clearly that, with this amount of neglect and want of order, the fate awaits all the Murillos here which has already befallen the Leonardo's "Last Supper," at Milan. These are all collected in two public buildings, in the church of the Caridad, and in the Museum.

"The Caridad was a hospital or charitable institution. The pictures were brought hither from Murillo's own studio; there are five:—"Moses," the Feeding of the Five Thousand," the "St. Juan de Dios," a little "Salvator Mundi," and a small "John the Baptist;" the sixth, the pendant to the "St. Juan de Dios," the "St. Elizabeth with the Sick," has been carried to the Museum at Madrid. It is very questionable whether these five pictures will be still in the Caridad in ten years time. Nothing would be easier than to smuggle out the two small pictures. A painter comes—copies them—does not stand upon a few dollars more or less—takes off the originals, and leaves the copies behind in their places, which are high up and badly lighted—the pictures are gone for ever! This sort of proceeding is not impossible here, and Baron Taylor's purchases for Paris prove the fact. It cannot of course be done without corruption and connivance on the part of the official guardians; and, after all, one has hardly the courage to lament it. The pictures are, in fact, saved—they are protected and duly valued."

Seville was formerly renowned for its riches in private collections of works of art; these have all disappeared, but the influence of the clergy has been sufficient to preserve such a number of fine pictures in their splendid cathedral that it forms one of the best collections in Spain. It possesses twelve Murillos, and many of the best productions of Ribera, Zurbaran, Cano, and Herrera. At Madrid the royal gallery contains a greater number of *chef-d'œuvre*, with a smaller proportion of inferior works, than any similar collection in Europe. It contains some of the finest productions of Titian, Rubens, and other artists who visited Madrid in the reign of Charles V. and his successors; and since the suppression of the monasteries, it has been further enriched by the addition of the splendid collection so long the boast of the Escorial, including some of the best works of Raffaele. There are also some fine specimens of Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, the Bassanos, and all the celebrated masters of the Roman, Florentine, and Bolognese schools. Its specimens of Claude and Poussin are both numerous and excellent; and the productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools are also of the first order. With respect to the Spanish schools, the collection is not so complete as it might be, which, considering the number of pictures by native artists that exist throughout Spain, is somewhat surprising. The best Spanish painters are well represented, however, and Velasquez, in particular, can there alone be truly appreciated.

The qualities which chiefly distinguish the works of the Spanish masters are correctness of design and beauty of colouring; a rich, dark tone and strong contrast of light and shade characterise nearly all their great works. But in composition they are not equal to the great Italian masters, nor are their figures equal to those of the latter in ideal grace and beauty. The early painters seem to have taken those of Italy for their models, but under Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran, the Spanish school acquired a national character, the

main element of which is adherence to nature. Murillo was never out of Spain, and his later style, which he adopted after his second visit to Madrid, was peculiarly his own.

Portrait-painting has always been practised to a considerable extent in Spain, a taste for that department of art having been imbibed from Titian, Rubens, and Vandyck, and most of the great Spanish masters have left specimens of their skill in it. In landscapes, they have produced pictures which, for truth and picturesque beauty, cannot be surpassed, though in tone they are inferior to those of the Italians, which has been ascribed to a difference in the peculiarities of climate in the two countries. The skies of Italy are remarkable for the rich and mellowed tints which they so frequently assume, and for striking atmospheric effects; whilst the sky of Spain presents a cold and cloudless expanse of blue, and a peculiar silvery greyiness of the atmospheric tints, which accounts for the distinguishing tone of Spanish landscapes.

Religious subjects, however, predominate in every collection of the Spanish masters, and these are often treated in a manner which, to most minds, is calculated to repel, rather than to attract. "No one," says Sir Edmund Head, "ever walked through a large collection of genuine Spanish pictures without feeling that a peculiar solemnity, and what may be called an ascetic spirit, pervaded the works around him. The 'Beggar Boys' of Murillo, rejoicing in water-melon and merry in the freedom of their rags, may seem to convey a different impression, but they are themselves exceptions to the general rule; such pictures are rarely or never met with in Spain, though the same element of street-life is seen

as an accessory in many of Murillo's more serious works. It is probable, too, that a large number of those current under his name in foreign countries were executed by his followers, Meneses, or Villavicencio. Be this as it may, the prevailing tone of his pictures is one of gloom and severity; you feel as Pasheco says he did with regard to Campana's 'Descent from the Cross'—afraid to be alone with it in a gloomy chapel. Joined with all this there sometimes meets us an expression of enthusiastic devotion, so that the whole result expresses the characteristic spirit of Spanish religion, which united the gloom of St. Dominic with the mystical fervour of St. Ignatius or St. Teresa."

Of the numerous productions of Murillo existing in Spain, or scattered through the public and private galleries of the rest of Europe, nine-tenths represent incidents in the Old and New Testaments, the Apocrypha, and the lives of the saints. He has repeated the "Annunciation" nine times, and "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception," a favourite subject with Spanish painters, as the doctrine alluded to was with Spanish theologians, not less than twenty-five times; while his "Virgins" and "Holy Families" are almost innumerable. Velasquez, whose genius was less peculiarly Spanish, painted portraits more frequently than historical compositions; but among the works of Spanish artists of the grand order, subjects taken from the Scriptures and the lives of the saints are most frequently repeated, while representations of the personages, scenes, and incidents in the pagan mythology of Greece and Rome, which so often appear among the productions of the Italian schools, are very rarely met with.

WILLIAM KALF.

If we would give a correct definition of art, we must make it include the kitchens of Kalf as well as the heroic compositions of Poussin. Art is displayed as much in the copper vessel gilded by the sunbeams, or in the polish of the silver vase, as in the grave compositions, the subjects and grandeur of which are furnished by history and philosophy. Each department of art requires its followers to possess certain qualities, if they would excel in it; and there may be as much merit, though of a different degree, in the artist who requires no more for the production of a valuable picture than an upturned caldron and a bunch of leeks, as in the more pretentious painter of history, nourished in the bosom of the academies, and capable of treating the continence of Scipio, for example, with conventional action and commonplace figures.

A good lesson in painting may be taken while standing before a simple interior of a kitchen by Kalf. And here we speak not merely of painting properly so called, of that facile and vivid touch which distinguishes the master, but likewise of the great rules of composition and *chiaroscuro*. We repeat it: the great rules of composition and *chiaroscuro* have not been displayed more highly by the painters of history, than in that modest picture of the Dutch artist, which represents a copper boiler and some vegetables, with the sun's rays falling on them, and which we have chosen for our illustration of this master.

That which we would call the principal figure in this composition occupies the middle of the canvas, and receives the strongest illumination. The other figures are lighted according to their importance, in a just and nicely-proportioned gradation. Which is here the principal figure? which is the hero of the scene? It is the superbly-burnished copper boiler, which is set against the barrel behind it in such a manner as to catch the sunlight that enters through some unseen window on the left. The old barrel against which it rests, and on which a large red pitcher stands, is not the least important personage in the picture. A pan filled with water, a fine cabbage, a broken basket, a broom, a couple of pewter plates, and seven or eight turnips, fill up the composition. A woman is seated in the background, quite in the shade, and made intended only to fill up the canvas; the objects on which the artist has chiefly relied for producing effect are evidently the copper boiler, the old barrel, the red pan, and the cabbage behind it, and these are grouped in a manner which evinces considerable acquaintance with the harmony of colours and the effects of light.

The picture is rich in details, but it is not overcharged. The shade in which the woman sits increases the light which the artist has thrown upon the principal objects. The metallic brightness of the boiler and the pewter platters has never been excelled, and all the accessories are finished in the most careful manner.

William Kalf was born at Amsterdam, in the year 1680. He was a pupil of Hendrick Pot, a good painter of history and portraits, with whom he passed his early years. No particulars are recorded of his *début*, or of his progress. We only know that he for some time applied himself to the same pursuit as his master; but not acquiring the proficiency, or obtaining the success which he desired, he began painting flowers, fruit, and objects of still life. How bracken relates that he remained whole days before a lemon, a fine orange, and a fruit-knife, with a mother-of-pearl handle. With equal care and admirable taste, he painted silver vessels filled with choice flowers, and the shells of strange forms and splendid colours which the Dutch mariners of that period brought from the distant regions of the tropics. Objects of this kind, little interesting in themselves, are only rendered picturesque, in an artistic point of view, by the truth and fidelity with which they are represented. Besides the ability to reproduce them with correctness, a light and sprightly touch, clearness and brilliancy of colouring, and a perfect knowledge of the rules of composition and the harmony of colours, are, however, essential to success.

Kalf particularly excelled in the representation of vases and other ornamental objects in gold and silver, the forms of which he imitated with a delicacy and precision that approach very closely to reality. All his pictures are finished in the most careful and elaborate manner, touched with neatness and spirit, coloured with clearness and brilliancy, and evince a perfect acquaintance with the rules of *chiaroscuro*. But it was in the representation of the more common subjects of every-day life—the interiors of kitchens, cellars, and rustic chambers—that the highest excellence of this master consisted. In all such familiar scenes he displayed a consummate skill in form and colour, and a knowledge of the great principles of harmony and *chiaroscuro*, which place him in the first rank among the painters of still-life. In the representation of brass and copper vessels, and earthen pans and jugs, he has never been surpassed.

The works of this master are much esteemed in Holland, where they have a place in the best collections. Lebrun observes that the works of Kalf have been at all times much sought after by amateurs.

and that there are few collections in Paris in which a specimen of his style is not to be found. The same writer says that he had seen a picture by Kalf which would bear comparison with the finest productions of Adrian Van Ostade.

Kalf united much amiability of disposition and kindness of heart with an expanded and cultivated mind and no ordinary skill in his profession. He was equally estimable as a man and admirable as an artist. He was always willing to render a friend or neighbour any service in his power. He possessed a fine figure; and his deportment and manners were refined and dignified,—a rare circumstance in an epoch and a country the artists of which passed the greater part of their time in the noise and smoke of taverns.

poet, wrote an epitaph for his monument, warmly engaging his talent as an artist and his amiability as a man. It records that Kalf was an admirable painter of golden cups and silver vases, and all the treasures of opulence, but that earth had no treasures sufficient for the reward of his virtues.

De Witt says that the *chef-d'œuvre* of this master is to be seen at Leyden, in the cabinet of M. de la Court. It represents a melon cut in two, and behind it a handsome vase. How great is the power of art! The travelling amateur, who has surveyed the galleries and museums of Europe, stops at Leyden on his return through Holland, and is shown the *chef-d'œuvre* of Kalf. He gazes upon it with admiration; the more he looks at it the more he becomes



THE RETURN FROM MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANDRA.

Kalf died on the 31st of May, 1693, his death being the result of a deplorable accident. Houbracken and Weyerman relate that the artist went to the house of one Cornelius Helleman, a dealer in objects of art, for the purpose of offering for sale a series of paintings; the bargain was concluded, the dealer agreeing to give the artist the price which he had asked, and the money was to be paid on the following day. With the morrow, however, the news was brought to Helleman that Kalf was dead. After leaving the house of the dealer, he had fallen over the bridge of Baten, he was out of the water and carried to his own shore, where he was buried. William Van der Haever, a Dutch

enthusiast with the preeminence of his own collection, the brilliancy and harmony of the collection. For the effect which the brush of Kalf has rendered so admirable in this picture, a collection of what he has painted, some have upon his name, without suspicion and without regard to the truth of the matter.

If we accept the gallery of the Louvre, which contains an admirable picture by this master, and those of Amsterdam, Dresden, and Copenhagen.

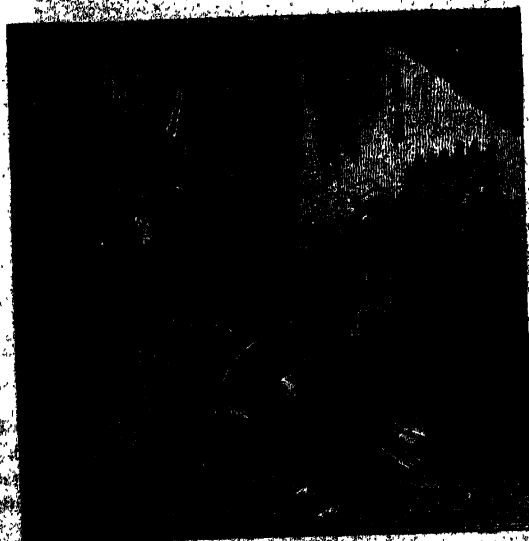
met with in the royal collection, have rendered ample justice to him, and his works are now in the hands of the public.

Lebrun speaks of a great number of pictures by this master in private collections in Holland and Belgium. Lebrun states that the country are, a large picture of dead game and objects of still life in the apartment called Queen Mary's Closet, at Hampton Court; and



WILLIAM KALF.

works of Kalf were to be found in most good collections in Paris, but that they were rare in other countries. This celebrated amateur remarks that the pictures of this master have been often



an "Interior of a Dutch Cottage," at Dalwich College, respecting the genuineness of which connoisseurs have expressed doubts. It is attributed to Kalf in the catalogue, however, and possibly may be by him. It represents a woman spinning, and a stool near her; the accessories and objects of still life are particularly well painted.

A few of the works of William Kalf have been engraved; three by F. Basan—"The Churn," "The Blessing," and an "Interior of a Cottage." Vaisbrod has engraved, in a spirited manner, an "Interior of a Kitchen," formerly in the rich collection of Lebrun. The "Interior of a Kitchen," which we have engraved, formerly adorned the Foullain collection.

By a contradiction which seems inexplicable, the works of this artist, notwithstanding their incontestable merit, have not at any epoch been much in favour at public sales. Lebrun, whom we have so frequently quoted, estimated the value of a Kalf, in 1791, at from £20 to £30. This sum, however, has scarcely been obtained.

In 1745, at the sale of the Chevalier de Laroque, two beautiful pictures by Kalf, representing fish, vegetables, and kitchen utensils, were sold for £7; at that of M. de Julienne, in 1767, two other pictures, of similar composition, but enriched with figures, realised only £4; and at the sale of the collection of M. Randon de Boisset, in 1777, an "Interior of a Kitchen," by Kalf, was sold for £30, and another picture of still life for £20.

The value of this master's productions has not undergone much modification. At the sale of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1845, an "Interior of a Rustic Chamber," was sold for £15; an "Interior of a Cellar," for the same price; and a picture representing pork in a dish for £4 8s.

Kalf painted both on canvas and on panel, but most frequently on the latter. None of his pictures bear his signature. Our researches

The only specimens of this master in

on this point agree in their results with those of Brulliot, the compiler of "The Dictionary of Monograms." He points out, however, some catalogues in which it is stated that Kalf has traced, at the bottom of his pictures, his name and the year in which it was painted. We annex the mark indicated by Brulliot, but without vouching for its correctness.

W. KALF.
1659.

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ARTISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.

In these days of art, anything relating to it is received with interest. Now-a-days every one has a taste for painting, and can criticise more or less correctly the works of our eminent masters. Every house is in some degree adorned with them; cheap engravings have educated all of us to some degree of taste.

It is only latterly that art has been thus developed. Naturally we were not an artistic race. In the good old times but few cared for pictures, and few, indeed, in our humble opinion, were worth caring for. The oldest description of an English work of art is by Sir Thomas More. Describing a portrait he had seen of Jane Shore, he says:—"Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eyes grey; delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arm and over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which one arm did lie." This description, however, must be received with caution. Taste was not then in a very advanced state; and yet the reign of Henry VIII. was auspicious for English art. The artist was painter, carpenter, carver, and did everything, as appears by the following memorandum from a book belonging to the Church of St. Mary, Bristol:—"Memorandum, that Master Cumings hath delivered, the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Bettes, Vicar of Radcliffe, Moses Conteryn, Phillip Bartholomew, and John Brown, Procurators of Radcliffe before-said, a new sepulchre, well carved, and cover thereto; an image of God rising out of the said sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; that is to say:—Item: A lath made of timber and ironwork thereto. Item: Thereto longeth Heaven, made of timber and stained cloth. Item: Hell, made of timber and ironwork, with devils, in number thirteen. Item: Four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two axes and two spears. Item: Three pairs of angels' wings; four angels, made of timber and well painted. Item: The Father; the crown and visage, the ball with a cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold. Item: The Holy Ghost coming out of heaven into the sepulchre. Item: Longeth to the angels four chevaliers." Scarcely less ludicrous are the instructions which Henry VIII. left for his own monument, but which was never completed, owing to the parsimony of his celebrated daughter. He writes: "The king shall appear on horseback, of the stature of a goodly man; while over him shall appear the image of God the Father, holding the king's soul in his left hand, and his right hand extended in the act of benediction." Yet that the bluff monarch had some appreciation of art appears in the well-known anecdote of Holbein, who, when painting the portrait of a lady, threw a lord, who had found his way into her chamber, down stairs. The courtier, of course, made a complaint. "By God's splendour!" exclaimed the monarch, "you have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but I cannot make one Hans Holbein."

Queen Elizabeth had not her father's appreciation of art. With her characteristic observance: "There is no evidence that Elizabeth had much taste for painting; but she loved pictures of herself. In them she could appear really handsome; and yet, to

do the profession justice, they seem to have suffered for the want of all her dependants. There is not a single portrait of her one can call beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded are marks of her continual fondness for dress; while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a water fardingale, and a bushel of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

Charles I. was the first kingly patron of art. His gallery in Whitehall contained four hundred and thirty-seven pictures, by thirty-seven different artists. Under his patronage Rubens came over, and Vandyck took up his residence here. Mr. Cunningham tells the following anecdote in connexion with Charles and the arts. The king wished to employ Bernini, the sculptor, and tried in vain to allure him to England. Not succeeding in doing this, and still desirous to have one of his works, he employed Vandyck to draw those inimitable profiles and full-face portraits now in the royal gallery, to enable the sculptor to make his majesty's bust. Bernini surveyed these materials with an anxious eye, and exclaimed: "Something evil will befall this man; he carries misfortune on his face." Tradition has added, in the same spirit, that a hawk pursued a dove into the sculptor's study, and rending its victim in the air, sprinkled with its blood the finished bust of King Charles. Mr. Cunningham adds: "I have also heard it asserted that stains of blood were still visible on the marble when it was lost in the fire which consumed Vauxhall."

Lely painted the gay beauties of the Restoration, but he had a different class to do with at one time. Cromwell said to him: "I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it." Poor Lely was eclipsed by the vainest and wittiest of painters, Kneller. Many of Sir Godfrey's good things have been preserved. "Dost thou think, man," said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil—"dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No; God Almighty only makes painters." Kneller's servants once quarrelled with those of Dr. Ratcliffe about a door. Kneller sent word that he must have the door shut up. "Tell him," replied the doctor, "that he may do anything but paint it." "Never mind what he says," retorted Sir Godfrey; "I can take anything from him but physic." His reason for preferring portraiture was a good one. "Painters of history," said he, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead." Arguing with an Oxford doctor about the legitimacy of the unfortunate son of James II., he exclaimed, with much warmth: "Mein Gott! I could paint King James now by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother. This I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken; nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's—the queen's that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines." Yet all these men were foreigners. Sir James Thornhill, born at Weymouth, knighted by George I., and M.P. for his native town, was our first English artist. His chief works are—the dome of St. Paul's, an apartment at Hampton Court, the altar-piece of the Chapel of All Souls at Oxford, another for Weymouth, his hall at Blenheim, the Chapel at Lord Orford's, Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, the saloon of More Park, and the great hall at Greenwich Hospital.

The English school of art is remarkable for drawings in water colours. It is quite of recent growth. The founders of the school were Alexander Cozens, by birth a Russian, his son John Cozens, Edward Dayes, the pupil of Mecklenburg, and Thomas Stothard, the pupil of Dayes. These men flourished between 1725 and 1804. The elder Cozens followed a mode of composing his landscapes which Turner imitated on many occasions. His process was to dash out in dark brown or bistre, and on several pieces of paper, large, small, and loose sketches of effects, such as may or may not be seen in nature. From them he would select certain forms and combinations which led at times to very great ideas, though it is not clear that

selections were too often sombre and heavy, like nature viewed through a dark-coloured lens. His son John was an able artist, and, patronised by Beckford, executed many drawings of considerable merit, eagerly sought for by collectors in the present day. His style is said to have served as a foundation for the manner since adopted by Bertin and Girtin, both of whom copied, as Edwards in his anecdotes of painters says, many of his drawings. It is sad to contemplate the fate of the founders of English water-colour art. John Constable died in 1799 in a madhouse; Girtin died at the age of twenty-seven, in 1802, a victim to intemperance; and Dayes died in 1804, by his own hands. The first exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the first separate exhibition of the kind in this country, was in 1805. The members were sixteen in number. Girtin was a great friend of Turner's. They were both patronised by Dr. Monroe, an extensive collector of paintings in those days. "There," said Turner in a conversation with David Roberts, pointing towards Harrow, "Girtin and I have often walked to Bushey and back to make drawings for good Dr. Monroe, at half-a-crown apiece, and the money for our supper when we got home." Turner often talked of erecting a monument to mark the grave of his friend and rival Girtin, in Covent-garden Churchyard; but when the amount was named—a few shillings over ten pounds—he shrugged his shoulders, and remained satisfied with the bare intention. "The grave, I am sorry to say, is still unmarked," writes Burnet. A headstone to Girtin, from either the Old or the New Water-Colour Society, or both, would be a grateful tribute. In a letter to Leslie, Constable speaks of Constable as the greatest genius that ever touched landscape. Mr. Leslie remarks that this criticism is startling, although all who are acquainted with the beautiful works of that truly original artist will admit that his taste is of the highest order.

And here we must add a word about our two greatest patrons of English art—Hoare and Sir G. Beaumont. Prince Hoare, says Haydon, was a delicate, feeble-looking man, with a timid expression of face; and when he laughed heartily, he almost seemed to be crying. His father was a bad painter at Bath, who, having a high notion of Prince's genius, sent him with a valet to Italy, to get what nature had denied him in the Capella Sistina. He went through the whole routine of labouring for natural talents by copying Michael Angelo, copying Raffaele, copying Titian; came home to be the rival of Reynolds, found his own talents for art were of the feeblest order, and being well educated, took refuge in writing farces and adaptations of Spanish and French pieces, which his friends, Storace and Kelly, adapted to music. He was an amiable though disappointed man, the companion of the democrats, Godwin and Holcroft, though an intimate friend of Sir Vicarary Gibbs. In the early part of the present century, Sir George Beaumont was the great critic in landscape painting—the English gentleman whose stroke of dislike or nod of approbation could either advance or retard the sale of a picture. He had a fine sense of art within early limits; he painted landscapes with care and propriety, collected old masters with great good judgment, and was the warm advocate of Wilkie's genius from the very first. He was a friend of Haydon and of Wordsworth, and of most of the distinguished men of the time. Haydon says he was a tall, well-bred, handsome man, with a highly intellectual air.

But the name of a lady at least must be mentioned as stimulating art in another way. To fourteen of Remney's pictures alone the charms of Lady Hamilton contributed their attractions:—1. "Circe," a fascinating figure, but unaccompanied, as was intended, by her suitors metamorphosed to brutes. 2. "Iphigenia," a whole-length, unfinished. 3. "St. Cecilia," bought by

Mr. Montague Bargeyne for seventy guineas. 4. "Sensibility," bought by Mr. Bayley for one hundred guineas. 5. "A Bacchante," lost at sea. 6. "Calope exposed with her Child," bought by Admiral Vernon for sixty guineas. 7. "The Spinners," bought by Mr. Craven for one hundred and fifty guineas. 8. "Camandira," for the Shakespeare Gallery, for one hundred and eighty guineas. 10. "A Bacchante," bought by Sir John Leicester for twenty-five guineas. 11. "Calypso," and 12. "Magdalene," for the Prince of Wales, two hundred pounds. 13. "Joan of Arc," unfinished. 14. "The Pythian Priestess," unfinished. When Wilkie saw her, she was "tall and lusty, and of fascinating manners, but her features are bold and masculine."

It is curious to note how the love of art has grown up in the minds of its votaries. Some took to it suddenly; in most the faculty was drawn out by some accident, which aroused impressions never afterwards to be effaced. Romney was inspired with a passion for painting by seeing the fine engravings in De Vinci's "Treatise on Painting." The sight of a few fine prints, in an obscure village in Yorkshire, awakened the spark in Stothard. The carved figures in an old picture-frame did as much for Chantrey; and Wilkie's sense of the comic and serious was first shown in drawing the head of one of his schoolfellows, as he sat to learn his neglected lesson on that bad eminence, the stool of shame. Opie's love of art came upon him early. When he was ten years old, he saw a friend draw a butterfly. "I think I can draw a butterfly as well as Mark Tate," he exclaimed; and taking a pencil, he drew one immediately. Turner's love for art is said to have been aroused as follows:—He had accompanied his father to a house in the neighbourhood, to take a lesson in the art of dressing hair; but his attention was occupied more by the coat of arms on the table than the skill of his father's fingers with the comb and curling-tongs. He was pleased with the rich combination of colours in the arms; but his imitation, when at home, was confined to the lion. The father encouraged the rude effort of his son; and when asked, as he often was, "Well, Turner, what is William to be?" he would reply with a look of delight, adding a satisfactory curl to his customer's hair at the same time, "William is going to be a painter!" Haydon's love of art was excited by less likely subjects. The French prisoners who crowded Plymouth made guillotines of their meat-bones, and sold them; and the whole amusement of children consisted in cutting off Louis XVI.'s head forty times a day, with the playthings their fathers had bought to amuse their young minds. "My chief delight was in drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people in his shirt-sleeves, which I copied from a print of the day." The object which called forth and discovered "the genius of West, was that of a sleeping infant, whom he was one day placed to watch in the absence of its mother, he being then about seven years old. The child happened to smile in its sleep, when he was so forcibly struck with its beauty, that he seized pens, ink, and paper, which happened to be by him, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait, though at that time he had never seen an engraving or a picture. Hogarth's first attempt at satire was as follows:—One summer Sunday, during his apprenticeship to an engraver, he went with three companions to Highgate; and the weather being warm and the way dusty, they went into a public-house and called for ale. There happened to be other customers in the house, who were quarrelling as well as drinking. One of them, on receiving a blow with the bottom of a quart-pot, looked so ludicrously rueful, that Hogarth sketched him as he stood. It was so like and ludicrous, that it contributed to the restoration of good humour.

EUSTACE LESUEUR.

The Museum of the Louvre is rich in the paintings of Eustace Lesueur. Two large rooms are devoted to the works of this illustrious master, one filled with his paintings, the other with his rough sketches and designs. According to the official catalogue there are forty-six of Lesueur's productions in the Louvre. The subjects relating to the life of St. Bruno are twenty-four in number; others, which are very Bible subjects, among which the most notable is "The Descent from the Cross," an engraving of which

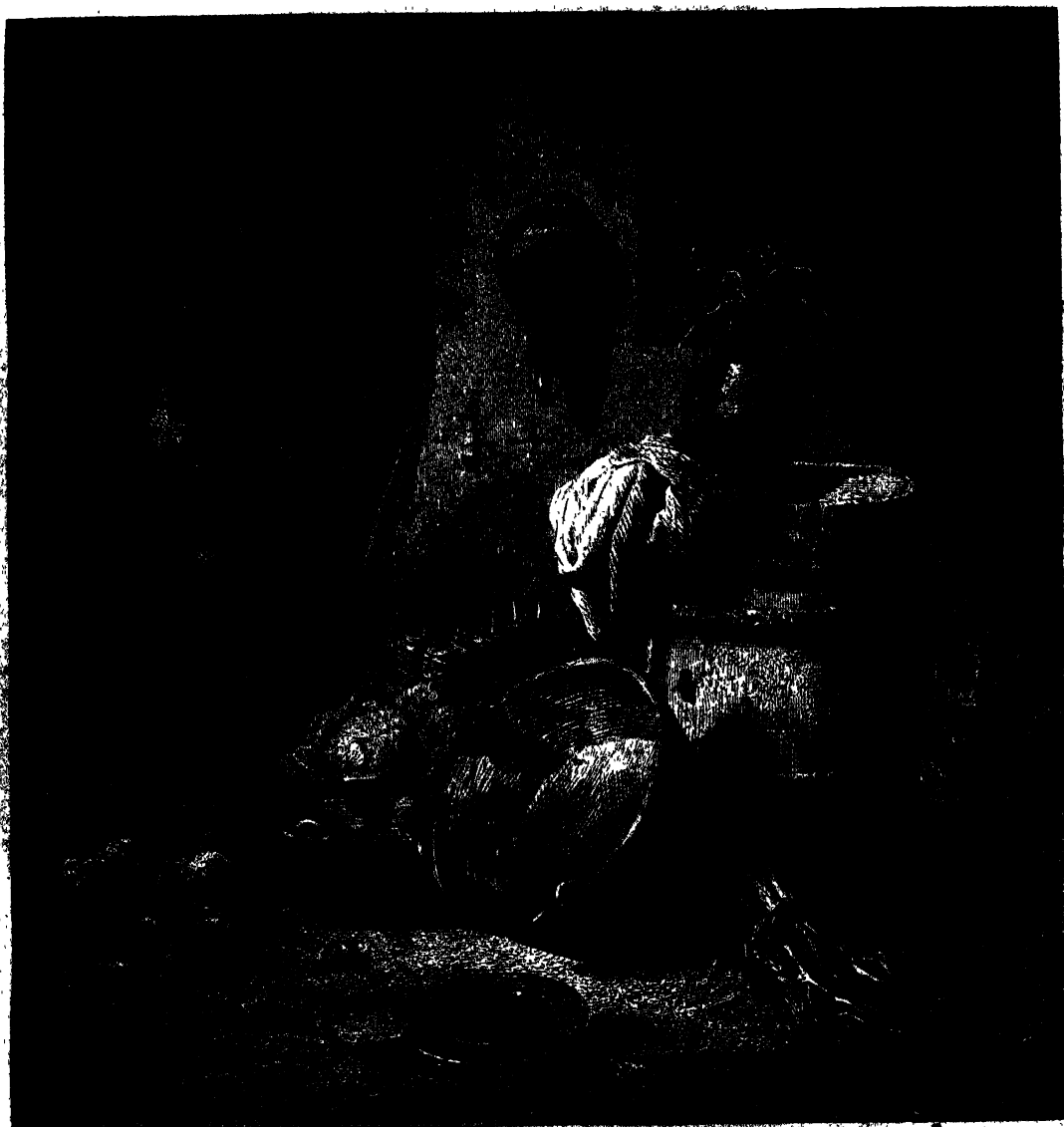
we present to our readers (p. 157). This picture was valued under the empire at £720, and at the restoration at £2,400. There is over the picture an air of deep solemnity thoroughly in harmony with the mournful character of the subject. The bleak and barren character of the scene, the stormy aspect of the sky, the grief depicted in the faces of the group, even the woman who kneels to kiss the feet of the dead Saviour to the old woman who supports the body—all is in perfect union. Around the group, strikingly conspicuous, is the

THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

"curved tree," with the strange inscription still upon it; and at the front are the nails and the crown of thorns.

Justace Lesueur studied under Vouet. He was born in 1627, and died in 1655. He was never out of France. The story of his life has been already told in these pages (vol. i. p. 46): how he was the son of a sculptor; how he exhibited precocious talent; how the world applauded his illustrations of "The Dreams of Poliphilus;" how, like a dark cloud over a beautiful summer sky, a settled melancholy cast its shadow over the artist's life; how he loved where love was vain, but kept his secret close and hid it in the tomb. This event has thrown around him an air of romance, and furnished a

style of Guido and Caravaggio. Lesueur, however, lost much of the style of his master in a careful study of that far more illustrious man, Nicholas Poussin, whose compositions he imitated and whose friendship he gained. But throughout his works there is that steady, calm, melancholy character, that sober gloom, which tells so unmistakably the working of the man's mind. No matter whatever the subject may be, the man of blighted hopes paints his own sad imaginings on the canvas; and Lesueur is fully entitled, if indeed he has not a superior claim, to be called, like Ruysdael, the painter of melancholy. It tinges every composition; is seen in the face of the reclus haggard with age and austerity, and in the



INTERIOR OF A STUDIO—FROM A PAINTING BY LESUEUR

rich fund to the French novelist. "Schlegel says: "We find in his works neither the bewildering ostentation of Lebrun, nor the affected pedantry of Poussin. He has a feeling even for colour, and there is generally something full of mind about his works." There is throughout them all an intense melancholy, a solemnity, and a sense, that his own calm but gloomy thoughts most naturally

under whom Lesueur studied, is generally regarded as the father of French art, as he was indeed the founder of a new school. He had passed fourteen years in Italy, and, having his mind strongly imbued with the peculiarities of Italian art, he produced pictures of great force and vigour, but, strongly influenced by the

glooming beauty of womanhood; it marks every picture—stamps it with a sorrowful stamp.

Moreover, in the mind of Lesueur there was a fixed and steady faith. He was a man of deep feeling, a man of a thoroughly devotional mind, and the religious sentiments of his heart are seen in all his varied productions. He paints monks, but not as men of asceticism and prayer, not models of holiness. He paints monks as the simple, pious and sincere of those who, right or wrong, believe in the value of the world and devoted themselves to a life of faith and love; and never was he a composition of his paintings like those he has himself painted of these men—men of the owl—in acts of devotion or in works of

One of his finest productions represents a number of people listening to a sermon, and the interest thrown into every face, the deep feeling exhibited by every figure in the group—from the beautiful woman who listens as though the words of the preacher were vital breath to her, to the young man in a half-negligent attitude, musing in hand, whose glance is still fastened on the monk—there is the greatest harmony, both in expression and general and both in preacher and in auditory there is something

an ambassador from the One who ruleth over all. There, too, the eagerness of the crowd is seen—the words of the apostle are falling like sparks on gunpowder, and the passions of the people are blazing heaven-high. And the result is seen in the books of sorcery cast away, in volumes upon volumes committed to the flames—the spectator catches something of the excitement of the scene, and seems to hear the mighty voice of God's messenger.

If the accessories of his pictures, Lesueur was a careful painter;



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LESUEUR.

He is the center of the picture which draws the attention. So it is in the picture which we present to our reader. "The Preaching of St. Bernard." The attitude of the preacher stands out before us, majestically as Michael Angelo's "Moses," the same stern expression of countenance, the fall of the drapery, the pointed hand, all command respect; we see the presence of

and his correct judgment and pure taste are seen in all the minute details of his compositions. He was not content with a grand design; he knew that there was no such thing as a trifle in true art—that success depended upon the most scrupulous care. He adapted the scenery of his pictures to the subject which they represented, with

and still. He was equally successful in representing the life of St. Bernard. His great work. Of these compositions Lesueur

Among remarks: "The single pictures vary very much in merit; as the most remarkable, I will cite the following:—(No. 125), 'Raymond, a Canon of Notre Dame, preaches before St. Bruno.' full of meaning and dignity, quiet in its motion and expression, and with a softness in the keeping and *chiaroscuro*; the tone, like that of the rest, is yellowish and transparent. (No. 127), 'The Hypocrite Raymond raises himself from his Coffin during the Masses for his Soul, to the terror of Bruno and the other Persons present.' The expression and attitudes are forcible without being exaggerated, and the whole is transparent and sunny, whilst it is effective and in good keeping. (No. 129), 'St. Bruno teaches Theology in the Schools of Rheims.' The light in this picture again is bright, and the effect striking; the action id. true and expressive. (No. 137), 'Pope Victor III. confirms the Foundation of the Carthusian Order.' The tone of light and of colour especially warm and powerful; the story is well told. (No. 138), 'St. Bruno receives a number of Novices into the Order.' This is one of the best of the whole series with reference to composition, dignity in the heads, depth and clearness of tone, and warmth of colour. (No. 141), 'St. Bruno refuses the Archbishop's Mitre offered him by Pope Urban II.' This is the best of all the set in respect of the depth and juiciness of its colour and *chiaroscuro*, as well as the transparency and softness of its execution. The attitude of the pope is dignified; that of St. Bruno is rather theatrical. (No. 145), 'St. Bruno, having confessed, dies in his Cell, surrounded by the Monks of the Order.' The expression of the heads, which are fine in themselves, and have much variety, is full of feeling and pathos; the figures are well arranged, but the candle-light effect is not true to nature, and the shadows and background are too black. (No. 146), 'St. Bruno departs to Heaven.' The lines are not pleasing, but the heads have dignity and expression; the colouring is especially golden in tone; the keeping is good, and the execution careful. One cannot overlook certain recollections of Raffaele."

The works of Lesueur, unlike those of most other painters, are not scattered all over Europe, France containing the greatest number and the best. Besides the paintings at the Louvre, there are to be found a very considerable number, nearly 170, of the drawings of this master. They are traced with a bold and skilful hand in black chalk, lightened here and there with white, upon a coloured paper; sometimes, however, pen and ink have been employed. There are twelve very beautiful allegorical subjects. The original designs for the life of St. Bruno are also to be found there, forming a very extensive collection. Three of them are signed in the handwriting of this master: two with the Christian name Eustache preceding that of Lesueur.

ART-EDUCATION.

In the recent Educational Exhibition at St. Martin's Hall, a department was appropriated to works of art in connexion with education, the specimens consisting chiefly of engravings, drawings, and models, mechanical contrivances to aid the practice of drawing, and books of instruction for the same purpose. As illustrating the progress made in art-education by the various European states, this part of the exhibition was highly interesting; and, in offering a few remarks upon the subject, we shall avail ourselves largely of the report of the committee to whom the duty of examining the works of art in the exhibition was referred.

Works of the description indicated above were contributed by France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, and the United States. Italy, so long the principal seat of the fine arts, was not represented in this department—a circumstance the more to be regretted, as we believe that the methods of instruction in some of the Italian schools for drawing would be found worthy of notice. In the drawing academy of Venice, the students, after having completed a copy of an object, are required to draw the same subject again entirely from memory; and the object of this system, in promoting a knowledge of form,

kind cannot be cited as very remarkable. On the other hand, some establishments in this country and in France, while professing only to impart such a knowledge of design as may be useful in the industrial arts, have promoted the cultivation of drawing to an extent which would do honour to academies for the study of the fine arts. We allude more particularly to the contributions from Paris. Various works produced under the direction of the Department of Art at Marlborough House might be placed in the same class; but, with regard to these, it must be observed, that the specimens exhibited appear to have been selected rather with the view of showing the methods and varieties of art-instruction sanctioned by the department, than of displaying the proficiency attained by the students. Having had some opportunities of knowing what the department has produced, we are decidedly of opinion that, had the object been to exhibit the attainments of the students as well as the nature of their studies, the result would have placed this portion of the exhibition in a much higher position than it actually held. Judging solely from what was exhibited, we must agree with the committee in awarding the palm of excellence to the Municipal School of Paris, directed by M. Lequien. There were contributions from other French schools of the same kind, but those referred to were the best.

"So satisfactory a result," says the report, "induces a wish to be acquainted with the methods of instruction; on this point, however, the materials are scanty. The communications from M. Lequien contain a few general regulations, and a notice of description of artisans who frequent the school, or for whom it is intended; but the system of teaching can only be gathered from the examples exhibited. Among those for whom the school is intended, and who, it seems, attend in the evening, are mentioned bronze-chasers, designers for paper-hangings, designers for textile fabrics, porcelain painters, wood-carvers for furniture, sculptors for buildings, engravers, jewellers, lithographers, and decorative painters. The age at which students are admitted is twelve. This appears to be a more judicious regulation than that adopted in some other continental schools. Among the contributions from the communal schools at Brussels and other parts of Belgium, are some drawings of architectural foliage, from the inscriptions on which it appears that the students began at the age of seven. It must be confessed that, judging from the specimens, the progress, after several years, is not remarkable."

The directors of schools for drawing appear to be agreed as to the expediency of teaching the beginner first to copy simple forms from a flat surface, then to copy from inanimate objects in relief, and lastly to copy from the life. In general, however, the system of copying from drawings or engravings appears to be carried too far, not only in this country, but in some of the industrial schools on the continent. "In better-conducted schools," says the report, "the copying from the flat is limited to the acquisition of a due flexibility of hand, and what may be called elementary habits, analogous to those formed in the first lessons in writing. But the exercise of the eye cannot be too clearly taught by the observation and comparison of the forms of simple real objects. In this practice again the ingenuity of teachers, as exemplified in the present exhibition, appears to be sometimes too refined. The best authorities agree in recommending that simple geometrical solids should be first placed before the beginner, and when a certain power of seeing and imitating them is acquired, the pupil will feel a satisfaction in copying any ordinary objects that have some analogy with the forms which he has previously learnt to copy. Such real objects, if not too complicated, are preferable to elaborate toys, representing ivy-grown cottages and towers, such as are sometimes constructed as aids for teaching drawing. Any artificial varieties from the plain geometrical solids should be of the simplest description, since natural objects of the requisite size are equally applicable and more interesting to the student, because they are real, and can be readily found. Among some useful contrivances, specimens of which have been sent from Marlborough House, may be mentioned some skeleton squares, circles, and cones made of metal rods or tubes. These, placed in different positions, are calculated to familiarise the eye with geometrical arrangements, and to render the study of perspective itself more interesting. With regard to the teaching of chalk-drawing, we have seen

the intellect is so much more highly developed than in past ages, and the treasures of ancient and modern art are opened to all who can appreciate them, the number of which class is annually increasing—whatever partakes of the nature of ornament requires to be characterized by grace and elegance of design, and correctness and delicacy of execution. Our national greatness rests mainly on the skilled industry of the people, and whatever tends to promote the cultivation of a refined taste, and facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of the arts of design, cannot fail to advance the prosperity and glory of the country.

BRITISH GALLERIES OF ART.

In our second notice of the National Gallery* we promised to return once more to it, and to join with our subject some other collections of the pictures of the people. We intend to follow out our plan, and in the following paper to direct attention to the National and the Vernon Galleries.

With the exceptions of Rembrandt and of Rubens, almost the whole of the painters whom we have noticed were of the Italian school. Our object in this was classification of the subject, and a wish to present to the reader our critical notices in a more systematic manner. We shall now, therefore, turn to the Flemish school.

The most ancient master of this school, of whom we have a specimen in a curious picture, is Van Eyck, who flourished at the beginning of the fifteenth century, dying in the year 1441. The picture which we have of him, is numbered in our gallery 186, and represents a Flemish gentleman and his wife. In the background of the picture are a bed, a mirror and an open window, the object of the room being distinctly reflected in the mirror. Above the heads of the figures is the brass arm of a chandelier with a candle still burning in it. Everything is painted with a wonderful finish and fidelity. In the frame of the mirror are ten compartments bearing scenes in the life of Christ, and under it is written the name of the artist, with the addition of the words "fecit hic, 1434;" the whole picture measures only 2ft. 9in. by 2ft. 3in. The value of this picture lies in its finish, and in the wonderful brightness and colour of the whole, and illusive effects of parts of the picture. Although painted upwards of four hundred and twenty years, it is as fresh as pictures exhibited in last year's galleries. It would be very important discovery could our artists or colour-makers tell us how colours could be made so as to preserve their freshness equal well.

Of that great master of the Dutch school, Vanderweide, whose pictures are so prized, and whose sketches are so much sought after by collectors, the National Gallery has only two specimens, No. 149 and 150. Both are beautiful. The first is "A Calm at Sea," with wonderful space and aerial effect in the distance, so beautifully finished, so fresh and so calm, that it is impossible not to admire it. In size it is very small, only 8 in. by 11 in., but it may truly be said to be a gem. The second (150), "A Fresh Gale at Sea," by the same master, is a pendant, and at the same time a contrast to the former picture. The scene is sparkling, animated and full of motion. The finish is, however, almost carried too far.

Sir Antony Vandyke, so closely associated with our national portraits, and so nationalised in England as to receive knighthood when living, and to be reckoned as one of our worthies when dead, is but poorly represented in the National Gallery; indeed, his pictures are both more numerous and better in the Royal Collections, and also in one or two of those belonging to the nobility. He has in our gallery four pictures. No. 52, the portrait of Vander Meer we have already noticed. Nos. 49 and 50 are two very different examples of the master, the first being three heads very finely painted, the second being an imitation, and a very unattractive one, of Rubens. When one master copies another the subject is generally doubtful, and it is so in this instance.

The picture bears the title of "St. Ambrose refusing to admit the Roman Emperor Valentinian under the sign of excommunication" to the Cathedral at Milan. The figure of the saint wears the mitre, and the significant expression is captured in grace. There are the

With regard to the applications of art to industrial purposes, we may observe that the system of copying the restricted forms of Greek foliage, as an introduction to the study of ornamental design, appears to be too extensively followed. The habit has become universal, not only in Europe, but wherever the study of design is cultivated in accordance with European tastes and customs. To a certain extent, drawing from the elegant forms of classic foliage ought not to be discouraged; but it is desirable that teachers should lead the students to adapt the forms of natural leaves and flowers, on similar principles, to the general purposes of decorative art. A wide scope is offered to the inventive faculty and artistic taste of the student, in the application of art to the manufacture of textile fabrics, paper-hangings, etc., and the course of study which is adopted at Marlborough House with this object, promises to be eminently successful.

On the continent, and particularly in France, there is still a more general diffusion of the principles of art than in this country; though, on account of the great commercial importance of our manufacturing interests, there is the utmost need for our taking the lead in beauty and elegance of design as well as in cheapness, and in the appearance of the fabric as well as the quality of the material. Let art be brought into intimate alliance with manufactures of every kind, and a vast field will be opened for the display of taste and talent, which are now entirely latent, or but imperfectly called into activity. In all our principal manufactures, textile and acille, a knowledge of the arts of design is very important, and though a great improvement is visible at the present day, as compared with twenty years ago, there is still much room for further progress. Many important branches of manufacture call for careful cultivation of the eye, for the purpose of attaining harmony in colour, which requires some portion of artistic education. Other branches, subservient to the luxury, and becoming the wants, of a highly civilized stage of social progress, require some degree of skill in the delineation of the human form, in the drawing and modelling of the human form, and the human figure. In proportion as these operations are extended, it becomes necessary to assist the practical eye and refined taste of the workman, and importance is to be attached to the general diffusion of the principles of art, and enhance the gratification of those who are engaged in an age of refinement like the present, when

great faults of costume, and as regards the hands, etc., some few in the drawing. But in fine, free, dashing execution, in broad, gay, light effect, and in colour, the picture is worthy of the name of the artist. The heads are also finely painted.

No. 156, the last of Vandeyck's in the collection, is a subject scarcely to be expected from him, being but a "Study of Horses." The chief is a white horse, finely, freely and boldly painted. The colour rich and clear, the action and drawing very good.

Of Cuyt we have but one specimen, a landscape with horses, cattle, and figures, but the picture is in itself, perhaps, as noticeable as any picture in the gallery, from the contrast of the red coat of the man with the sunny sky against which it stands out. The sunny sky, the reflection in the water, the calmness of the scene, and the repose of the animals, make it a delightful and calm picture, and one also which has a great and soothing effect on the mind. But it is perhaps overrated. It is one of those pictures which have been cleaned by the authorities in the National Gallery, and it is doubtful whether the sunny effect has not suffered in the process.

Of Paul Ratter, who would at once rival and surpass Cuyt, we have not a single picture.

Of Both we have two, Nos. 71 and 209; of Backhuysen but one, 204; of Bregman but one, 208.

The Backhuysen, a picture of Dutch shipping, has motion and air, but is heavy, and compared with his other productions, the water is very inferior.

Of Breenberg, the "Finding of Moses," called in the catalogue "A Landscape with figures," must perforce satisfy the visitor. The picture is third-rate, and hurt by affectation and a bad manner. The execution is soft, and the colour by no means bad.

Both, than whom, in conjunction with Poelenberg, no master of his school has produced finer pictures, has one called "The Judgment of Paris." The figures, which, by the way, are entirely subservient to the landscape, but, at the same time, are most skilfully painted, are by Poelenberg. The sky and every part of the picture is finely painted, the execution very skilful, the arrangement such as only a most practised artist would effect. This picture, the bequest of Richard Simmons, Esq., is of its kind one of the most valuable pictures in the kingdom.

We must here bring our short notices of this gallery to an end. The few criticisms which we have given are offered with the hope that our readers will judge for themselves, and will, when the proper time comes, use their influence on the government both for a finer gallery, and for a fuller and more brilliant collection of pictures. There is not the slightest reason, for instance, why pictures already belonging to the nation should not be collected in one gallery, and so classified as to form not only a gallery but a school of art. The pictures, for instance, at present in the British Museum cannot be seen, and are thrown away where they are. At present, as a gallery, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is below that of any other kingdom in Europe.

THE VERNON COLLECTION.

The space usually occupied by this article will not allow us to say much upon this latter subject. Till Mr. Vernon bequeathed his pictures to the nation, the government, which had been so lavish upon their houses of parliament and upon other conveniences belonging to themselves, as it were, or purposely constructed for their own ease, had been ever chary of purchasing pictures for the nation. These so purchased were, of course, of foreign masters, and in many instances, as we have shown, of very doubtful origin. The bequests of different individuals were very churlishly received; that forming the Dulwich Gallery, to which we shall ere long repair, entirely lost to London, because government were not wisely generous enough to build a proper receptacle for the pictures. The very splendid collection of Mr. Vernon, which will form the nucleus of the best collection of artists of the English school, was so churlishly received, that Mr. Vernon more than once repented of his gift, and, as all know, at first exhibited in the gallery of the British Museum, at the same time that the Royal Academy was endeavouring to obtain the other wing of the gallery in Trafalgar Square, after a

long innumerable jostle to the public writers of the day, the Vernon collection migrated to Marlborough House, whence it will most probably not remove till the new gallery is built for the nation at Kensington Gore. We purpose hastily to run through it.

The two first rooms of Marlborough House are occupied by English pictures removed from the National Gallery, and ranging from Nos. 78 to 220. They are by Wilson, West, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, etc.; and amongst them are those celebrated paintings of the "Marriage à la Mode," by Hogarth, together with his portraits.

The Vernon collection, then, as bequeathed by Mr. Vernon, commences in the third room, and is, almost without an exception, formed from the pictures by modern artists, and is extensively known, both by those who have and those who have not visited it, by the engravings of the gallery which have been published.

The first picture, the "Study of a Greek Girl," by Sir Charles Eastlake, the president of the Royal Academy, is a very fine study, much superior to his present productions. "The Wooden Bridge," by Calcott (No. 5), is also a beautiful landscape, full of repose, worthy of any master and of any school.

(No. 6), "The Dangerous Playmate," by Etty, a girl playing with a Cupid, is one of eleven pictures by Etty, none of which perhaps rank amongst his best productions, and some of which are very inferior works of art. These are the conversational pieces, scenes in Venice, "The Lutist," etc.; which appear to have been studies by the artist, merely done to exhibit a variety and contrast in colour. (No. 12), "Bathers surprised," exhibited in 1841, and (No. 64), "Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," are perhaps the best specimens of Etty in the collection.

Of J. W. M. Turner, of whom our notice in the National Gallery will preclude any notice here, we have two very fine pictures, (No. 54), "A View of the Grand Canal, Venice," and (No. 71), "The Landing of the Prince of Orange at Torbay." Both of these are very fine productions.

Of Macclise, there are two very fine pictures—(No. 9), "Malvolio and the Countess," exhibited in 1840, and (No. 138), "The Play Scene in Hamlet," from the Academy in 1842. The latter picture is one of the best, if not the very best, of Macclise's productions. Shakspeare has had the misfortune to suffer very severely at the hands of his illustrators. What, for instance, can be much worse than the pictures by the Rev. W. Peters, by Opie, and by Northcote, which profess to illustrate him? Nor, it must be confessed, are modern illustrators more successful. The play scenes before us is the most worthy of all, and its highest praise is, that it is a worthy illustration of one of the finest plays of Shakspeare. The weak points are—the colour, the figure of Ophelia, although repainted from the lady as originally exhibited, and the figure of Horatio. The face of Hamlet, the disturbed guilt of the king, and the arrangement of the whole, are worthy of every praise. This picture has not been worthily engraved.

Of Sir Edward Landseer five specimens are here presented to the visitor, and each of them is worthy of the artist. Nos. 17 and 21, are "War" and "Peace," two pendants, which, by their genuine, preach deep morality to the beholder. The taste of the artist is shown in the method of treatment in these pictures. "Peace" represents a quiet coast scene, where a lamb is cropping the grass, which has grown about the muzzle of a rusty and dismounted cannon. War, the still smouldering ruins of a cottage, the ruins and figures of which are torn and trodden down, whilst a dying and dead soldier with their horses form the foreground of the picture. These scenes are in the simplest and best forms of the allegory, and their execution is as admirable as their conception.

No. 28, by the same artist, "a Highland Fling and Dance," is admirable, but has not the high qualities of the preceding.

No. 22, "King Charles's Spaniel," represents a dog of this kind curled up on a table, near a cavalier's hat, the whole forming a picture wonderful for its colour and execution, but wanting in mind displayed in

No. 115, "High and Low Life," which, all who have seen it, will own to be a masterpiece. It is a picture of a butcher's dog and a French dog, both of which are represented in the most perfect manner, and the composition is as admirable as the execution. It is an early work of the artist, and is one of the most perfect of his productions.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.



On the 1st of June, 1841, the steamer "Oriental" was in sight of Gibraltar, when, at half-past eight in the morning, orders were given to stop the engine, and muster the crew on the deck for the burial of the dead. The impressive service of the English liturgy was read by the Rev. James Vaughan, and under a splendid sun, tempered by the sea breeze, and amid profound stillness both of the winds and of men, a corpse was dropped solemnly into the sea, there to await the resurrection of the dead.

It was that of Sir David Wilkie. The man whose inanimate remains were thus consigned to the keeping of the blue waves of the Mediterranean had been the most popular and celebrated painter of his country. The son of a humble Presbyterian minister, the painter of humble incidents in Scottish life, his career had been one long study, a continued and modest progress. And he had had his reward: he died full of honours, a member of the baronetage, peer to the king, and the friend of Sir Robert Peel, and his death caused a greater sensation than that of many a sovereign monarch.

He was born on the 10th of November, 1785, in a quiet Scottish manse, on the banks of the Edenwater, and was the third son of the celebrated and successful painter of Gullies in Edinburgh. The stipend of the minister was small, and his family large; there were

five children, and he had besides to support his aged father. The Wilkie family was one of the oldest in the parish, having tilled the same fields for more than three centuries, during which their possessions had neither diminished nor increased. A simplicity almost patriarchal marked the domestic arrangements of the manse and the manners of its inmates; the strictest integrity, an exemplary sobriety, energy of mind, modesty, frugality, and industry, were the traits which distinguished both father and son, and indeed all the family. To these were added a warmth and strength of devotional feeling which would have been worthy of the old Covenanters, and to which their simple and austere morality gave increased splendour and dignity. The moral education of David Wilkie was, therefore, conducted under the most favourable auspices, for it is only in homes where virtue and piety are inculcated by parental example that the higher faculties of imagination can be successfully cultivated. The effects of this superior moral training on the heart and mind of Wilkie were never effaced; we recognise them equally in his works and in his life.

The childhood of the painter was distinguished by a passion for drawing, accompanied by great insatiable for learning anything else. He could draw tolerably well before he could read, and in the five years preceding his entrance into the Edinburgh Academy, during which time he

attended a school in the neighbourhood of his father's manse, he learnt nothing. He was then removed to the grammar school at Kettle, of which Dr. Stoneham, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, was then master; but here, also, neither threats nor entreaties could win his attention to anything but drawing. His father and grandfather saw this strong predilection with much regret and many tears. Mingled with a strong dash of disdain for everything that partook of worldly vanity, was a feeling of solicitude arising from a knowledge of the straits to which the artists of that period were often reduced. They knew that Wilson, one of the best landscape painters of his time, had lived and died in obscurity, indigence, and dejection, sometimes wanting money to purchase canvas and colours, and often reduced to consigning his finest works, fresh from the easel, to the keeping of the pawnbroker. Pictures were a luxury restricted to the nobility, and they were neither very discriminating nor very generous in their patronage. There was not then, as there is now, a numerous middle class, wealthy and educated, and as distinguished for its encouragement of the beautiful as for its devotion to the useful. There is little room for wonder, therefore, that the father and grandfather of Wilkie should have suffered much anxiety and mental inquietude through his desire to be a painter, and have urged him, by all the arguments at their command, to devote himself to the church as the surest means of earning a comfortable and respectable livelihood. But arguments and remonstrances were all unavailing, and his mother at length won a reluctant consent from his father for him to be allowed to follow the bent of his genius.

Wilkie was fourteen years of age when he went to Edinburgh, and presented himself before the trustees of the Academy for the Encouragement of Manufactures, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thomson, the secretary. The drawings were not considered satisfactory, and it was only at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven that he was admitted. He now made great progress in acquiring a knowledge of drawing and the principles of composition. Everything he attempted was executed with the greatest correctness and fidelity to leading principles. He showed himself a keen observer of nature, and gave early indication of the excellence he displayed in after years as a painter of *tableaux de genre*. He was a constant frequenter of scenes likely to furnish subjects for pictures of this kind, such as the markets of Edinburgh and the fairs and trysts of the neighbouring villages. Sometimes he went out in the dusk of the evening, and looked through the windows of the humble abodes of the labouring classes, to observe how the inmates grouped themselves around the fire, and in what way they were engaged.

Those singularities and accidents of human life which had awakened and nourished the genius of Hogarth were also the secret aliment of that of Wilkie; but the genius of the one differed greatly from that of the other. Both stand prominently forward as the representatives of English life and manners, but Hogarth loved to flash the vices and follies of the age, and has truthfully and forcibly portrayed the passions that debase mankind, dwelling upon the details with a minuteness which sometimes looks like an inclination to exaggerate; while Wilkie chose subjects of a more pleasing character, and delighted to portray the virtues of humble domesticity and the manners and customs of rural life. His pictures are no less truthful than those of Hogarth, and much more pleasing; the style of the latter displays the cynicism of art, while in that of the Scottish painter we recognise the philanthropist and the Christian.

Of the two great subdivisions in the history of the art of design, one comprehends beauty of form and colouring, the other character and expression. The first is represented by the schools of Italy; the second, which displays less of beauty and voluptuousness than of observation and philosophy, belongs to the North. These two domains are not, however, separated by insurmountable barriers; there is a neutral ground between them which admits modifications and minglings of both. Leonardo da Vinci had power over external character; Rembrandt joined colour to expression; and Wilkie was a master of expression without excelling as a

coloured to analyse, the intellectual independence and profound respect for the individuality of mankind which formed the principal character of the nations of the Teutonic race have been almost effaced, but are still preserved in their manners and habits of thought. Among the masters of the northern schools two tendencies dominate—to sacrifice beauty to expression, and to represent individuals rather than types.

While the men of regions more favoured by nature fix their eyes on a supreme type of ideal beauty, the profound observation of human character, and of the accidents and caprices of human life, constitutes for the men of the North a second species of ideal. Rembrandt, Rubens, Albert Durer, Hogarth, are the representatives of the latter school, in which Wilkie took an important place as the exponent of a more modern phase. Depth of feeling and a pure morality are the characteristics of his style; and it is these qualities which distinguish him from Brauer and Jan Steen.

At the Edinburgh academy Wilkie was a most diligent student. He was always one of the earliest in attendance, and invariably the last to depart; his assiduity, in fact, sometimes drew upon him the ridicule of his fellow students, who would amuse themselves by pelting him with pellets of bread. When the hours of study were over, he returned to his lodgings, and there laboured during the remainder of the day to carry out what he had commenced in the forenoon, by sitting before a looking-glass and copying his own face and hands, and thus endeavouring to blend the impression drawn from the antique with those derived from the earnest study of nature. He understood at an early period of his academic studies, the importance of the action of the hands in telling a story, and whenever he was unable to obtain a model which pleased him, he invariably introduced his own.

In 1803, being then in his eighteenth year, Wilkie won the ten guinea prize which had been offered for the best picture of "Callisto in the Bath of Diana," which, at the sale of his effects after his decease, was sold for £48 6s. In the same year he made his first sketch of "The Village Politicians," which excited a great sensation among the students, and called forth the warm commendations of Mr. Graham, the teacher of the academy; but it differed materially, in many respects, from the well-known picture which he afterwards executed (p. 169). Another production of this early period was a "Scene from Macbeth," in which the murderers sent by the usurper to the house of Macduff encounter his wife and child. The expression of the latter's countenance was so excellent, that Mr. Graham, on its being shown to him, predicted that his pupil would one day attain the highest eminence in his profession.

In 1804, Wilkie left the academy and returned to the venerable manse at Culter. At the neighbouring village of Pittlesie an annual fair is held, to which resort all the dwellers within ten miles, old and young, for business or for pleasure. The young artist thought this a good subject for his peculiar genius, and reproduced the scene in a masterly manner, introducing no less than one hundred and forty figures, all of which are portraits of the villagers and residents in the neighbourhood. Some of these were sketched in the village street, and some in the parish church, without any of the persons being aware of his intention. The portrait of the elder was thus taken with a red crayon on a fly-leaf of the artist's Bible, during a sleep in which the elder indulged in the course of the service. The rigid piety of the elders was much shocked, for the stratagem which Wilkie had employed to obtain the portrait was discovered, and only the high character of his father and grandfather for piety saved him from disgrace. His venerable grandfather succeeding in proving that all painters are not necessarily lost; and that while the eye and the hand may be engaged in tracing a design, the ear and the mind may be none the less attentive to the preacher: a subtle distinction, with which the ministers and elders of Pittlesie were content. As for Wilkie, he availed himself in artist's fashion, by making a general sketch of the singing congregation, in which the various degrees of attention were represented with remarkable skill and knowledge of human nature. One yawning, another yawning, a third yawning, a fourth yawning, to keep himself awake, and a fourth yawning over his own head, to conceal the fact of sleeping under the appearance of attention, is a picture that Hogarth, who learned from Wilkie the value of the human face, would have been proud to have painted.

Owing to a combination of causes which philosophers have

In order to investigate more deeply the phenomena of real life, which was so fascinating in his researches. At the same time he never lost going to his task every day with imperturbable patience and the monotonous exactitude of a workman. He listened to all opinions and called all his recollections to mind in the general results. He had the slow penetration, the patient exactitude which characterized the Scottish mind, and the power to see the connection of the most diverse phenomena in his researches. He

A number of other pictures of the same kind followed in rapid succession. "Alfred in the Herdman's Cottage" was a commission from Mr. Davidson; "The Card Players" was painted for the Duke of Gloucester; and "The Bent Day" for the Earl of Mulgrave. "The Sick Lady" and "The Jew's Hary" (p. 164) were also painted at this period. The pictures now enumerated added largely to his reputation. "The Card Players," "The Jew's Hary," and "The Cut Finger" (p. 173), another production of this period, are charming episodes of rustic life, which is neither satirized nor calumniated, but represented as it really is. The charm of Wilkie's pictures consists, in fact, in this truthfulness to nature. He has not introduced Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses into the northern scenery of Scotland, but faithfully represented the peasantry of his country as he had seen them engaged in their rustic employments, in their diversions, and in the various incidents of ordinary life. His subjects are simple and readily understood. A series of scenes similar was suggested by the painter

... is an example.

of a blind fiddler, to whom they have given hospitality, and whose wife and child sit near the cheerful fire; or a doleful-looking grebe, whose mind is evidently seaward, if we may judge from the tiny vessel he has launched on a pan of water, has cut his finger while engaged in his ship-building essays, and regards the bleeding limb most lugubriously, while his grandmother applies some simple remedy. In painting these pictures, Wilkie had no other inspiration than his knowledge of rustic life, and his experience of a morality purified by labour and ennobled by independence. Voluptuous grace seldom occupied him; even when he addresses himself to the senses, he neither excites like Boucher nor offends like Brauer. His works are the offspring of a sound and healthy

an air of teaching poverty pervades the home given, though not tempted to be concealed by the decent pride of the mother.

In 1809, Wilkie was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1811 he became a member. His continued life was humble and laborious, and his close application at length had a visible effect on his health. At this time he received a strong proof of the friendship and generosity of Sir George Beaumont, which constitutes a noble trait in the character of the latter. The state of the artist's health requiring relaxation and change of air, the baronet, thinking that, under such circumstances, a supply of money would be very acceptable, sent him a draft for £100, delicately taking from the act the character of a gift by representing that, as



THE JEW'S HARP.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

state of society. He belongs to the eighteenth century by his love of his kind; by that calm and enthusiastic devotion to humanity—a devotion sincere and involuntary—which is evinced in his works. If he loved to paint, and has seldom ventured into the open air, it is in to portray the incidents of domestic life more completely, to ex at home, where he is less under the influence of nature, had in her vast bosom. In "The Sick Lady," dog, with an expression of sadness in its eyes, which are fix on its bedridden mistress, awaits with judgment of the physician, who is feeling her pulse, the youngest of whom, the youngest of whom, lieu of a cool gossip; and

he had paid only £100 for a picture, "The Blind Fiddler," which, now that the artist's reputation was established, was worth at least £200, it was only the difference between the real value of the picture and the price which he had paid. Wilkie accepted the welcome offering, not, he said, as a remuneration to which he had a just claim, but as a touching proof of Sir George's friendship.

After the death of Sir George, the late baronet's son patronised Wilkie with the same noble generosity, and

determined to seek health by a winter sojourn in the south of France, and remained there from August to October. When his return to the metropolis he was accompanied by his son, who had just opened an exhibition of his own paintings.

also in gambles in Pall Mall, a speculation which extended his reputation, but caused him a pecuniary loss of £414. His father died in December, and he then took a house at Kensington, and joined his mother and sister to take up their abode with him. Up to this period he had painted "The Village Festival" for Mr. Angerstein, and received for it the munificent sum of £840. In 1813 he painted "Blind Man's Buff" for the Prince Regent, and two small pictures, "The Letter of Introduction" (p. 172), and "The Refusal," for which he received £272 10s., and £315 respectively.

The success which had rewarded Wilkie's labours, and the style of his works, excited some envy among less fortunate artists, and

attention to the Dutch and Flemish schools, and was much struck with the works of Ostade and Terburg. Of the French painters he admired only Poussin and Claude. His ideas of art were confined to the truthful expression of character; the ideal and classical did not come within the circle of his appreciative powers. He confessed himself unable to comprehend the works of David, whom the Parisians held in such high esteem. The distance between them was too great; it was Teniers examining the works of Charles Lebrun.

Upon his return to England his style became somewhat altered, and was evidently modified by that of the models which he had been examining. In "Distraint for Rent," purchased by the



DUNCAN GRAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

satirists and epigrams were numerous and sometimes severe. "You have made a perilous step into the vulgar, my dear friend," said Fuseli. "Neither your fortune is assured, or you are ruined." Northcote observed that he had created a new school—the school of beggars. Fuseli, who was a great admirer of Northcote, repeated his words, and enlarged upon them. Wilkie heard these remarks without anger or anxiety, and public opinion justified his conduct, and gave him its support. The beggars of Wilkie live, while those of Northcote and Fuseli are forgotten. In 1816, during the brief interval of peace, he accompanied his friend, the painter, to the Hague, the purpose of examining the works of the Dutch masters in the gallery of

British Institution for six hundred guineas, "The Pedlar," and the "Rabbit on the Wall," there are evident traces of the sharpness and precision of Teniers and Metsu. In 1816 he paid a visit to Holland, accompanied by Rembach, the engraver. He visited the museum at the Hague, which seemed to him the perfect place for the study of the painter's art. The works of Teniers and his friends excited his special admiration. It seemed to him that the traces of lowland reclaimed from the sea by Dutch settlements had been copied from Paul Potter, rather than from nature. While in Holland he became so wonderfully idealized by Rembach and his friends, he became so much so that he was almost entirely forgotten.

In 1817, Wilkie once more visited his native land, where he painted a large picture of Sir Walter Scott and his family. The artist was much less successful in his portraits than in his admired *tableaux de genre*, upon which alone his fame must always rest. The severity and minuteness of his style became a defect when applied to portrait-painting. Not only was the sharpness of his manner apt to displease his sitters—especially ladies whose charms were on the wane—but he represented all the accessories with a fidelity that was not always agreeable. Instead of imitating the flattering manner of Lawrence, whose women are always beautiful, he followed the example of certain German masters of the fourteenth century, and his portraits, though carefully finished and exceedingly truthful, have not the elegance and grace which is generally desired.

Shortly after his return to London, he painted "The Reading of the Will," for the late King of Bavaria, for which he received £447 10s., and which, on the death of its possessor, was purchased by his successor for £1,000. He next received a commission from the Duke of Wellington for "The Chelsea Pensioners," which is considered the masterpiece of Wilkie, and the last of his really great works. It represents a group of Chelsea pensioners reading the *Gazette*, containing the duke's despatches after the battle of Waterloo, and is carefully and elaborately finished. The duke himself furnished the necessary particulars, approved or modified the arrangement of the groups, and remunerated the artist with almost unexampled liberality; the sum which Wilkie received for this great national picture being no less than twelve hundred guineas.

Laboriously, without interruption, in a continued progress from his fifteenth year, Wilkie had advanced from study to study, from masterpiece to masterpiece, from success to success; and fame and easy circumstances had been the reward of his industry. The happiness arising from the contemplation of a life passed so honourably was all at once interrupted by a series of domestic misfortunes. His sister Helen, a very beautiful girl, was on the point of marriage, when her intended husband died suddenly under their roof; and scarcely had they recovered from this shock when they lost their mother, that amiable woman whose example had been so useful to them in early life. In the same month they lost two of their brothers, one in the East Indies, the other on his return from Canada; and, in the latter case, the artist suffered, as the responsible agent of his brother, a further loss of a thousand pounds, payable by the deceased. The third brother of Wilkie, established in business in the metropolis, fell into difficulties, and became insolvent; and, at the same time, the bankruptcy of Messrs. Hurst and Robinson, the booksellers, which sapped the fortunes of his friend and compatriot, Scott, carried off from Wilkie £1,700, the fruits of his labours. He received this last stroke of adverse fortune with the same serenity as Sir Walter Scott; but these calamities, following so closely upon each other, brought on a nervous disorder which rendered him unable to work.

Struck in his health, his fortune, and his affections, the artist, by the advice of his friends and medical advisers, determined upon making a lengthened tour on the continent. He travelled over southern and central Europe, seeking health and peace, receiving new lessons in his art, finding new objects of study, observing points of comparison, and acquiring information on the aesthetics of painting and the processes of the great masters. His correspondence and the journal of his travels were written in a vigorous and expressive style; his notes on subjects connected with art are judicious and useful, and his general remarks are equally agreeable and instructive, and evince habits of close observation and a love of art, only equalled by that which he felt for mankind. His remarks on the great masters show that his life was one continued study, and also reveal the springs of his talent and of the two manners which characterise his works.

Passing through France and Switzerland, he reached Italy, where he remained eight months, engaged in the study of the great masters. At Rome, Raffaele and Michael Angelo attracted his attention without winning his admiration; at Venice he studied the works of Titian and Giorgione. In writing from the former place he gives the result of his observations in a sentence deserving

of deep consideration. "From Giotto to Michael Angelo," says he, "expression and sentiment seem the first thing thought of, while those who followed seem to have allowed technicalities to get the better of them, simplicity giving way to intricacy; they seem to have painted more for the artist and connoisseur than for the untutored apprehensions of ordinary men." On leaving Italy he travelled into Germany by Innsbruck, and was much pleased with the scenery through which he passed, and the character and manners of the people. Tyrol reminded him forcibly of his beloved Scotland, and he was delighted to discover a similarity between the languages of the two countries. On inquiring his way in the mountains, the response was, "*Der recht*," the word for *right* being pronounced in the same manner as in the Lowlands of Scotland. Among the Tyrolean peasants, too, he was pleased to find the same strict propriety of morals, the same cheerfulness and frugality, and the same grave and dignified hospitality as in his own country.

Having surveyed the treasures of art in the galleries of Dresden, and visited Toplitz, Carlsbad, and Prague, he at length arrived in Vienna, where he had the somewhat dubious honour of dining with that arch-plotter against the liberties of nations, Prince Metternich. From thence he set out to return to Italy, and, on arriving in Rome, was invited to a banquet given in his honour by the British artists resident in that city, at which the Marquis of Hamilton presided. His health was now considerably improved, and he forthwith began to paint. He finished three pictures in Rome and a fourth at Genoa; and, travelling through the South of France, crossed the Pyrenees into Spain. He arrived at Madrid in 1827, painted four pictures while residing there, and in the following summer set out for Paris, and from thence returned to England. To the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1829 he sent eight pictures, five of which were purchased by George IV. These pictures indicated a total alteration in his style; and those painted in Spain differed very materially from those painted in Italy. The former possess much less serenity of composition than the others, but all have great breadth of colour and largeness of composition.

In the earlier part of his career, while he made the Flemish and Dutch masters his models, most of the figures were too small for the interiors, as in the "Blind Fiddler" and "Blind Man's Buff," but in his later works they fill up the canvas. The difference between his style before leaving England and after he had studied the Italian and Spanish masters, is clearly shown in his "Entry of George IV. into Edinburgh," which was begun before he left England and was finished after his return. No one would imagine from looking at it that one artist had painted the whole. The first part has all the minuteness of finish and detail of the Dutch school, while the latter is painted in the full, flowing style of the Spanish masters. In a letter to one of his friends in England, he speaks of having acquired a bolder and more effective style, and that the result was rapidity of execution. Titian and Correggio were his great authorities for colouring, and he seems to have aimed at combining in his own pictures the softness of the latter with the strength and serenity of Raffaele.

The picture which we have just noticed was a work of great labour, and caused the artist much vexation. It was a commission from royalty, and not a subject of his own choosing. The first design which he submitted to the king did not receive the royal approbation; the attitude of George IV., who is represented receiving the keys of the palace of Holyrood, had to be altered; and when he had succeeded in pleasing the monarch, he had to encounter numerous vexations arising out of the rivalries and egotism of the noblemen who had to be represented in the procession. Each one claimed the most honourable place—one on account of his ancestry, another because of his high position at court—and he found it impossible to please one without offending some other one. To a truthful and independent spirit like Wilkie, all this was very annoying; but his patience and assiduity enabled him to triumph over every difficulty, and the picturesquely effect of the old palace pleased even those who were not satisfied with their own portraits or their situation in the procession.

In 1830, after the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was appointed Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, an appointment which his native pride was considerably gratified. At the same time he became a candidate for the presidency of the Royal Academy.

deny, but had only one vote in his favour, the successful candidate being Sir M. A. Shew. In 1831 he exhibited portraits of Lady Lyndhurst and Lord Melville; and soon afterwards commenced his great national work, "John Knox preaching the Reformation in St. Andrews." George IV., who had seen his drawing of the subject, had disapproved of it; and Wilkie, in a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, begged that he would not mention the work to his majesty. He painted it with great care, and sought on all sides for the historical evidences necessary to the development of the subject. The discovery, in a cellar at Edinburgh, of the old and worm-eaten chair from which Knox fulminated his anathemas against Romanism, had just been made as the subject of Wilkie's picture transpired; and the popularity of the latter among the Scottish presbyterians caused the artist to receive from all sides drawings and engravings, portraits of the old puritans, and portions of their wardrobes, which had been preserved as heirlooms by their descendants. The pride and pleasure with which Wilkie painted this picture were a gratifying contrast to the vexations he had encountered in the production of the picture executed for the king, and the success which he attained was proportionately great. The picture was exhibited in 1832, and was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel for twelve hundred guineas. It remains, we believe, in the possession of the present baronet.

After this he painted several portraits, among others those of William IV. and Queen Adelaide; and in 1835 he exhibited his grandly coloured picture of "Columbus explaining his plan for the Discovery of America," and portraits of the late Duke of Wellington and Sir James Macgregor. Dr. Waagen, who was in England at the time, thus speaks of these works:—"Of the higher class of historical painting there is nothing here. Among the pictures which approach that department, however, some are distinguished much to their advantage. Among these is Wilkie's Columbus, who explains to a monk in the Spanish convent of Santa Maria de Rabida his plan of discovery on a chart. This is not a happy subject for painting, which is not able to represent the demonstration itself, in which the interest properly lies. In the execution, the decisive influence appears which the pictures of the great Spanish masters, Velasquez and Murillo, had upon Wilkie during his residence in Spain. By the deep masses of *chiaroscuro*, the full colours of the dark red and purple draperies, contrasted with the bright lights, the effect of the picture, painted with great breadth and mastery, is very striking. The heads, about two-thirds the size of life, are indeed dignified and animated, but have not the refinement and decided character of his earlier pictures. . . . The Duke of Wellington, a whole-length by Wilkie, is distinguished by able conception, powerful colouring and masterly keeping. I was, however, more pleased with the portrait of Sir James Macgregor. The head is admirably modelled in the details, in a broad and free manner; the deep, full colouring is of great elegance and peculiarly attractive."

The artist's sister, who had never recovered from the shock of her lover's sudden death sufficiently to form another engagement, still kept his house; and he enjoyed the friendship of his brother artists, Eastlake, Etty, Callcott, etc., as well as that of some of the most illustrious men of the day, including the Duke of Sussex and Sir Robert Peel. Dr. Waagen thus speaks of him, on his first introduction to the artist, at Kensington Palace, where the royal duke just named entertained a distinguished party of artists and literary men: "He is a fine looking man, and has such frankness of expression in his countenance and such openness and simplicity of manner, that I was quite taken with him at the first sight. There is no trace in his features of that refined humour which gives us so much pleasure in most of his works, which is frequently the case with such humorists of the first rank, in whom the fundamental tone of their character is pure benevolence and real love of mankind. This fundamental tone alone manifests itself externally, while the roguish spirit within is hidden in the recesses of the bosom. It is not needful to converse long with Wilkie to discover that he is not one of that numerous class of artists who only put on their art, as a foreign element, for a season, for his whole delight seems to be in the art. He expresses himself in a very plain manner, and with great interest on all their important problems; and his genius, as an artist, is in the manner in which he takes an interest in

other things. Thus we can see how the account of any remarkable work immediately assumes a form in his fancy."

The pleasure which Wilkie had experienced in finding so many points of resemblance between the national character of the Germans and that of his own countrymen, and the feelings of respect and admiration for him with which Dr. Waagen had been inspired at this first meeting, seem to have combined to form a bond of sympathy between them which resulted in a close friendship while the latter remained in London. Of a dinner at the artist's house he thus speaks:—"I found myself surrounded by congenial elements. Besides Callcott and Eastlake, I there met with Mr. Etty, the painter, who has the genuine spirit of an artist. After dinner, Miss Wilkie, the artist's sister, favoured us with some Scotch songs, which she sang with much taste, in the simple manner adapted to them. Wilkie is unhappily now so overwhelmed with orders for portraits, that he has hardly a moment for his good-natured, humorous subjects. He showed me a picture of a school which he has begun, where the mischievous fry play sad tricks with the pedantic pedagogue; full of ingenious, merry conceits, stolen from nature herself. I am sorry to say that it has already remained a long time in this unfinished state. When I saw the masterly engravings of his most celebrated works, the choicest impressions of which grace the walls of his apartment, I felt a great desire to see the originals. He told me that very few of them were in London, but promised to show me the most considerable of those that are in the capital. Accordingly, in a few days he called for me, and we drove to St. James's, where, in an apartment belonging to the queen, there are six pictures which he painted for his great patron, George IV. The oldest was painted in 1827, at Rome, and was his first production after he had been prevented by sickness from working for two whole years. The conception is very spirited, the colouring warm and harmonious, but the execution slight. A picture painted in the same year at Genoa is more important. A Princess Doria washes the feet of some female pilgrims. The noble gracefulness of one who has just received this benefit, the beautiful attitude of another who is putting on her shoes, something affecting in the whole scene, make this picture very pleasing. To this must be added the deep, full harmony of the colouring, of which this picture is the first example that I am acquainted with in Wilkie's career."

"The next two pictures, likewise of the year 1827, but painted at Madrid, are proofs of the great impression which the pictures on the side of the character, and the self-content of the Spaniards, the heroic defence against the French invasion under Napoleon, and the astonishing force and glow of the colouring of their old made on Wilkie. One of them represents the Maid of who, during the siege of that city, when her lover had fallen her side near the cannon which he served, fired it off herself. The conception is very expressive and dramatic, the colouring the *impasto* admirable. In the other is a guerilla absolution from a priest before setting out on an expedition. A calls to mind those of Murillo, and the whole is of great truth, force, and harmony. 'The Visit of George IV. to Holyrood House,' painted in London in 1829, is one of those great public transactions in which we are attracted rather by the skilful arrangement, the powerful effect, the careful execution, the many portraits, than by their intellectual interest. The principal Scotch peers, the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyle, in their national costume, the former presenting to the king the keys of Edinburgh, have a very stately appearance. 'The Return of the Wounded Guerilla,' painted in London in 1830, is an echo of his impressions in Spain, true in the characters, powerful in the colouring; but the woman in the *chiaroscuro* is not so carefully modelled."

"From St. James's we drove to the celebrated engraver, Dox, who is now engaged in engraving the last capital work of Wilkie, the 'Sermon of the Scotch Preacher, John Knox, before the House of Lords in 1559.' In this picture, which, for size and the richness of the composition, is one of Wilkie's greatest works, I fancied that I actually saw before me those fanatical Puritans whom Walter Scott so admirably describes, and was again convinced of the congeniality between him and Wilkie. It is not only the deep feeling, the roused of divine wrath, which the preacher pours forth in full measure, the enthusiasm of the scholars, the rapt devotion of the women,

the suppressed rage of the Catholic clergy, and of an opponent who lays his hand on his sword, that attract us in this picture; but likewise the accuracy with which the whole transaction, even to the details of the costume of that remote period, is placed before our eyes. The keeping, too, is admirable, and the effect, by the contrast of great masses of light and shade, striking. The engraving, which is already pretty far advanced, promises to be extremely fine. It seems to me, that no painter has hitherto had the good fortune to see his works engraved with so much delicacy and fidelity as Wilkie, for even Marcantonio does not so nearly approach Raffaele, and Vostermann and Bolaworth Rubens. This picture is the property of Sir Robert Peel. Lastly, we visited Apsley House, the palace of the Duke of Wellington, where there are several of Wilkie's works. . . . The capital work among the pictures by Wilkie in this place relates to the final, hardly-earned victory over

and vigorous, painted in 1833; and a 'Bust of Lady Lyndhurst,' a charming picture, in the full deep tone of the Spanish school." In 1836, in which year he received the honour of knighthood from William IV., the artist visited Ireland; and after his return painted "The Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin," and "Napoleon and the Pope in conference at Fontainebleau." In the following year appeared his "Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Loch Leven Castle;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the subject of which is taken from Burns, a poet whose genius was so near akin to that of the artist; and "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller," which represents the well-known story of Josephine, when in her fifteenth year, and residing with her father in the West Indies, having had a crown predicted for her by a fortune-telling negress. In 1838 he painted the "First Council of Queen Victoria," and a portrait of "Daniel O'Connell," who was then in the zenith of his fame and



THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

this Titan,* when he, for the last time, had displayed his prodigious strength in all its terrors. 'The Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette containing the description of the Battle of Waterloo.' The impression made on the aged veterans is expressed with great variety, spirit, and humour, in this rich composition; the execution is careful, but the effect is not so great as in his other works, because the general tone is very light, and in parts weak. It was painted in the year 1822, and is known to amateurs from the engraving by John Burnet. Here, too, are three portraits by Wilkie; 'George IV.,' whole length, the size of life, in the magnificent British national costume; a very stately figure; the colouring of astonishing force and effect. It was a present from that king to the duke. 'William IV.,' likewise whole length, very animated

popularity. The great work of the following year, was "Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib, after the storming of Seringapatam," which was purchased by Lady Baird for fifteen hundred guineas, and is regarded by some as the greatest of Wilkie's historical works. In 1840 he exhibited eight pictures, the most remarkable of which was "Benvenuto Cellini presenting a silver vase of his own workmanship to Pope Paul III."

Wilkie had long had a desire to visit the East, and in the autumn of the same year he set out on his pilgrimage, accompanied by Mrs. Woodburn. They travelled through Holland and Germany, and descended the Danube, from which river they proceeded to Constantinople, where the artist painted a portrait of Sultan Abdul Medjid, and two other pictures: "A Public Writer of Constantinople," and a "Tartar bringing the news of the capture of Acre." The travellers left the Turkish capital in the beginning of 1841, and journeyed

* Napoleon.

by way of Smyrna and Beyrout to the ancient city of Jerusalem, which, he says, "struck me as unlike all other cities; it recalled the imaginations of Nicholas Poussin—a city not for every day, not for the present, but for all time." In the middle of April they left Jerusalem, and journeyed by the sea-coast of Syria into Egypt. At Alexandria the artist complained of ill-health, but he commenced a portrait of Mehemet Ali, and towards the end of May embarked on board the "Oriental" for England. While at Malta he immoderately ate a large quantity of fruit and indulged freely in iced lemonade, which increased his illness, and on the 1st of June he died. His body was committed to the deep the same evening, as related at the commencement of this article. The sale of his effects, among which were many unfinished works, realised a very considerable sum. An unfinished sketch of "The School," mentioned by Dr. Waagen in the passage we have quoted, was sold for £750.

have in common that genuine, refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt of man; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet, genial happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of domestic life, and understand how, with masterly skill, by the mixture of delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes; and if, as poets should be able to do both in language and colours, they show us man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, afflictions, and distresses, yet their humour is of such a kind that it never revolts our feelings. Wilkie is especially to be commended that, in such scenes as 'The Distress for Rent,' he never falls into caricature, as has often happened to Hogarth, but with all the energy of expression remains within the bounds of truth. It is affirmed that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture caused an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first



THE VILLAGE POLITICIANS. FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

"Wilkie," says the German critic, "is in his department not only the first painter of our times, but, together with Hogarth, the most spirited and original master of the whole English school. In the most essential particulars, Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With him, he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in nature; and in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Yet in many respects he is different from him. He does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is besides very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift, in his biting satire, with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes special delight in representing them in a state of the most profound degradation of the most frightful misery, I find in Wilkie a close ally, with his celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Scott. Both

learn duly to prize another feature of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are, in all their parts, the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and modes of life of the English. In many other respects, Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of common life of the seventeenth century, and likewise in the choice of many subjects—for instance, 'Blind Man's Buff'; but particularly by the careful and complete making out of the details, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If he does not go so far as Douw and Franz Miéris, he is nearly on an equality with the more carefully executed paintings of Teniers and Jan Steen. His touch, too, often approaches the former in spirit and freedom, especially in his earlier pictures.

"One of them, 'The Blind Fiddler,' is in the gallery. You know this admirable composition from the masterly engraving by Burnet. The effect of the colouring is by no means brilliant;

yet the tone of the flesh is warm and clear. The colours, which, as in Hogarth, are very much broken, have a very harmonious effect, the light and shade being very soft, and carried through with great skill. From the predominance of dead colours, the whole has much the appearance of distemper, as well in the above respects as in the *nuances* and close observation of nature, and the good-natured humour of the subject. This picture is a real masterpiece, which deserves the more admiration, since we find, by the date affixed, that it was painted in 1806, when Wilkie was not more than twenty-one years of age. Another picture, where a countryman, who has indulged too freely, is led home by his family, is indeed highly humorous in the expression of the heads, and masterly in the keeping and *chiaroscuro*; yet the figures appear too small for the size of the picture, and too scattered; and the house and other accessories are too slightly handled to make up for this defect. The faces, too, in the rather indefinite forms, and the cold, reddish tone of the flesh, bear no comparison with the preceding picture."

The greater part of the interior subjects treated by Gerard Douw, the Ostades, Terburg, and Teniers, have been reproduced by the Scotch artist. Compare his "Village Politicians" with the same subject by Adrian Van Ostade. There are only three figures in the picture of the Dutch painter; but they are admirably grouped and carefully drawn, especially the old man in spectacles. Pass to Wilkie's picture. He has represented a Scottish village ale-house, where in a room which serves at once for parlour, tap-room, and kitchen, as well as for the sitting-room of the family, blacksmiths, carters, and ploughmen meet to smoke and drink. The time represented is the period of high political excitement which followed the outbreak of the first French revolution. The principal group surrounds a table placed in the middle, on which are a whiskey measure and glass, a pipe, and a large piece of cheese, which one of the disputants is cutting. An old man, whose countenance expresses a good deal of quiet sagacity, has been reading the newspaper, and listens calmly to the solution of some important political problem propounded by the young man opposite to him, whose features and action express irritation and excitement. The labourer who is helping himself to the cheese, is evidently interested in the discussion, and listens with eagerness; while his neighbour appears to be offering an angry interruption. Around the fire is another group, who discuss the topics of the day with less vehemence, while a woman, with a child in her arms, seems to be endeavouring to persuade one of them to accompany her home. Probably the artist had in his mind the "ale-camp commentators" of Macneill's ballad, when he painted this picture. The landlady, catering with a fresh supply of liquor, an old man who reads the newspaper alone, a dog who displays a hankering for the bread and butter of a child, and another who licks out a saucepan in the right-hand corner, complete the composition.

His "Village Bridal," by the charmingly modest expression of the young bride, and the rustic elegance and grace of the girl who is dancing, and his "Duncan Gray" (p. 165), by the expression of the heroine's countenance, half serious, half coquettish, at the moment when the resistance of her pride is vanquished by her lover's vexation, deserve to be placed among the more amiable creations of modern art.

Whatever may be the merits, in colouring and imitation of the old masters, which distinguish the works that Wilkie executed in his second manner, it is as the painter of "The Rent Day" and "The Blind Fiddler" that he recommends himself to posterity. He is the painter of moral philosophy—a philosophy cheerful and without bitterness—superior to Bega, Jan Steen, and Henselkirk, not in free and vigorous fancy, but in varied knowledge of humanity. He is the painter of humble interiors, in which the household utensils are as correctly and vigorously represented as those of Kalf, and the whole scene is calculated to improve the heart, and widen its sympathies. Faithful to the rigour of Christian, and more especially Calvinistic, morals, Wilkie has introduced in his pictures none of the indecencies of Teniers, the satiric obscenities of Hogarth, or the refined immoralities of Watteau. It is this chastity which makes him the Scottish painter *par excellence*, and places him at the head of his class in the school of the North.

Of the school Wilkie is the Leonardo da Vinci. The face of

external nature afforded him no inspiration; the free air gave nothing to the painter of the humble homes of the Scottish peasantry. We seek in vain in his pictures for the forests with which Hobbema shaded his lakes, and the transparent distances of Teniers. Wilkie had studied from his fifteenth year the sturdy peasant, sitting in his cottage, with his eyes fixed on the scene of his labours and his joys, and the "bonnie lassie," with the blue eyes and high forehead—a countenance more intellectual than sensual. It is in the representation of the homes of his poorer countrymen that he has acquired the distinction that is now universally accorded him.

We may discover in his works a thousand traits which recall the delicacy of Holbein, the animation of Wouvermans, the energetic rusticity of Van Ostade, the high finish of Terburg, and the philosophic impress of Cornelius Bega. We see that he is of their family; but he has not imitated them. He has excelled them in many respects—in moral grace, in purity of sentiment, and rectitude of ideas.

M. Louis Viardot, an eminent authority, who has treated the English school with great severity in his "Musées d'Europe," notices Wilkie in the following terms:—"The painter of 'The Rent Day' and 'The Village Politicians' has followed Hogarth a little in his designs, and the Flemish masters a great deal in his manner, Adrian Van Ostade seeming, above all, to have been the model he has selected. He is humorous, animated, and playful; and in all his details the eye of a careful observer may be discerned. His execution is sharp and careful, but it has not the charming naturalness of the masters he has followed, being disfigured by a sad abuse of the reddish tone; and this defect or affectation has caused it to be said of Wilkie, with a sort of justice, that he is not an Ostade in colouring."

In opposition to this judgment of a French author, we may quote the opinion of an eminent French artist. Géricault, whose original talent arose more from a study of nature than from imitation of the great masters, thus wrote to M. Horace Vernet in 1821:—"I said some days ago to my father, that if anything was wanting to your talent, it was to be tempered in the English school; and I repeat it, because I know the little esteem that you have for its works. But how useful would be the study of the touching expression to be found in the pictures of Wilkie! In one of his more simple subjects, he has represented a scene at the Invalides; news of a victory has been received, and the veterans have assembled to read the despatches and rejoice over them. The variety of characters and sentiments is well expressed. I must speak of one figure, which appears the most finished; it is the wife of a soldier, who, entirely absorbed in anxiety for her husband, listens with an eagerness painful to contemplate to the reading of the list of killed and wounded. The imagination readily supplies all that her countenance fails to express. There is no crape, no mourning, and the sky is not clouded; the pathos is perfectly natural. I believe you will not tax me with Anglo-mania, for you know as well as I what we have, and in what we are deficient."

The pictures of Wilkie are only known on the continent by means of engravings. There is not a single Wilkie in the gallery of the Louvre. The catalogues of the richest collections do not contain his name. The Imperial Library at Paris contains a collection of engravings after Wilkie, by Beyer, Marris, Jazet, Joly, Moreau, Maille, Dubucourt, and other eminent French engravers, which, though incomplete, includes his best and most thoroughly English works.

Even our own National Gallery contains only two specimens of this master, but they are two of his most characteristic productions. They are thus described by Mrs. Jameson:—"The Blind Fiddler." An itinerant fiddler has arrived at a cottage, and is amusing its inmates with his violin; his uplifted foot shows that he is beating time; his wife sits near him nursing her infant; on the other side are the cottager's family, among whom, the father, snapping his fingers at the little baby, the child, who gazes with rivetted attention on the old musician, forgetful of her toy, and the mischievous archin who is mimicking the gesture of the fiddler with a pair of bellows, are remarkable for fallacious conception and want of expression. The whole picture is very dramatic, and painted in the manner of the Dutch masters. It has something of the air of

ton and precision of touch so much admired in Teniers. 'The Village Festival' (p. 168). The scene is laid before the door of a village ale-house; among the various groups, some of which are exceedingly humorous, a countryman, half tipsy, led away most reluctantly from the joyous scene by his wife and children, is the most conspicuous and the most expressive; being strongly relieved by the dark mass behind, it is the first to catch the attention of the spectator. The group of drinkers on the left, and the face and figure of the old woman leading the little child on the right, are most excellent. The old woman I suspect to be the mother of the prostrate drunkard who lies stretched insensible by the pump. But every head, however diminutive, is worth inspection, and will bear comparison with some of the finest of Teniers. As a whole, the composition is a little scattered, and the foreground is not well painted; it looks like wet clay: the colouring is throughout very vivid, rich, and harmonious; and the individual heads, besides being full of nature and character, are finished with conscientious care, in what may be termed the early manner of the painter, which he afterwards changed for another entirely opposite to it. The whole scene is perfectly genuine and national."

The Vernon Gallery contains five Wilkies:—1. "The Peep-o'-Day Boy's Cabin;" 2. "Reading the News;" 3. "A Woodland Landscape;" 4. "The Bag-piper;" 5. "The First Earring."

The six Wilkies in St. James's Palace and the four at Apsley House have already been enumerated and described, and they are not numerous in any other private collection. The Duke of Sutherland has a single specimen at Stafford House, representing two men and two women at breakfast. The effect is pleasing, and, especially in the men, very true and animated. The Marquis of Normandy possesses the "Bent Day;" and the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne contains "The Jew's Harp," which we have engraved (p. 164), and "The Confession." "John Knox administering the Sacrament" is the property of S. J. Clow, Esq., of Liverpool; it is a grand composition, but was left unfinished at the painter's death. Sir J. Swinburne possesses "The Errand Boy," and "Duncan Gray," which we have engraved (p. 165), and the subject of which is taken from a favourite Scotch ballad, is the property of J. J. Sheepshanks, Esq. "The Letter of Recommendation," which we have also engraved (p. 172), is in the collection of S. S. Dobree, Esq.

The pictures of Wilkie are not, like those of the Dutch school, the coin which circulates currently at public sales, and we are therefore unable to indicate the price which would be obtained by the precious works which are treasured with such natural pride by their happy possessors.

We give below the fac-simile of Wilkie's signature.

David Wilkie

ART AND ARTISTS.

PAINTERS have not been remarkable for learning. They have generally been illustrations of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. Cooper, one of our earliest painters, was deemed an excellent musician, but music then required little science. Jarvis, although a translator of "Don Quixote," was a weak man and by no means a scholar. Richardson was a man of intellect, but deficient in observation. Thornhill was the reverse, and was an M.P. and an F.R.S., at the same time. Hogarth, though he once appeared as an author, was grossly illiterate. Wilson had received a good education from his father, who was a clergyman. Gainsborough was untaught by himself or others. Reynolds and Lawrence were English scholars, and nothing more. West was not even that. Barry must have received but little scholastic instruction, though he made good use of what he had. Opie's talents were great, but they were untaught. Morland's dissipation precluded knowledge; and Romney, though the friend and correspondent of Bailey, was quite an uneducated man. Fuseli was very hard on his contemporaries. He denounced them as ignorant even of orthography. His expression used to be, that he felt degraded in being one of them. His exposure of the ignorance of many members of the

Royal Society was equally severe. Haydon thus describes him:—Calling at his house, the door was opened by the maid. He continues: "I followed her into a gallery or show-room enough to frighten anybody at twilight. Galvanized devils—malicious witches brewing their incantations—Satan bridging Chaos, and springing upwards, like a pyramid of fire—Lady Macbeth—Cafro and Francisco—Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly—humour—pathos—terror—blood and murder—met one at every look. I expected the floor to give way—I fancied Fuseli himself to be a giant. I heard his footsteps, and saw a little boney hand slide round the edge of the door, followed by a little white-headed lean-faced man, in an old flannel dressing-gown, tied round the waist with a piece of rope, and upon his head the bottom of Mrs. Fuseli's work-basket. 'Well, well,' thought I, 'I am a match for you at any rate if bewitching is tried;' but all apprehension vanished on his saying in the mildest and kindest way, 'Well, Mr. Haydon, I have heard a great deal of you from Mr. Hoare. Where are your drawings?' In a fright, I gave him the wrong book, with a sketch of some men pushing a cask into a grocer's shop. Fuseli smiled, and said, 'Well, de fellow does his business at least with energy!' I was gratified at his being pleased in spite of my mistake." On another occasion, he told Haydon, "a subject should interest, astonish, or move; if it did not one of these, it was worth nothing at all." He had a strong Swiss accent, and a guttural energetic diction. He swore roundly else, a habit which, he told Haydon, he had contracted from Dr. Arncliffe. "He was about five feet five inches in height, had a compact little form, stood firmly at his easel, painted with his left hand, never held his palette upon his thumb, but kept it upon his stone, and being very near-sighted, and too vain to wear glasses, used to dab his beasty brush into the oil, and sweeping round the palette in the dark, take up a great lump of white, red, or blue, as it might be, and plaster it over a shoulder or a face. Sometimes in his blindness he would put a hideous smear of Prussian blue on his flesh, and then perhaps, discovering his mistake, take a bit of red to darken it, and then, prying close in, turn round and say, 'Ah, dat is a fine purple! It is really like Correggio,' and then all of a sudden he would burst out with a quotation from Homer, Tasso, Dante, Ovid, Virgil, or perhaps the Niebelungen Lied, and thunder round with 'Paint dat!' I found him," continues Haydon, "the most grotesque mixture of literature, art, scepticism, indelicacy, profanity and kindness; he put me in mind of Archimandrite in Spenser. Weak minds he destroyed. They mistook his wit for reason—his indelicacy for breeding—his swearing for manliness, and his infidelity for strength of mind; but he was accomplished in elegant literature, and had the art of inspiring young minds with high and grand views. His 'Nightmare' was popular all over Europe. The engraver cleared £600 by it."

Haydon says, in conversation Horne Tooke was the only match for Fuseli. Mary Woolstonecroft fell into Platonic love with him, though he was married to a woman who had been his model. In spite of his sarcasm and roughness, he had many friends, and died honoured and rich. On comparing his pictures with living nature, he was sometimes very much annoyed, and used peevishly to exclaim: "A plague upon nature! she always puts me out!" He was very anxious to have a literary reputation. He sometimes composed Greek verses in the emergency of the moment, and affected to forget the name of the author. He once repeated half-a-dozen sonorous and well-sounding lines to Porson, and said: "With all your learning, now, you cannot tell me who wrote that." The professor, much renowned for Greek, confessed his ignorance, and said, "I don't know him."—"How in the world could you know him?" chaffed Fuseli; "I made them this moment." When thwarted in the Academy, and that was not seldom, his wrath vented itself in Polyglott phraseology. "It is a pleasant thing, and an advantageous," said the painter on one of these occasions, "to be learned. I can speak Greek, Latin, French, English, German, Danish, Dutch, Icelandic and Spanish, and so let my folly vent itself through nine different avenues." His repartee was biting. A person once called in, apologising with, "I hope I don't intrude." "You do," said Fuseli, in a surly tone. "Then I will call again to-morrow." "No, sir," replied he; "don't come to-morrow, for then you will intrude a second time. Tell me your business now." Wilkie, who

met Fuseli at Mr. Angerstein's, thus writes of him: "His conversation was particularly animating, and, sitting beside him, I had my full share of it. He talked with great discrimination on the English versions of the great classic poets, and on the harmonious construction of our national poetry, in which he gave the preference to Shakespeare. He spoke of Haydon, and the historical picture he was then painting, and gave it his decided approbation."

It was seldom Fuseli was courteous, and when he was, he generally repented of it. In a good humour he gave a friendly reception to a young gentleman who had brought him a letter of introduction from an old friend. "I shall be very happy to see you whenever you are disengaged," said Fuseli. The ingenuous youth took this literally, and called next day. "Bless me," cried Fuseli, as he entered the room, "you must have plenty of spare time on your hands." The youth retired in confusion, and never called again.

One hears little of Fuseli now. His wild paintings are by no means in accordance with the taste of the present age. Never did such a painter appear amongst us before; but he is gone, and it may be

"Another artist, rough and rude as Nature's children sometimes are, was Opie. When he lived in Berners-street, Haydon used to see him. "I was shown," he says, "into a clean gallery of masculine and broadly-painted pictures. After a minute, down came a coarse-looking intellectual man. He read my letter, eyed me quietly, and said, 'You are studying anatomy; master it; were I your age I would do the same.' My heart bounded at this. I said, 'I have just come from Mr. Northcote, and he says I am wrong, sir.' 'Never mind what he says,' said Opie; 'he does not know it himself, and would be very glad to keep you as ignorant.'" He died a disappointed man. Opie had been brought up to London as the wonderful Cornish boy; and he was almost obliged, as he expressively said to Northcote, to plant cannon at his door to keep the nobility away. He had not foundation enough in his art to fall back upon when the novelty was over; his employment fell off, and he sunk in repute and excellence.

Mrs. Jameson gives Opie a better character. She says this distinguished and manly painter died in 1807. The Dulwich Gallery contains a portrait of him, painted by himself; and at Haydon's



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

long "ere we see his like again." The artist, perhaps, most resembling him in wildness and eccentricity was Barry. One new anecdote of him is thus told by Haydon. In his "Diary" he writes: "Mrs. Copping, the housekeeper at Adelphi, told me Barry's violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity. She said he carried virtue to a vice. His hatred of obligation was such that he would accept nothing. Wherever he dined, he left one shilling and twopence in the plate, and gentlemen indulged him. The servants were afraid to go near him. In summer he came to work at five, and worked till dark; when a lamp was lighted, he went on etching till eleven at night. She said, that when he could be coaxed to talk, his conversation was sublime. She thought the want of early discipline was the cause of his defects. He began his work at the Adelphi in 1780, and was seven years before he concluded it. She remembered Burke and Johnson calling once, but no artist. She really believed he would have shot any one who dared." There is a grasp of mind in that work, nowhere else to be found, as Johnson said; but no colour, no surface, beauty, or correct drawing. Still, as the only work of his kind, it is a honour to the country.

Court there is a portrait of Mrs. Delany, said to be by him. Allan Cunningham says of Opie, that his strength lay in boldness of effect, simplicity of composition, in artless attitudes, and in the vivid portraiture of individual nature. Where he failed was in imagination. He saw the common, but not the poetic nature of his subjects; he had no vision of the heroic or the grand. His intellectual powers were of a high order. Horne Tooke and Sir James Mackintosh alike testify to that. Horne Tooke used to perplex and quiz Fuseli by pressing him with definitions, and by the *reductio ad absurdum*; whilst of Opie he used to say, "Mr. Opie crowds more wisdom into a few words than almost any man I ever knew. He speaks, as it were, in axioms; and what he observes, is worthy to be remembered." Opie never was satisfied with himself. His widow says of him: "During the nine years I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room and throw himself in an agony of despondency, on the sofa, exclaiming, 'I am the most stupid of created beings! I never, never shall be a painter, as long as I live.'" One who knew him well writes, "His manner and figure were such that his conversation was always interesting, and his

like *Fanny Hill*, he was the painter of mind and character, not of passion. His unconsciousness was the result of early habits; that of Fuseli, of a morose nature." Opie's funeral, however, showed that he was still honoured in the land. A public burial in St. Paul's is surely something, after all. A man who could have had that, must have had some fame in his day.

In spite of his manner, and an unattractive figure, Hoppner, writes Haydon, was a man of fine mind, great openness of heart, and an exquisite taste for music; but he had not strength for originality. He imitated Gainsborough for landscape and Reynolds for portrait. We talked of art; and after dinner Hoppner said, "I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of art who paints like that fellow Northcote, heaven only knows." "As to that poor man-milliner of a painter, Hoppner," Northcote used to say to Haydon,

distinguished for the beauty with which he endowed the female form. He was born in London in 1789, and educated as the child of a German domestic, under the direction of his Majesty, from which circumstance it was supposed he had royal blood in his veins.

Haydon thus introduces us to one of the rarest artists of that day. He writes, "The next day, at eleven, I went to the academy, saw a good-natured-looking man in black, with his hair powdered, whom I took for a clergyman. In the course of the morning we talked. He made a shrewd remark or two, and when we left the academy we walked home together. As he lodged in the Strand, not far from me, I showed him what I was trying. He said to me, 'Sir George Beaumont says you should always paint your studies.' 'Do you know Sir George, Sir Joshua's friend?' 'To be sure I do.' I was delighted. 'What is your name?' 'Jackson.' 'And



THE CUT FINGER.--FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

"I hate him, sir; I ha-a-ate him!" Hoppner was bilious from hard work at portraits and harass of high life. He was portrait-painter to the Prince; and one day, McMahon having ordered the porter at Carlton House to get the rails repainted, and to send for the prince's painter, the man, in his ignorance, went over to Hoppner. When the prince visited Hoppner one day, he popped suddenly into his gallery; there was his fine portrait of Pitt. "Ah, ah," said the prince, "there he is, with his obstinate face." Hoppner obtained fame before he was thirty years old. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was his great patron. Northcote gives a characteristic anecdote of him. "I once went with Hoppner to the hustings to vote for Horne Tooke; and when they asked me what I was, I said a painter. At this, Hoppner was very mad all the way home, and said I should have called myself a portrait-painter. I replied, the world had no time to trouble their heads about such distinctions." Wilkie says he was

where do you come from? 'Yorkshire. 'And how do you know such a man?' 'Know him!' Jackson answered, bursting into a laugh, 'why Lord Mulgrave is my patron, and Sir George is his friend.' Jackson was a most amiable, sincere, unaffected creature, and had a fine eye for colour. I soon perceived that he did not draw with firmness, but with a great feeling and effect, and became exceedingly intimate. Jackson was the son of a respectable tradesman at Whitby, where he was apprenticed to a tailor. Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont were once at the castle, when Atkinson the architect, who was visiting there, showed them two or three pencil sketches of Jackson's. Lord Mulgrave said to Atkinson, 'Let us have him up,' and Jackson was ordered to the room, where by his simplicity of manner and easy explanation of his sketches he delighted them all, and Sir George asked him if he had ever painted, and upon his saying he had not, ordered him to copy a 'George Coleman, by Sir Joshua, at the castle. They had

colour but white-lead, and no brushes but house-painter's. However, with Sir George's advice and assistance he set to work. A Vandyck brown he obtained from the woods, a fine Indian red from the alum works, a burning yellow ochre in the grounds, and a blue-black, either from burnt vine-stalks, or soot, I forget which, and with these materials he set to work and made a really fine copy. The besetting sin of poor Jackson was indolence, and this soon became apparent. Lord Mulgrave once told us that when Jackson had finished a picture of Lady Mulgrave and her sister, he was requested to have it packed up immediately and sent off to the Exhibition, as the least delay would render it too late. The next day Lord Mulgrave finding that the picture had not been sent, went into Jackson's room and scolded him well, insisting on his immediately seeing the picture packed up and sent off. Jackson left the room apologising, and promising immediate attention to his lordship's desires. As soon as Lord Mulgrave had reached his own room, he bethought himself, 'But, I had better, perhaps, look after that fellow,' and out went my lord to see. On going down stairs, the first thing his lordship *did* see, was Master Jackson out in the court-yard playing Battledore and shuttle-cock with his lordship's aide-de-camp. It was impossible not to like Jackson, his very indolence and lazy habits engaged one. His eternal desire to gossip was wonderful. Sooner than not gossip, he would sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song. He would stand for hours together, with one hand in his trousers' pocket, chatting about Sir Joshua and Vandyck; then tell a story in his Yorkshire way, full of nature and tact, racy, and beautiful, and then start off anywhere, to Vauxhall or Covent Garden, to study expression and effect. In time his carelessness became so apparent, that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses." Jackson painted the portraits of the Rev. William Howell Carr, and Sir John Soane, architect, in the National Gallery.

We take another picture from Haydon—that of Northcote, who lived at 39, Argyle-street. Haydon writes:—"I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window, with the light shining full on his bald gray head, stood a diminutive wizened figure, in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect, said: 'Zo you mayne tu bee a painter, dou 'e? What zort of painter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestorical painter! Why, yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head.' He then put his spectacles down and read the note again, put them up, looked maliciously at me, and said: 'I remember yer vather and yer grandvather tu; he used tu peint.' 'So I have heard, sir.' 'Ees, he painted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the inside of's ears was of; and my vather told un reddish; and your grandvather went home and painted un a vine vermillion. I zee,' he continued, 'Mr. Hoare says you're studying anatomy; that's no use. Sir Joshua didn't know it; why should you want to know what he didn't?' 'But Michael Angelo did, sir.' 'Michael Angelo! what's he tu du here? You must peint portraits here.' This roused me, and I said, clenching my mouth: 'But I won't.' 'Won't!' screamed the little man; 'but you *must*! Your vather is not a monied man—is he?' 'No, sir; but he has a good income, and will maintain me for three years.' 'Will he; hee'd better make 'ee moutein yerself.' There are ten portraits by him in the Dulwich Gallery.

In our great country, painters have had to look to the people rather than to kings. Smirke had been elected keeper of the Academy, but George III., being told that he was a democrat, refused to sign or sanction his appointment. West's income was taken from him through the hatred of Queen Charlotte, because he had visited and been honoured by Napoleon in 1802. Sir Joshua Reynolds never received a single commission from the king or his royal consort. He twice painted their majesties, but on each occasion at his own request and at his own expense. This neglect is said to have arisen from his refusal to sell a painting. Hogarth seems to have fared little better at

the Guards to Finchley," a proof of it was sent to General II. His first question, says Ireland, was to a nobleman in waiting, "May who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Painter!" exclaimed the indignant monarch, "I hate painting, and poetry too; neither the one or the other ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?" "The picture, an please your majesty," said the courtier, "must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." This only made matters worse. "What! a painter burlesque a soldier! He deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take it out of my sight." And so the conversation ended. This may be a little exaggerated; nevertheless, it is true that Hogarth never basked in the royal sunshine. When monarchs have been the patrons, the taste of the patron has been seen. Charles I. was sober and virtuous, and the women of Vandyck all have a sober and virtuous air. At the Restoration, the whole seemed changed as if by enchantment. Art, writes Cunningham, in his life of Lely, was no longer grave and devout, as under the first Charles. Loose attire and looser looks were demanded now; no one was so ready to comply as Sir Peter Lely, and it must be confessed that no other artist could have brought such skill and talent to the task. With the chaste Queen Charlotte came a different order of things; and the skill of Reynolds was required to give grace to the pomatumed pyramids of powdered hair, and that dignity which beauty acquires from appearing the preserver of its highest quality.

STORY OF A PICTURE.

Not very many years ago, a venerable man, named Silvio Piccolomini, who had formerly been governor of Rome, having been compelled by age to relinquish the employment in which he had long been engaged, was reduced to the painful necessity of gradually parting with nearly all his furniture, in order to obtain the bare means of subsistence. Among other articles was a small painting by Raffaele, which had been left him by his uncle, but of which he did not at all know the value. The smoke with which it was tarnished, and the dust with which it was covered, led him to think it worth very little. Being in want of money, he sent to a painter who was more skilled in buying and selling the pictures of others than painting any of his own. A very slight examination enabled him to discover by whom it was painted and how great a treasure it was. But wishing to take advantage of the old man's inexperience and neediness, he began to depreciate it as a thing of no value, and concluded by offering him a few shillings for it, rather, he pretended, as an act of charity than from any regard to the real worth of the picture. The poor old man, unable to see through the trick, thankfully accepted the paltry sum, and the impostor carried off his prize in triumph.

A few days afterwards an old friend having called upon Piccolomini missed the picture, and asked what had become of it. He said he had sold it, and told him to whom, and for how much. His friend, filled with indignation at the shameful fraud which had been practised upon his simplicity, urged him to bring the matter before the governor, assuring him the picture was the work of a master's hand, and offering to accompany him and render him every assistance in his power. The governor, having listened with attention to the statement of the case, took the dimensions of the picture and observed the subject, and then dismissed both parties. There were fortunately in his gallery two frames nearly corresponding in size to that of the picture in question. Taking out the picture which was in one of them, he sent for the painter, and asked him whether he happened to have a painting of that size which would match the other. "Yes," was the reply, "I have one that will suit admirably. It is an excellent production of Raffaele's, and seems to have been made on purpose to go in that frame." "Well, let me see it," said the governor; and the painter soon brought it.

The painting was a "Holy Family," executed in the happiest style of the illustrious master. Freed from the dust and smoke by which they had been obscured, the colours came out to perfection, and all the accuracy of outline, the softness of complexion, the

expression, which are peculiar to Raffaele, at once struck the delighted observer. Having placed it in the frame, which it fitted remarkably well, the governor asked the price of it. "I have already had an offer of £200 for it," said the painter, "from an Englishman, through the medium of a friend; but I have refused that sum, insisting upon £250, which it is well worth. However, if your excellency likes to have it, I shall be satisfied with whatever advance upon the first offer you think proper to make."

The governor, horrified at the rascality of the fellow, said, with as much calmness as he could command:

"You assure me, then, that you have had an offer of £200 for the picture?"

"Yes, I have, monsignore, and I hope to have even more offered."

"Very well, that is enough. Open that door," added he to one of his attendants. It was opened, and lo! there stood the good old man, whom his excellency had sent for and kept in concealment. It is easy to conceive what terror and amazement the unexpected sight awakened in the mind of the painter. He turned pale, became confused, and trembled in every limb. The governor, after

leaving him a prey to his own feelings for some time, said, in a tone of severe authority, "Base wretch! is it thus you take advantage of the ignorance and want of an unfortunate man? When you deceived him so wickedly, did you feel no compunctions of conscience, no revulsion of feeling? Does the recollection of having defrauded an aged man and helpless woman awaken no remorse in your breast? Execrable villain! you know what your wickedness deserves. It is showing you too much mercy to visit you with nothing more than the penalty which you have yourself earned; but may heaven preserve you from a second crime of this sort, otherwise you shall pay dearly both for that and the present one. Now you must immediately give this poor man the £200 which, according to your own confession, the picture is worth. The next offence of the kind that reaches my ears will be your destruction."

Terrified, ashamed, and subdued, the painter hastened away; while the poor old man, melted to tears, and his heart overflowing with gratitude, uttered a thousand benedictions upon his wise benefactor, who enjoyed the satisfaction of having relieved an unhappy man, and caught an impostor in his own net.

SIR RICHARD WESTMACOTT.

If we consider the comparatively recent period at which England first laid claim to be ranked as one of those favoured nations which produces artists of the first order, we shall find that she has given birth to her fair share of sculptors, and that she has done so under circumstances the most adverse to art. Her climate—alternately weeping and dry, and varying from 90 degrees in the shade to very nearly zero—tries marble so severely that it cannot exist out of doors, and our public statues have consequently to be made of the less beautiful but more durable bronze. The smoke of our capital, and the severely religious opinions of a great majority of our countrymen, are alike unfavourable to productions which are seen only to advantage beneath a sunny and a clear sky. Yet, notwithstanding this, there are great names, easily remembered by most people, of those who have laboured, and that not unsuccessfully, to equal the merit of the sculptors of Greece—to equal those whose religion gave birth to the art, and under whose skies poetry, painting, and sculpture might claim their proper home.

The names of Gibber (father to the much-abused Colley), of Raoult, of Banks, Jough, Nollekens, Bacon, Flaxman, Chantrey, Bailey, and Westmacott, will readily occur to our readers. Of the last of these we here give a portrait. If of these Flaxman had the most thoroughly Greek genius and the most classic mind, Westmacott may be said to have the most graceful execution and delicate conception.

Westmacott was born in the year 1775 (twenty years after the birth of Flaxman), of a good family, and one also well to do in the world; so that, unlike other young artists, he had not to endure the bitter struggles of poverty before he achieved eminence. He studied successfully at the Royal Academy, and attracted to himself the notice of the new Professor of Sculpture—an office created and filled by Flaxman himself. There was some opposition to this creation, and the lectures of the professor had been subjected to the wit of Fuseli, on account of the staid and sombre manner of their delivery. Fuseli sitting at a merry party after dinner, suddenly recollected that Flaxman was about to deliver his inaugural lecture. He started up suddenly, and exclaimed, "Farewell friends, farewell wine, farewell wit! I must be off to hear the first sermon of the Rev. John Flaxman."

The "Sermons of the Rev. John Flaxman" did, however, an infinite deal of good. They were certainly slow and in many parts heavy, but those upon "Beauty" and on "Composition" are worthy to be read by every artist. These lectures were well attended, and there is no doubt but that the students derived immense profit from them, and the creation of a chair of sculpture proved that in England that branch of fine arts was about to receive a new impetus. The early career of Westmacott was a peculiarly successful one.

His merit was more readily acknowledged than in many cases, and in the year 1798 he had already spent some years in Italy. When only twenty-three years of age, he was, without being subjected to any accusation of improvidence, enabled to marry the daughter of Dr. Wilkinson. While we allude to improvidence, we do so with the story of another sculptor equally eminent in our memory. "Married!" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to him, meeting him one day, 'married!' then, sir, if you are married, you are ruined for an artist."

In the case cited, the selfish declaration was untrue, and the artist, although married, achieved an eminence equal to Sir Joshua's. It is gratifying to know this, but it is also gratifying to know that Westmacott was never subjected to the unkind taunt.

Soon after his marriage the artist would appear to have returned to Rome and to have perfected his studies, and on his return to England after a somewhat long absence, he found that he had a sufficient number of commissions to keep him comfortably employed, arising from the early celebrity which he had achieved abroad. But fame or a good name was soon to be achieved, and we find him employed, before the culminating point of age had been reached, on the national statues of Addison, Pitt, and Erskine.

The monuments also which he produced about this time, and which adorn St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, are of the statesman Fox, the first of hearty and genuine reformers; to the hero, Sir Ralph Abercrombie; to the gentle and excellent Lord Collingwood, the Bayard of Naval Warfare; and to Sir Isaac Brock.

There is also in Westminster Abbey a sitting statue of a woman, who, with her child, is represented as being exposed without shelter to the inclemencies of a storm, her garments are coarse and wet, and her hair hangs loose upon her face. The mute appealing look of the face is not easy to be forgotten; it is one of the lions of the place, and bears the name of the "Houseless Wanderers."

The genius of Westmacott lying through these statues, fully acknowledged, he did not want patrons. The monumental figures which he now produced are both numerous and excellent, and his more ambitious works, which adorn the various galleries of the nobility, are of such merit that they will indeed, to use his own phrase, "pass muster with posterity." So great was his fame, that when, on the victorious return from Waterloo, the nation were half delirious with admiration for the great Duke of Wellington, Westmacott was chosen to execute the colossal statue of Achilles, which now stands upon a slight eminence, fronting Apsley House. The gratitude of the ladies of England raised this memorial to Wellington; it was cast from cannon taken in the various battles with the French, and from the immutability and from direct allusion

disagreements, not here to be mentioned, it excited a perfect shower of puns, lampoons, epigrams, and pasquinades, and brought down upon its head some much heavier, more sober and severer criticism. It is but justice to say that, as far as regards the artist, the figure is well executed. It is not one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Westmacott, but it is a nobly-conceived figure, only ridiculous, if indeed it be so, from the singular inappropriateness of its position, and its total want of adaptation to the subject it designs to commemorate.

The next work of art which the sculptor supplied, was the colossal statue of George the Third, which now adorns Windsor Castle.

But it is not to commemorative or to monumental art that we must look for the great excellence of Westmacott. In these certainly he has exhibited grace, dignity, and feeling. In his statues of Fox and of George the Third there is also no mean approach to sublimity; but it is in grace and in fancy that he excels, and it is in these that

Love's worshipper:

Seeking on earth for him whose home was heaven:
As some lone angel, through night's scattered host,
Might seek a star which she had loved and lost.
In the full city—by the haunted stream,
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars,
Mid the pine temple on the moonlit mount,
Where silence sits and listens to the stars—
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove—
The painted valley and the scented air,
She heard far echoes of the voice of Love,
And marked his footsteps' traces everywhere.

If he has never exceeded this statue, Westmacott has done things equally worthy of immortality; such are the "Statue of a Nymph preparing for the Bath," which now adorns the ducal residence of Castle Howard; the statue of Euphrosyne, which is at Clumber; and the "Dream of Horace," which is at Petworth. We have the



in our opinion, he equals if not surpasses Canova. The best works of Westmacott may be found perhaps in Woburn Abbey, where the dancing nymphs of Canova have also found a resting-place: these are the celebrated statue of Psyche, and one of Eros or Cupid.

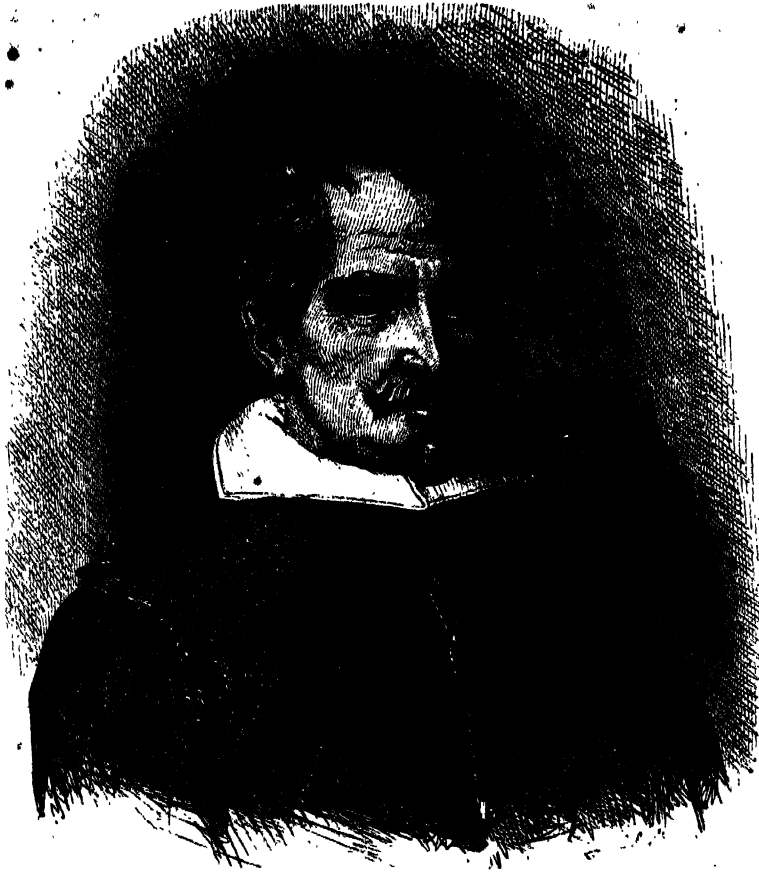
When Psyche was first exhibited, its singular merit was at once acknowledged, and in those days of albums and keepsakes, more than one "fashionable" poet hymned its praise. The verses by Mr. T. K. Hervey are so very well suited to the subject, that we are tempted to quote them. The statue represents Psyche more under her immortal than her earthly aspect, with her beautifully slight form bent forwards, so as to exhibit the wings which adorn her shoulders. She appears partly to be examining a golden box, the gift of the gods, and partly to be rapt in listening to something afar off. The statue is perfectly ethereal; no touch of gross humanity

highest authority for saying that Sir Richard deems that he has mentioned as the most successful of his works.

In the course of a long and brilliant career honours have deservedly fallen upon the shoulders of the sculptor. In 1793, when only eighteen years of age, he had first visited Rome; in the next year, at the early age of nineteen, he received the first premium for sculpture given by the Florentine gallery; in the following year he obtained the pope's medal, and was also elected a member of the academy of Florence. Honours in his own country followed at no distant period. In 1805 he was elected an associate of our own Royal Academy, and eleven years afterwards he was made a Royal Academician.

Sir Richard received the honour of knighthood in 1837; in addition to which, and his other honours, he is a D.C.L. and a member of the Society of Antiquaries. Of his family we know

FRANCIS ZURBARAN.



FRANCIS ZURBARAN, one of the great luminaries of the Spanish school, though his works are little known out of his native country,



was born in the year 1598, at Fuente de Cantos, a small town in Extremadura, situated among the hills which divide that province

from Andalusia, and was baptized in the church of that place on the 7th of November. The rudiments of art were taught him by some unknown artist, who is supposed to have been a pupil of Morales, during the sojourn of that master at the neighbouring town of Frexenal. His father was an indigent cultivator of a few acres of land, and intended to bring up his son in his own vocation; but seeing the inclination of the youth for painting, he consented to his leaving the plough to take up the brush under the licentiate Juan de las Roelas, who had acquired a high reputation in the school of Seville. His new instructor had worked in Italy, under a pupil of Titian, whom he followed in the brightness and harmony of his colours. In this school, the genius of Zurbaran was rapidly developed, so that he soon surpassed his master. His application was remarkable; and so careful was he always to paint from nature, that he would not paint even a piece of drapery without arranging it before him on the lay-figure. He displayed a great talent for the representation of drapery at a very early period of his studies, and there are few of his pictures without white drapery of some kind, which he was especially fond of painting.

Some pictures of Caravaggio, which came under his observation while studying in the school of Roelas, excited his admiration, and had great influence in determining his manner. The vigour and even rudeness of his execution, was well adapted to the representation of his favourite subjects, monks and friars, of whom he is the great delineator, as Raffaello was of Madonnas, and Ribera of martyrs. He studied the Carthusians in their cloisters as closely as Titian did the nobles and high-born ladies of Venice, and Van Dyck those of England. Their girdles of rope, their dark cowls, their coarse robes, their spare forms, and their austere features, seem to have possessed a strange and inexplicable charm for him. He began to apply himself to the external appearances of things before penetrating the interior; he painted the vestments, and under them the form of the body, and under the form of the body the emotions and secret torments of the soul. "Under that white garment, the

favourite object of his study," says M. Leon Gozlan, "he has painted that population, pale, sad, emaciated and suffering, of monks, Capuchins and Carmelites, shod and unshod. He has discovered to the world, better than if the walls of all the convents of Spain had been thrown down, the dark passions and gloomy thoughts of all those, the natural flow of whose feelings are checked by haircloth and exaggerated vows. Zurbaran is the Joli of art—the painter of grief and resignation. None of his compatriots have reduced their genius to a harsher unity, or given to their conceptions a more lugubrious immobility."

Seville was in that day just the city for a painter of his peculiar predilections and talents. Nowhere else could he have found more devotion, a greater number of religious communities, or a greater variety of monkish orders. The city contained at that time no less than sixty convents of men and women. There were the Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, who shaved their heads, except a circle of hair round the forehead and the nape, and wore robes of white linen, encircled at the waist by a black belt. There were the Carmelites, reformed by the patron saint of Seville, St. Theresa, whose vestments were of brown cloth, girded at the waist by a broad girdle; the Capuchins, with shaven heads, bare throats, and feet shod with sandals, who wore robes of brown cloth, girt at the waist by a thick cord, furnished with three knots, and used for self-flagellation; there were the Franciscans, who offered amulets, agnus deis, and chaplets for sale, or exchanged them for articles of food; and there was the terrible brotherhood of St. Dominic, devoted to the office of the Inquisition, and formidable by their ferocious mien no less than by their costume, consisting of a deep cowl and a long, black cloak over a robe of white linen. At Seville—the privileged theatre of every imaginable religious observance—might be met at every step the future elements of the pictures which Zurbaran meditated; instruments of penance, scourges of leather or of twisted parchment, with or without knots, haircloth-shirts, human skulls, belts of metal, gags, padlocks, asiles, rags; all, in fact, that a morbid imagination could suggest as additions to human suffering and degradation. Armed with a vigorous brush, and determined to attack these details in all their gloomy reality, the imitator of Caravaggio found all prepared to enable him to enact the part in the history of painting to which his temperament and his inclinations destined him. There was nothing wanting. But he did not stop at the cowl, the coarse tunic, and the knotted rope—at once a girdle and a scourge. He saw the repressed passions of the cloister agitating beneath the haircloth-shirt; he heard the heavy groans which emanated from souls troubled by strange visions or affrighted by menacing apparitions. He strove to render visible the mental tortures of the Cenobite, the terrors of the soul haunted by the phantoms of superstition, and sometimes the raptures of devotional ecstasy. He wished to embody the invisible in his representations of the visible.

The inauguration of the Spanish gallery at the Louvre caused a great sensation among the art-loving portion of the Parisian public, so impressionable and yet so blasé. That which excited their emotions the most profoundly was not, however, the seraphic expression of the angels of Murillo, nor the astonishing likeness to life of the portraits of Velasquez; it was "The Monk in Prayer" of Zurbaran (p. 186), one of those pictures which, once gazed upon, it is impossible to forget. On his knees, wrapped in a loose garment of gray linen, torn and patched, his countenance half hidden in the shade of his cowl, a monk implores the mercy of God. Upon his locked and emaciated hands he supports a human skull, and, with eyes raised to heaven, seems to say, "*De profundis clamavi ad te, Domine.*" When the crowd of visitors, after having traversed the Hall of Henry II., entered the grand apartment set apart for the works of the Spanish masters, and came opposite this awe-inspiring picture, there was among them a movement of stupor, and almost of terror. The murmur of voices became suddenly hushed; it seemed to them that they heard the solemn and sudden breathing of the *Dieu*. Not only the entire Spanish school, but all Spain, so to speak, seems to be comprised in that painting, as if it contained the mystic gloom of the whole. The game of Zurbaran, all that was known to France, became popularised by the engravings in which his "Monk in Prayer" was reproduced. Since that time the name of Zurbaran

has been inseparable, in the minds of amateurs and the public, from the ideas awakened by the representation of that mysterious being, the Spanish monk.

The strong impression always produced by this picture proves that the sentiment is as profound as the execution is bold; it is a picture which appeals to the eye and to the heart with equal power. No other painter, in fact, not excepting even Murillo, has represented with more success the two aspects of the Spanish character, its passion for the real and its aspirations after the ideal, seduced by dazzling materialities, and yet carried away so easily into the most refined and exalted spiritualism.

At the age of twenty-five, the pupil of Roelas became a master; from all sides he received commissions for pictures, but always for devotional subjects, for he painted no others, and refused to employ his talents on familiar or grotesque subjects. The first pictures of any importance which he executed were those which decorate the altar-screen in the cathedral of Seville, the commission for which he received from the Marquis of Malagon. The centre-piece represents St. Peter in pontifical vestments, and his deliverance from prison by the angel; and on the wings are painted the apostle's want of faith, when he walked on the lake of Galilee with the Redeemer, and the vision of unclean birds and fowls, typical of the emancipation from the ceremonial law of Moses by the Christian dispensation. This scene was finished in 1625, and about the same time he painted for the college of St. Thomas d'Aquinas, at Seville, the picture which passes for his *chef-d'œuvre*, and which now hangs over what was once the high altar of the Friars of Mercy, in the Museum of that city. All the figures in this picture, which represents the apotheosis of the saint, are larger than life, and treated in the grandest manner.

Some of Zurbaran's works are marked by a vigour of execution which approaches closely to rudeness, and he seemed to be a rapid painter to execute the numerous commissions which he received from the monastic orders. Every religious community in Andalusia was desirous of retaining his services to paint the history of their foundations, and the glorification of the saints who had edified them by their austerities, or illustrated them by their martyrdom. He had scarcely finished the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas d'Aquinas," when he was summoned to the superb monastery of Guadalupe, to paint two altar-pieces, representing St. Ildefonso and St. Nicholas Bari, and eleven pictures illustrative of the life of St. Jerome, the patron of the monastery. On his return to Seville, he was employed by the Carthusian monks of St. Maria de los Reyes to paint three pictures, representing scenes in the lives of St. Bruno and St. Hugo. He also painted a number of pictures illustrative of the life of St. Pedro Nolasco for the Barefooted Friars of the order of Mercy; a remarkable and greatly admired "Crucifixion" for the church of St. Pablo; and a variety of works for the Carmelite convent of St. Roman, and the churches of St. Esteban and St. Bonaventura.

Notwithstanding his general tendencies, the taste of Zurbaran was not exclusively for scenes of misery and pain. His temperament, always grave, impelled him to subjects in which he dealt with life, but he did not always select the agony of the martyr, or penitents surrounded by their instruments of torture. He would sometimes paint the ineffable joys of religious ecstasy, and the radiance of the soul visited by celestial phantoms. There was formerly in the Spanish room at the Louvre, now dismantled, a picture by this master, representing the most distinguished of the innumerable female saints of the monkish legends, who appear to be dealing past the spectator. Under the names of St. Cecilia, St. Catherine, St. Inez, St. Lucia, and St. Ursula, he has revived, in their most glowing colours, all the types of Spanish beauty. The slight and supple forms and impassioned countenances of his lovely bronzes, haughty like the Castilians, delicate and pretty like the Andalusians, seem about to start from the canvases. The beauties of the reign of Philip III. are adapted so aptly to the forms of the canonised beauties, that they seem to be seraphs who have descended from the skies, and donned the robes of the high-born ladies of the court of Toledo. A glowing sun has given a Moorish tint to their complexions; their feet are charmingly small. One, who, over a robe trimmed with lace, wears a green mantle, embroidered with gold, is represented as St. Catherine when she was the mistress of the French

faith, being unable to break her alive on the wheel, decapitated. Another, young and very beautiful, habited in a magnificent robe of dark crimson, brocaded with gold, is known to be St. Lucia, by the silver plate which she holds in her hands, containing her two beautiful eyes, which she submitted to lose rather than renounce her belief. St. Cecilia plays on the organ, and raises her fine eyes to heaven with an expression of pious ecstasy, and seems to listen to some distant harmony, the response of the angelic choir to her wondrous strains. By her side are the saints-patronesses of Seville, St. Justine and St. Rufina, recognised by the little vases which indicate the occupation of their father, who is said to have been a potter in their native city. These sainted maidens wear green scarfs, thrown with captivating negligence over garments striped with black and yellow, the contrast of which renders the sisters very conspicuous.

In his marvellous talent for draperies, Zurbaran is not surpassed by the most illustrious artists of the Venetian school, not excepting even Paul Veronese. It is seen in all his pictures, but particularly in the portraits of two saints of great renown, and held in very high veneration by the people of Madrid—St. Martin and St. Barbara. The former is the patron of the poor, and is charged with the special duty of conducting the more humble into the kingdom of heaven; he is therefore represented as a shepherd, and wears a coarse tunic and a modest straw hat. St. Barbara, on the contrary, is protectress of noble ladies, the guardian of aristocratic souls, and the confidant of high-born transgressors; she wears, therefore, a robe of gold tissue, she is adorned with many jewels, and her air is haughty and disdainful.

But it is as the painter of the convent, as the illustrator of the asceticism of the cloister and its victims, that Zurbaran is most conspicuous and most original. His finest works of this kind are those which he executed for the Carthusians of Seville, and now in the museum of that city. The subjects are taken from the history of the Carthusian order. "The Reception of St. Bruno by the Pope" is one of the best of these positions; but the most remarkable is the "Miracle of St. Hugo," the tradition of which is piously preserved by the Carthusian order. St. Hugo, bishop of Grenoble, paying an unexpected visit to the monastery when the monks were at table, found them eating meat, contrary to the rules of the order; upon which he suddenly transformed their savoury dishes into tortoises. The picture consists of nine figures, seven monks seated round the table of the refectory, the mitred saint, and a youthful attendant, who looks very much astonished at the startling miracle which has been performed under his eyes.

The addition of "painter to the king" to Zurbaran's signature, at the bottom of the grand altar-screen of the Carthusian monastery of Xeres de la Frontera, with the date 1633, proves that the artist had that distinction conferred upon him before he had attained his thirty-fifth year; but the precise date of the appointment, the means by which he obtained it, and the period of his first visit to Madrid, are unknown. His pictures are so much more numerous in Andalusia than in Madrid and Castile, however, as to prove that the greater part of his life must have been passed in the former province. Palomino says that Velasquez, who had become acquainted with Zurbaran at Seville, and knew his talents, invited him to the capital, at the desire of Philip IV., in 1659; but this is evidently an error, and not the only one by many which this writer, although a Spaniard, has committed. In the year named, however, Zurbaran decorated the palace of Buen Retiro with a series of paintings representing "The Labours of Hercules." Juan Bermudez enumerates only four, but the catalogue of the Royal Gallery at Madrid, in which the pictures now hang, gives ten. It is said that Philip frequently visited the artist whilst engaged on these pictures, and that coming behind him one day, just as he had affixed his signature to one of them, with the addition, "painter to the king," he laid his hand on the artist's shoulder, and said: "Painter to the king, and king of painters!"

While at Seville, Zurbaran married Donna Leonora de Jordana, by whom he had several children. A deed of gift by the artist to one of his daughters of a house situated in the Calle de los Abades, was discovered by Juan Bermudez among the archives of the chapter of the cathedral of Seville. There is a story current that the latter years of the artist's life were troubled on account of a

duel, in which he slew his adversary, but the cause of which is not related; and it is said that he was condemned by the king to the seclusion of a cloister. A similar story is related of the French painter, Lesueur, who is said to have become a monk of the Carthusian order through having the misfortune to kill his antagonist in a duel. But as the Spanish chroniclers of art make no mention of the affair, and it is known that Zurbaran was employed during the latter years of his life in decorating several royal residences in Madrid and its environs, the story may safely be regarded as one of those embellishments with which imaginative biographers sometimes adorn their relations. Don Lazaro Diaz del Valle mentions having met Zurbaran in Madrid in 1662, and, according to Palomino, the artist died in that year, at the age of sixty-four.

"Zurbaran," says Stirling, "undoubtedly stands in the front rank of Spanish painters. He painted heads with admirable skill; but he had not that wonderful power which belonged to Velasquez, of producing an exact fac-simile of a group of figures at various distances. None of his large compositions equal 'The Meninas' in airy ease and truth of effect; nor have his figures the rounded and undefined, yet truly life-like outlines which charm us in the works of Murillo. But in colouring he is not inferior to these great masters; and his tints, although always sober and subdued, have sometimes much of the brilliancy and depth of Rembrandt's style, as is the case in his excellent small picture of 'Judith and her Handmaid,' in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon. His Virgins are rare, and in general not very pleasing; but he frequently painted female saints, apparently preserving in their persons the portraits of beauties of the day, for the rouge of good society may often be detected on their cheeks. In the delineation of animals he was likewise successful; and Palomino mentions with approbation his pictures of an enraged dog, from which chance observers used to run away, and of a yearling lamb, deemed by the possessor of more value than a herdsman of full-grown sheep."

In calling him the Caravaggio of Spain, the historians of art have not rendered complete justice to Zurbaran. It is only in vigour and boldness of execution that there is any resemblance between this master and Caravaggio, to whom he is superior in elevation of style and dignity of sentiment. He has given his figures the force of truthfulness, and impressed them with a character of ardent faith, and in some cases of moral beauty. By one of those violent transitions peculiar to the Spanish masters, he passes easily from the spiritual to the material; and it is correct, perhaps, to say that he has felt like Lesueur, and expressed his feelings like Caravaggio. Between the former and Zurbaran there is the difference of temperament characteristic of their respective nations. Lesueur, under his pale tints, has shown the calm resignation of the believer, animated by the hope of everlasting life; Zurbaran, with rude vigour, has represented the mortifications of the ascetic, and the torments of souls troubled by visions of hell.

Zurbaran was as diligent as his execution was rapid, and his works are therefore numerous. They are to be found in most of the great galleries of Europe, but his finest works are in the Museum at Seville. Foremost among them is the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas d'Aquinas," of which we quote the following description from Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain":—"The picture is divided into three parts, and the figures are somewhat larger than life. Aloft, in the opening heaven, appear the Blessed Trinity, the Virgin, St. Paul and St. Dominic, and the angelic doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, ascending to join their glorious company; lower down, in middle air, sit the four doctors of the church, grand and venerable figures, on cloudy thrones; and on the ground kneel, on the right hand, the Archbishop Diego de Deza, founder of the college, and on the left, the Emperor Charles V., attended by a train of ecclesiastics. The head of St. Thomas is said to be a portrait of Don Augustin Abreu Nufiez de Escobar, prebendary of Seville, and from the close adherence to Titian's pictures observable in the grave countenance of the imperial adorer, it is reasonable to suppose that in the other historical personages the likeness has been preserved wherever it was practicable. The mild dark face, immediately behind Charles, is traditionally held to be the portrait of Zurbaran himself. In spite of its blemishes as a composition, which are, perhaps, chargeable less against the painter than

• "Las Meninas" (The Maids of Honour), by Velasquez.

against his Dominican patrons of the college, and in spite of a certain harshness of outline, this picture is one of the grandest of altar-pieces. The colouring throughout is rich and effective, and worthy the school of Roelas; the heads are all of them admirable studies; the draperies of the doctors and ecclesiastics are magnifi-

tures which Zurbaran painted for the Carthusians, also in this Museum; "In the first of these pictures, the Pontiff, in a violet robe, and the recluse in white, with a black cloak, sit opposite to each other, with a table between them covered with books; their heads are full of dignity, and all the accessories finely coloured. In



THE MONK IN PRAYER. —FROM A PAINTING BY ZURBARAN.

cent in breadth and amplitude of fold; the imperial mantle is painted with Venetian splendour; and the street-view, receding in the distance of the canvas, is admirable for its atmospheric depth and

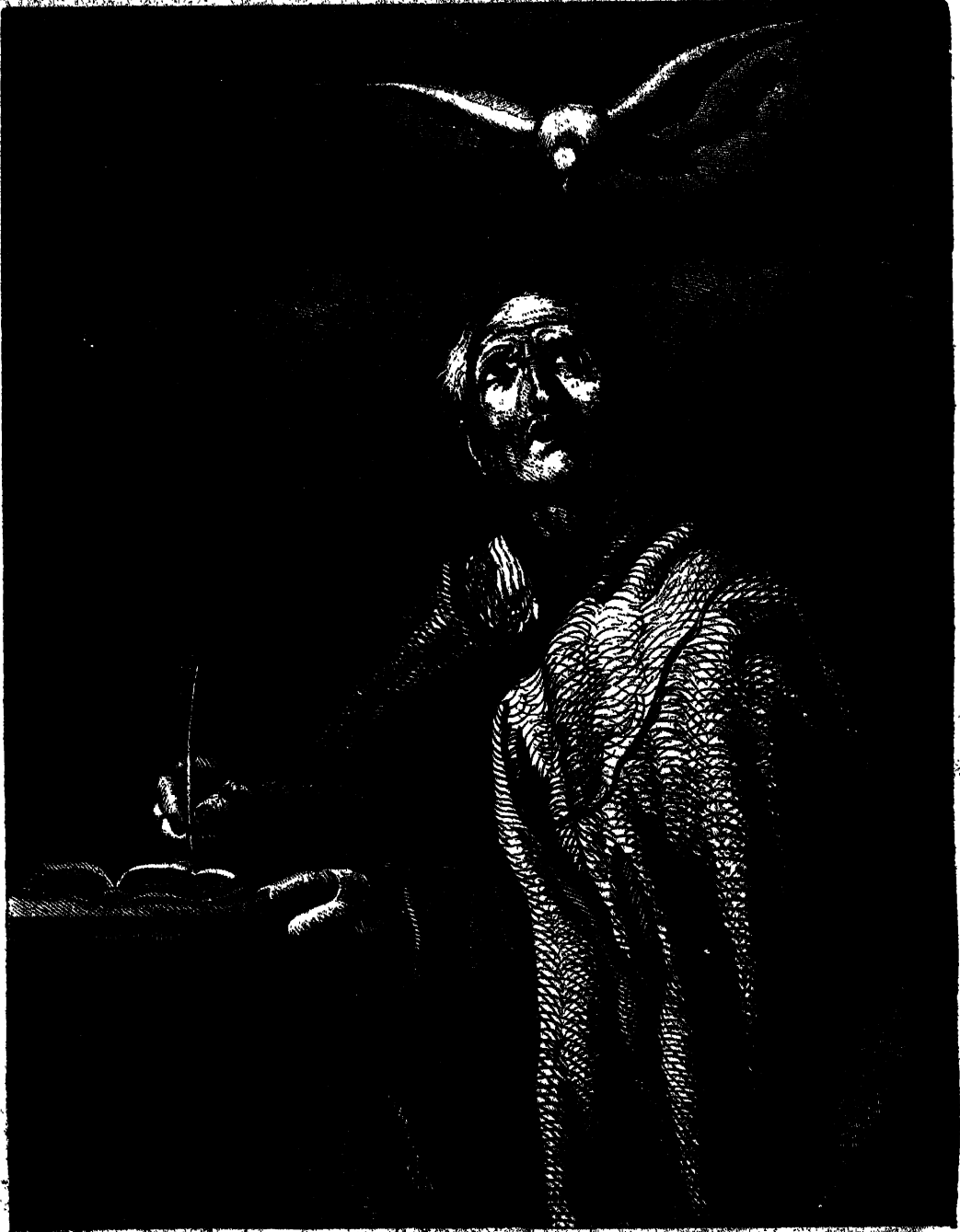
extract from the same work a description of the three pic-

ture the third, the strangeness of the subject detracts from the pleasure afforded by the excellence of the painting. The second is the best of the three, and is curious as a scene of the old monastic life of Spain, whence the cowed friar has passed away like the mailed knight. At a table, spread with what seems a very fragrant meal,

sit seven Carthusians in white, some of them with their high-peaked hoods drawn over their heads; the aged bishop Hugo in purple vestments; and attended by a page, stands in the foreground; over the heads of the monks there hangs a picture of the Virgin; and an open door affords a glimpse of a distant church. These venerable friars seem portraits; each differs in features from the others, yet all bear the impress of long years of solitary and silent penance.

Matilda, in a crimson robe, embroidered with gold; St. Dorothea, in a robe of purplish gray colour; and St. Inez, in purple vestments, with a lamb in her arms, are the best, and seem to be portraits of some of the beauties of Seville contemporary with the painter.

The cathedral of Cadiz possesses the "Adoration of the Magi" (p. 184), a grand picture, which hangs on the south side of the great door. On the right, in the foreground, sits the Virgin, holding on



ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA.—FROM A PRINTING BY ZURBARÁN.

their white draperies chill the eye, as their cold hopeless faces chill the heart; and the whole scene is brought before us with a vivid feeling, which shows that Zurbarán studied the Carthusian in his native cloisters, with the like close and fruitful attention that was afterwards bestowed on the courtier strutting it in the corridors of the palace, or the alleys of Aranjuez.

The church of the Hospital del Sangre, in Seville, possesses eight small pictures of this master, each representing a female saint. St.

her kneels the infant Jesus, before whom kneels a venerable personage, with a head of great dignity and a flowing white beard; his gorgeous robe is held up by a youthful page, and behind him stands another of the visitors, a young man, in armour rich inlaid with gold, and sparkling with jewels, a negro bearing a vessel of frankincense. And several other figures.

The royal gallery at Madrid contains, besides the ten pictures, the "Labours of Hercules," and two others, representing scenes in the

life of St. Peter Nolasco, and another of the "Infant Jesus," fanciful in design, but painted in the artist's best manner; the child, wrapped in a purple robe, is lying asleep on a cross, and the whole is painted with inimitable delicacy and beauty.

Under the reign of Napoleon I., the gallery of the Louvre was very rich in works of this master, one of the most admired being the "Monk in Prayer," which we have engraved (p. 180). The Spanish pictures in the Louvre were mostly obtained from the churches and convents of Spain during the French occupation of that country, and many more were in the collections of Marshal Soult and others, which are now scattered over Europe.

The best specimen of the master in this country is his "Virgin, with the infant Saviour and St. John," signed *Fran. de Zurbaran*, 1653, in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery at Stafford House. The infant, sitting on the lap of his mother, turns, as if afraid, from a goldfinch, which his playfellow holds out to him. In the countenance of the Virgin, the softness and grace of Guido's Madonnas is blended with the warmth of Titian's *Violante*, the downcast eyes are soft and dark, and the hair is of a rich chestnut brown. The infant Jesus is delicately painted, and reminds the spectator of the graceful cherubs of Correggio. The figure of St. John is rather poor, but the truthfulness to nature of the plate of apples on the table is inimitable. This picture is a good example of what Zurbaran could accomplish in a style which he seldom attempted, while the mixture of the ideal and the natural is very characteristic of the Spanish school. In colouring, the picture stands very high. The drapery is very clear and warm, and the harmony of the whole truly admirable.

The Marquis of Lansdowne possesses, in his gallery at Bowood, a "Monk holding a Skull," attributed to Sebastia del Piombo; but it differs from the works of that master in the colouring and style of conception, and, in the opinion of Dr. Waagen, is a very well executed and nobly conceived work of Zurbaran. There is also a single specimen of this master, "Judith and her Handmaid," in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon.

Three celebrated sales have established the commercial value of the works of this master, namely, those of M. Aguado, Marshal Soult, and the late King of the French. At the first, a "St. Ruffine," clad in a gray robe, striped with black and yellow, and a green scarf, and holding in her hands two small vases, was sold for £35; "Taking the Habit of St. Clara," a work of nine figures, brought £30; and a "St. Martin," £55.

When the collection which the celebrated Marshal Soult had made during his campaign in the Peninsula was brought to auction at his death, some of the finest works of Zurbaran were submitted to

public competition. "St. Peter Nolasco and St. Raymond de Penafort," which was painted for the convent of the Fathers of Mercy at Seville, and represents St. Peter Nolasco sitting in the midst of the chapter of Barcelona, presided over by St. Raymond, was sold for £967. "A Franciscan showing a miraculous Crucifix to St. Peter Nolasco, and four Monks of his order," signed F. D. Zurbaran, 1629, attained the same price. "The Funeral Rites of a Bishop," representing the corpse lying in state, with a monk placing a crucifix in its hands, a pope, a bishop and a king doing homage to the lifeless remains; and two monks kneeling at the foot of the bier, produced £250. "St. Romald and St. Barulus," in which the former wears a cape embroidered with gold, brought £280. "St. Lawrence," clad in sacerdotal vestments, and holding in his right hand the gridiron on which he suffered martyrdom, produced £150. "A Saint," wearing a rose-coloured mantle, over a robe of green silk, brocaded with gold, was sold for £168. Another "Saint," wearing a cladem, and a violet-coloured mantle over a robe of gold tissue, realised £110. The "Communion of a Saint," who is lying on a bed, and receives the sacred elements from two Franciscans, produced £105. "The Angel Gabriel," in a solitude, clothed in a white surplice, and carrying a wand over his shoulder, was sold for £130.

At the sale of Louis Philippe's pictures, which took place in London, the prices obtained were not so high. "St. Francis, with the stigmata," formerly in the Franciscan convent at Seville, produced only £18. "Our Lady of Pity," with a cardinal and a Carthusian monk kneeling before her, formerly in a convent at Seville, sold for £63. "The Martyrdom of St. Julian," formerly in a convent in Estremadura, and very much esteemed in Spain, realised £70. A superb altar-piece, representing the "Virgin and Child," surrounded by angels, and with monks kneeling before them in prayer, was sold for £105. The "Virgin in Glory" produced £70, and another "Virgin and Child," £94.

Zurbaran usually signed his pictures, and in the manner represented below.

C
F. ZURBARAN
F.A. 1629.

HENRY VAN STEENWYCK.

HENRY STEENWYCK the younger is often confounded with his father, owing to their having the same baptismal name, and the similarity of their works. The painter of whom we now give the portrait and the history is Henry Steenwyck the younger, who was born at Antwerp in 1628, and died in London in 1638, or, according to other authorities, in 1640. Neither date seems to be correct, however, as there is a picture by this master in the royal gallery at Berlin, which bears the date of 1642. The portrait by Vanduyck, engraved by the elegant burin of Paul Pontius, has preserved to posterity the fine, intelligent countenance of this most admirable painter of architectural perspectives.

At first sight, it seems that nothing could be more contrary to the genius of the painter than the representation of edifices, unless we regard them simply as accessories. In a secondary degree, in the landscapes of Claude, for example, or in the grave compositions of Poussin, buildings play an important part; they interrupt the unending lines of the landscape, and impress it with the august character of the great peoples who have written their thoughts in marble. Architecture is a rich and fertile element, when it is used with taste and propriety as an accessory to a picture; it still seems to be the spirit of art to subject it to the imperious rule of mathematics, by making a building or an interior the principal object in a picture. The distance between imagination

and exactness is so great—the interval between the inspiration of the painter and the compass of the geometrician so immense! Artists have been found, however, capable of interesting us in simple perspectives, and investing with poetry the works of the square and the rule.

In the same manner as the opulent proprietor desires to possess views of his mansion and the scenery which surrounds it, the inhabitants of a Roman Catholic country in the seventeenth century would feel an affection and a veneration for the stones of their churches. Their piety would attach them particularly to the cathedral of their native city; to the font at which they had been baptised; to the chapel in which, full of the tender emotions of youth, they had been united to the object of their affection; and to the nave in which stood the monuments of their ancestors. To the fervent devotion of the Netherlands, always Spanish, the church of the parish became the church of the heart. It gave birth, without doubt, to that kind of painting which has for its object the perspective of Gothic temples. Pious amateurs wished to possess an exact view of the church of St. Gudula at Brussels, of that of St. James at Antwerp, of the chapel of the Dominicans at Malines, or of the choir of St. Baron at Ghent. Without leaving his cabinet, the pious amateur could assist at the pompous ceremony of the benediction, at the vesper, at the service, or even at the modest homily which the humble vicar addressed to

the catacombs, in a side chapel, by the light of flambeaux, when the rest of the church is sombre and deserted.

Such are, in fact, the subjects of the greater number of Steenwyck's pictures. We recognise in their aspect all the sentiments awakened in the soul of the Christian by the contemplation of the basilicas of the middle ages; all the thoughts which seem to respond to the pointed arches, springing from slender columns which rise nearly to the roof, like trunks of poplars; all the moral effects, in fine, of an architecture inspired by devotion. We most frequently enter, in the pictures of Steenwyck, by the grand porch, and see before us the nave, sometimes crossed by the altar-screen, and sometimes with the high altar prepared for the celebration of mass, with the wax-lights and the missal on the white cloth. In order to break the uniformity that would be presented by parallel lines of columns, the painter took care to place his point of view a little to the right or left of the centre of the entrance, and thus obtained an agreeable variety, and often some unlooked-for effects.

The life of Steenwyck presents few incidents worthy of remark. In what year he came to England is not known, but he worked for Charles I., at the recommendation of Vandyck, who knew and appreciated his talent as a painter of architecture, and wished to have his assistance in painting the backgrounds of his portraits. It was Steenwyck, for example, who painted the views of Windsor Castle and other royal residences in the numerous portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Horace Walpole states that the background of the portrait of Charles, which adorns the royal palace at Turin, was painted by this master, and that, in a MS. catalogue of that monarch's collection of pictures, a perspective by Steenwyck, with portraits of the king and queen by Belcamp, was mentioned. In the same catalogue was recorded a little book of perspectives by this master, which, on the sale of the king's effects after his execution, produced only £2 10s. Walpole says that he painted the portraits of Charles and his queen on one canvas, with the front of a royal palace in the background; and Descamps says that this picture was more carefully elaborated than any work of Vandyck, and equal to the most valuable of Mieris. But as we have no other evidence that Steenwyck ever painted portraits, or indeed any other than architectural subjects, this is probably an error; as far, at least, as the portraits are concerned. Steenwyck did not even paint the small figures which adorn his interiors; and we are the more inclined to discredit this statement, as Descamps has so often blundered upon other matters.

In the execution of the varied backgrounds of the numerous portraits which Vandyck painted of the noble and lovely of our land, Steenwyck acquitted himself, not only with the profound skill which he had acquired in his special branch of art, but with that infinitely rare tact which consists in not injuring the effect of the principal subject by giving undue importance to the accessory. He kept modestly in his own sphere of labour, and only strove to enrich the works of his illustrious brother-artist by giving his portraits backgrounds appropriate to them.

Steenwyck was not a painter of Gothic churches alone; he knew and represented all the orders of architecture. One of his most famous pictures is "St. Peter in Prison," a subject which he has frequently repeated. The figures are by Cornelius Pölenburg, who has chosen the moment when the apostle was delivered by the angel. The guards are sleeping beneath a lamp suspended from the vaulted roof of the prison, and the light, falling full upon their recumbent forms, is reflected on their armour. The eye pierces the gloom of the vault, and sees beyond the gallery, along which the apostle is escaping. The architecture is massive, and the picture conveys the idea of profound and solemn silence. Some lights, more feeble than those of the suspended lamp, glimmer on the doors of other dungeons. On one side are seen the first steps of a flight of stone stairs, leading downwards, and indicating that beneath the dungeon of the liberated apostle are others, stronger and more dismal. The grandeur of the Roman architecture is here shown, and the solidity evinced in the construction of the prison presents an evident contrast to the facility of the saint's miraculous escape. At the end of the long gallery, seen to recede before the gaze, are two arched windows, which some buildings may be perceived. This famous picture is the subject of our vignette (p. 185).

Great difficulty in pictures of architecture, is not so much in

the linear as in the aerial perspective. It is necessary to diminish the colours gradually, and to give a degree of uncertainty to the last walls, by reason of the distance, more or less great, which separates them from the spectator. In other words, it does not suffice to put each pillar in its proper place; it is necessary to give to each its proper distance. The colonnade may seem to have the intended dimensions, and be perfectly satisfactory to the eye of an architect, without being satisfactory in an artistic point of view. Exactness in the dimensions, and precision in the intervals, are not the only requisites; a certain degree of indistinctness must be given to the distant objects, the outlines must be softened, the lights must be indicated by mellowness of touch, and vigour and firmness reserved for the nearest objects.

Steenwyck, in this respect, is perhaps more artistic than Peter Neefs. He loved to make mathematical exactness subordinate to the graces of art, and to disguise, as much as possible, the sharpness of the outlines. Whether he presents us with the interior of a church or of a prison, he represents the scene with effects which add to its grandeur, while they give to the distant objects the indistinctness which charms the eye of the artist. In some of his pictures, he represents the nave of a Gothic cathedral, lighted by torches; in others, a gloomy sacristy, into which the light of day struggles feebly through the dim windows, yellowed by time. Where he has introduced figures, the subjects represented by them are mostly taken from the New Testament. The picture in which he has painted "Jesus, with Martha and Mary," is considered to be one of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. The soft light which is diffused over the scene forms a charming illusion; and the harmony of tone, and the consummate skill displayed in the management of the aerial perspective, are admirable. The eye is arrested at once by the figure of Mary, on which the light falls, and then reposes on that of the Saviour, who is seated near the window, and appears to be addressing Martha, and referring to the "better part" taken by her sister, who has seated herself at his feet to hear the words of truth which fall from his lips. The glance of the spectator turns to Martha, who is troubled with the cares of ordinary life, and who seems, by her action and the expression of her countenance, to be saying, "Lord, speak to my sister, that she help me."

In the representation of the interiors of ecclesiastical edifices Steenwyck has never been surpassed, and equalled only by his father and the elder Neefs. There is a certain hour of the night in which the interiors of Gothic churches have an inexpressible charm. In Roman Catholic countries the churches are open to a very advanced hour. When the evening twilight is deepening into the darkness of night, the "dim religious light" which fills the vast solitude disposes to contemplation, and the imagination wanders at large in the deep shadows of the distance. One or two devotees offer up their prayers before saints in marble, half hidden in the gloom which envelopes the chapels; while a moonbeam steals through the upper windows of the nave, and whitens the columns on which it falls, or lights up the painted window above the principal entrance. We recognise, in the pictures of Steenwyck, not only the exact architectural details of the cathedrals represented, their lofty columns, their painted windows, their sonorous pavements and their marble fountains; but also the aspect of all these things at different hours of the day, in the dim light of evening when the moonbeams stream slantingly through the stained glass, and as lighted up with wax tapers for the performance of midnight mass.

Among the minor Flemings, as it is convenient to call those masters of the school who have not painted grand historical subjects, Henry Steenwyck occupies a distinguished place. Some of his finest works are in this country, in which he passed the greater part of his life, and in which he died. In France they are met with less frequently than those of Peter Neefs, the elder, who was his fellow pupil under the elder Steenwyck. He painted on canvas, on wood and on metal. His pictures are of larger dimensions than those of his father and Peter Neefs, and ordinarily of a lighter tone. Some of his earlier works are painted in the dark manner of his father. The figures by which they are ornamented are by Pölenburg, Brouwer, Elshemmer, Ponsaert, Porbus, Van Calden, and other able artists.

"St. Peter released from Prison" is the subject of the Steenwyck in what is called the King's Closet at Windsor Castle; and the

same subject is repeated, with slight modifications, in two other pictures by this master at Hampton Court, one of them of circular form. In the latter collection are also a "St. Peter in Prison," in which the apostle is visited by a gaoler bearing a torch; and a repetition of the same subject, which is regarded by Mrs. Jameson as of doubtful authenticity.

At Corsham House, near Chippenham, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq., there is an "Interior of a Church" by this master, very

before stated, is considered as one of the *chef-d'œuvre* of Steenwyck, we have engraved.

In the Museum at Amsterdam there is an "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux; and in the Royal Gallery at the Hague an architectural subject, with figures.

The Imperial Gallery at Vienna contains some good architectural pictures by this master; and in the Royal Gallery at Dresden there are some of his splendid interiors.



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.--FROM A PAINTING BY STEENWYCK.

excellent by its clearness and tone: and other Steenwycks of the same quality exist at Blenheim House, at Warwick Castle, and in the gallery of the Duke of Bridgewater.

The gallery of the Louvre possesses five works of this master, four of which are interiors of churches with figures; the fifth is the interior of a large and well-lighted apartment, opening into another at the back, with small figures representing the visit of Joseph and Mary to Martha. This picture, which, as

The pictures of Henry Steenwyck are rarely met with at public sales. We annex, however, the prices obtained for some which have adorned the most celebrated private collections on the continent.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, in 1777, an "Interior of a Church in the Netherlands," ornamented with figures painted by Rubens, was sold for 497; and another "Interior of a Church" lighted with flambeaux and enriched with figures, for 427.

of M. Bandon de Boisset's collection, in the same year, an "Interior of a Church," ornamented with figures, painted on copper, was sold for £38.

"Prison of St. Peter," an interior lighted with several lamps, £15; and an "Interior of a Church," with day effects, £9.

At the Tardieu sale, in 1841, an "Interior of a Church," a day-



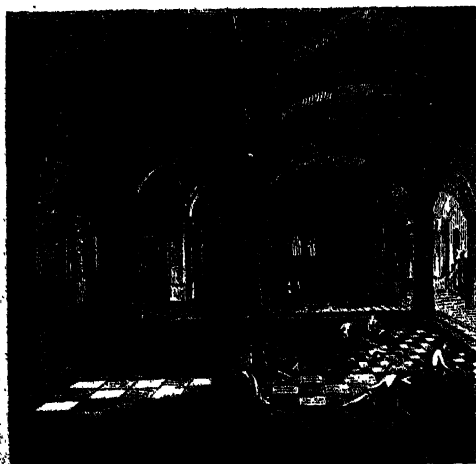
HENRY VAN STEENWYCK.

When the collection of the Marquis of Menars was brought to auction in 1782, two companion pictures, one representing an "Interior of a Church," the other an "Interior of a Prison," were sold for £15.

At the Duke of Choiseul-Praslin's sale, ten years later, an

light view, ornamented with figures, was sold for £7 10s. At the Vasserot sale, in 1845, an "Interior of a Church," on wood, was sold for £40; and at the Stevens sale, in 1847, an "Interior of a Protestant Church" for £35.

The greater part of the pictures of this master are signed and dated in one or other of the manners indicated by the annexed fac-similes.



"Interior of a Church," lighted up for midnight mass, with sixteen figures from the hand of Francke, was sold for £10.

At the St. Victor sale, in 1822, four pictures by Steenwyck were submitted to the competition of amateurs: "The Repose of Herod," produced £34; an "Interior of a Church," £34; "The Descent from the Cross," with figures by Breughel, £34; "The

H. V STEIN, 1642.

H.V.S.
1614

HENRI

V

STEINWICK

1626

CENSORSHIP OF THE ARTS IN SPAIN.

ALL who have walked through a continental picture gallery in which the artists of Spain are well represented, must have noticed the predominance of religious subjects, and the gloomy and sometimes terror-inspiring manner in which they are treated. The Grecian mythology, which furnished the subjects of so many of the finest productions of the Italian schools, has been forbidden ground to the Spanish painters, and amatory subjects are almost as rarely met with. Monks are the figures which chiefly appear in their landscapes, and their historical subjects are mostly taken from the

annals of the church, or represent scenes in which ecclesiastics are the most conspicuous actors. Even their religious pictures are frequently of the most gloomy character, and there are many which it is absolutely painful to contemplate.

The cause of this distinguishing characteristic of Spanish art is to be found in the fact, that the Inquisition exercised a censorship over the works of Spanish painters, whose studies were subjected to a periodical visitation by the black-robed familiars of that awe-inspiring institution. A code of regulations existed for the treatment of every imaginable subject, and from the conventional models pronounced orthodox by the reverend Dominicans, artists were forbidden to deviate. The painter's brush was guided by the hand of a monk; his imagination was fettered by inexorable rules. The Inquisition had an officer called Inspector of Pictures, whose duty it was to exercise a general censorship over works of art, and especially to take care that no profane or indecorous picture found its way into a church or a monastery, or was exposed for sale.

In the early part of the seventeenth century this appointment was held by Francisco Pacheco, a painter of some celebrity, whose brother had exercised its duties and privileges before him, and whose uncle was a canon of Seville. Shortly before his death, and when he was far advanced in life, Pacheco published a "Treatise on Painting," a most curious book, full of the legends of Spanish art, and written in a careful and elaborate style. In this work, which was the textbook of Spanish artists in those days, he gives minute directions for representing sacred scenes and personages in an orthodox and decorous manner, as approved by the Holy Office. Elaborate descriptions are given of the manner in which the more illustrious saints and martyrs should be painted, as to attitude and costume, the author's authorities being ancient portraits or contemporary records. But the Crucifixion is the subject on which he displays the greatest amount of research. Quoting from Anselm and Bede, he describes the instrument of the Redeemer's death with as much precision as if he had assisted in its construction. He informs his readers that it measured fifteen feet in height, and eight feet from extremity to extremity of the two arms; its timbers were flat, and not round, with four, and not three, extremities, as it has been sometimes improperly represented. The stem was made of cypress wood, the transverse bar of pine, the block beneath the Redeemer's feet of cedar, and the tablet for the inscription of box. He protests against the practice of representing the Redeemer's feet as fastened by a single nail, followed by some painters of the subject, as an heretical innovation; and supports that of giving a separate nail to each foot by the opinion of Francis de Rioja, who wrote an elaborate essay on the subject—also by a famous relic at Treves, called the nail which secured the Redeemer's right foot—the stigmata which appeared on both the feet of St. Francis—the crucifix which that renowned warrior, Rodrigo of Bivar, used to carry to the field, when contending against the Moors, and which is still revered in the cathedral of Salamanca—and other authorities equally weighty.

But the most complete code of pictorial law is that of Juan Interian de Aynala, who was a doctor and professor of theology in the University of Salamanca. This writer agrees with Pacheco as to the form of the cross, and severely reprobates the practice of representing it with only three extremities. Whether, in painting the visit of the Marys to the tomb of the Redeemer on the morning of the Resurrection, one or two angels should be represented seated on the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre, appears to have been a knotty question; for he does not decide it, but recommends artists to paint their representations of the scene conformably to all the Gospels, by following both accounts alternately. The question, whether the devil should be represented with horns and a caudal appendage, is examined with the same care and anxiety. The first part of the question is settled on the authority of a vision of Santa Teresa, in which the Father of Evil appeared with the excrescences popularly attributed to him; and though the addition of a tail cannot be so satisfactorily demonstrated, he allows that such an appendage is very probable.

Both Pacheco and Aynala severely reprobate any unnecessary display of the nude figure. The exposure of the nakedness in pictures of the Madonna, is censured in the severest

In connection with this branch of the subject, Pacheco says of a Spanish artist, who was usually very de-

corous in his representations, but who was induced by a wealthy patron to paint him a picture which outraged decency in a very flagrant manner. For this transgression, the artist, happening to die shortly afterwards, was cast into purgatory, from the pains of which he was not released until his patron, in a moment of virtuous compunction, destroyed the picture, and performed a variety of acts of piety and goodness by way of atonement. The saints whom the unfortunate painter had depicted with so much beauty then interceded in his behalf, and obtained his admission into the congregation of the blessed.

This censorship of the arts operated injuriously, by cramping the powers of the Spanish painters, and repressing the ardour of their imaginations. Not only did it restrict them in a great measure to subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the saints, on account of the strong objection of the Dominicans to mythological subjects, and the difficulty of painting history in a truthful manner without giving offence to the brotherhood, but it also compelled them to paint their saints in the conventional attitudes and with the prescribed colours. To represent the Madonna with naked feet was held deserving the severest reprehension; to paint a Venus or a Leda was an offence punishable by excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and banishment from the country. A comparative examination of the pictures in Madrid and Seville will show that less rigour was exercised in the capital than in the provincial towns. Foreign pictures were subjected to a scrutiny before they were allowed to be exhibited; and Luca Giordano was employed by the monks of the Escorial to lower the robe of Titian's "St. Margaret," because she was considered to display her legs too much in her conflict with the dragon.

REMAINS OF MEDIEVAL ART IN ENGLAND.

The first traces of painting, in the artistic sense of the word, in this country, are found in the existing records of the reign of Henry III. The piety of that monarch led him to found several churches and abbeys, and decorate them with painting and sculpture; and his instructions furnish us with some curious particulars of the state of those arts in his reign, and also of the condition of artists. The latter seem to have been considered and treated as mere mechanics, of whom pictures were ordered in the same manner as furniture of an upholsterer. The artist was usually a carver and gilder, a house decorator, and heraldic painter; a carpenter, a mason, and sometimes an upholsterer. The first distinct reference to picture-painting occurs in a Roll dated 1233, which is a precept to the sheriff of Southampton, "that he shall cause the king's chamber-wainscot, in the castle of Winchester, to be painted with the same pictures as before;" but what the subjects of those pictures were is not known, nor are there now any means of ascertaining. In another Roll of the same year, however, the keeper of the king's palace at Woodstock is ordered to "cause the round chapel there to be painted with the figures of our Lord and the four Evangelists and of St. Edmund, on one part, and that of St. Edward on the other part."

In a Roll of the year 1286, referring to the decoration of the chanccels of the Virgin and St. Peter, in the Tower Chapel, directions are given that they shall be "painted with a small figure of the Virgin Mary, standing in a niche; the figures of the Saints Peter, Nicholas and Catherine, the beam beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the small crucifix, with its figures, to be painted anew with fresh colours. And that ye cause to be made an image of St. Peter, in his pontificals as an archbishop, on the north side beyond the said altar, and the same to be painted with the best colours; and also an image of St. Christopher holding and carrying Christ, in the best manner that it can be painted and finished, in the said chapel. And that ye likewise cause two fair pictures to be painted, with the best colours, of the histories of St. Nicholas and St. Catherine, at the altar of the said saints in the said church. In a Roll of 1248, the sheriff of Southampton is enjoined to "cause to be painted in the chapel of our queen, at Winchester, over the great west window, the image of St. Christopher, as he is wont to be painted, bearing Christ in his arms; and the figure of St. Edward the king, when he gave his ring to a beggar."

be painted in like manner." Another Roll commands Edward of Westminster to have painted, on the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, the figures of the Apostles and the Last Judgment; and to have the Virgin painted upon a panel. In another, the same person is enjoined to cause the history of Antioch to be painted on the walls of the king's chamber in the Tower of London; and in a subsequent document of the same reign the queen's chamber in Nottingham Castle is ordered to be "painted all round with the history of Alexander."

A curious circumstance connected with English art at this period, is the prevailing use of green in the decoration of the royal chambers. The late Mr. Hudson Turner, who was the first to notice this peculiarity, says, in his "Domestic Architecture in England," that "almost all the chambers of Henry III. were painted of a green colour, scintillated or starred with gold, on which ground subjects were sometimes painted in compartments or circles; as the history of the Old and New Testaments, passages from the 'Lives of the Saints,' figures of the Evangelists, and occasionally scenes taken from the favourite romances of the time." Of all the paintings of this early period, time has now obliterated every trace of colour; but the records prove the prevalence of green in decorative painting, and we have abundant existing evidence of the same predilection for that colour in the next two centuries.

John of Hertford, who was abbot of St. Alban's in the same reign, is said to have placed "a noble picture" in one of the chambers of that abbey; but both the artist and the subject are unknown. During the reign of the warlike Edward I., painting appears to have languished, and the only trace of it which we find, is a record of the fact that Bishop Langton adorned his palace at Hichfield with a painting of that monarch's coronation. The Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum inform us that, in the following reign, John Thokey, abbot of Gloucester, had the walls of his great dining-room painted with portraits of all the kings who had preceded Edward II.; and it is probable that, during the wars with France and Scotland in the fourteenth century, the clergy were the artists' only patrons.

The pictures of this period appear always to have been painted for a specific locality and purpose. They were mostly painted on the walls, but sometimes on panels. Few of the first kind have been preserved, and none of them exhibit a high order of excellence. The best examples which remain are the "Virgin and Child" in the Bishop's Chapel, at Chichester, and one or two heads in the paintings on the walls of the Chapter House, Westminster. Pictures on panel appear to have been principally used for the adornment of churches, in which they were hung up above the altar, after the manner of a modern altar-piece. Very few of them have been preserved, and the only one worthy of notice is the beautiful one discovered at Norwich, and supposed to be a work of the latter part of the reign of Edward III., or the beginning of that of his successor. It consists of five compartments, representing in succession, the Flagellation of Christ, Christ bearing the Cross, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and the Ascension. From the comparative grace and refinement of the heads and limbs, and the elegance of the grouping, this painting is supposed to be the work of an Italian artist of the early Siennese school.

Panel pictures were also hung up in churches, as records of local legends; but numerous as these appear to have been, scarcely any remain. They are supposed to have been almost entirely executed by English artists, and their value as works of art may probably be inferred from an examination of the manuscript illuminations and paintings on glass of the same period. In this class of pictures we may also place the rude portraits of saints on the lower panels of rood screens, some of which still exist in the churches of Norfolk. The highest order of talent was probably reserved for the moveable facades of the altars, of which a very beautiful example may be seen in Westminster Abbey. It is about eleven feet wide, and three feet high, and is supposed to have been executed by an Italian artist at the close of the thirteenth or commencement of the fourteenth century. "The groundwork," says Sir Charles Eastlake, "is set over the joinings and on the surface of some moulded pieces of parchment were glued. On this framework, covered with gesso and whiting ground, various ornamental compositions and architectural enrichments are executed in relief.

The larger compartments were adorned with paintings, consisting of remarkably well designed and carefully executed single figures and subjects, with a gold mosaic ground."

The earliest existing specimen of portrait painting in this country is the portrait of Richard II., in the possession of the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton Castle, in which the monarch is represented kneeling, with St. John the Baptist, St. Edmund the king, and St. Edward the Confessor, before the Virgin and Child, who are attended by angels. It has beneath it the following inscription: "Invention of painting in oil, 1410. This was painted before in the beginning of Richard II., 1377," which is calculated to lead to the impression that it was done in oil; but an accurate and scientific examination of the picture was made some years ago by Mr. T. Phillips, who says that "it is certainly painted in water-colours on a gilt ground, which is left in a most ingenious manner for the ornaments of the draperies; these ornaments are exceedingly rich and minute. The colours are laid on very thick, with an even and full touch. The drawing is very good, when we consider the early period of its production." It was engraved by Hollar in 1630.

A very interesting series of paintings was discovered about fifty years ago on the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, but unfortunately they were destroyed immediately afterwards. On the north side of the high altar were full-length portraits of Edward III., and his sons, with the figure of St. George, all kneeling; but so much defaced that the features of the younger princes could not be distinguished. None of the figures exceeded eighteen inches in height. On the other side of the altar were the portraits of Queen Philippa and the princesses, two inches higher than the others, and in the same rigid and formal style. These figures were habited in rich kirtled garments, but the heavy plaited tresses which loaded their heads were almost as adverse to grace as the mailed gorgets of the men. Both series were beautifully copied in water-colours by the late R. Smirke, which fac-similes are now in the library of the Antiquarian Society.

Nothing is known of the artist by whom these early portraits were painted. There is a very ancient portrait of Henry IV. at Cashio-bury, the seat of the Earl of Essex; it was preserved for several centuries at Hampton Court, in Herefordshire, and was engraved by Vertue in his series of English sovereigns. At Hampton Court Palace there is a panel portrait of Henry V.; but the most curious picture of this king and his family is in the possession of Earl Waldegrave, who purchased it at the Strawberry Hill sale, in 1812, for £131. It was formerly in the palace at Richmond, and is four feet three inches high by four feet six inches wide. On the left is the king in purple robes, lined with ermine, and crowned, kneeling before a desk, on which is a missal, and the sceptre and globe. Behind him, and also on their knees, are his three brothers, the Dukes of Clarence, Bedford, and Gloucester, wearing purple robes and coronets of gold; over them is a tent, striped with white and gold, the top of which is held by an angel. On the opposite side, under a similar tent, and also before a desk, with the missal and globe, but without the sceptre, is the queen, wearing a purple mantle and crown, similar to the king's. Behind her are four ladies, wearing coronets, the two foremost of whom have dark hair, like the queen's, while the other two, who are evidently younger, have light hair. It is commonly supposed that the two first are intended for the king's sisters, the Duchess of Bavaria and the Queen of Denmark, but who the younger ladies are has never been ascertained. It has been suggested that they are intended for the Duchesses of Clarence and Bedford; but this cannot be, for they are represented with dishevelled hair, which in pictures of that period indicates that the persons so portrayed were unmarried. Nor is it probable that the two elder ladies are the duchesses, and these the king's sisters, for the latter were married very soon after Henry came to the throne. The cloth of the two tents is held together by an angel, and on a rising ground beyond, St. George is represented in combat with the dragon; while Cleodolinda, accompanied by a lamb, is on her knees, praying for the saint's success.

In the long gallery at Lambeth Palace is an ancient portrait of Queen Catherine of Valois, and another of Archbishop Chicheley. There is a portrait of Henry VI. at Hampton Court, and a very curious painting of his marriage with Margaret of Anjou is in the possession of the Duke of Northampton, who purchased it at the sale

of the celebrated Strawberry Hill collection for £84. It is in good preservation, and measures three feet one inch in height by two feet ten inches in width. It contains eleven figures, of which the heads are well painted, but the draperies are hard and stiff. The king, richly attired, stands before the portal of a magnificent church, giving his hand to the queen; while Kemp, Archbishop of York, and afterwards of Canterbury, is performing the marriage rites by holding the pallium over their conjoined hands. Behind the king stands the Duke of Gloucester and a nobleman with a hawk on his hand, supposed to be the Marquis of Suffolk. Near the archbishop is Cardinal Winchester, the king's great-uncle, recognisable by the resemblance to the statue on his tomb in Winchester Cathedral; and a young man whom Walpole conjectured to be Sir Richard Woodville. Behind the queen is a lady with a kind of turban, probably her mother, the titular queen of Naples and Jerusalem; she appears to be speaking to a lady near her, supposed to be the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Behind them are an abbess and a beautiful lady, in the mourning garb of a widow, supposed to represent the Duchess of Bedford, afterwards married to Sir Richard Woodville, by whom she became the mother of Elizabeth, the queen of Edward IV. The portraits of Archbishop Kemp and the Duke of Gloucester have been authenticated by two others which formed part of an altar-piece in the abbey of St Edmundsbury, now in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland.

Two portraits painted in oil, upon panel, of the age of Henry VI., exist at Canon's Ashby, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton. They represent the celebrated Earl of Shrewsbury and his countess. The earl is in his tabard of arms. At Hampton Court there are two portraits of Edward IV., one stiff and poorly painted, the other a whole-length, in a night-gown and black cap. At Donnington, the ancient seat of the Earls of Huntingdon, are portraits of this monarch and his brother, the Duke of Clarence. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, there is a portrait of his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, and another is preserved at Queen's College, Cambridge; they convey no idea of her beauty, nor of any skill in the painter. At Eton College is a portrait of Jane Shore, which corresponds very closely to the description given of her by Sir Thomas More from a picture which he had seen, but which was not the one here mentioned. Another portrait of this lady is preserved in the provost's lodge at King's College, Cambridge; it is a half-length, without any drapery, though the golden hair is adorned with jewels, and a rich necklace glitters on her shoulders and bosom.

We come at length to a period in which we meet with the names of the artists by whom the pictures of the time were painted, and the first is that of John Mabuse, a Fleming, who painted the portraits of the children of Henry VII., now at Hampton Court. There is a repetition of these portraits at Wilton; another in the possession of the Duke of Leeds at Kiveton; and a third in the collection of Mr. Methuen. That at Wilton bears the date of 1495, and is painted with considerable taste and skill. The royal children, Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, and Princess Margaret, are dressed in black, and playing with fruit at a table covered with a green cloth. Though in the early dry manner, the faces are well drawn, and there is some good colouring, particularly in the head of Prince Henry, which, having a half-reflected light, must have presented a considerable difficulty to the artist. Each of these pictures is on panel, with a small difference in point of size. Mabuse also painted a picture of "Adam and Eve," which is now at Hampton Court, where there is also a picture of "The Virgin and Child," enthroned, with St. Michael and St. Andrew, which is attributed to the same artist.

There are several other works of this master in different private collections in this country. One of these represents "The Marriage of Henry VII. and the Princess Elizabeth of York." On one side are Henry and the Bishop of Imola, who performed the ceremony; on the other the princess, who has very agreeable features and hair, and an elderly man so strangely dressed that it is impossible to divine who or what he is intended for. He wears a gown like a monk's, except that none of the monastic orders had colour; his feet are bare, and in his left hand he holds a staff. In a hard manner, the picture is not without merit, and is very ably executed. This curious picture is in the collection of J. Dash, Esq. There are also a "Virgin

and Child," under a Gothic canopy, and surrounded by angels, in the collection of Sir Thomas Baring at Stratton; and a "St. Jerome" at Althorp, the seat of Earl Spencer.

In the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, there is a portrait of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII.; it is much damaged, and the painter unknown. At Hampton Court is a tripartite picture, probably intended for an altar-piece in the royal chapel at Stirling Castle, which was painted after the departure of Mabuse from England, but by whom is unknown. The first division contains the portraits of James IV. and Queen Margaret; the second those of the same monarch and his brother Alexander, praying before St. Andrew; and the third that of the queen, kneeling before St. George, who is clad in the plate armour of the period. At Knowsley, the Earl of Derby has a portrait of the Countess of Richmond, supposed to be of the period; and at Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Sir R. Bedingfield, are ancient portraits of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, Edward IV., and Henry VII. All these are done in oil, and on panel. The best works of this period, however, are more curious than beautiful. Allan Cunningham, who calls the portraits we have enumerated "lampoons upon human nature," says that "of true art there was none." It is not until the commencement of the sixteenth century that we meet with the names of artists of any celebrity, and the first, Holbein, was a foreigner. The first English painter of any eminence was Nicholas Hilliard, a painter of portraits in miniature, who died in 1619.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Bacon says, "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express—no, nor the first sight of life." Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have laboured to represent this inward excellence; and we can fancy the grace and charms of his females will remain when their colour has fled. Lawrence was the friend of the Prince Regent, and painted the women of his court. The result is seen at once. His women look too conscious of their attractions, and the feelings they inspire in the spectator are rarely of a pleasing character. Hence the superiority of the women of Reynolds over those of Lawrence.

After all, our best patrons of the fine arts have been the gentlemen of England—the noblemen and merchant princes, who are blessed alike with money and taste. Every artist has been indebted to such. Their name is legion. A few words concerning one of the most eminent cannot be out of place in our pages. Mr. J. J. Angerstein was of a respectable German family settled in Russia. He was born at St. Petersburg, in 1735, and was recommended to come to England by Mr. Thompson, the eminent Russian merchant. Mr. Angerstein arrived in London about the year 1749, and having acquired a knowledge of business in Mr. Thompson's counting-house, he became an underwriter at Lloyd's, and was very soon distinguished for his vigilance, acuteness, industry and integrity. To him the little world of underwriters, called Lloyd's, owes its present form and segregation, as well as the rooms and offices at the Royal Exchange in which the business has been for so many years conducted. Mr. Angerstein first procured an act of parliament to render penal the changing the names of ships, a practice by which great frauds used to be committed. In the distresses of 1793, he suggested to government the novel plan in this country of assisting trade by public advances of loans on Exchequer Bills; and he afterwards originated with ministers the certainly not less novel scheme of establishing lotteries in aid of the revenue—a scheme, however, which the government readily embraced, and continued long after the public sense of the immoral tendencies of lotteries was confirmed by fatal experience. Mr. Angerstein was not only a successful contractor for lotteries, but he became an equally fortunate participator in the government loans. His vigilance was inexhaustible. By his means alone the miscreant Hendrick Williams, called the Monster, from his habit of wounding and maiming females in the streets, was brought to what in this country was called justice—that is, six years' imprisonment. Mr. Angerstein then pointed out to government an and great nuisance in Kensington Gardens, and finding the

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ment inassailable to the public good, he remedied the evil at his own expense. By his means the Veterinary College was re-established, and by his exertions and influence the funds at Lloyd's offered a reward of £2,000 for the invention of a life-boat, or means of saving the lives of shipwrecked persons. So affluent had this eminent man become, that he and his partner, Mr. Rivar, insured for £656,800 the cargo of bullion shipped for England from Vera Cruz in the Diana frigate. In 1811, Mr. Angerstein retired from business, and resided at Pall Mall, and at his beautiful villa of Woodlands, at Blackheath, on which he expended large sums, and with great taste and judgment. He died at Woodlands, on the 22nd of January, 1823, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was twice married, and was buried at Greenwich, and among other persons his remains were attended to the grave by his friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence. His personal property was sworn to be under half a million. His pictures at Woodlands were entailed. Those of his gallery in Pall Mall were directed to be sold, and they have since, happily, formed the nucleus of our National Gallery. The Pall Mall gallery contained thirty-eight pictures of first-rate

the collection. Such merchant princes as Mr. Angerstein have done much for art in all lands. May their number increase and multiply in our own.

This leads us to mention the National Gallery. Mr. Angerstein's pictures were placed in the edifice they now occupy in 1838, and it was opened to the public on the 9th of April in that year. In the mean time, the original collection had been increased by purchases and bequests. In 1825, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian, the "Dance of Bacchanals" by Poussin, Caracci's "Christ and St. Peter," were purchased of Mr. Hamlet, the jeweller, for £8,000. In the same year, the exquisite little Correggio was purchased for three thousand eight hundred guineas. In 1826, Sir George Beaumont made a formal gift of his pictures, valued at seven thousand five hundred guineas, to the nation. In 1831, the Rev. William Howell Carr left to the nation thirty-one pictures, most of them excellent works of art of the Italian school. In 1834, "The Education of Cupid" and the "Rece Homo," both by Correggio, were bought of the Marquis of Londonderry for ten thousand guineas. In 1838, Lord Franborough bequeathed to the gallery



JESUS WITH MARTHA AND MARY. -FROM A PAINTING BY STEENWYCK.

excellence, collected chiefly from the sales of the Borghese, Colonna, and Orleans galleries, and from those of the King of Sardinia, the Duke de Brillon, etc. In his selections, his judgment was aided principally by Mr. Lawrence and by Mr. West. When Mr. Angerstein commenced his career in London, the arts had scarcely elicited any extensive notice, much less of patronage, compared with what they enjoy at the present day. But amidst the cares of one of the most extensive mercantile connexions, Mr. Angerstein, fraught with the spirit of the Medicis, was the most useful and judicious encourager of the fine arts in our country. His correspondence respecting the purchase of paintings, especially with Sir Thomas Lawrence, was very frequent. The Pall Mall gallery was purchased by Lord Liverpool for the nation, for £57,000. Among the most influential and enthusiastic advocates of the measure were Sir George Beaumont, Galley Knight, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, then president of the Royal Academy. "Buy this collection of pictures for the nation," said Sir George Beaumont, "and I will add mine." Fortunately the bribe was accepted. Lord Aberdeen had much to do with the purchase of

fifteen pictures, chiefly of Dutch and Flemish masters, and a few Italian, the value of which could not be less than seven or eight thousand pounds. Other benefactions have from time to time been made; the most splendid was that of the late Robert Vernon, Esq., whose munificent gift of a hundred and sixty pictures by British artists was opened to the view of the public in 1848, at his own private residence in Pall Mall, and subsequently moved to Marlborough House. Mr. Vernon deserves to be held in universal admiration. He quickly made his way into the work-rooms of the British artists, paid nobly for what he considered to be noble workmanship, and having, after thirty years of this support to native art, got together a collection which offered a fair representation of its powers, he gave the proceeds of his time and fortune to the nation, as a standing memorial of how the achievement was effected. The most recent bequest to the nation was that of Turner, who left his pictures, some sixty in number, on condition that a fitting gallery is erected by government for their reception. At present, however, no fitting gallery has been erected.

The names of Angerstein and Vernon will excuse a digression.

to the prices of pictures. In this respect there have been great changes. When Charles I.'s collection of pictures was sold by order of the Commonwealth, they fetched the following prices:—"The Cartoons of Raffaele," £300; "The Royal Family," £150; "King Charles on Horseback," £200; "The Triumph of Julius Caesar," £1,000; "The Twelve Cæsars" of Titian, £1,200; "The Muses," by Tintoretto, £100; "The Nativity," by Julio Romano, £500; "Sleeping Venus," by Correggio, £1,000; "The Venus del Pardo," by Titian, £600; "Venus attired by the Graces," by Guido, £200; a little "Madonna and Christ," by Raffaele, £800; "St. George," by Raffaele, £150; "Our Lady, Christ, and others," by Palma, £200; "Erasmus and Erolinus," by Holbein, £200; "Satyr Flayed," by Correggio, £1,000; "Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the presence of Venus," by Correggio, £800; "The Head of King Charles," a bust, by Bernini, £800; and "Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples," £300. For his first two pictures in "The Four Times of Day," Hogarth got seventy-five guineas; for the last two, forty-six. The paintings of "The Harlot's Progress" produced only fourteen guineas each; those of "The Rake's Progress" were sold for twenty-two. "Morning" brought twenty guineas, and "Night" twenty-six. "The Clandestine Marriage" was sold for a hundred and ten guineas, and the frames were worth four guineas each. Gainsborough's wife got for his favourite picture, now unfortunately destroyed, "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm," five hundred guineas. Boydell gave Reynolds a thousand guineas for his "Macbeth," for his Shakespeare gallery; and West a thousand for "King Lear," and Romney six hundred for "The Tempest." Copley refused fifteen hundred guineas for his great painting of "The Death of Chatham," Wilkie got for his "Village Politicians," from the Earl of Mansfield, only thirty guineas. His "Card Players" was sold to the Duke of Cambridge for a hundred and fifty. Mr. Dobree gave him two hundred and fifty for his "Letter of Introduction." The Directors of the British Institution gave him six hundred guineas for his "Distraining for Rent." The Marquis of Stafford gave him £400 for "The Breakfast." For "The Penny Wedding" the Prince Regent gave him £525. "The Reading of the Will" was bought by the King of Bavaria for £447 10s. "The News-mongers" was bought by the late General Phipps for £120. The Duke of Wellington gave him twelve hundred guineas for "The Chelsea Pensioners." Hilton got five hundred guineas from the British Institution for his "Mary anointing the Feet of Christ." Haydon got six hundred guineas for "Solomon," five hundred for his "Christ in the Garden." His "Lazarus" went for £300; and his "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which had brought him £3,000 in receipts of exhibition, went for £240. He got £525 for his "Mock Election," £300 for his "Chairing the Member," five hundred guineas for the "Reform Banquet." His "Xenophon," sold at a raffle, brought him £844; "Napoleon," £136; "Passover," £525. The Directors of the British Institution gave West £3,000 for his picture of "Christ healing the Sick." Frequently the purchasers have been very lucky in their purchases. Lord De Tabley's collection of English pictures sold for £8,000—£2,000 more than he gave for them. Constable speaks of having, when in the full zenith of his fame, sold two pictures to a Frenchman for £250. For a whole-length portrait, Sir Thomas Lawrence had £600, of which a moiety was paid the first sitting. West received £2,100 for nine paintings of the Royal Family, some consisting of single portraits and some in family groups. His picture of "The Annunciation," which originally cost £1,000, was painted between the years 1817 and 1826, to occupy a large space in the centre of the splendid organ in Marylebone New Church. It was thought to give the church a popish appearance, and was taken down. It was then placed in the Queen's Bazaar, where £100 was offered for it and refused; and, after lying fourteen years in a lumber-room of St. Marylebone Court-house, it was sold to Mr. John Wilson, of Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, for ten guineas. Sir James Thornhill, the first native artist, was very poorly paid. Horace Walpole says: "In his reputation was, and laborious as his works were, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for the most part it is difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His works were contested at Greenwich; and though La Fosse paid £2,000 for his works at Montague House, and was allowed

£600 for his diet besides, Sir James could obtain but forty shillings a square yard for the cupola of St. Paul's, and, I think, no more for Greenwich." Reynolds' first portrait, which evinced sufficient talent to bring him into notice, was that of Captain Hamilton, painted in 1746, when the artist was twenty-three years old; and the earliest record of his price is in 1752, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and his charge was then £5 6s. for a head, i.e. a three-quarters. In 1755, the price was £12 12s.; in 1758, £21; soon after, 1760, £36 15s.; and in 1781, £52 10s., the highest charge he ever made. Vandyck, in 1632, when he was aged thirty-four, received but £25 for his whole-length portrait of Charles I. He was paid in the same year £25 for a half-length of the queen, and £100 "for one great piece of his majesty, the queen, and their children." Morland's extraordinary juvenile drawings from pictures and casts sold only for 7s. 6d.; and his bold fancy-drawings from popular ballads and romances, prior to his attaining the age of sixteen, were sold in gilt frames for from three to five guineas. Gainsborough's price for a head in oils, when he was about thirty-five, was five guineas. He raised his price to eight guineas; and at his zenith he received £42 for a half, and £105 for a whole-length. Opie's usual price for a portrait, when he was sixteen years of age, and in Cornwall, was 7s. 6d. The highest prices paid Sir Thomas Lawrence were, for a head-size or three-quarters, £210; for a kit-kat, £315; for a half-length, £420; for a bishop's half-length, £525; and for a full-length, £630; for an extra full-length, £735. As a proof of the admiration in which his talents were held by the affluent, Mr. Williams mentions that Lord Tower paid him fifteen hundred guineas for his admirable portrait of his lady and child; and that six hundred guineas were paid him by Lord Dunham for his portrait of Master Lambton. On leaving the Scotch Academy, Wilkie returned into Fifeshire, and commenced portrait-painting, at five guineas each. Wilson starved; yet many of his pictures now fetch a price which would have purchased him a comfortable annuity for life. It was but the other day that the committee of the British Institution purchased a picture by Gainsborough for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery as an example of excellence; and yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser, though the price was only £50. The average prices Turner got from 1803 to 1815, were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred guineas. For his drawings from busts he received prices varying from twenty to twenty-five guineas. In 1810, Lord Yarborough gave him three hundred guineas for "The Wreck"—a long price for a landscape by a living artist. This same "Wreck," at Christie's, would now sell for £3,000. His "Flint Castle," a small water-colour drawing, for which he received twenty-five guineas, has sold since his death, at Christie's rooms, for £152 5s. We believe on two occasions he obtained more than £100 for a picture. Calcott, in his best days, was not much luckier in asking or getting good or reasonable prices. Morland painted for publicans; and Patrick Nasmyth, our English Hobbema, for pawnbrokers. The sweeping of Etty's study sold, after his death, for upwards of £5,000. For a rich man, the best speculation going is liberally to patronise rising artists. He will make more money so than in any other way. People will give any price for a man's works after he is dead; and so the patron of fine arts, if he will, may have a fair reputation and a splendid gallery, and, at the same time, a property which will become more valuable every day. In his case, he will indeed find it to be true, that virtue is its own reward.

ORIGINALS OF SAINTS AND MADONNAS.

In the beginning of the modern schools of painting, when Art was the handmaid of Religion, nothing more was required of artists than that they should impress an air of holiness and serenity on the countenances of their saints and Madonnas, and represent them, as to costume and attitude, according to certain traditional types. It was only when a sense of the exquisite beauty of the ancient sculptures began to be felt, and artists arose whose genius could not be confined within the restrictions of tradition, that personal beauty was shewn after in representations of glorified personages.

Painters of genius began to represent the Virgin and the saints after an ideal model which existed in their own minds; and Guido Reni is said to have wished for the wings of an angel, that he might ascend to heaven, and see with his own eyes the forms and features of the saints, and thus be enabled to infuse more of heaven into his representations of them.

The departure from traditional types, while it liberated the genius of artists, did not always have the effect of directing them to the pure ideal. Affection in some cases, flattery in others, led to the representation of the wife, the mistress, or the favourite sister or daughter of the artist or his patron, under the name of a Madonna, a St. Catherine, or a St. Cecilia. The second wife of Albano, a very beautiful woman, for whom he entertained the fondest affection, was the model of his Virgins and Magdalens, as well as of his Nymphs and Graces. "We may be almost sure," says Sir Robert Strange, who engraved some of his works, "of finding in any picture of this master beautiful figures of women and children, who seem as if they had been nourished by the Graces." Théodocopuli, or, as he is more frequently called, El Greco, from the land of his birth, in his picture of "The Parting of the Saviour's Raiment," in the Cathedral of Toledo, has painted his beautiful daughter, distinguished by the white veil, as one of the three Marys in the foreground. This may be seen by comparing the picture with the portrait of the artist's daughter in the gallery of the Louvre. She is there represented in the pride of youth and beauty; her dark eyes and rich complexion are well set off by the mantle, trimmed with white fur, which is drawn over her head; and her fine Hellenic countenance is one of the loveliest ever painted.

Margaret of Austria, queen of Philip III. of Spain, was the original of the Virgin in Pantoja's picture of the "Nativity," a character for which her fair and blooming countenance and its innocent expression were well adapted. Ribalta is believed to have commemorated the charms of his wife, a blooming brunette of Valencia, with dark hair and eyes, in the St. Veronica of his grand picture of "Our Lady of Sorrows." If the supposition be correct, the picture of "St. Teresa," in the saloon of the academy of St. Carlos, at Valencia, is also a portrait of his wife. It represents the saint sitting at a table, writing from the dictation of the Holy Spirit, typified by a white dove, which hovers over her shoulder, and appears to be whispering in her ear. The countenance has a very close resemblance to that of St. Veronica.

The original of the Virgin in Vandyck's "Holy Family," which hangs above the altar of the Virgin, in the church of Savethelm, near Brussels, was a beautiful girl of the name of Anna Van Opheim, whose father is supposed to have been keeper of the Duke of Lorraine's hounds. The painter met her on his way to Italy in 1619, became enamoured of her, and lingered in the village long enough to paint, at the fair one's solicitation, two pictures for the parish church. One of these was "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," in which he introduced his own portrait as the saint; the other was the "Holy Family," in which the principal figures are portraits of the lovely Anna and her parents. The picture remained in the church till 1806, when it was seized by the French, and removed to the Louvre, where it remained till 1815, when it was restored to its original situation, where it still appears. The identity of the Virgin's portrait with that of Anna Van Opheim has been satisfactorily established, by comparing the picture with the lady's portrait, by the same hand, which was long preserved at the Château de Tervure, a hunting seat of the Duke of Lorraine. The beautiful Anna is there represented surrounded by several dogs belonging to the Infanta Isabella, of whom she had the care.

The picture of "Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception," which Ribera painted for the nuns of St. Isabel, at Madrid, who hung it above their high altar, was said to be the portrait of the artist's eldest daughter, Maria Rosa, who was remarkable for her beauty and grace. It is said that when Don John of Austria visited Naples in 1648, Ribera entertained him in a sumptuous and ostentatious manner; and that the prince, dancing with the painter's daughter at balls, and visiting her under pretence of admiring her father's pictures, became enamoured of her beauty and succeeded in inducing her to elope with him to Sicily. Being subsequently deserted by her seducer, she retired into the seclusion

of a convent at Palermo. When the sisterhood of St. Isabel heard the story, they employed Claudio Coello to repaint the head of the Virgin, that it might no longer resemble the erring Maria Rosa Ribera.

The subject of the picture in which Ribera's unfortunate daughter figured was a favourite one with the Spanish masters, and several were produced by Murillo, whose dark-haired Madonnas are always so beautiful. The directions of Pacheco for the treatment of the subject are very full and precise. "In this most graceful of mysteries," says he, "our Lady is to be painted in the flower of her age, from twelve to thirteen years old, with sweet grave eyes, a nose and mouth of the most perfect form, rosy cheeks, and the finest streaming hair of golden hue; in a word, with all the beauty that a human pencil can express." Her eyes were to be turned upward, and her arms folded meekly across her bosom. Her robe was to be white, and her mantle blue; and twelve stars on silver rays were to form a celestial diadem above her golden locks. Murillo usually omits the starry crown, and the hair of his Virgins is oftener dark than golden; but in the attitude and the colour of the draperies he adheres to the conventional type. The original of two of the most beautiful, one in the Museum at Seville and the other in the royal gallery at Madrid, was his only daughter, Francesca, a very beautiful girl, who became a nun of St. Dominic in the year 1676.

EARLY PAINTERS, AND THEIR EFFECT ON MODERN ART.

WHEN William Hogarth was wrestling with disappointment, and smarting under the treatment he received from his countrymen, having at the first sale of his pictures only realised for the whole series somewhat less than had then and has since been frequently given for a single picture by a doubtful Italian master, he determined to satirise the old masters. He did so at once, and his satire was perfectly characteristic of the artist.

He set forth his satire in the shape of a card of admission to his sale, a card which has since become celebrated as a picture itself, and an original print which is now valuable. It was called the "Battle of the Pictures."

"It is no easy matter," says Allan Cunningham, "to describe this card. On the ground are placed three rows of paintings: from the foreign school—one row of 'The Bull and Europa,' another of 'Apollo slaying Marsyas,' and a third of 'St. Andrew on the Cross.' There are hundreds of each to denote the system of copyism and imposture which had filled the country with imitations and caricatures. Above them is an unfurled flag, emblazoned with an auctioneer's hammer, while a cock on the summit of the sale room, with the motto 'P-U-P-S,' represents Cocks the auctioneer, and the mode by which he disposed of those simulated productions. Against the principal pictures of Hogarth, as if moved by some miraculous wind, the pictures of the old school are driven into direct collision. The foreign works seem the aggressors; the havoc is mutual and equal. A 'St. Francis' has penetrated in a very ludicrous way into Hogarth's 'Morning'; a 'Mary Magdalen' has intruded herself into the third scene of 'The Harlot's Progress'; and the splendid saloon scene of 'Marriage à la mode' suffers severely by 'The Aldobrandine Marriage.' Thus far the battle is in favour of the ancients; but the aerial combat has a different termination, for, by the riotous scene in 'The Rake's Progress,' a hole is made in Titian's 'Feast of Olympus'; and a 'Bacchanalian,' by Rubens, shares the same fate from 'The Modern Midnight Conversation.'"

Hence we see by this, that at the time of Hogarth the quarrel which has now partly terminated, but in some places wages as fiercely as ever, between the partizans of the ancient and modern painters, was carried on then with its usual acrimony. The case was indeed bitter; deep students of an art, which has for its aim the civilisation and instruction of mankind, found that they were debarred from their rights by the works of those who, possibly, less gifted than themselves, had only lived before them. It was a cruel case of primogeniture, wherein the elder dispossessed the younger.

• "The Battle of the Pictures," by Allan Cunningham.

It has been the fortune of later days to see the sides considerably changed. The ancient painters, thanks to the vigorous onslaughts of learned and judicious critics, led on by Mr. Ruskin, have received a signal defeat, and are now apparently more in their true place than before. If they are not elevated to the height of art, they are not, on the other hand, wholly to be depreciated; the truth seems to be here, as it generally does elsewhere, in the middle course. That the earlier painters induced the study of art, preserved certain rules of painting, and studied incompletely but arduously, is no doubt true; and we purpose at present to inquire what they have done, and what we especially owe to them.

That the biography of the Italian painters has been written by one of their countrymen, is perhaps one of the causes to which they owe so deep a popularity and appreciation. Thus Vasari ascribes to Cimabue (1240—1302) not only the merit, but the *miracle* of having revived the art of painting when utterly lost, and of having by his single genius brought beauty out of chaos. Yet this is so far untrue, that it is perfectly well known, that several painters were working in Italy previously to his birth, that Cimabue must have studied under one of these, and that moreover it is possible to trace back pictorial remains and names of painters even to the fourth century.*

It is to these painters, then, and not to Cimabue, that we must look for the types and signs which, delivered through various ages by the means of art, have not only influenced art itself, but have had their effect upon religion.

It would appear that the feeling which led the Puritans of the time of the Protectorate to destroy the various and beautifully painted windows which pictured the lives of saints, and to deface the tombs and statues in the churches, was no new thing. The early Christians had a decided hostility to imitative art. They had lived amongst heathens who, however civilised, had prostituted it to the basest purposes. The statues and the paintings which were to be seen in the public places, and upon the walls of the luxurious Romans, were in the highest degree immoral. Nay, they had descended lower than that. The vase, the cup, the domestic implements themselves, were ornamented by a lascivious art. "An early Christian," says an eminent author, "could not touch a knife, a spoon, or drink out of a cup, without having his moral sense degraded, nor without being contaminated."†

They moreover regarded all images of any sort, either carved or painted, as idolatrous, although the legend goes, that St. Luke himself was a painter. From these causes, and from the figurative language of the Jewish people, the representations of the sacred personages were confined to symbols, which have descended to us through the medium of the early painters.

Thus the cross, so frequently used in art, so often interwoven into architecture, which as an ornament itself crowns so many cathedrals or simple churches, signified redemption; the fish from its living in water, baptism; the ship or ark represented the church; and the serpent, frequently with a man's face, the spirit of evil, or Satan. Here then was the commencement of a new era in decorative art.

When Christianity had, in the middle of the fourth century, totally triumphed over Paganism, these types were received, but somewhat of the old models and forms began to be revived. The Byzantine school had preserved these models, and they were applied to Christianity, just as the heathen temples purified, but still the same, served as churches dedicated to the true God. The attributes of Orpheus and Apollo were applied to the Saviour, for he "redeemed souls from hell," and "gathered his people like sheep." Then came the combination of the Mother and the Son, at first incidentally, latterly more presumptuously; for the Virgin held the infant in her lap, and was, in the eyes of the untaught worshipper, the more potent of the two, because the more prominent.

Art was also called in to teach those who were otherwise untaught. In the villages and obscure towns, where Christianity had not penetrated till established by law, painted cloths were hung up where the people worshipped, representing the sufferings and final crucifixion of the Saviour; or else the artist, breaking out into a rude and unimproved style, would show how He rode triumphantly into Jerusalem,

or called the dead to life, or walked upon the sea. No wonder then, as these pictures illustrated the glowing words of some early missionary, that they began to be revered by the untaught vulgar, and to intercept and absorb that devotion which was at first addressed only to God.

But it is to these early portraits that our latest painters owe their ideal heads of Christ. "In the cemetery of St. Callixtus, at Rome, a head of Christ was discovered, the most ancient of any copy which has come down to us: the figure is colossal; the face a long oval; the countenance mild, grave, melancholy; the long hair parted on the brow, falling in two masses on the shoulder; the beard not thick, but short and divided. Here then, obviously imitated from a traditional description (probably the letter of Lentulus, supposed to be a fabrication of the third century), we have the type, the generic character, since adhered to in the representations of the Redeemer."‡

That our artists have ever followed this faithfully and closely, no one can doubt. We have but to call to mind the various representations of the Saviour, from that in "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, to that which was popular as a print some time ago, and is the best ideal head without dignity which we have, by Paul Delaroche. Nay, a further proof of the firm way in which the ideal of the early painters has been received, is, that none could contemplate a departure from the type without revolting from it. Who could imagine the Saviour with an aquiline nose and high forehead, and a cast of countenance belonging to the race of which he was born? The painter who should be so bold as to give him a Jewish expression would suffer for it, by making his picture universally odious.

But the head of the Saviour is not the only one which we have received from the early painters. In Leonardo da Vinci's picture, cited above, we have the whole of the received types of the various apostles. Thus St. Peter, who sits nearly at the end of the table, at the right of our Saviour, has a bold impetuous expression of countenance, marked with great acuteness and intellectuality. Near to his face, and thrown up by the contrast, is that of Judas, a Saturnine countenance of strictly Jewish caste. St. John, the beloved disciple, approximates in feature to our Lord, and has the hair parted on the forehead and flowing to his shoulders. St. Thomas, who doubtless, has a refined Roman head, the hair curling and short, like that of Brutus, and his face shows that he requires conviction, but, when once convinced, will act. St. Andrew, on the contrary, sitting on the extreme left, is firm, manly and expressive, with the same determined look which St. Peter has—a look well becoming each of those disciples, one of whom made that affirmation which called forth the express approval of his Lord, and the other suffered on a new cross and with a more refined torture.

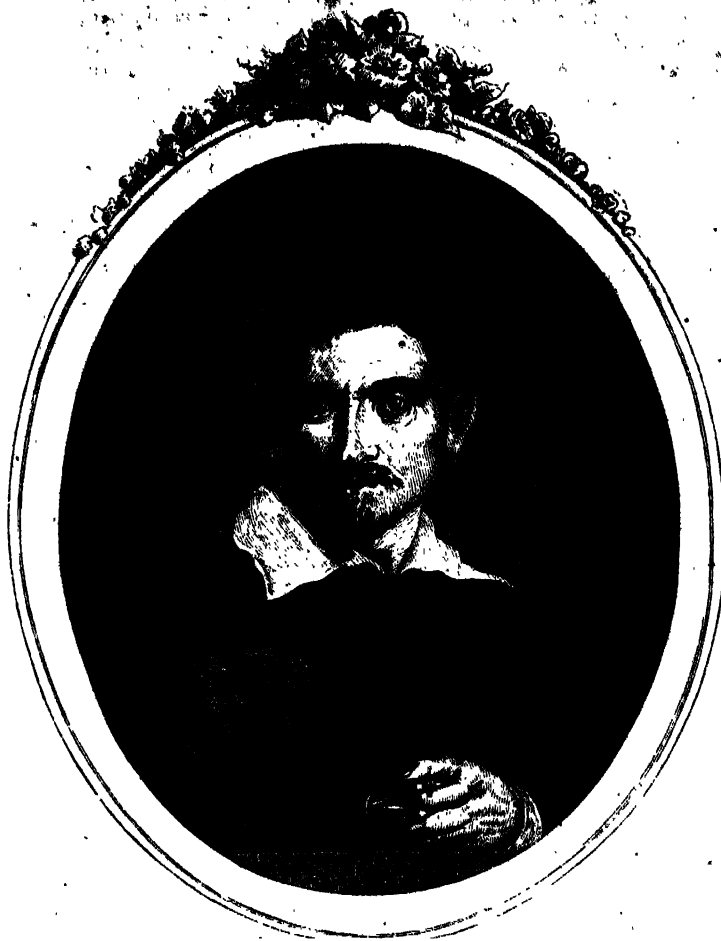
These types, therefore, we do assuredly owe to the early painters, and to them, moreover, we owe, however rude their works, that vitality of expression which in later artists degenerated into formalism. Let us be careful to guard that earnestness which we at present have. "Receive," says the quaint but deep-thinking John Ruskin—"Receive the witness of painting. John Bellini, and his brother Gentile, two years older than he, close the line of the sacred painters of Venice. But the most solemn spirit of religious faith animated their works to the last. There is no religion in any work of Titian's . . . Nor is this merely because John Bellini was a religious man and Titian was not. Titian and Bellini are each true representatives of the school of painters contemporary with them; and the difference of their artistic feeling is a consequence, not so much of difference in their own natural characters as in their early education. Bellini was brought up in faith, Titian in formalism. Between the years their birth, the vital religion of Venice had expired."§

Let us, therefore, set upon what we owe to the early artists; and though our own painters have far surpassed them in execution, let us try to revive that earnestness which lies in their stiff figures and formal drapery, whilst we get improve in colour and in feeling.

* "Italian Painters."

‡ "Italian Painters," vol. i. p. 11.

DOMENICO ZAMPIERI.



Of all the pupils of the Caracci, the Bolognese master, who is commonly known as Domenichino, and whose real name was Domenic



Zampieri, in the present day, the most universally admired. Algarotti pronounced him to the Caracci themselves, and Rembrandt considered him second only to Raffaele. Roman pronounced his

"Communion of St. Jerome" one of the three most beautiful pictures in Rome, the other two being "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele, and "The Descent from the Cross" of Daniel of Volterra. This opinion of the great French painter, which posterity has confirmed, is a direct contradiction to the detractors of Domenichino, and a condemnation of the works of his contemporaries.

Yet the works which have excited such warm eulogiums were once decried to a degree that is now scarcely credible. His faults were exaggerated, and even his excellencies made to appear defects. His genius was not of the brilliant order, and his power of invention was small; but these deficiencies were counterbalanced by the profundity and accuracy of his judgment, his admirable power of expression, and the carefulness of his execution. His poverty of invention led his enemies, of whom no painter ever had more, occasion to call him an imitator and a plagiarist; but had he enjoyed the same advantages of party as the Caracci, he would soon have triumphed over his detractors, by showing the difference between imitation and servility. Domenichino, timid, retired, and master of few pupils, was destitute of a party equal to his excellence as a painter. He was constrained to yield to the crowd that triumphed over him, and thus the observation of Agucchi, that his worth would be rightly appreciated during his life, was realized. The party having passed away, impartial posterity has rendered him justice, and his works are now met with only in the collections of the great capitals, and the collections of the most distinguished amateurs.

Domenico Zampieri was Bolognese. Born in 1631, he was educated by his cousin, a reformer of art, and was inspired with

rather their faine nourished that love of the beautiful which nature had implanted within him, and gave it a direction. The most simple artisans of Italy are rarely indifferent to the beauties of poetry, music and painting; and the elder Zampieri was willing that his son should follow his inclinations, and become a painter. But he did not appreciate the endeavours of the Caracci, or did not view them with so much enthusiasm as some of his fellow-countrymen, and he placed Domenic under Denis Calvart, an artist of Flemish descent and mediocre ability, who had been established in Bologna several years.

This choice of a master was not agreeable to Domenichino, to whose eyes the magnificent productions of the Caracci were the supreme expression of progress in art, while Denis Calvart was the representative of its immobility. His master was, moreover, of a harsh and irritable temper, and having one day found him in admiring contemplation before an engraving after Augustine Caracci, he chastised him so severely that the lad left his house, and returned to that of his father. There he had to endure new reproaches, and, according to Malvasia, additional harsh treatment. Moved by his urgent entreaties and those of his mother, his father at length consented to a change of masters, and the youth presented himself before Augustine Caracci, to whom he showed his drawings. At the recommendation of that distinguished professor, he was admitted into the school of Ludovico Caracci, among whose pupils were, at this time, Guido and Albano.

He was now free to avow his enthusiastic admiration of his masters, but trials of another kind awaited him. Timid to excess, and diffident in form, which obtained him the name of Domenichino (little Domenic), distrustful of his own powers, and quiet and reserved in his manners, he was unfitted by nature for the rude battles of the world. His infirmities received no indulgence from his fellow-pupils, who, according to accounts which have been handed down by contemporary authors, did not spare either sarcasms or outrages, to which they were emboldened, rather than disarmed, by his patience and resignation.

His art was his only consolation and source of pleasure, and he applied himself to its study with such devotion, that he advanced each day in knowledge and experience of the qualities essential to success. It was the practice of the Caracci to excite the emulation of their pupils by proposing prizes for the best drawings, and one of those occasions occurred soon after Domenichino became their pupil. Full of modesty and timidity, and without hope of success, he was obliged, like the other pupils, to offer his design; and while his fellow-students gave in their drawings with confidence, regarding him with an air of conscious superiority, Domenichino approached with timidity, scarcely daring to present his drawing, which he would gladly have withheld. Ludovico Caracci examined the productions of all his pupils, and declared Domenichino the successful candidate.

This triumph, instead of rendering him confident and vain, only served to incite him to greater assiduity and application. His genius seemed to develop itself slowly, because it was profound and obscure; and Passeri attributes his great progress more to his wonderful application than to his genius. From his acting as a continual censor of his own productions, he became the most correct and expressive designer in the Bolognese school, the most natural colourist, the most universal master of the theory of his art, and the sole painter amongst them all in whom Mengs found nothing to desire, except a somewhat larger proportion of elegance. That he might devote his whole time to art, he avoided all society, or if he occasionally sought it in the theatres and markets, it was in order to observe better the expression of the passions of human nature in the features of the people, and commit it living, as it were, to his tablets. "Thus it was," says Bellori, "that he succeeded in delineating the soul, in colouring life, and arousing those emotions which all his works aim; as if he saved the same which belonged to the poetical enchanters, Tasso and Ariosto."

Amongst all his fellow-pupils, Domenichino formed when they left together the school of the Caracci, a close and regular connection, to study the art of Correggio. On their return to Bologna, where Annibale Caracci was at that time painting the "Flagellation of St. Andrew," they went to his studio, and were in need of some assistance. On the recommendation of Albano, he sent to Bologna for the pupil of his cousin Ludovico; and Domenichino shortly afterwards arrived in Rome, where he was intrusted with the execution of a portion of the work from the designs of Annibale.

This engagement led immediately to cabals and intrigues being directed against Domenichino, whose natural timidity invited to the attack all who had conceived feelings of envy or dislike of him. The unhappy painter took refuge in his patience and resignation, two words which comprise his entire life, which presents us with a picture of loneliness and suffering, without anger and without despair, which excites our commiseration and respect, and ought to have disarmed his enemies. Fortunately for Domenichino, Annibale Caracci had powerful friends, and he obtained for him the protection of the Cardinals Farnese and Borghese, while Albano interested the Cardinal Agucchi and his brother in favour of his friend. In the loggia of the gardens of Cardinal Farnese he painted, from his own designs, the "Death of Adonis," choosing for the representation the moment when the Queen of Love springs from her chariot to succour her mortally-wounded lover. The health of Annibale Caracci becoming every day more impaired, he was obliged to relinquish many of his commissions, and some of them he procured for Domenichino, some for Guido, who had attained fame much more rapidly. Both these eminent masters were engaged by the Cardinal Borghese, at his recommendation, to paint the celebrated frescoes in the church of St. Gregorio, of which the "Flagellation of St. Andrew," by Domenichino, is the most admired.

This picture was executed in competition with Guido, and placed opposite to that painter's "St. Andrew being led to Execution." It is said that an aged woman, accompanied by a little boy, was seen engaged in a long and careful contemplation of Domenichino's picture, pointing out every part of the composition to the boy; she then turned to the production of Guido's pencil, gave it a cursory glance, and passed on. It is also asserted by some, that Annibale Caracci, becoming acquainted with the circumstance, was guided by it in forming his judgment of the two compositions, which was in favour of Domenichino's. Another story connected with this picture is, that, in painting one of the guards, he actually excited himself into a passion, using threatening words and gestures, and that Annibale Caracci, surprising him at that moment, embraced him, exclaiming with joy, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!" So novel, and at the same time so natural, it appeared to him that the artist, like the orator, should feel within himself all that he is representing to others.

Domenichino was afterwards employed by Cardinal Farnese to execute some works in fresco in a chapel in the abbey of Groto Ferrata, where he painted several subjects from the life of St. Nilo, one of which, "St. Nilo curing the Demoniac Boy," may be compared with his finest works at Rome. He was also employed, about the same time, by Cardinal Aldobrandini to decorate his villa at Frascati, where he painted ten pictures in fresco, the subjects taken from the mythic history of Apollo, by which he added greatly to his reputation. The next work of Domenichino was his well-known picture of the "Communion of St. Jerome," which we have engraved (p. 201), and which was long one of the principal ornaments of the Louvre, in which it was placed by Napoleon I. It was painted for the principal altar of the church of St. Geronimo della Carità, but now hangs in the Vatican, opposite to the only work at Rome which surpasses it, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael.

The various and malignant feelings with which some of Domenichino's contemporaries had long regarded him, were still further excited by the applause bestowed upon his latest production. Lantini, the prime mover in the intrigue against him, took advantage of the resemblance between the "Communion of St. Jerome" of Domenichino and Augustine Caracci's picture of the same subject in the Gallery at Bologna, to assert that it was little more than a copy of the latter; and he succeeded in persuading some of his pupils to make an evening of Augustus. But this mode of attack, instead of proving the superiority revealed the inferiority of his author, as it was evident there was no other resemblance than what necessarily arose

With regard to composition, Domenichino undoubtedly gains the palm. The disposition, on the whole, he owes to his master, though he has reversed it; but he has cleared it of that oppressive bustle which rather involves and crowds the principal actors in Augustine than attends them. With this the tone of the whole corresponds. The freshness of an Oriental day tinges every part; the medium of Augustine partakes too much of the fumigated inside of a Catholic chapel. The draperies of both are characteristic, and quite subordination with dignity, but their colour is chosen with more judgment by Domenichino; the embrowned gold and ample folds of the robe of the administering priest are more genial than the cold blue, white and yellow on the priest of his master; in both, perhaps, the white draperies on the foreground figures have too little strength for the central columns, but it is more perceived in Caracci than in Domenichino. The forms of the saint in Caracci are grander and more ideal than in the saint of Domenichino; some have even thought them too vigorous: both, in my opinion, are in harmony with the emotion of the face and expression of either. The eagerness that animates the countenance of one may be supposed to spread a momentary vigour over his frame. The mental dereliction of countenance in the other with equal propriety relaxes and palates the limbs which depend upon it. The colour of Caracci's saint is much more characteristic of fleshly, though nearly bloodless, substance than that chosen by his rival, which is ashy, attrivelled, leathery in the lights, and earthy in the shades; but the head of the officiating priest in Domenichino, whether considered as a specimen of colour independent of the rest, or as set off by it, for truth, tone, freshness, energy, is not only the best Domenichino ever painted, but perhaps the best that can be conceived.

The fresco paintings executed by Domenichino during his sojourn at Rome are the best specimens of his manner. Without a doubt, they are somewhat theatrical, and express very strongly the complicated influence of the Caracci—a system of composition proceeding from academic convention, and some errors of taste which, under the pretext of material truth, surcharge the form or dishonour it. But by the side of these grave defects, which proceed partly from his excessive admiration of the Caracci, partly from his own invention, what rich depths of sentiment!—what astonishing felicity of expression! Domenichino strictly followed his models, and, conformably to the doctrines of the school, sacrificed the suggestions of his instinct to respect for its traditions and eclectic speculations. When he painted in oil, he worked slowly and carefully, revised his first intentions, retouched here and there, and often, so to speak, condemned himself. When he painted in fresco, on the contrary, the conditions of that kind of work happily interdicted those retractions and erasures. An examination of his frescoes, and a comparison of them with the works which he painted in oil colours, will serve to convey an idea of his genius, by showing the difference between his first intentions and the after-thoughts suggested by his admiration of the Caracci. In the “Communion of St. Jerome,” for example, great as it is, there is nothing spontaneous, nothing which reveals involuntary emotion; every thing evinces hesitation and a want of confidence in his own powers. Compare with this work his frescoes in the abbey of Grotto Ferrata, those in the church of St. Andrew, or his “St. Cecilia distributing Alms,” in that of St. Ludovico. In these genius is clearly and incontestably manifested. There is more of softness and harmony; less of that excessive circumspection which compromised the sentiment of his works, while it robbed them of their moral emphasis; less, too, of exaggerated scruples and obstinate adherence to academic traditions. Whether he shows, in the miracle of St. Nilo, the power and mysterious effects of faith, or represents the children contending for the alms of St. Cecilia, and gleefully trying on the clothes so much too large for them, Domenichino exhibits in his frescoes a greater fidelity to nature and greater evidence of genius than he has done in his more elaborate oil paintings. Looking at some of his frescoes, it might be doubted whether it was really invention which he wanted, or confidence to display it. When he had to paint upon a wall, he renounced, in virtue of the immediate necessities of the task, the long meditations and subtleties of reasoning which attended the enamel pictures, and reflected upon the plaster the sentiments and passions of his soul. Thus he attained that truthfulness and beauty of expression which is his chief characteristic. The works of these moments of effusion and sudden fancy that Domenichino should be seen. It is his frescoes which mark him as a master. In a word, if the painter of the “Communion of St. Jerome” stands high among the artists of the sixteenth century, Ludovico belongs, by elevation of sentiment and nobility of family of the true masters.

in Italy, in the seventeenth century. These medals which present brilliant specimens of the art of the goldsmiths and engravers were very numerous.

jealousy in the hearts of Lanfranco, Tacconi, and others, that they were received with the bitterest and most unjust criticisms. The frescoes with which he adorned the church of St. Andrew were spoken of by his detractors as a scandal and a profanation; and they denounced them to the sovereign pontiff as paintings which, whether owing to the ignorance or the audacity of the painter, outraged the sanctity of the edifice which they disfigured. Some went so far as to propose their destruction, and Lanfranco, who had his own reason for his moderation, insisted strongly on the necessity of having them retouched by a purer and more learned hand. There can be no doubt as to whose hand he intended.

A reason for these angry and injurious attacks is not easily found. When we examine, in the church of St. Andrew, either the scenes from the life of that saint, or the figures of the Evangelists which ornament the four corbels of the cupola, and consider them in the spirit which prompted all the religious pictures of the

subordinate figures should be in harmony with the principal figure, which is the body of the work, of which the others are simply the members." This rule Domenichino has not acknowledged here; but in general he has observed it with an attention rather uncommon among the painters of his time, and even without leaving the church of St. Andrew, we may find more than one example of the care with which he has established an intimate accordance between all the parts of his compositions.

Notwithstanding the criticisms of his ungenerous enemies, the frescoes of Domenichino were not destroyed, nor even retouched as Lanfranco had advised. The mild disposition of the painter revolted so much against the incessant and unjust attacks of his malignant adversaries, which embittered his whole existence, that he thought at one time of abandoning painting, and transferring his talents to sculpture. He resumed his palette, however, but not to paint those large church pictures which had provoked the envy and malice of



ST. JEROME IN THE DESERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

period in which they were painted, it is difficult to explain, otherwise than by the folly or malignity of his enemies, the violence of the reproaches with which Domenichino was overwhelmed. Will it be believed, for example, that he was seriously accused of having manifested disrespect for the saint by representing, in the "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," one of the executioners in the act of stumbling, and provoking by his fall the laughter of his comrades? The episode is not well chosen, perhaps, but to attribute to an error of taste the significance of a blasphemy, was as great an absurdity as it was a calumny. It is true that in France, fifty years later, this figure of the executioner was condemned by the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, but this decision was based upon purely moral grounds, and had no reference to its assumed impious sense. "It is necessary," says the reporter of the Academy, "that the attitudes and expressions of the figures be in accordance with the subject of the painting." (Académie des Beaux-Arts, 1807.)

his rivals; he applied himself to works of a more humble kind, in which he thought his enemies would perhaps disdain to compete with him. He abandoned for a time religious subjects and fresco, and painted landscapes and mythological subjects with considerable success.

If we compare the landscapes of Domenichino with those painted in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century, it is easy to recognise in both an entire conformity of principles and the same mode of execution. The Carracci and their pupils were, in fact, the creators of this branch of art, since before them the clouds, the trees, the rocks, were introduced into pictures merely as accessories, as backgrounds to subjects from history; they were not the object of representing the scenery of nature for itself, and as the principal object of interest. Annibale Carracci and Domenichino both painted landscapes admirably; but the art of making the landscape an exclusive study was reserved for French artists, a century later.

later. Without doubt, Poussin and Claude learnt something from the landscapes of the Carracci and their pupil; their manner directly recalls that of the Bolognese masters. But under that material identity it is easy to distinguish some dissimilarities, and under the appearance of imitation some difference in the original intentions. The Italian landscapes do not express so much majesty; nature appears in them only as an element of decoration. The eye contemplates those lines, so solemn, so exactly balanced; the soul perceives nothing beyond mute beauty and a splendour somewhat arid. In the pictures of the French artists there is more fire and animation; and if the arrangement of the objects and the choice of details involve ideas of order and of calculation, the sentiment of vivid reality which pervades those learned combinations gives to the *ensemble* a profound and lasting charm. It is this mixture of the scientific and the simple, and the aspirations equally sincere towards the ideal and the true, which assure to the French school of landscape of the seventeenth century the superiority over that from which it proceeded.

The qualities which are wanting in the landscapes of Domenichino are precisely those which give most of their value to some of his historical compositions, and the greater part of his frescoes. They want more of the sentiment which brightens certain parts of those we allude to, and throws into shade those in which the painter was influenced by the spirit of system—more of those unexpected contrasts and happy inequalities, which announce the safety of his personal instincts over the habits of the school. Everything is derived from a uniform inspiration, and betokens the painter's absolute respect for the manner of the academy, and fear to deviate from its rules. We may attribute this excessive timidity to the efforts of Domenichino to expiate the licences which he was reproached with having taken elsewhere, or to the impression which the sadness and melancholy inspired by a life of trials and disappointments gave to the scenes which he drew from nature. He had renounced the grand style of painting, in the hope of escaping the envy and malignity of his rivals, and the class of subjects which he had chosen, and the limited discussions of his works, show sufficiently his desire to appease the angry and jealous feelings with which they regarded him; but the talent which he manifested in his mythological pictures and some of his landscapes was sufficient to excite new clamours and intrigues, and his enemies used every art to deprive him of the few patrons whom he had retained, and preached a sort of public crusade against the invasion of an inferior kind of painting, unworthy, they said, of the glorious precedents of the school.

To these indefatigable hatreds, to this system of organised persecution, by which Domenichino was overwhelmed, were added the cruel chagrin of family unhappiness. He had not added to his felicity by his marriage with Margherita Barbeti. His wife herself, without openly taking part against him, after the manner of the wife of Andrew del Sarto, did not spare him vexations and inquietudes of more than one kind. She was only seventeen years of age when she became the wife of Domenichino, who had already counted thirty-eight years. Very beautiful, as she is described by Malvasia, who had seen her at a later period of her life, and little formed by nature for the quiet and secluded life which Domenichino led, and which was adapted to his reserved and solitary disposition, she rendered him unhappy by her ceaseless complaints and reproaches—perhaps by causes more serious and deep. This has been conjectured from a letter of Domenichino to Albano, written after the death of his two sons, in which he relates to the habitual confidant of his troubles the new misfortunes with which he was threatened. "I have for enemies," says he, "my relations even, and war is declared against me by those who ought to be the most eager to defend me. Things are arrived at that point that I have no one to depend upon. My dear little daughter, my only child now that God has taken my two sons, is my only consolation in a thousand frights and continual chagrins. They have their eyes on her, on account of the inheritance, by which they hope to profit. It is for that they desire my death, which, perhaps, I shall receive from them. It is none the less incumbent on me to return thanks to the Most High: I have merited my fate by my sins." These complaints of Domenichino against his relations will scarcely warrant us, however, in bringing a formal accusation against his

wife. Perhaps they concern only her two brothers, whom she had installed in the house, where they assumed the right to dominate over all. It is strange, however, that in speaking of the fears and chagrins with which the members of his family inspired him, he should except only his daughter; and it must be confessed that the silence which he observes with regard to her mother is somewhat suspicious.

Domenichino supported with unalterable patience the anxieties and griefs which tormented him in the latter days of his existence, long accustomed to suffer, he resigned himself to the troubles which assailed him beneath his own roof in the same spirit in which he had resigned himself to the disdain of the crowd and the miseries of his professional career. The injustice of which he had been made the victim had not rendered him unjust in his turn, nor exasperated him even for a moment; still less had he ever opposed calumny to calumny, or avenged himself upon his rivals by bitter criticisms of their works. Those works, so inferior to his own, he was, on the contrary, the first to study, and that without the slightest prejudice, or partiality; and Guido, who, it is true, had not directly persecuted him, but whose name had served, more than any other, as a pretext and a rallying-cry to his persecutors, numbered him among his most sincere admirers. "I have seen the paintings of Guido at St. Domenic, and at St. Michael in Boschi," he wrote to Francis Poli, during his sojourn at Bologna, after leaving Rome the first time. "One might believe them painted by the hand of an angel. What a reflection of Paradise! what expression! what tenderness!" This brief extract not only reveals the profound sense which Domenichino had of the beautiful and the spiritual, but also the rare impartiality and disinterestedness of his character.

The extreme indulgence which he manifested towards the works of others, his want of confidence in his own abilities, and a natural tendency to undervalue them, and believe his productions justly blamed, all contributed to the success of the league formed against him at Rome. The underhand practices of Lanfranco had so far destroyed his reputation, that during several years he never left, even for a moment, the obscurity to which they had consigned him. The world scarcely knew that he still existed. An absolute indifference had succeeded to the enmities which had formerly assailed him. It is sad to record that, as soon as the name of Domenichino was again heard in the world, it excited the same enmity, the same jealous and indefatigable hatred.

He received a commission to finish the decorations of the chapel of St. Januarius, at Naples, where Corenzio, a Greek by birth and a pupil of Tintoretto, had established an absolute tyranny over all the artists who came to the city, by calumny and insolence, as well as by his position. He monopolised all lucrative commissions to himself, and recommended for the fulfilment of others one or other of the numerous inferior artists who were dependent upon him. He was a man of vindictive temper, treacherous, and capable of any crime; for he was known to have administered poison, through jealousy, to Roderigo, one of the most promising and most amiable of his pupils. In order to maintain himself in the authority he had usurped, he endeavoured to exclude all strangers who painted in fresco; and Annibale Carracci, Cesari, Guido and Gessi had in turn been obliged by his intrigues to quit the city, thus abandoning the field to him and his condutors.

The committee which had the superintendence of the decorations of St. Januarius had lost all hope of carrying out their wishes, and were on the point of yielding to the faction of Corenzio, assigning the frescoes to him and Caracciolo, and promising the pictures to Ribera, when they resolved to make a last effort, and intrusted the decoration of the chapel entirely to Domenichino. The terms which they offered him were munificent, and precautions were taken against any interruptions to his labours, the displeasure of the viceroy being threatened against any one who should molest him. These threats were little regarded, however, by Corenzio and his colleagues, whose jealousy and resentment were still further stimulated by the arrival of Lanfranco, the most implacable of Domenichino's enemies. The latter had scarcely commenced work when Corenzio and Ribera began to decry his abilities, and to discredit him with those, the most numerous class in all places, who see only with the eyes of others. They annoyed him by calumnies,

by anonymous letters, by displacing his pictures, and by mixing injurious ingredients with his colours. With the most insidious malice, they induced the viceroy to send some of his pictures to the court of Madrid, and these when little more than sketched were taken from his studio, and carried to the viceroy's palace, where Ribera ordered them to be retouched, and without giving the unfortunate painter time to finish them, hurried them off to their destination. This malicious fraud of his rival, the complaints of

denunciations fulminated by Corenzio and Ribera, and to the calumnious insinuations of the wily Lanfranco. While he yet hesitated to put a period to Domenichino's labours, his perplexity was removed by the artist's death—a sinister and badly-explained event, which has been attributed to the troubles of which he had so long been the prey, but which was thought by some, with too much probability, to have been hastened by the nefarious means which Corenzio was known to be capable of resorting to. The



THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

the committee, who thought themselves doomed to experience a constant succession of obstacles to the completion of the work, and the suspicion of some design against his life, at length determined Domenichino to depart secretly for Rome. As soon, however, as the news of his flight transpired, he was recalled, and fresh taken for his protection; upon which he resumed his and decorated the walls and the base of the cupola, making considerable progress in painting the pictures. However, he had begun to give ear to the violent

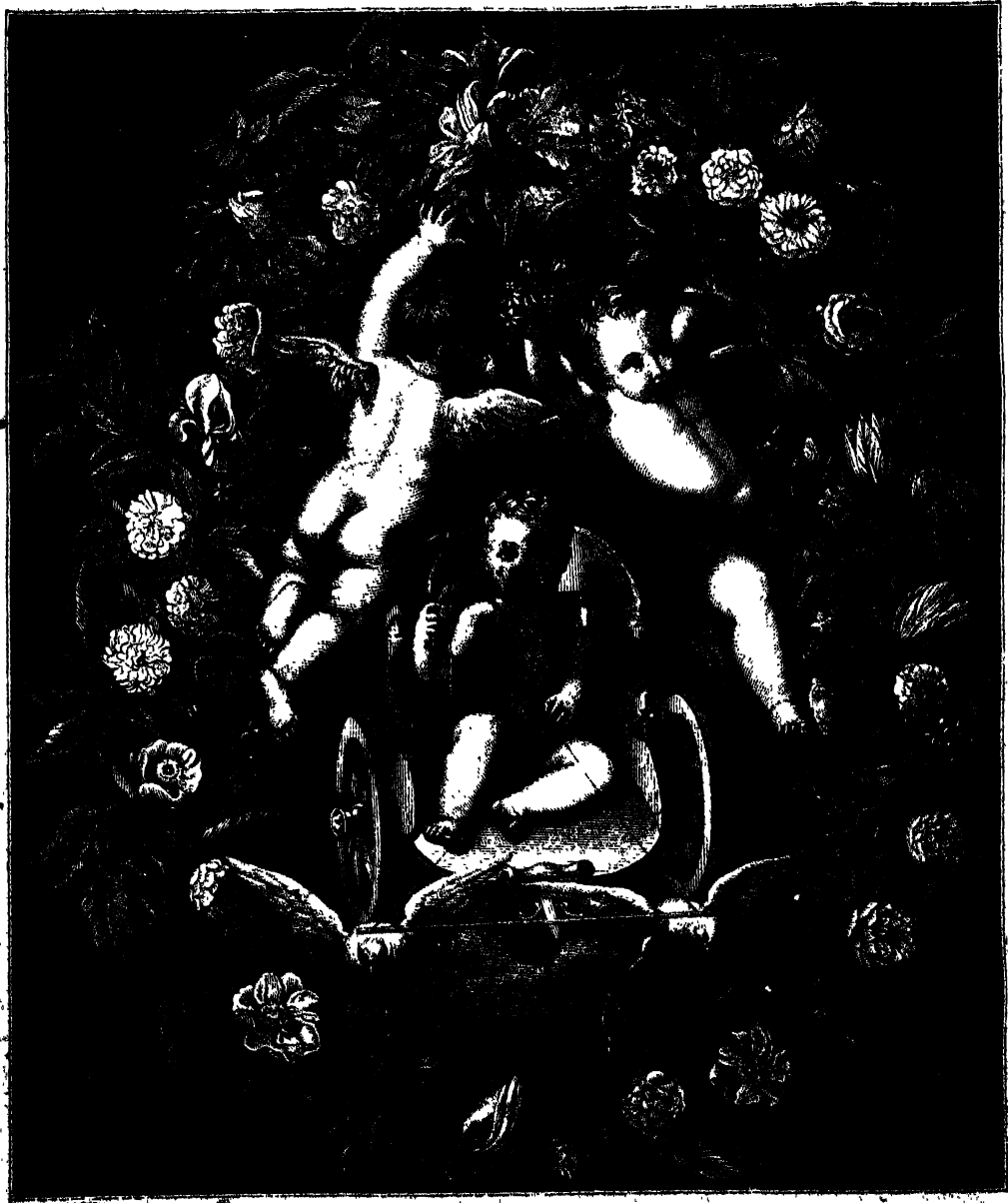
precautions taken by the unfortunate painter after his return to Naples, prove that he believed his life to be endangered by the machinations of his enemies. He prepared all his food himself, and if poison was given him, it must have been, as Malvasia and others of his contemporaries intimate, in water, of which he was accustomed to take a draught from the ewer every morning before washing himself.

Domenichino died in 1641, at the age of sixty. His enemy, Lanfranco, succeeded him in completing the frescoes of St. Janua-

rius; Ribera, in one of his oil-pictures; Stanzioni, in another. Caracciolo was dead. Corenzio was soon afterwards killed by a fall from a stage, which he had erected for the purpose of retouching some of his frescoes. The fate of Ribera is involved in obscurity, and various accounts are given of his latter days. Palomino and Cean Bermudez assert that he died at Naples in 1656, in the enjoyment of affluence and fame. Mr. Stirling, who expresses doubts as to the latter assertion of the Spanish writers, says, on the authority of a tradition current at Naples, that he left that city through

violent or unhappy end; and impartial posterity, in awarding to Domenichino the palm of merit, inculcates the maxim, that it is a delusive hope to attempt to establish fame on the destruction of another's reputation."

In this period of the decline of art, mediocrity was enthroned, and the living forces of Italian art exhausted in cabals, in juggleries, and in a weak fecundity. Lanfranco at Naples, Cortona at Florence, Sassoferrato and Ricci at Rome and Venice, were the men who were proclaimed the worthy successors of the great masters. That noble



THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

shame and grief at the seduction of his daughter by Don John of Austria, and died at Posilippo in obscurity and disrepute. Lanzi says that, having committed a flagrant offence, and become insupportable even to himself, from the general odium which he experienced, he embarked on board a ship; and that no one knew whither he fled, or how he ended his life. "Thus," he adds, "these ambitious men, who by violence or fraud had influenced and abused the generosity and taste of so many noble patrons, and to whose treachery and sanguinary vengeance so many professors of the art had fallen victims, ultimately reaped the merited fruit of their conduct in a

race, of whom Giotto was the chief and Domenichino the last descendant, had become extinct. Domenichino being dead, what remained of the Italian schools? A past incomparably glorious, and *chefs-d'œuvre* which can never be surpassed. After him came some adroit practitioners, some facile talents; but the works which they produced testify to the skill of the hand rather than to the imagination of the brain. Domenichino has the merit of having somewhat retarded that definitive invasion of the materialising spirit into the domain of Italian painting. That he himself submitted to the evil influences of the period, that the defects which mark his

decline of the art are mingled with the qualities which recommend him to posterity, cannot be denied. But amid the aberrations and prejudices of the school, he has not always forgotten respect for his own instincts. We may recognise in his works a singular inclination towards moral truth, and a seeking after felicity of expression, which mark him as a veritable member of the family of the great masters, and which inspire in us a lively sympathy, in default of an unreserved admiration. In spite of the weaknesses of his style, of his false taste, of his numerous errors, Domenichino merits a place among the masters by the large degree of power which he possessed in the expression of the passions; so true is it that, in the fine arts, sentiment is the principal agent, the moral impression the essential object, and that even where the forms are imperfect, the elevation of the thought suffices to assure a profound significance and a durable authority.

Notwithstanding the slowness with which he worked, and the difficulties of all kinds which he had to overcome, the works of Domenichino are almost as numerous as those of the masters the most renowned for celerity. In Italy, no collection, public or private, is without one or more of the productions of this industrious artist, whose works are now to be found in the galleries of every country in Europe. The Museum at Bologna contains three Domenichinos:—"The Martyrdom of St. Peter," the general disposition of which recalls Titian's picture of the same subject; "Our Lady of the Rosary," already mentioned; and "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes," which is considered as one of the best works of this master, and is a good specimen of his taste, judgment and genius. The head of the saint has an expression of grief and hope that is very noble; and the three female figures on the right are admirably designed, and have much elegance in their forms. The Brera Museum at Milan contains a "St. Petronius," and some other pictures of saints. Some frescoes of the master exist in the Cathedral of Pavia; and in the Nolfi College, in that town, is his "David," of which Lanzi says that the figure of the Jewish monarch, as large as life, is alone sufficient to immortalise the painter's name. In the Museum of the Offices at Florence are "The Baptism of Christ," "The Preaching of John the Baptist," and a portrait of Cardinal Agucchi. Naples possesses, in the Bourbon Museum, a beautiful picture, entitled "The Guardian Angel," in the cathedral, three altar-pieces—"St. Januarius re-animating a Young Man," "The Decapitation of St. Januarius," and "St. Januarius curing the Sick;" and in the Palazzo del Torre, a "Dead Christ on the Knees of the Virgin, attended by Mary Magdalen and others." The composition of this picture is very good, and the design simple and true to nature; the head of the Magdalen is full of expression, but the colouring is somewhat cold. The Durrero Gallery at Vienna contains a beautiful composition of "Venus bewailing the Death of Adonis;" and in the Brignole collection is "St. Rocco offering up Prayers for the Cessation of the Plague." The attitude of the saint, the eagerness of those who seek him, the tragic exhibition of the dying and the dead around him, a funeral procession passing, an infant on the bosom of its dead mother, vainly seeking its wonted nutriment, all appeal strongly to the feelings of the spectator. In the Museum at Turin we find only an allegorical picture of agriculture, astronomy and architecture, represented by three children.

Rome, however, of all the cities of Italy, is richest in the works of this master. His frescoes in the churches of the papal capital have been already mentioned, as also his great work at the Vatican. In the Capitoline Gallery is a picture of "St. Barbara;" in the Borghese Palace, "The Chase of Diana" and "The Cuman Sibyl," both works of considerable merit. The Doria Palace possesses a landscape by Domenichino, and that of the Rospigliosi family a very fine painting of "Adam and Eve."

The Royal Museum at Madrid contains two fine Domenichinos:—"St. Jerome in the Desert," which we have engraved (p. 196), and "Abraham preparing to sacrifice Isaac."

In the gallery of the Louvre are thirteen works of this master, formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Among them are "The Triumph of Love" which we have engraved (p. 199), "St.

Heracles and Oceus," "The Combat of Heracles and Achelous," "The Punishment of Adam and Eve," "David playing on the Harp," and "Timocleus brought before Alex-

ander," an oval composition. In the Museum of Toulouse there are also some good specimens of this master.

The Düsseldorf Gallery at Munich contains "Susanna surprised in the Bath by the Elders;" the Royal Gallery at Dresden, a charming composition called "Maternal Love;" the Museum at Berlin, "The Deluge," "St. Jerome," "St. John," "St. James the Less," "St. Thomas," and a portrait of Bramozzi, the architect; the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, "The Death of Lucretia;" and the gallery of Prince Esterhazy, in the same capital, "Lot and his Daughters," "David holding the Head of Goliath," "St. Magdalen," and "St. Jerome."

The gallery of the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg, would appear from the catalogue to be very rich in the works of this master, but many of them are probably either copies or imitations. Among those which M. Vindol regards as genuine are a "Cupid," and "St. Helena surrounded by the Instruments of the Passion." In the Winter Palace there is also a very fine "St. John the Evangelist."

The Museum at Stockholm contains four Domenichinos: "An Evangelist," "St. John and the Angel," "The Hermits," and "The Chase of Diana."

Our own National Gallery contains five Domenichinos: 1. "Tobit and the Angel," in a landscape, a charming little picture, which we have engraved (p. 201). 2. "St. George and the Dragon," a picture beautifully managed in the light and shade, clear and bright in tone, and carefully executed. The distance is charming. The figures are too small, but the story is merely accessory to the landscape. 3. "The Stoning of St. Stephen," a small composition of nine figures, and probably a finished study for an altar-piece. This picture has been criticised for the composition, which is meagre and scattered, without any point of concentration; but the head of the martyr is very fine, the colouring good, and the general effect harmonious. 4. "St. Jerome," in which an angel is represented instructing the solitude-loving saint, and solving his doubts. These four pictures were bequeathed by Mr. Holwell Carr. 5. "Erminia and the Shepherds," which, Dr. Waagen says, "is conceived more in the spirit of Tasso than I have hitherto seen this subject represented. The expression of goodness and of maiden timidity, the attention of the aged shepherd, the surprise of the three pretty children, are very attractive, and well accord with the blooming colouring and the cheerful landscape. This picture was brought from Italy to England under the name of Annibale Caracci, but has been justly assigned to Domenichino." It was presented to the nation by Mr. Angerstein.

There are two specimens of this master at Windsor Castle: "St. Catherine of Alexandria," a life-size figure, half-length, holding a palm-branch in her right hand; and "St. Agnes," a full-length figure, in an attitude of rapt devotion, with an angel descending with a palm-branch, and another in the foreground caressing a lamb, the symbol of the saint, who, having suffered martyrdom at the age of thirteen years, is regarded as the peculiar patroness of innocence and purity of mind.

The Dulwich Gallery possesses a single Domenichino, the genuineness of which has been doubted; the subject is, "Venus gathering Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides." It is a small composition, and if really the work of Domenichino, must be ranked among the least meritorious of his productions.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses, at Devonshire House, two specimens of this master: 1. "Susanna and the Elders," very carefully painted in a warm, deep tone. Though agreeing in the main particulars with the large picture in the gallery at Munich, it differs from it in many of the details. 2. A youthful female figure, in a graceful attitude and with much expression, soaring on clouds; delicate in the colouring, and carefully finished.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains six Domenichinos: 1. "Christ bearing his Cross," from the Orleans Gallery. The composition is scattered, and wanting in masses and leading lines; but in clearness and freshness of colouring this picture is one of Domenichino's finest works. 2. "The Rapture of St. Francis," from the Orleans Gallery. The expression of enthusiasm is here very successfully given; the execution is careful, and the colouring very bright and clear. 3. "Head of a Female Saint," which combines that nobleness of character and expression which the master knew so well.



THE COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME—FROM A PAINTING BY RAPHAEL.

how to give to
"Discovery of
tunes to be

subject with his brightest colouring. 4.
in the Hall of Diana. This picture con-
tains the "Officer's Gallery" to Annals

Cassini, but it coincides so entirely with Domenichino's cele-
brated picture of "Diana and her Companions" in the Borghese Palace,
Rome, that we must attribute it to him. (See p. 10)

landscapes and figures are separated from each other, and the flowing line of the land and the fresh green of the trees do not give the same sense of continuity as in the works of Antonio Canova. 5. "A Landscape, from the Palazzo Gallery." In the fine forms of the mountains, the airy masses of the clouds, which are interrupted in the middle distance by buildings in an elevated style of architecture, the amiable, graceful feeling of Domenichino is as clearly expressed as in the best of his works. A temple of Jove, watched by an old woman, a flock of sheep led to drink at a piece of water, and fishermen crossing it in their boat. The treatment is broad and masterly, and the general tone uniformly fresh and clear. Such a picture is instructive, showing to convince us what models Gaspar Poussin found ready to his hands. 6. "A Landscape, with fishermen, and women washing." is noble in design and carefully executed, but the coloring is somewhat hard and heavy; some portions of the picture have become dark, which has destroyed its harmony.

of the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., the celebrated author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, &c., are three Domenichinos: "The Punishment of Murexas" and "Tobit with the Fish," which are very attractive, from the poetry of the composition and the beauty of the fish; and "Bird-catching," a very fine picture, which is unfortunately returned quite dark. It was executed by the Cardinal Borghese.

The scene of Sutherland possesses, at Stafford House, a choice example of this master; the subject is "St. Catherine," to whom an eagle brings the palm of martyrdom. The expression of the saint is noble, the colouring very clear, especially in the sky; the landscape poetical, and the finishing particularly

As the collection of Lord Ashburton is "Moses before the Burn-
ing Bush," a small composition, but remarkably powerful and full
of meaning.

The *Miracle of Westminster* processes, at Grosvenor House, a large landscape with "The Meeting of David and Abigail," very successful in the treatment, and forcible in the colouring and effect.

Dr. Ford's paper's collection is a "Capriccio," ascribed to Annibale Carracci, but it has so much of the character and brilliant colouring of the Bologna school, that we do not hesitate in assigning it to him.

Mr. Thomas Baring possesses two Domenichinos: "The Rinding of the Oxen," a rather large landscape, with the river in the middle ground, and blue mountains beyond; and a landscape, in a smaller size, full time, representing a wide plain, with a hill and a waterfall.

At South Church, near Bristol, the seat of J. P. Miles, Esq., are preserved the master's: a pleasing composition entitled "A young man looking at a sleeping Nymph," and a large picture of "The Conversion of St. John the Evangelist," in which the figures of the angels and two angels are full-lengths of the size of life. The drawing is excellent, the glowing colouring, and the fine expression of this picture, which is in an excellent state of preservation, render it very valuable.

"The artist possesses a single specimen of this master, which he has been looking up in Rapture." The picture at present is either a repetition or a copy of this, which is one of the most valuable pictures of Domenichino in existence. It is full of spirit, robust and fervent, and the tone clear, bright and cheerful.

The Earl of Warwick's possessions, at Alton Tower, two rather
curious specimens of this material: a portrait of a boy, and a dark

The Greenwich Hall, the seat of the Earl of Scarsdale, is a
 masterpiece by Domenico.

For a masterly account, at Belknap House, "The
 House of Representatives," in which a noble composition is united with
 the most remarkable clearness of language.

[illegible]

by two angels" was sold for £18. At the Lisbon sale, in 1793, another picture of "St. Cecilia," in which she is represented playing the organ, and accompanying it with her voice, was sold for £155. At the Sommerive sale, in 1802, a small picture of "The Bapture of the Virgin" was sold for £12. When the collection of the Marquis of Las Marismas was sold, in 1843, an allegorical composition, representing "Music," realized £40; and at the sale of Marshal Solís' pictures, in 1862, a landscape of this master, was sold for £28.

None of Domenichino's pictures bear his signature

ART AND ARTISTS.

In the summer of 1805, Jackson wrote to Haydon: "There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow; but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie." When Haydon saw him, "he was tall, pale, quiet, with a fine eye, short nose, vulgar, humorous mouth, but great energy of expression." At length they dined together at an ordinary in Poland-street, where Wilkie got that old fellow in the "Village Politicians," reading the paper with his glasses on. "When the Academy closed in August, Wilkie followed me to the door, and invited me to breakfast, saying in a broad Scotch accent, 'Where d'ye stay?' I went to his room rather earlier than the hour named, and to my utter astonishment found Wilkie sitting stark-naked on the side of his bed, drawing himself by the help of the looking-glass! 'Why, good gracious, Wilkie,' said I, 'where are we to breakfast?' Without any apology, or attention to my important question, he replied, 'It's jest capital practice.' It was about this time, that, glad of any employment, Wilkie entered into an engagement with an engraver to copy Barry's picture at the Adelphi. In connexion with poor Barry, I remember an absurd anecdote. Wilkie had got tickets to see him lie in state, and had asked me to go with him." Now, a black coat at a funeral ceremony is a *sine qua non*, and Wilkie borrowed Haydon's. "I got first to the Academy, whence we were all to go to the Adelphi; and after waiting some time, at the eleventh hour Wilkie made his appearance in my coat, the sleeves half-way up his arms, his long bony wrists painfully protruding, his broad shoulders stretching the seams until they cracked again, while the waist-buttons appeared anywhere but where their maker originally intended them to be. He caught my eye, and significantly held up his finger, as if to entreat me to be quiet, but with an expression so ridiculously conscious of his unhappy situation, that I thought I should have died with laughing on the spot." On the Sunday after Wilkie's picture for Lord Mansfield had appeared at the Academy Exhibition, Haydon read in the *News*: "'A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work.' I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name is in the paper.' 'Is it rea-al-ly?' said David. I read the puff, we hurried, and taking hands, all three danced round the table till we were tired. By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'rea-al-ly,' this will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calcott said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continual rea-al-ly?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calcott, and drawled out, 'Do they, rea-al-ly?' 'You must leave it off.' 'I will, rea-al-ly.' 'For heaven's sake, don't keep repeating it,' said Calcott, 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Rea-al-ly!'

Of course Wilkie was looked down on. Haydon writes: "While we were at Bell's, his pale, anxious look, his evident poverty and struggle; his broad Scotch accent, had all excited the humour of those students who were better off" and so quiet Wilkie was the joke. "I remember he came one day with some very fine yellow drawing-paper, and we all said, 'Why, Wilkie, where in the world did you get this? Bring us a quire to-morrow.' He promised he would. The next day, and the day after, nothing but paper. At last we became enraged, and begged him to be so good as anything to bring us any, to give us the same old paper. 'Well, well,' said Wilkie, 'let me have the paper, and I'll bring you the paper.'" Now that he was so poor, and his first thoughts were

